

·BENEDICTA·TU·IN·MULIERIBUS·

·AVE·MARIA·GRATIA·PLENA·DOMINUS·TECUM·

·ET·BENEDICTUS·FRUCTUS·VENTRIS·TUI·



AVE

·A·MONTHLY·BULLETIN·
·OF·THE·
·CHURCH·OF·SAINT·MARY·THE·VIRGIN·
·NEW·YORK·

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THE CHURCH OF SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN
New York City

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A Monthly Bulletin of
THE CHURCH OF SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN
New York City

Vol. XLII

April, 1973

No. 4

My dear people,

The familiar Collect for Good Friday, in which we pray God "graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed", faces us with the fact that "he came unto his own, and his own received him not." Christ suffered death upon the cross for us who, already, by our creation and his incarnation, were his blood brothers and sisters. The human family is his by nature. It was our own Brother whom we betrayed. Christ's cross is a family quarrel made up by One who cared enough about it not to heed the cost and the shame. That, for any of us, is the only way to make peace, but he made the sacrifice perfectly. He might say—as someone wrote recently about reconciliation: "I am not only my brother's keeper: I am my brother's brother."

When, therefore, we give God thanks for his Son, "having in remembrance his blessed passion and precious death, his mighty resurrection and glorious ascension", it is at the family meal. The family of mankind adopted into the family of redemption meets round the family table. This impresses me so much on Maundy Thursday, the day of the institution of the Eucharist, when there is only one celebration of it and the family is so evidently one. Diversity in unity, too, is so evident on Good Friday as all sorts and conditions of men, from all walks of life and those barely able to creep, come to venerate the cross which has restored our unity. It is very moving to see how Christ makes us one.

That is brought into sharpest focus at the Easter Vigil when we see how by the water of Baptism we are "reborn into the fellowship of Christ's Body" and by the hand of the Bishop are strengthened and confirmed in the Household of God to share in Christ's eternal priesthood. We are very fortunate to be able, once again, to celebrate the Easter Vigil with a Bishop presiding: The Right Reverend J. Stuart Wetmore, Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese. The Church with a Bishop at the head of the table is the visible sign of family fellowship in Christ.

A smaller sign—but good for parish spirit—is the get-together after High Mass on Refreshment Sunday, April 1. No fooling, we want the parish hall bursting at the seams and will multiply food for everyone.

Dear family, God give you a good Easter.

Affectionately your priest,
DONALD L. GARFIELD



SERVICES DURING LENT
SUNDAYS

Morning Prayer 7:10 a.m.
Mass 7:30, 9:00 (Sung), and 10:00 a.m.
High Mass with Litany in procession and Sermon . . . 11:00 a.m.
Mass 5:00 p.m.
Evensong and Benediction 6:00 p.m.

WEEKDAYS

Morning Prayer 7:10 a.m.
Mass 7:30 a.m. and 12:10 and 6:15 p.m.
Evening Prayer 6:00 p.m.
Way of the Cross and Benediction, *Fridays* 7:30 p.m.

The Rev'd Dr Robert E. Terwilliger speaking on
"Signs of the Times and the Gospel of God"

CONFESSIONS

FRIDAYS, 5 to 6 p.m.

SATURDAYS, 2 to 3 and 5 to 6 p.m.

SUNDAYS, 8:40 to 9 a.m.

