

# AVE

CHURCH OF SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN  
145 WEST 46TH STREET  
NEW YORK, NY 10036-8591

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Volume LXXI, Number 1

January–February AD 2002

# AVE

*A Bulletin of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin  
in the City of New York*



**THE CHURCH OF SAINT MARY THE VIRGIN**  
*145 West Forty-Sixth Street, New York City*

*The church is open Sunday from 8:00 AM to 6:00 PM,  
Monday through Friday from 7:00 AM to 7:00 PM,  
and Saturday from 11:00 AM to 6:00 PM.*

**WORSHIP**

**The Holy Eucharist**

On Sunday, Mass is said at 9:00 AM; Sung Mass is offered at 10:00 AM and Solemn Mass at 11:00 AM. Monday through Friday, Mass is said at 12:15 PM and 6:20 PM. On Saturday, Mass is said at 12:15 PM.

**The Daily Office**

On Sunday, Morning Prayer is said at 8:30 AM, and Evensong & Benediction is sung at 5:00 PM. Monday through Friday, Morning Prayer is said at 8:30 AM, the Noonday Office at 12:00 noon, and Evening Prayer at 6:00 PM. On Saturday, the Noonday Office is said at 12:00 noon and Evening Prayer at 5:00 PM.

**The Reconciliation of Penitents**

Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 11:30 AM to 12:00 noon and from 4:00 PM to 5:00 PM, and by appointment at other times.

**DIRECTORY**

**The Parish Office**

The office is open Monday through Friday from 9:30 AM to 5:30 PM.  
Telephone: 212-869-5830 Facsimile: 212-869-7039  
Worldwide Website: [www.stmvirgin.org](http://www.stmvirgin.org) E-mail: [info@stmvirgin.org](mailto:info@stmvirgin.org)

**The Parish Clergy**

The Reverend Stephen Gerth, *rector*;  
The Reverend Matthew Weiler, *curate*;  
The Reverend Canon Maurice Garrison, The Reverend Amilcar Figueroa,  
The Reverend Rosemari G. Sullivan, The Reverend James Ross Smith, *assisting priests*;  
The Reverend Canon Edgar F. Wells, *rector emeritus*.

**The Board of Trustees**

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

Volume LXXI, Number 1

January–February AD 2002

November 27, 2001

Dear Friends in Christ,

Let me begin with an apology for the lateness of AVE's arrival. Our editor, Linda Bridges, the staff, and I really do work very hard to get AVE to you before the beginning of the first month it covers. One of the minor inconveniences of the attacks on our country, and I do mean an inconvenience of little relative importance, is that bulk mail service has been disrupted. Many in our wider parish community only receive parish publications by regular mail. The reality is that mail service may be very slow for the foreseeable future. Even today, November 27, as I write I know some members of the local parish community have not received the November–December issue.

Three years ago I was the guest of the Search Committee and the Board of Trustees to be interviewed for the position I now hold. After a long afternoon and evening of meetings I happened to walk by Rockefeller Center on my way back to my hotel room on a sharply cold November night. The great Christmas tree was up, but the lights were not yet on. I remember thinking to myself, quite bowled over by the almost unreal experience of being interviewed for this position, that I had a little more than twenty years left to work as a priest. If I was called to New York, "Why not?"

It has not been easy for our local parish community, our city, or indeed our nation since the attack on our country. We are at war. People are fighting and dying to protect us. The ruins of the World Trade Center are still smoldering. The most recent and wonderful news is that the death toll is lower than originally stated. But it still numbers in the thousands. Every day a remarkable series of obituaries in *The New York Times* reminds us of how rich and valuable every human life is. I am not a little ashamed any day when I wake up and find my spirit less than ready to rejoice in the gift of the day. Every day I want to look to the immediate future with the same kind of wonder and excitement I so clearly remember feeling that night at Rockefeller Center.

