

· BENE·DICTA · TU · IN · MULIERIBUS ·



AVE

· ET · BENE·DICTUS · FRUCTUS · VENTRIS · TUI ·

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

· 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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AVE

A Monthly Bulletin of

THE CHURCH OF SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN

New York City

Vol. XLIII

November, 1974

No. 8

My dear people,

Saint Mary's never seemed lovelier than tonight, after Benediction on the Sunday evening of the Dedication feast 1974. From a friendly Franciscan bishop on the throne to volunteer voices in the nave and choirloft, we did the *opus Dei*. Many besides me were moved by the work that went into the praises of God — and to say that is in no way to lessen our appreciation of the professional choir at High Mass. Trained by Neil — now recovering from hepatitis, and directed by Chris Thornley — who rose to the emergency, they gave God a great return of his gifts.

Creation in its wonderful order has many ministries, talents great and not so noticeable, times for all things honest — and honesty means not "making do" but doing what we were made to do. A hard lesson, that, to learn in this life's make-believe, and so many founder in school, business, government, and their family life because of their appearances and their pretences. And a parish has to learn that lesson, too.

We at Saint Mary's are trying to be honest about our life: to ask its priorities, its essentials, its demands. Something will be said about that on Sunday, November 10, in the sermon and at the brunch. Turkey at \$2.50 is so reasonable, and we hope you will buy a ticket now because we want to count on you as one of the parish family.

Family friends are important. Friends of Saint Mary's ought to be enlisted and enrolled by your appeal and your subscription — and some, you will see when you turn the page, have written in on their own. However, what will save Saint Mary's will be what we do for ourselves: but we'll save that message for November 10.

Looking beyond that date, you will want to save Friday night, December 6, when we will celebrate our patronal feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, welcoming to preside and preach the new Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church.

Knowing a New York parish family as the clergy would like to cannot be accomplished by shaking hands at the church door, nor by pushing the bell at yours—you're not at home! May I make a suggestion that you ask your priests to come by perhaps, for dinner or for a drink, to know where you live and to know how you look when you're not dressed up? We'd like to. Ask us and we'll make a time to visit you—just to know you better.

Affectionately your priest,

DONALD L. GARFIELD



LETTERS FROM FRIENDS

I am not a member of your congregation, but I have used the chapel at the back of your church often. It is by far the best place for quiet meditation that I know. I enclose a small check towards the upkeep of the church, in gratitude for the facilities which it has provided.

I was informed recently that St. Mary's is in need of financial friends, I would like to be one. Although it will have to be a small amount, I will assure you that it will be steady.

St. Mary's has been and continues to be a strong source of spiritual uplift for many of my family and friends, and the thought of New York without St. Mary's is intolerable. My family goes back in the church to the time when St. Mary's sent the mothers and children away for two weeks in the summer on a completely free basis. This kind of Christian witness should be continued.

Thank you for the strength to ask, I'm sure it was a difficult decision to come to, and a difficult message to preach to a congregation. But it must be remembered that it now gives all of us an opportunity to be part of (no matter how small) the great work St. Mary's is doing.

Please advise me of the details involved. And if there is anything else I can do to help, please feel free to call upon me.

I am sending a small donation to St. Mary the Virgin and thank you for keeping the church open, especially on Saturdays. I have prayed that St. Mary the Virgin will always be open.

MEMENTO MORI

A Sermon by Father Boyer

“‘VANITY OF VANITIES,’ saith the Preacher, ‘vanity of vanities; all is vanity’”, thus commencing perhaps the most unusual book of the Bible; for Ecclesiastes is different in *tone* from any other part of the biblical material. It is not merely that it is secular. There are, after all, other books of the Bible which are at least as secular, provided we may be permitted to apply our modern distinction between the secular and the religious anachronistically to a period when such a division was meaningless and such a compartmentalization of life into this slot or that unknown. But the secularity of those other books—especially the Song of Songs and Esther—can be shown to be essentially superficial; their subject matter is still the matter of God.

Not so with Ecclesiastes, which is so honest it is very nearly cynical. For Ecclesiastes really is secular, almost in our modern sense, in that it is a devastating and purely truthful portrait of a world without God. This is not to say that the author is an atheist. Atheism as such had not been invented when he wrote. It is to say, however, that though he believed in the *existence* of God, and even of one's duty towards God, yet he could not see, as he looked out on the life of the world he knew, that it made the slightest bit of difference that God existed or that he did not.