DAILY, 12:40 to 1 p.m., *also*



CONFESSIONS IN HOLY WEEK

MONDAY	12-1, Fr Garfield;	5-6, Fr Boyer
TUESDAY	12-1, Fr Atkinson;	5-6, Fr Boyer
WEDNESDAY	12-1, Fr Garfield;	5-6, Fr Atkinson
THURSDAY	12-1, Fr Garfield;	5-6, Fr Schumann
FRIDAY	3-4, Fr Garfield;	3-4, Fr Boyer;
	4-5, Fr Atkinson;	5-6, Fr Schumann
SATURDAY	12-2, Fr Atkinson;	2-4, Fr Boyer;
	4-6, Fr Garfield;	10-11, Fr Atkinson

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER DAY
PALM SUNDAY

Morning Prayer 7:10 a.m.
Mass 7:30, 9:00, and 10:00 a.m.
Blessing of Palms, Procession, and High Mass . . . 11:00 a.m.
Mass 5:00 p.m.
Evensong and Benediction 6:00 p.m.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY

Morning Prayer 7:10 a.m.
Mass 7:30 a.m. and 12:10 and 6:15 p.m.
Evening Prayer 6:00 p.m.
Tenebrae, *Wednesday only* 8:00 p.m.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

Evening Prayer 5:30 p.m.
High Mass with Procession to the Altar of Repose . . . 6:00 p.m.

*Watch before the Blessed Sacrament
till the Liturgy of Good Friday*

GOOD FRIDAY

Morning Prayer 7:10 a.m.
The Three Hours
Sermon by Father Boyer 12:00 noon
Solemn Liturgy with Sermon
by Father Atkinson, OHC 12:30 p.m.
Sermon by Father Garfield, *ending at* 3:00 p.m.
Evening Prayer 6:00 p.m.
Way of the Cross 6:15 p.m.

HOLY SATURDAY

Morning Prayer and Ante-Communion 7:10 a.m.
Evening Prayer 6:00 p.m.
Solemn Vigil 11:00 p.m.

EASTER DAY

First High Mass 12:00 midnight
The Right Reverend J. Stuart Wetmore,
presiding and preaching
Mass 7:30, 9:00, and 10:00 a.m.
High Mass with Procession 11:00 a.m.
Mass 5:00 p.m.
Solemn Evensong, Procession, and Benediction . . . 6:00 p.m.

LOOK TO CALVARY
 Father Boyer's First Sermon in the
 Three Hours of Good Friday, 1972

IT WAS ABOUT THE THIRD HOUR, if we follow St Mark's chronology, or about nine o'clock in the morning, when they took Jesus out to crucify him. It is now noon, and he has been hanging there, then, already about three hours. It is doubtful by this time how much he can still see, with the blood and the sweat running into his eyes—blood from the cruel crown with which they have mocked a King, sweat which his hands cannot wipe away. The insects will have gathered long since, clouds of stinging gnats, flies attracted by the smell of gore.

We had best not turn away from this, we who love a romantic religion and a sentimental Christ, we who long ago (and not without reason) turned an instrument of Roman torture into a pious symbol. We must go behind that this one day of the year, behind the symbol, behind the hallowed associations, behind even the beauty and the solemnity of liturgy and ceremonial, behind *all* that stands between us and this vision of horror. Only so, perhaps, will we understand what it means to say that God "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son"—gave him up to death, even the death of the Cross.

And so we see him whom men now call the Son of God. Three hours already are past; we know, though perhaps he does not, that the torment is half over. It is becoming harder to see, of course. Darkness is already beginning to creep over all the land, though what has caused it is impossible to say. The astronomers say that an eclipse of the sun is impossible when the moon is full, and because it is the Passover we know that the moon must be full; in any event an eclipse would last only for a few minutes, and this darkness, as if the heavens themselves could not bear to look, will remain with us, now, until the end. Perhaps it is the *khamisin*, the fierce desert wind blowing from the south, drawing a veil of dust over this obscenity. We cannot say—we know only that it is dark now, and difficult to see.