CAREFUL scientists no longer speak of the physical body as somehow being separate from the emotional or spiritual body. Neurobiologists no longer claim they can distinguish between them. The brain is always, sleeping or awake, in constant and immediate communication, if you will, with the entirety of the body. The Greeks were wrong. We are not matter and spirit. Actually, the earliest Christians got it right through the gift of God's revelation. There really is no physical body apart from



Photo by Alice V. Manning

*Bishop Grein, our preacher for the Eve of the Nativity, on an earlier visit to Saint Mary's*

and over again, "The kingdom of heaven is in you." Why not rejoice in the fullness of life, with all its sorrows and joys? They are part of the one mystery of our humanity. Why not rejoice in our unity with God? This mystery too is part of the mystery of our humanity. Since Bethlehem there has been no mystery of humanity apart from the mystery of divinity. I think we should be at least as careful with our language about the reality of God's presence among us as a neurobiologist is about the way the brain and the rest of the body are one.

I wish I were writing you a few days from now; but we are making every effort to get this to you before the New Year. I fear we shall not be successful, but we are trying. And so I will tell you in the next issue about Matthew Weiler's ordination on Friday, November 30, and about the visit of a great friend of Saint Mary's, the Reverend Alan Moses, Vicar of All Saints', Margaret Street, London, to preach at the patronal feast the following Friday, December 7. The Right Reverend C. Christopher Epting, Ecumenical Officer of the Episcopal Church, will be here to lead our Advent Quiet Day on Saturday, December 15. The Right Reverend Richard F. Grein, retired bishop of New York, will be with us to preside and preach for the Solemn Mass of the Nativity on Christmas Eve.

Saint Mary's goes forward with the prayers and support of so many, many people. I thank you again for the work each of you who read this will do for God's kingdom and especially for this small part of it, the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin in the City of New York.

Yours faithfully,

*Stephen Couth*

our spiritual body. The marvelous mystery that we now know is that this humanity was made for eternal life. And we know this because of the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Last Sunday, the Solemnity of Christ the King, the Church brought before us Luke's account of Jesus' death on the cross. In it, one of the thieves crucified with Jesus turns to him and says, "Lord, remember me when you come into your kingdom." In words we all know, Jesus says, "Today you will be with me in paradise." He is able to say this because on the cross he is already in his kingdom.

I think that you and I should have more than a certain confidence about the gift of life that we already have. In Luke's Gospel, Jesus says over

## Where Was God on September the 11th?

*The following sermon was preached at Saint Mary's on Sunday, October 28, by the Reverend Dr. David Wood, Rector of Grace Church Joondalup and Anglican Chaplain to Edith Cowan University in Perth, Western Australia.*

*In the Name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.*

ONLY GOD is catholic. It is quite something to say that in this setting! A good joke can, however, be very serious, as I mean this one to be. This formulation was a favorite saying of Frank Woods, Archbishop of Melbourne between 1957 and 1977, and in the last years of his active ministry Primate of Australia. To me, as to many others, he was a much loved Father-in-God, one of those rare saints who become more and more free as they grow older. So, time and time again, I heard those words, "Only God is catholic." In other words, everything else is partial; everything else is provisional. Those who call themselves "catholic" inevitably remain sectarian, for only God is truly catholic; only God is truly whole and complete and all-encompassing. We call ourselves "catholic" in hope, longing for a catholicity that is yet to come, a catholicity that only now is being given, a catholicity we have not yet dared to embrace. As the Apostle says, "Now we see in a glass darkly, then we shall see face to face; now we know in part, then we shall know even as we have been fully known."

Having remembered this teaching in looking forward to returning to this holy place, so precious to me and to you as one of those "thin" places where the mystery of divine and human love is luminous, I find that it has become especially poignant in the terrible days following September the 11th. This, of course, has to do with the astonishing intersection of the gospel of God with our present predicament, ancient truth being made ever new in daily life. From time to time we become aware of this continuing miracle of grace, although it has been strikingly apparent as we live through this tragedy—some close at hand, others from great distances, all numbed by overwhelming grief and terribly afraid for the future. Perhaps it's that we are mostly half asleep, perhaps simply that we are more than usually open in these bitter days, but God does seem able to speak to us at the moment with more than ordinary precision.