Now, this sort of honesty appeals to me. It is far, far better than surrounding oneself with false comforts. What essentially the Preacher does is to state his thesis about the vanity of all things and then to prove it by examining in turn the usual expedients men have devised, then and now, to stave off the essential emptiness of the universe and the essential futility of human existence. And so, he looks at wisdom and scholarship and learning, and concludes that their values are ephemeral and their worth illusory; he looks at power and the office of government, and concludes that it is futile; he looks at pleasure, at wine, women, and song, and concludes them to be dust and ashes; he looks at art and architecture and the joys of a rich man building and adorning and making beautiful, and concludes that aestheticism too is meaningless—for, after all, death ends everything, and whatever you do here others will inherit, and whatever you build others will enjoy, and whatever wisdom you accomplish the fools who come after will mar: “Yea,

I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? . . . This also is vanity."

The question, in other words, is what is it all worth, all the pain, all the longing, all the effort of human life? And the answer is, "Nothing"; and all the things you use to drug your awareness that it is Nothing are so many broken toys, themselves snares and illusions. And to look out on that sort of a world, that sort of a universe, and to draw that sort of a conclusion, and *yet* to affirm, as the Preacher does, the being, the existence, and the sovereign *rights* of God, is something of a psychological miracle. For this man has looked into the void, and *still* affirms: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not . . . For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

He had not, you see, either our way out or the way out proposed by modern atheism or popular, undisciplined agnosticism, which latter wants to have its cake and eat it too. He could not say, as the Christian can, "Yes, the *things* of this world are indeed vanity when they are valued for themselves and are viewed as ends in themselves; they are indeed ephemeral and passing. And it *is* true that human existence is often hard and painful, and that in this life justice, if done at all, is not often so very apparent. *But*, there is a life beyond this one when all shall be made right and all the balances shall be evened." That way was not open to the Preacher. No one, you see, in his day thought any such thing: when you died, you died, and the most that could be hoped for was a sort of disembodied half-life lived (if it could be called "living") in the grey and formless shadows of Sheol, the Pit or Grave of the Psalmist. Death, in other words, was death, the final indignity, the final dissolution of personhood, the final, grey, eternal end of hope.

It is often said, you know, that Christianity is a Pie-in-the-sky-when-you-die sort of religion, that it is, indeed, a kind of made-up, wish-fulfilment sort of religion. All men fear death, the argument goes, so it is only natural that Christians and others invented the sorts of gods they did in order to keep that fear at arm's length. But the interesting thing is, if we take into account the Jewish matrix out of which Christianity grew and in terms of which only

it makes any sense, there was not, for the first fifteen hundred years or so, anything even approaching the Christian hope. It is almost as if God, in his dealings with his chosen people, deliberately concealed the happy ending of the story.

The first promises were tangible, concrete ones, very much of this world: "I will lead you into a land flowing with milk and honey, and if you obey my laws and keep my commandments you will live out your days in peace, and your children's children after you; if you disobey, I will drive you out to live in the midst of foreign oppressors; if you turn and repent, I will bring you home again." *That* was the sort of thing God said in the early days, and you will observe that it is very much a promise made to a *community*, not to any individual. The people Israel will prosper as a nation; if you are lucky (which is to say, obedient), you will share in that prosperity. Beyond that you are promised nothing. When you die, you die; and maybe your children will remember you. Full stop. Period. It was only after the Exile in Babylon that some Jews — by no means all — began to hope and dream of anything like an individual immortality, of anything like an individual life beyond the grave. It is almost as if *first* the lesson had to be learned that God is to be obeyed for his own sake, simply because he is the holy, eternal God of justice and truth, without any hope of reward, before the hint could begin to be dropped that there *was* a reward, or at least that there *might* be a reward.