But we can see well enough if we have eyes to see. There are, of course, three crosses, three men. The two others are bandits, perhaps revolutionaries, more likely common cutthroats. According to St Luke one of them adds his mockery to that of the crowd: "If thou be Christ"—that is, the Messiah—"save thyself and us." The other

maintains some objectivity in his bitter end, and acknowledges a rough justice at work in his own case, though not, it would seem, in that of Jesus. His words are words of pity: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." It is hard to imagine that he intends anything more than to humour the poor mad-man at his side, and perhaps Jesus' answer means to him only what one might expect—the final delusion of a self-deluded visionary. But he speaks kindly, and he is promised his reward, greater perhaps than any of us knows: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

That time is not yet, however; there are still hours to go. Directly at the foot of the crosses are the four soldiers who have been detailed for this unpleasant but routine duty. Almost certainly they are not Jews, who are exempt from Roman military duties, but we must not think that they are Romans from the City. They have almost certainly been recruited from parts of Syria, perhaps even from non-Jewish elements in Palestine itself. They will understand, therefore, something of the allusions to Elijah, something of the implications of the title—the *titulus*—fixed over Jesus' head, the usual identification of the criminal and the charge for which he has been condemned—in this case, "Jesus of Nazareth the King of the Jews." They will already have divided his clothes amongst themselves, casting lots, we are told, for the tunic, in order that it might not be torn. Such is their right: the soldiers always get the clothes, as a kind of compensation for the extra work. It is significant that there are only four soldiers, contrasted with the crowd that arrested Jesus. It means that he is no longer considered a threat, either by the Roman authority or by the leaders of the temple priesthood. He does not look much like a threat now, it is true, his body contorted and twisted by the effort to breathe; it is safe to laugh, no doubt, safe to dare him to prove his Messiahship by some miraculous act of power. It is obvious, by this time, that nothing of the sort is going to happen.

Not far away, in the crowd of general onlookers, is a group of the governing bureaucracy—priests, scribes, elders, members of the Sanhedrin and their attendants. We know these people. They are, after all, respectable. They are, like most of us, members of the Establishment, members of the middle to upper-middle class. They are our own kind of people, and their mockery is our own kind of mockery—intellectual, sophisticated, sarcastic; the superior contempt of superior people for an enthusiast who has got above himself. I

know them very well indeed; I am, after all, one of them—a member of the party of the Pharisees, the High-Church party, strict in doctrine, strict in religion, devoted to the Church and to the Church's rules; some of the people in my particular group are strange bed-fellows—Sadducees, Latitudinarians, rather loose in doctrine, though by heredity and social position they are the people who really run the Church. Usually we hold each other in about equal contempt, but we are here together today, united in our determination that this trouble-maker must be put down. No doubt the remedy is somewhat extreme, but these are dangerous times.

And then, of course, we have the mob, the vulgar herd, people whom we avoid when we can, people we are half afraid of, whose brashness and crudity offends us, whose mass stupidity at times infuriates us and at other times invites our amusement. We don't like them, really, in spite of our occasional egalitarian gestures and our would-be liberal credentials, and they don't really like us; but occasionally they have their uses. They are fickle, though—a week ago they cheered this man as their King; this morning they screamed for his blood; and now, with that incredible human instinct for baseness, which makes liars of the philosophers and their hopeful theorizing about the innate goodness of man, they are closing in to kick the man who's down, as if by spitting on his goodness they could somehow prove that he's no better than they are, and so salve the uneasy notion irrupting at the back of what they're pleased to call their minds that, at bottom, they really are the nothing they fear they are. Oh yes, we Pharisees are at least capable of self-honesty—there's no doubt that this man is a good cut above the ordinary. What an ally he would have made for solid religion if only things had turned out differently! That is why he was so dangerous; that is why he had to die. And so we mock too, the clever contempt of clever people, the thin jest and the wry smile, reassuring ourselves that this *is* the right thing; but not like the mob, not like these peasants. No, we, surely, are above that.