I'm sure you know what I mean: we go about the ordinary business of worship, gathering around the table of word and sacrament, but story after story, however well-known, seems somehow freshly minted just for us, told just for this moment, and today's vivid gospel is no exception. The self-satisfied and self-righteous pharisee represents all good religious people. We who take our faith even half seriously can hardly avoid succumbing to some version of the holier-than-thou syndrome. Certainly God is very lucky to have us on his side. Just look at the dregs of humanity who couldn't care less.

All of us, if we are honest, know that we think like this, at least now and then. And yet we know how preposterously repugnant such attitudes are. So we run away in denial, distancing our religious selves from our true selves, fearful of the pharisee within, the pharisee of the story, who, ironically enough, is busily saying, "Thank God I'm not like that!"

All the commentators on Luke's gospel note this trap. The proud pharisee is no model to copy, which is precisely why we cannot avoid identification with him. Strangely, many of the commentators go on to insist that we cannot identify with the tax collector either, for he is undoubtedly a very grave sinner. They explain in learned detail how tax collectors in Jesus' day were hated collaborators with the Roman occupying forces, entirely compromised characters, and so we can hardly be invited to pattern ourselves on them.

Now I just love it when theologians decide to sort out our Lord's ethics, tidying up the gospel narratives so that they fit our own impeccable standards. The whole point of this shocking tale is that there is hope *even* for tax collectors, *even* for people like you and me. So Luke insists that the hated tax collector *is* our pattern, our model of faith. He is a pattern of self-knowledge and a model of honesty, which is what genuine humility is all about. And true humility and true catholicity go hand in hand, for both are born in the moment when we see that the only proper human prayer is "Kyrie eleison"—"Lord, have mercy." Lord, have mercy on *me*; Lord, have mercy on *us all*. The only reason we exist, the only reason we are not blown away into nothingness, is the compassion and mercy of God—going before, following after, sustaining us moment by moment and always.

**I**F SEPTEMBER the 11th showed us anything, it opened a window into our common humanity, as the evil of a deranged few opened flood-gates of goodness and generosity of spirit in ordinary people throughout this city and all around the world. For those of us who follow Christ, however, that surreal morning flung open other windows as well. I want us to look through two in particular.

The first is a window into the heart of God, no less. Where was God on that terrible morning, and where is God now? Many have asked this question, but few thoroughly Christian answers have been given. Here is one of the few. It is part of a longish poem written by an English layman named Godfrey Rust. I know almost nothing about him, except that he's a businessman who spends every other week in New York City.

*Where was God  
on September the 11th? He was begging  
in old clothes on the subway  
beneath the World Trade Center.  
He was homeless in Gaza,  
imprisoned in Afghanistan,  
running the gauntlet to her school in the Ardoyne,  
starving in Somalia,  
dying of AIDS in an Angolan slum,  
suffering everywhere in this fast-shrinking world;  
and boarding a plane unwittingly in Boston,  
heading for an appointment on the 100th floor.  
When the time came he stretched out his arms once more to take  
the dreadful impact that would pierce his side.  
His last message on his fading cell phone  
once more to ask forgiveness for them all, before  
his body fell under the weight of so much evil.\**

Here is the Christlike God. Here is our God, the only God there is, the God of all the earth, the God to whom every religious tradition bears imperfect witness. Here is the God who is always taking human flesh, always becoming incarnate *in us* and *with us* and *for us*, who walks with us on broken feet and feeds us with his own flesh in the broken



Photo by Janna Weiler

*Father Wood, with Father Gerth and seminarian Robert Rhodes, outside Saint Mary's*

bread. Pray that what began on September the 11th will draw us away from all the fantasy gods made in our own image. Seek to know only the one, true God, who cannot wave a magic wand over our troubles, but suffers in all our sufferings and rejoices in all our joys.