Now, make no mistake. The Christian religion is founded on a Gospel, an *evangelion*, a proclamation of Good News. And the Good News, precisely, is that the dim and speculative hopes of some Jewish theologians were more than speculations and not at all dim. God had acted, it was announced, once and for all in the person of Jesus his Messiah, and the power of death which reigned, as one later observer would put it, from Adam to Christ, had been snapped; and furthermore, it went on to say, what had been begun in Christ Jesus when he was raised from the dead with power and great glory, was to be extended as a possibility to all mankind. Each and every person who was baptized into Christ's death was promised a personal share in Christ's resurrection, if only the chance was not thrown away by subsequent sin. But the reason all this was good *news* was that it was something unexpected by the great mass of those who heard it. So far was it from something they had

dreamed up, that it came to them instead as a surprise. It was better than what they had hoped for.

But of course the Preacher lived long before the Good News was announced, long before the great events it was the proclamation of had even occurred. The Christian hope was not *his* hope; for *him* there was only the Grave to look forward to: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." And still he looked courageously out, and did not deny either the truth of human existence as he saw it, on the one hand, or the righteousness of God, on the other. For the other escape was not open to him either, the escape into atheism or into that sort of formless agnosticism which is practically the same as atheism. For there, indeed, *is* a kind of wish-fulfilment. I must say that if I were going to invent a *nice* religion, a pleasant religion, even an intelligible religion, I do not think I should have come up with Christianity, which after all, at least in theory, makes some pretty ferocious demands upon its adherents, both morally and intellectually, and promises for this life only rigour and struggle. I should not have thought up Judaism either, which is the same thing as Christianity so far as it goes.

How much nicer it would be to have a religion which let me indulge myself as much as I wished, which asked me to believe nothing beyond what I wanted to believe, which told me that envy was a natural reaction and anger only self-respect and pride only a proper self-estimate, a religion which let me hate my enemies and suggested that it was only the law of nature that I put myself ahead of everyone else; and that at the end of it all *there would be no reckoning*. Now *there's* a religion for you, and it exists, oh yes, it exists; it's not called a religion, oh no, but it is one at heart, and it does exist, and many are its followers. No wonder the Preacher said that *all* is vanity. But he could not take that road either.

Indeed, once again we are dealing somewhat anachronistically, for that there could be such a thing as no God or no gods had not occurred to the people of his time any more than a hope of personal immortality had. But the *thing* was there, if not the theory: "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God'", meaning, "There is no god who can do anything, who will make any difference." But for all his bleakness, the Preacher did not ever say that. What he said was more like this: "It makes no difference *so far as one can see*; the wicked prosper and the innocent suffer,

and there is no end to it all save the grave, and whatever I do will crumble into dust, and there is nothing new under the sun; *but* God must be obeyed, so much so that it were better to make no vow to him at all, than to make one and not fulfil it." Now *that*, beloved, is honesty. It neither explains God away because he is inconvenient, nor does it try to falsify the data of experience to achieve a rosier picture than is warranted. He looked unflinchingly into the emptiness, but *still* he obeyed.

And his perception, little flock, was accurate. He erred only concerning that which he could not know, and he refused to invent. But *if* there is no God, or no God that matters, then indeed all is vanity without question. The Preacher steered just this side of saying either that there is no God or that he does not somehow matter (it is, in the end, better to obey than not to obey); but his honesty forbade him to say that any of the things which are less than God matter at all — *all* is vanity, and we deceive ourselves if we think otherwise.

It is not accidental that our ancestors used to keep objects lying about of the *memento mori* sort — a "reminder of death." You know the sort of thing, a skull used as a paper-weight, for example. Morbid, no doubt. But at least it reminded them that someday they would be what that skull was, and so they are. It is *we* who indulge ourselves in wish-fulfilment, with our pretty funerals and our cosmetic corpses, trying to pretend that death is not, and all of our lives staving off all thought of it by any variety of escapes, of which sensual pleasure is only the most common. But it is true: *you are going to die*, and so am I — *all* is vanity.