And so we move on. Not far away, a kind of island in the general and fluctuating crowd of the curious and the spiteful, is a small group of, mainly, women. One of them, if we follow St John's Gospel—and there is no reason not to—is the condemned man's mother. Another, the only identifiable man, is the Beloved Disciple himself. They are torn by grief, especially the mother, as if a sword pierced her own heart also. There is a stir in the crowd; the dying

man is trying to speak, pushing up the weight of his body from where the nails hold his feet to the upright beam of the cross, trying desperately, gasping, to get enough air to form words: "Woman, behold thy son!" The form of address is formal, almost solemn, but it is not, as the English might suggest, cold or abrupt. And then: "Behold thy mother!" And the body, wracked by this terrible effort, sinks down again.

It is not a pretty sight. The man was flogged first, as is usual, a twisted sort of mercy, perhaps, for the more brutal the flogging the less likely one is to live long on the cross—some have been known to survive for days before pitiful death intervened. The whip they use is many-thonged, and the thongs are weighted with lead and usually studded with bits of metal or shell designed to cut and tear. You can take a man's hide off with that sort of whip, which is the point of it, of course. His back's in pretty bad shape, then, running with blood, the flesh hanging in strips. A further refinement in this case is the crown of thorns crushed down over his head. The soldiers invented that, for their amusement. The coins of Tiberias Caesar show that gentleman with a crown of spikey rays, like the rays of the sun, emanating from his head. Evidently they meant to suggest something of that here; the fact that it hurt was probably an after-thought. They had put the soldier's chlamys on him beforehand, the red robe or cloak they all wear, to suggest the royal purple—or perhaps it was at Herod's the robe came in; the story gets a little confused in the details, with so much happening at once. Anyway, there was a robe, and this crown he still wears, and a reed for a sceptre—Tiberias' coins show that too—and they saluted him with "Hail, King of the Jews!", a kind of parody of the Emperor's own salute, *Ave Caesar Imperator*. So much for what these Romano-Syrian soldiers, at least, think of Jewish expectations.

Someone took the robe back, of course, and then they led him out to get the business over with. He carried the *patibulum*—they all do—the cross-bar, that is, the one they fix the arms to. The upright was already in place, as usual. I suppose the flogging was too much. Of course, he had been up all night, and wouldn't have eaten since the night before either, so between one thing and another the weight of the *patibulum* was more than he could handle. They impressed a man from Cyrene in North Africa, I suppose a visiting Jew, though perhaps a Gentile—it is sometimes difficult to tell with these Greek-

speaking Hellenist Jews—and he was made to carry the heavy beam the rest of the way.

There was one curious incident along the route. A large group of people of every sort followed the sorry procession, which is usual, and it included quite a lot of women, which is hardly remarkable. Perhaps some of them were his disciples. More likely they were simply soft-hearted creatures who appreciated the pathos of this scene, particularly when you remember that less than a week ago this wreck of a man was something of a popular hero. They were carrying on with the usual weeping and wailing, which is more or less conventional on this sort of occasion; and he was able to stop long enough to say something to them about not weeping for him but for themselves and their children, and that there was a time coming when they would all wish themselves barren—which is a very strange thing indeed for a Jewish woman to wish. One wonders what he knows. Of course, the political situation is very tense at the moment, what with all these agitators and fanatics about—that's one reason why people like him have got to be taken care of—but surely it's not that tense.

When they arrived at the hill of execution—some say it looks like a skull, though its name probably comes from the fact that it has been used for crucifixions before, and will be again—they fastened his arms to the patibulum with ropes, adding the nails for extra security and extra cruelty. They had offered him the usual drugged wine at first, but for some reason he did not take it. When they were finished they hoisted him up, till the cross-bar fit in the slot of the upright, and then they drove a sort of peg or wedge in under him at crotch level, none too gently, in order to keep the body from sagging too much too soon, and fixed the feet. He has been hanging there ever since. The only thing he has said, besides the remark to the thief and the few words to his mother and disciple, was at the beginning, when they went to drive the nails in: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." No one here seems to know whom he meant. Perhaps it was all of us.