Looking through the second window, we see that this God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, is called by many of our sisters and brothers *Allah*. Needless to say, they do not know *Allah* as Christlike, so this is something precious we have to share with them, but they do know *Allah* as compassionate and merciful, so they are already more than half way home. In our Father's house there are many rooms, and there is a place at the Lord's table for everyone.

Edmund White has suggested that Muslims are today's Jews.\*\* Muslims now personify the stranger, the outcast, the terrorist, in our sectarian imagination. Certainly, Christian ignorance of Islam is more than humanly scandalous. In the divine economy, I think we must admit, it is positively sinful. If the world is to change for the better as a result of September the 11th, much depends on our repenting of this sin. Peoples of faith stand now at a crossroads: we can move further apart or closer together. Always, there are two sides to the events of human history: there is what happens, and there is what we choose to make of it. Could it be that great good will come out of so much destruction, that so much pain can be redeemed? The choice is our own, and God will not do the work for us. Surely it is possible to imagine a new age when old animosities give way, when warring religious kingdoms submit willingly to the kingdom of God?

If we are serious in pursuing such a hope we will need to do rather more than pray about it. Doing God's will on earth as it is done in heaven means rolling up our sleeves and getting down to business. If Christians and Muslims are serious about welcoming God's new world, we could together witness to the truth that even in times of horror there is a world of sanity and beauty beckoning close at hand.

Only God is catholic. Only together can we welcome the catholicity yet to come.

*In the Name of God. Amen.*

\* Godfrey Rust, "What Kind of Story Is This?" unpublished poem, September 11, 2001.

\*\* Edmund White, *The Flâneur: A Stroll through the Paradoxes of Paris* (London & New York: Bloomsbury, 2001), pp. 95, 97.

## Choose Life

*The following sermon—Father Allen Shin's farewell sermon as curate of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin—was preached on Sunday, September 9, 2001.*

IT HAS been said that there are two kinds of preachers in the world—those who have something to say and those who have to say something. In today's Old Testament lesson we see Moses in the middle of a sermon. Moses must have felt caught in a bind: he had much to say, and he had to say it all, for the end of his life was near. So he delivers his last sermon, and it is three chapters long—chapters 29, 30, and 31 in the Book of Deuteronomy. Not only does he have much to say to his people, he also has much to say to God. So he goes into a long prayer of praise and blessing, and it is two chapters long—chapters 32 and 33. I am not sure for whom I should feel more sorry—his people or God. This would be difficult to pull off even at the Marble Collegiate Church. Then he goes up to Mount Nebo and looks toward the land which God has promised to his people. As Moses has been told that he is not to set his foot on this Promised Land, he looks sadly, yet resolutely, and dies there in the Land of Moab.

I find it ominous that on a day when we have heard a portion of Moses' last sermon I should be delivering my last sermon as curate of this parish. I too am caught in a bind: having much to say and having to say it all, not in three chapters, but just in the next ten minutes. Or else Father Rector will usher me out himself, and that would not be a good ending, not to mention good liturgy.

Five years ago, when I delivered my first sermon here in this pulpit, I told a story about a trip I had taken. A group of us from General Seminary had gone to Cuba for a short visit to observe the Episcopal Church there, to learn how they "do church" in an officially atheist country. There were many inspiring moments and many perplexing ones. But there was one thing that moved me beyond my expectation. Every church we visited had a common story to tell, a story of how in the aftermath of the revolution and against all odds a small group of faithful lay people had kept the parish going. At every church, we met a small group of people in their eighties and nineties who had kept the church open by gathering together every Sunday to pray Morning Prayer because they had no priest. They had risked their lives, their families, all they had, to keep the church going. Therein lies the mystery and power of the resurrection life. Deep in their hearts they knew the true life, which can only be attained in the risen Christ, and it was worth risking life in this world to attain it.