Think, therefore, about the things we cushion life with. Money? — which some men spend their *lives* accumulating. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" It is a truism that money does not buy happiness, but truisms, after all, become that simply because they are *true*. Money does *not* in fact buy happiness, and it does not buy off death very long either. Beauty? But you will grow old, dear hearts, as I shall, and all beauty of form and body will wither away until not a shadow remains. Do you think you are exempt? Fate laughs at you — vanity of vanities, and that is the emptiest vanity of all. Power? One minute you are up, another down, as blind fortune turns her wheel. Have we not seen that,

these past few months? You are brought to the highest mountain just before you are hurled into the deepest valley; and suppose you do hang on to power until the end, do you not know that all power stops at the grave? Sexual love? It can be one of the noblest of human emotions, and one of the most base; but whether it is one thing or the other, it is transitory. You who love, do you not hear time's chariot rushing on apace? Do you not hear a voice whispering in your ear, "Make haste, make haste, there is not *time*"? You grow old, and so does she. You grow old, and so does he, and death will separate you at the last, and where then is the passion for which Troy burned?

One by one, then, we look at the things men have made ultimate in their lives, and one by one they crumble into dust before our eyes. The Preacher was right: vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

Now, for us there is a way out, precisely the way out which the Preacher did not have. We, after all, *have* heard that unexpectedly Good News, that Jesus the Christ has risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept, and that we who have been baptized into the body of his death may with every reason hope to share in the glorious body of his resurrection. We know, then, that not quite *all* is vanity, that God not only matters, but *cares*, cares enough to endure the shame of a Roman cross. God did not leave us in that wasteland where all is vanity. But God reminds us, in the person of his incarnate Son speaking in today's Gospel [St Luke 12:13-21], that the Preacher's analysis of the human situation, short of God himself, is indeed correct. The story is of the foolish rich man who thought to provide for his comfortable old age but died that same night; and what mattered then his riches? We are reminded thus in the Gospel as in the Old Testament lesson [Ecclesiastes 1:2, 2:18-23] that the *things* of this life are an ephemeral vanity. There is only one thing that matters if we want, as the Preacher did not dare even to hope, to find a way out; and that one needful thing is God himself. And what this means for us St Paul, in his Epistle to the Colossians, understands very well:

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. *For ye are dead*, and your life is hid with Christ in God. [Colossians 3:1-5, 9-11]

In order to find life, beloved, we must die. It is a kind of death in us which leads to that life which is not vanity and which does not pass away. We must die to the things of this world; I must die, and you too must die, and how painful it is I know only too well in my own poor life. But there is no alternative. If we hang on to the things which are passing away, we shall pass away with them. It is only when we are at last freed from them, when the cord at last is cut which binds us to them, that their power over us is broken and we are free to be with God in Christ, a relationship which does not grow old or decay or wither or pass away or ever die. "Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

All is vanity, except God. All life is vanity and hopelessly emptiness except life with God. There is no richness save richness towards God. There is no life save that life which is hid with Christ in God, that life which has passed through death and which has been reborn into the Christ-life. The Preacher did not dare to hope, for the object of hope had not yet been revealed. But we dare, not in ourselves, but in the worthiness of Jesus Christ our Lord, to hope for what by right and nature we cannot have, but which is ours by the *gift* of God in his eternal Son. For our unworthiness we dare not, for our blindness we cannot ask [Collect for Pentecost XI]; but for the worthiness of his Son God gives us what unworthiness and blindness forbid us—he gives us life in himself, the fountain of all wisdom, life which shall not die or diminish or pass away.

"'Vanity of vanities,' saith the Preacher, 'vanity of vanities; all is vanity'", stating truly the sum of things in this world as it now is. But the answer to that sum, which he did not know, has been made known to us, provided we lay not up treasure for ourselves, but are rich towards God only. If we want God, he will give us of himself, cancelling out the vanity, filling the emptiness, of existence. But he gives himself on hard terms, demanding nothing less of us than that we die, and hide our lives with Christ in God. He gives us himself, and would have us to want nothing but himself; but the condition is that he will have nothing but ourselves. We cannot cling to the things of this world and at the same time cling to the one needful Thing which matters. The choice, as always, is ours. But if we choose wrongly, we have chosen vanity indeed, and our motto shall be the Preacher's: Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

The choice is ours, between life and death; but let us remember that he only is from everlasting, and of all which is, only he, the source of all, passeth not away nor aught diminisheth ever. The choice is ours: "Let us choose life, that both we and our seed may live, and that we may love the Lord our God and may obey his voice, and may cleave unto him: for he is our *life*, and the length of our days" [Deuteronomy 30:19-20] — which shall never end.