And so he hangs there, after three and a half hours: the blood running down his back and his face, the nails tearing at his hands and his feet as the weight of his body wears down on them, the insects, the stench, the heat, the crowd staring and gawking and hooting. He is naked, of course—the Romans do not usually allow

the dignity of the conventional loin-cloth. Long ago he will have lost control over the bodily functions. And there, for now, we leave him.

DEARLY BELOVED, we say many things in the profession of our religion. We say, for one thing, that Jesus Christ died for our sins, and we say also that Jesus Christ is God *and* man. I wonder how much any of us believe that in our hearts. We have made everything so tidy, so neat, so sanitary. Even our crucifixes are conventional, a kind of "religious art" which occupies a small compartment or corner of our minds. We look at the crucifix and pass on, and our attention is momentary, and our minds turn quickly to other things.

But this one day of the year we cannot escape facts: it was a *man* they hanged on Golgotha's cross, a man of flesh and blood and sweat, a man who breathed and thought and hoped and loved, a man who suffered and died. This did not happen in an abstraction; this did not happen in a fairy tale. This happened *sub Pontio Pilato* in the tenure of a particular Roman governor in a particular Roman province in the springtime of a year which we can date accurately within five years at the outside. A *man* died, and not for all that he was God's Son, whatever we might mean by that, did his manhood differ from ours. Do we think it was easy for him because he was the Son of God? Do we think that perhaps somehow it didn't really happen, or didn't really hurt, because he was God's Son? That was the first heresy the Christian Church had to face, which is why St John's Gospel devotes its entire first section to emphasizing that the Word was made *flesh*; but this heresy, the technical name of which is Docetism, has never died out in the hearts of Christian people, even, sometimes especially, in the hearts of the most pious. It somehow seems disrespectful to see the Jesus of Calvary hanging there in the filthy and obscene reality of a Roman crucifixion. But that is the way it happened.

We worship Jesus the Son of God, but it is also a man we worship, who died as a man—tortured, betrayed, deserted. Do we see *now* what it means to say that Christ died for our sins? Can we see what price was paid, what it cost him to be our ransom? Do we see now what it means to say "God is love"? Would you see love?—then look to Calvary.

EASTER

CHRIST IS RISEN, ALLELUIA! This ancient Christian greeting underlies all our doctrine, teaching, piety, worship. It was something, not to be described, but to be affirmed. And this the early Christians certainly did in their lives and in their deaths. Going to their martyrdoms with hymns and smiles on their lips, they both amazed and frustrated the Roman world. In their daily lives they served their Lord and in their deaths they honored him and believed they would be united to him, because this Lord was living.

When we remember the horrors of Christ's passion and death, we wonder how those simple apostles could ever have survived the ordeal—how could their faith have endured the shock? There is only one answer: something else, another experience of greater dimensions, took place which blotted out the effect of the death of their Master. And that event was his resurrection. This was the central fact for the first Christians. When they had to choose one to fill the place of Judas, the apostles took as the necessary criteria of the nominees a man who had been with them from the beginning of Christ's ministry, for he must "be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection."

This witness and proclamation was of paramount importance. All Christian belief hinges on the fact of the resurrection: God created, man sinned, Christ recreated. He was the new Adam: sin had brought death, he brought new life. Christian piety is based on the worship of a living Christ, not a dead Christ. And it was this certainty about Christ's resurrection which changed the fearful apostles to men of valor and zeal in spreading the gospel throughout an unbelieving world.

Note, too, the corporate aspect: "A witness with us." It was the Church, God's family, the Body of Christ, which shared his experience. St Thomas has been labeled the doubter; but his real lack was not in doubting but that he was not with the other apostles on the first Easter night to share with them the visit of the risen Lord with his flock.

Let us share as Christ's people the joy of his resurrection, and proclaim it in our lives!

S.J.A.

MUSIC FOR APRIL

APRIL 1—LENT IV

11 a.m.

Mass in D Anton Dvorak
Motet, Laudate Dominum Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

6 p.m.