In the portion of Deuteronomy we just heard today, Moses says to his people, "Choose life, so that you and your descendants may live." His last sermon, three chapters long, can be summed up in these two words: "Choose life." And choosing life, Moses goes on to say, means loving God, obeying his voice, and cleaving to him for life. Such a life is a God-centered life, a holy living. In today's Gospel lesson from Luke, Jesus warns his hearers, "Whoever does not take up his own cross and come after me cannot be my disciple." The life of discipleship for which he calls can only be attained through death and resurrection. And so the Good News of Jesus is also all about choosing life—not just

any life, but the true and eternal life of the Resurrection. The Church whose foundation is Jesus our Lord and Savior must then be a symbol of life to the world, life grounded in the everlasting love and mercy of God. Look around you in this holy space. It is filled with symbols of life. Whoever enters this building cannot escape the sense of awe and mystery that can come only from the real presence of God. This space says that God is present in life. This holy space says loud and clear, "Choose life."



Photo by Linda Bridges

*Father Shin preaching at his first Solemn Mass as curate, Holy Cross Day, 1999*

Whence, then, does the capacity to choose life come? What is the source of this capacity? Being at a parish like Saint Mary's, in a busy urban environment, I have encountered quite a few people looking for a priest. Often they come asking for money. But sometimes people come because they need advice or a shoulder to cry on or just someone who will listen: a man who is on the verge of committing suicide, because he has found out that he has an illness with no cure and his partner has left him; a young woman who is struggling to put her and her little son's life together after leaving her alcoholic and abusive husband; a middle-aged man who had taken up drinking and suddenly found himself all alone, with no family around him; a young woman in her early twenties, who ran away from home at the age of thirteen because she could not endure another day of abuse from her parents and is now feeling ashamed of herself; a middle-aged woman who upon hearing of her uncle's death had a sudden flash of childhood memory of being raped by that uncle and is horribly devastated.

Many more stories of all kinds of lives have I heard here. It is hard not to weep at them, not to be depressed by them. But somehow in this holy place the very brokenness of these lives becomes transfigured into holiness. Behind those tired eyes, behind the faces weathered by life's hardships, there is a spirit of life, an incredibly resilient spirit. Such a spirit can only be a gift from God. "The Lord is near to the brokenhearted, and will save those whose spirits are crushed," says the psalmist. Be careful when you choose life, for your life will never be the same again. Oh, but what miracles, what mysteries, such a life has in store for us!

ONE OF the things I have enjoyed about being in this space has been sitting in the curate's seat—not because it is a seat of any privilege, or because I enjoy staring at the rector's face, but because of a particular view it offers. The rector's seat has a view of the pulpit. The rector gets to think about the sermon, or to stare at the preacher if he preaches heresy or goes on too long. The curate, however, gets a view of the beautiful Baptistry. Perhaps it is designed to remind the curate that there is life after the curacy at Saint Mary's. But for me it has served as a focus of my daily prayer life. We who are baptized have chosen life—and not just any life, but holy life, in which the mystery of the Resurrection is unfolding anew every step of the way. Symbols of life, symbols of holiness surround this space. You who are members and friends of this parish are stewards of these symbols, stewards of life's holiness manifested and lived out in this holy community.

Allow me to tell this one joke before I end. An older rector of a parish was faced with the need to hire a curate. He decided that the parish needed new energy and that he himself needed to keep up with the younger generation. So he hired a young curate whom he charged with helping him bring the parish into a new era. After a while, the rector called the curate into his office and sat him down for an evaluation. The rector began, "Father Curate, I know you were reaching out to the young people when you had the theater-style seats put in to replace the first ten pews. We certainly filled those new seats." The curate nodded. The rector continued: "And when you suggested that we needed more upbeat music and started the rock 'n' roll gospel group I didn't say anything. We sure got 'em rockin' and rollin'." The curate was smiling now. The rector went on: "But I think you've gone too far with the drive-through confessional and the flashing neon sign that says, 'Toot 'n' Tell or Go to Hell.'"