FROM THE PARISH REGISTER

RECEIVED BY CANONICAL TRANSFER

"And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' teaching and fellowship, in the breaking of bread and the prayers."

September 24 — Mary Niven Alston
September 26 — William Tobias Heller, III

BURIAL

"My flesh shall rest in hope."

September 18 — Helena Weinstock



ALTAR FLOWER MEMORIALS

November 1 — All Saints', Departed members of Saint Mary's Guild
November 3 — Pentecost XXII, Departed members of the McGrane Family
November 10 — Pentecost XXIII, John Gilbert Winant
November 17 — Pentecost XXIV, Maude Wright Gassin
November 24 — Christ the King, Newbury Frost Read
November 28 — Thanksgiving Day, Isaac Bradley Johnson



CONTRIBUTIONS to the cost of AVE are gratefully acknowledged: Anonymous, \$6; D. T. Chandler, \$5; T. Clynton Elrod, \$10; Frederick S. Fisher, III, \$30; John M. Hamilton, \$5; Steven R. Keller, \$25; The Rev'd David H. Myers, \$5; Thomas D. Orr, \$5; Miss Christine Reusswig, \$5; Charles W. Rileigh, \$5; Richard Weiss, \$10; Louis Zeyer, \$10.

Annual contributions of five 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.



A TIMELY THOUGHT

THE PRAYER BOOK SAYS: "The Minister is ordered, from time to time, to advise the People, whilst they are in health, to make Wills arranging for the disposal of their temporal goods, and, when of ability, to leave Bequests for religious and charitable uses. (See page 320.) *Have you thought of leaving enough money to your parish to perpetuate your pledge? to know that you are forever supporting Saint Mary's?*

SUNDAYS

SERVICES

Morning Prayer	7:10 a.m.
Mass	7:30, 9:00 (Sung), and 10:00 a.m.
High Mass (with 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 daily	7:30 a.m. and 12:10 and 6:15 p.m.
Evening Prayer	6:00 p.m.

Other services during the week and on festivals as announced on the preceding Sunday.



CONFESSIONS

DAILY, 12:40-1 p.m., *also*
FRIDAYS, 5-6 p.m.
SATURDAYS, 2-3 and 5-6 p.m.
SUNDAYS, 8:40-9 a.m.

On the first Friday of each month, 5-6 p.m., a priest of the Society of Saint Francis is scheduled to hear confessions.



OCCASIONAL OFFICES

The MINISTRATIONS OF THE CLERGY are available to all. Holy Baptism is ministered to those properly sponsored or prepared. Preparation for First Confession, Confirmation, and Holy Communion can begin at any time. Holy Matrimony according to the law of God and the Church is solemnized after instruction by the clergy. Holy Unction and Holy Communion are given to the sick when the clergy are notified, and regularly to shut-ins. Burial of the Dead usually follows Requiem Mass in the Church, and the clergy should be consulted before any arrangements are made. Music at weddings or funerals should be arranged with the Director of Music.

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.



SAINT VINCENT'S GUILD

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 and on Wednesdays 4-6 p.m.



SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES SHOP

BOOKS MAY BE BOUGHT at the shop next to the parish hall after Sunday High Mass and on Wednesdays 4-6 p.m. There are also crucifixes, rosaries, medals, and other aids to worship.



SAINT MARY'S PUBLICATIONS

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)

A Walk around Saint Mary's, self-guided tour of the church and chapels, with plan: 25c (mailing 10c)

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]."

NOVEMBER

THE SAINTS AND FAITHFUL DEPARTED are remembered at every Mass, but we make special mention of them in November. We begin with All Saints' and All Souls' — celebrating our redemption while we do not forget that we face judgment. Celebrating All Saints' — a holiday for all to keep — there is Mass at 7:30 a.m. and 12:10 p.m. and High Mass with Procession at 6 p.m. Requiems for All Souls' are at 7:30 a.m. and 12 noon — that at noon being solemn, with Absolution at the catafalque. (It being Saturday, the evening Mass is of Sunday following.)