Magnificat & Nunc dimittis IV, 1/Orlandus Lassus
Motet, Peccantem me quotidie Christophorus Morales
O salutaris hostia Flor Peeters
Motet, Salus aeternum Mode VII
Tantum ergo Flor Peeters

APRIL 8—LENT V

11 a.m.

Mass for four voices William Byrd
Motet, Hoc corpus Johann Ernst Eberlin

6 p.m.

Magnificat & Nunc dimittis Richard Farrant
Motet, Call to remembrance Richard Farrant
O salutaris hostia Anton Bruckner
Motet, Ave verum corpus Anton Bruckner
Tantum ergo Anton Bruckner

APRIL 15—THE SUNDAY OF THE PASSION

11 a.m.

Missa l'ora passa Lodovico da Palestrina
Motet, Improperium Johann Ernst Eberlin

6 p.m.

Magnificat & Nunc dimittis Adrian Batten
Motet, I have longed for thy
saving health Maurice Greene
O salutaris hostia Mode VII
Motet, Ave verum corpus Giacomo Carissimi
Tantum ergo Mode V

APRIL 22—THE SUNDAY OF THE RESURRECTION

11 a.m.

Mass for the Festival of Easter Richard Dirksen
Motets, Terra tremuit William Byrd
Tulerunt Dominum Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

6 p.m.

Magnificat & Nunc dimittis Daniel Pinkham
Motet, Christ is risen John Joubert
O salutaris hostia Geoffrey Bush
Motet, Ave verum corpus Fourteenth century French
Tantum ergo Geoffrey Bush

APRIL 29—EASTER II

11 a.m.

Missa brevis Lennox Berkeley
 Motet, Surrexit Dominus vere Jachet de Berchem

6 p.m.

Magnificat & Nunc dimittis Orlando Gibbons
 Motet, If ye be risen again with Christ Orlando Gibbons
 O salutaris hostia Hermann Schroeder
 Motet, Panis angelicus Hermann Schroeder
 Tantum ergo Hermann Schroeder



FROM THE PARISH REGISTER

BURIALS

"My flesh shall rest in hope."

February 14—Dorothy Lewis McCormac

February 20—Viola Smith Sadowsky



ALTAR FLOWER MEMORIALS

April 1—Mid-Lent Sunday, A thank offering

April 18—Maundy Thursday, Albertina Russell

April 22—Easter Day, Grieg Taber, Priest and Rector

April 29—Easter II, Frances Young



CONTRIBUTIONS to the cost of AVE are gratefully acknowledged: Lawrence M. Appleby, \$5; D. Barrington Baltus, \$10; H. George Ellis, \$10; Guy Fenton, \$3; Mr. and Mrs. James E. Forcus, \$5; Edwin V. N. Hatfield, \$3; Miss Bertha W. Horne, \$2; The Rev'd Wilfred E. Hotaling, \$2; Mrs. Frances N. Kahn, \$5; The Rev'd Leslie J. A. Lang, \$5; Miss Rosalind Mohnson, \$3; The Rev'd Thomas G. Peterson, \$5; John E. Reber IV, \$10; Miss Matilda L. Schelle, \$5; Paul T. Spahr, \$2; Mrs Thomas J. Wall, \$5; Alan R. Weseman, \$5.

Annual contributions of three dollars or more are asked from those who do not make other contributions to the parish and wish to receive AVE. Please notify us promptly of change of address.