I don't know about theater seats and a rock 'n' roll choir or changing any of the other wonderful symbols in this space. But I do think the confessionals could use some sprucing up—a new life, if you will. Perhaps a new paint job, some flowers, and maybe a wine bar would make them busier.

**T**HE RECTOR was wise enough not to charge me with making any major changes at Saint Mary's. But for the past five years I have lived with you through a lot of transition—the retirement of Father Edgar Wells, the interim period with Father Bill Parker, the institution of Father Stephen Gerth and my curacy under him. A lot of changes have come with these transitions. As she has done before, Saint Mary's has survived, and I have no doubt that she will live on. But it takes a lot of work together as a community to live faithfully into the new life in the risen Lord. Loving God and loving one another, listening to the voice of God and patiently listening to one another, cleaving to God and supporting one another—that is the work.

I, for one, will be ever grateful for having had an opportunity to play my role in all of this. And I am thankful for the gift of life this parish community has given me. I thank all of you and Father Gerth. Now as I say goodbye I leave with you the words of Moses from his last sermon: "Choose life, so that you and your descendants may live."

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AVE

*received with thanksgiving*

Please make checks payable to the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin.

William R. Carwithen, \$50; J. Harrison Walker, \$25; the Rev. Donald S. McPhail, \$100; David F. Osgood, \$25; Walter Morton, \$10; Robert Squire, \$50; Norman Austill, \$20; Howard Christian, \$25; John Mann, \$30; Philip Harris, \$25; Peter Riola, \$25; Alfred A. Ashburn, \$35; Narvel J. Crawford, Jr., \$25; C. Lloyd Tyler, \$25; Claire Malouf, \$25; and Marion E. Freise, \$25.

*Reminder to our Canadian friends: Our bank will accept only international bank drafts denominated in U.S. dollars, or checks drawn in U.S. dollars on an American bank or the American branch of a Canadian bank.*

## Solemn Evensong & Eucharistic Benediction

**B**EGINNING on January 6, Solemn Evensong with Sermon & Eucharistic Benediction will return to Saint Mary's as a regular Sunday evening service. I am not sure yet what we will do during the summer months; but I expect that at least during the academic year there will be at least one Episcopal parish in Manhattan where one can find Evensong & Benediction every Sunday.

We are planning for this to be a liturgical, not a choral, Evensong. Of course, wonderful Evensongs are already offered in the city. But I believe most of them are choral rather than congregational and don't include Eucharistic Benediction. I think that this is something Saint Mary's should be doing, and I am glad that it looks as if we will be able to do it in the New Year.

Most months Father Weiler and I will each preach one Sunday at Evensong (not having preached at one of the Masses—with different lessons—that morning). Bishop Epting will preach at our first Evensong, on Epiphany. Mr. John Beddingfield, a postulant for Holy Orders at Saint Mary's, will be the preacher for our second Evensong. And on February 17, the preacher will be the Reverend Richard D. Sloan, Stewardship Officer of the Diocese of New York.

Robert McCormick will be the organist for the liturgy. I don't know if we will have any paid singers at this service, but there are more than enough singers in our parish community to make a lovely Evensong possible. This in fact may be the first opportunity for us to form a regular volunteer parish choir—which, of course, singers from other parishes that don't have Sunday evening services will be welcome to join. And we will need altar servers to assist with the liturgy.