During November there are many Masses at which we commend to God those for whom we are bound to pray and those whose names you have given us. If you will sign and return your list, it will be read at the times indicated by the initial letter of *your* surname (*not* of names of the departed); or you may request a more convenient time. These are intentions of Requiem Masses in November:

8. F.		Priests, Trustees, & Benefactors of Saint Mary's
9. Sa.	12:10 p.m.	Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament & Guild of All Souls
12. Tu.	7:30 a.m.	A, B
	12:10 p.m.	All who have died for our country
	6:15 p.m.	A, B
13. W.	7:30 a.m.	C, D, E
	12:10 p.m.	Saint Mary's Guild
	6:15 p.m.	C, D, E
21. Th.	7:30 a.m.	F, G, H
	12:10 p.m.	All whose ashes repose in the church
	6:15 p.m.	F, G, H
26. Tu.	7:30 a.m.	I, J, K, L, M, N
	12:10 p.m.	All departed in November
	6:15 p.m.	I, J, K, L, M, N
27. W.	7:30 a.m.	O, P, Q, R, S
	12:10 p.m.	All enrolled in the Chantry Book
	6:15 p.m.	O, P, Q, R, S
29. F.	7:30 a.m.	T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z
	12:10 p.m.	All who have none to pray for them
	6:15 p.m.	T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z

Note that your list is being read twice, to give you opportunity to be present.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER

1. F.	ALL SAINTS <i>Abstinence dispensed</i> <i>Evening Prayer 5:30</i> <i>High Mass with Procession 6</i>
2. Sa.	ALL SOULS <i>High Mass with Absolution 12</i>
3. Su.	PENTECOST XXII
4. M.	St Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, 1584
5. Tu.	St Elizabeth, Mother of St John Baptist
6. W.	St Leonard, Abbot of Orleans, c. 559
7. Th.	St Willibrord, Archbishop of Utrecht, Missionary to Frisia, 738
8. F.	Commemoration of Priests, Trustees, & Benefactors of Saint Mary's
9. Sa.	<i>Requiem</i>
10. Su.	PENTECOST XXIII
11. M.	St Martin, Bishop of Tours, 397
12. Tu.	<i>Requiem</i>
13. W.	<i>Requiem</i>
14. Th.	Consecration of Samuel Seabury, First American Bishop, 1784
15. F.	St Albert the Great, Bishop of Ratisbon, 1280
16. Sa.	St Margaret, Queen of Scotland, 1093
17. Su.	PENTECOST XXIV
18. M.	St Hilda, Abbess of Whitby, 680
19. Tu.	St Elizabeth, Princess of Hungary, 1231
20. W.	St Edmund, King of the East Angles, & Martyr, 870
21. Th.	<i>Requiem</i>
22. F.	St Cecilia, Martyr at Rome (2nd c.)
23. Sa.	St Clement, Bishop of Rome, & Martyr, c. 100
24. Su.	CHRIST THE KING <i>High Mass with Procession 11</i>
25. M.	James Otis Sargent Huntington, Priest & Monk, Founder of the Order of the Holy Cross, 1935
26. Tu.	<i>Requiem</i>
27. W.	<i>Requiem</i>
28. Th.	THANKSGIVING DAY <i>High Mass 11</i> <i>No Mass at 12:10 or 6:15</i>
29. F.	<i>Requiem</i>
30. Sa.	SAINT ANDREW THE APOSTLE

MUSIC FOR NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER 3—PENTECOST XXII

Missa O quam gloriosum Tomás Luis de Victoria (1540-1611)
 Exsultate Deo Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)
 O quam gloriosum Tomás Luis de Victoria (1540-1611)

NOVEMBER 10—PENTECOST XXIII

Mass for four voices Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
 Inclina aurem tuam Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)
 Ave verum corpus Orlandus Lassus (1532-1594)

NOVEMBER 17—PENTECOST XXIV

Mass in G Major Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
 De profundis Thomas Tomkins (1575-1656)
 Adoremus te, Jesu Christe Jacob Handl (1550-1591)

NOVEMBER 24—CHRIST THE KING

Missa brevis Zoltán Kodály (1882-1969)
 Postula a me McNeil Robinson, 1970
 Psalm 121 Zoltán Kodály (1882-1969)

ORGAN RECITALS

SUNDAY 5:30 P.M.

November 3—John Pidgeon November 17—John Bate
 November 10—John Pidgeon November 24—Christopher Thornley



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