CALENDAR FOR APRIL

1. Su. LENT IV
2. M. Lenten Weekday (James Lloyd Breck, Priest, 1876)
3. Tu. Lenten Weekday (St Richard, Bishop of Chichester, 1253)
4. W. Lenten Weekday
5. Th. Lenten Weekday (St Vincent Ferrer, Friar, 1419)
6. F. Lenten Weekday
Way of the Cross & Benediction 7:30 p.m.
7. Sa. Lenten Weekday
Requiem 12:10 for Greg Taber, Priest & Rector
8. Su. LENT V
9. M. Lenten Weekday (William Law, Priest, 1761)
10. Tu. Lenten Weekday
11. W. Lenten Weekday (George Augustus Selwyn, First Missionary Bishop of New Zealand, 1878)
12. Th. Lenten Weekday
13. F. Lenten Weekday
Way of the Cross & Benediction 7:30 p.m.
14. Sa. Lenten Weekday
15. Su. **THE SUNDAY OF THE PASSION, OR PALM SUNDAY**
Palm Procession & High Mass 11
16. M. **MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK**
17. Tu. **TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK**
18. W. **WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK**
Tenebrae 8 p.m.
19. Th. **MAUNDY THURSDAY**
Evening Prayer 5:30
High Mass & Procession 6 p.m.
20. F. **GOOD FRIDAY**
Strict Fast & Abstinence
Solemn Liturgy 12:30 p.m.
Way of the Cross 6:15 p.m.
21. Sa. **HOLY SATURDAY**
Solemn Vigil 11 p.m.
22. Su. **THE SUNDAY OF THE RESURRECTION, OR EASTER DAY**
First High Mass 12 midnight
High Mass with Procession 11
Solemn Evensong, Procession, & Benediction 6
23. M. **MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK**
24. Tu. **TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK**
25. W. **WEDNESDAY IN EASTER WEEK**
26. Th. **THURSDAY IN EASTER WEEK**
27. F. **FRIDAY IN EASTER WEEK**
Abstinence dispensed
28. Sa. **SATURDAY IN EASTER WEEK**
29. Su. **EASTER II**
30. M. **SAINT MARK THE EVANGELIST (Tr.)**
The weekdays of Lent (except major feasts) are to be kept by special acts of discipline and self-denial.

LECTIONARY (YEAR ONE)

For trial use

LENT IV

	Jeremiah	Romans	John
M.	11:1-8	7:1-12	6:1-15
Tu.	14-20	13-24	16-27
W.	14:1-9	8:1-11	27-40
Th.	17-22	12-27	41-51
F.	16:10-21	28-39	52-59
Sa.	17:19-27	9:1-18	60-71

LENT V

	Jeremiah	Romans	John
M.	18:1-11	9:19-26	9:1-17
Tu.	23:1-8	10:1-13	18-38
W.	16-32	14-21	9:34-41; 10:19-30
Th.	24	11:1-12	10:1-18
F.	26:1-16	13-24	30-39
Sa.	29:1, 4-13	25-36	11:45-57

THE SUNDAY OF THE PASSION

	Jeremiah	Philippians	John
M.	12:1-16	3:1-14	12:1-8
Tu.	15:10-21	15-21	9-19
W.	17:9-10, 14-17	4:1-7	20-26

MAUNDY THURSDAY

GOOD FRIDAY

HOLY SATURDAY

THE SUNDAY OF THE RESURRECTION

	Isaiah	Acts	John
M.	25:1-9	2:14, 22-32	15:1-11
Tu.	30:18-21	36-47	12-27
W.	7:7-15	3:1-10	16:1-15
Th.	37:1-14	11-26	16-33
F.	12:1-4, 13	4:1-12	14:1-14
Sa.	2:2-9	13-21	15-31

CHURCH SCHOOL

CHILDREN attend 9 o'clock Mass on Sunday and receive instruction afterwards in the Mission House. For ADULTS there is discussion at 10 o'clock in Saint Joseph's Hall.



ORDER OF SAINT VINCENT

ACOLYTES of the parish. Men and boys who wish to serve at the altar should speak to the clergy.



SAINT RAPHAEL'S GUILD

USHERS at services of the parish. Men who can help should speak to the clergy.



SAINT MARTIN'S GUILD

TOURS of the church are conducted after Sunday High Mass. Those who would undertake this mission of welcome should speak to the clergy.