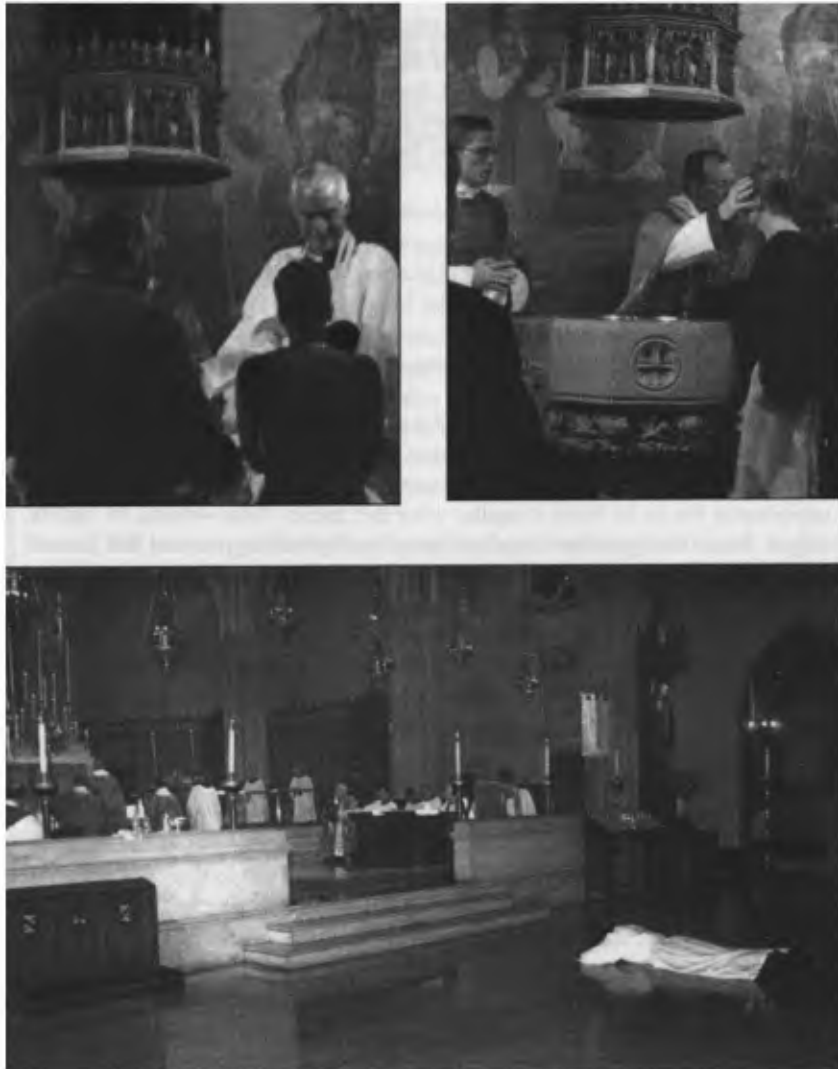
Worship is one of the primary missions of Saint Mary's. It is one of the reasons our doors are open every day. And our parish community speaks and lives the language of liturgy, one of the richest and most powerful languages we have. Even if the congregation for this service starts small, I suspect that it will grow.

I can hardly wait for that first Sunday evening in January, when a bell will ring and in the silence of this great church—as silent as one can ever be just off Times Square!—the ministers of the assembly will process to the altar. The officiating clergy ascend the steps and kiss the altar, reverently and still in silence. They go to their places and the officiant sings, "O God, make speed to save us." The assembly responds, "O Lord, make haste to help us." It is a moment when the holiness of God envelops us in a rich way, a holiness in which we rejoice and which helps us to live and to serve as the Lord intends for us to do.