SAINT MARY'S GUILD

SACRED VESTMENTS AND VESSELS are cared for by women working on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Those who can sew, wash and iron, and polish should speak to the clergy.



DEVOTIONAL SOCIETIES

SAINT MARY'S WARDS of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, the Guild of All Souls, and the Society of Mary are open to all communicants.

PARISH LIBRARY

BOOKS MAY BE BORROWED from the William Edward Jones Memorial Library of theology, apologetics, ecclesiastical history, religious biography, and the devotional life. The library is open on Sundays after High Mass.



SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES SHOP

BOOKS MAY BE BOUGHT after Sunday High Mass at the shop next to the parish hall. There are also crucifixes, rosaries, medals, and other aids to worship.



SAINT MARY'S PUBLICATIONS

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus, The Archbishop of Canterbury at Saint Mary's: monaural \$6.50 (mailing 50c)

Towards a Living Liturgy, essays by seminary professors and parish priests: \$1.00 (mailing 25c)

A Tribute to Saint Mary's, Dr. Macquarrie's articles on Benediction, Stations, and Saint Mary's: 25c

Music at Saint Mary's, James L. Palsgrove's historical review with music lists today: 50c

Worship in Spirit and Truth, papers at the 1970 liturgical conference on Prayer Book proposals: \$2.95

Vêpres du Commun, Dupré's organ antiphons played at Saint Mary's by McNeil Robinson: stereophonic \$5.95 (mailing 50c)

Order from the Saint Francis de Sales Shop



SAINT MARY'S SPECIAL MUSIC FUND

CONTRIBUTIONS from individuals who want to support musical activities which lie beyond the essentials of liturgical worship are gratefully received through the parish office.



REMEMBER SAINT MARY'S IN YOUR WILL

BEQUESTS may be made in the following form:

"I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the Society of the Free Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, a corporation organized and existing under the Laws of the State of New York, and having its principal office at 145 West 46th Street, New York City, . . . [here state the nature or amount of the gift]."

DIRECTORY

CHURCH OF SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN
139 West 46th Street, New York
(East of Times Square, between 6th and 7th Avenues)
Church open daily from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.

RECTORY

144 West 47th Street, New York
The Rev'd Donald L. Garfield, *Rector*
The Rev'd John Paul Boyer
The Rev'd Sydney J. Atkinson, O.H.C.
PLaza 7-6750

PARISH OFFICE

145 West 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036
Mr William R. Anderson, *Parish Secretary*
Office hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Monday-Friday except legal holidays
PLaza 7-6750

MISSION HOUSE

133 West 46th Street, New York
Society of Saint Francis
ROckefeller 5-3895
Saint Mary's Center for Senior Citizens
Mrs Emil F. Pascarelli, *Program Director*
PLaza 7-3962

Mr John Z. Headley, *Treasurer* PLaza 7-6750
Mr James L. Palsgrove, *Director of Music* TEmpleton 1-5005
Mr McNeil Robinson, *Organist* MOnument 3-3259
Mr Andrew P. Attaway, *Head Server* RAvenswood 6-6224
Mr Benjamin A. Bankson, *Head Usher* SUSquehanna 7-7267
Mr Scott H. Helferty, *Seminarian* CHelsea 3-5150
Mr Ronald T. Lau, *Seminarian* WAtkins 9-5922
Sister Brooke Bushong, C.A., *Church School* MUrray Hill 7-1365
Mrs William J. Abdale, *Hostess* AXtell 7-4539
Mr Edward Thompson, *Booksshop* WAtkins 4-1767
Miss Frances Flagg, *Librarian* PLaza 7-3434
Mrs Charles A. Edgar, *Flowers* PLaza 7-6750
Mr Ralph M. Morehead, *Funeral Director* RHineland 4-2500

The Church of Saint Mary the Virgin depends on the offerings of parishioners and friends. Pledge envelopes may be obtained from the Parish Secretary. Your support is appreciated.