—Stephen Gerth

## Veni Creator Spiritus

*This November at Saint Mary's began and ended with once-in-a-lifetime sacraments. On All Saint's Day, the Right Reverend Mark S. Sisk, the new Bishop of New York, was with us for the Baptism of Imani Maureen Baptiste-Green and Eloise Anne Hoffman. On the Feast of Saint Andrew the Apostle, the Most Reverend Frank T. Griswold ordained the Reverend Matthew G. B. Weiler to the priesthood.*



Photos this page and cover by Alice V. Manning



## THE CALENDAR FOR JANUARY



- 1 TU THE HOLY NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST**  
SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
Mass ordinary: Congregational  
New Year's Day (*federal holiday: one Mass only, at 11:00 AM*)
- 2 W** Christmas Weekday
- 3 Th** Christmas Weekday
- 4 F** Christmas Weekday *No Abstinence*
- 5 Sa** Christmas Weekday
- 6 SU THE EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST**  
PROCESSION & SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
Mass ordinary: *Missa "O Regem caeli,"* G. P. da Palestrina (1525–1594)  
Motet: *Tribus miraculis,* Luca Marenzio (1553–1599)  
SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION 5:00 PM
- 7 M** Weekday
- 8 Tu** Weekday
- 9 W** Weekday
- 10 Th** Weekday
- 11 F** Weekday *Abstinence*
- 12 Sa** Of Our Lady
- 13 SU THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY: THE BAPTISM OF OUR LORD**  
PROCESSION & SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
Mass ordinary: *Missa super "Un gay bergier,"* Jacob Handl (1550–1591)  
Motet: *Euge caeli,* Thomas Tallis (c. 1505–1585)  
SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION 5:00 PM
- 14 M** Weekday
- 15 Tu** Weekday
- 16 W** Weekday
- 17 Th** Anthony, *abbot*  
**Eve of the Confession of Saint Peter (6:00 PM)**
- 18 F** **The Confession of Saint Peter the Apostle** *Abstinence*  
*The beginning of the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity*
- 19 Sa** Of Our Lady
- 20 SU THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY**  
SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
Mass ordinary: *Mass in the Dorian mode,* Herbert Howells (1892–1983)  
Anthem: *Christ, whose glory fills the skies,* T. Frederick H. Candlyn (1892–1964)  
SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION 5:00 PM
- 21 M** Agnes, *martyr*  
Martin Luther King Day (*federal holiday: one Mass only, at 12:15 PM*)



22 Tu Vincent, *deacon and martyr*  
 23 W Weekday  
 24 Th Weekday  
**Eve of the Conversion of Saint Paul (6:00 PM)**  
 25 F **The Conversion of Saint Paul the Apostle** *Abstinence*  
*The end of the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity*  
 26 Sa Timothy and Titus, *companions of Saint Paul*

**27 SU THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY**  
 SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
 Mass ordinary: *Messe Basse*, Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)  
 Motet: *O bone Jesu*, Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)  
 SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION 5:00 PM

28 M Thomas Aquinas, *priest & friar*  
 29 Tu Weekday  
 30 W Weekday  
 31 Th Weekday

**10 SU THE LAST SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY**  
 SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
 Mass ordinary: *Missa luba*, arr. Guido Haazen (20th century)  
 Anthem: *Let us break bread together*, arr. William D. Hall (20th century)  
 SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION 5:00 PM

11 M Weekday  
 12 Tu Weekday  
**13 W THE FIRST DAY OF LENT: ASH WEDNESDAY** *Strict Fast & Abstinence*  
*A minister will be available for the imposition of ashes from 7:00 AM until 8:00 PM.*  
 Said Masses 7:00 AM, 8:00 AM, 9:00 AM; Sung Mass 12:00 noon  
 SOLEMN MASS 6:00 PM  
 Mass ordinary: *Mass XIV, Jesu Redemptor*, Plainsong  
 Anthem: *Have mercy upon me, O Lord*, Thomas Tomkins (1572–1656)

14 Th Weekday of Lent  
 15 F Weekday of Lent *Lenten Abstinence*  
 STATIONS OF THE CROSS & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION AT SAINT MARY'S  
 AT 7:00 PM  
 16 Sa Weekday of Lent



## THE CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY



1 F Brigid, *abbess* *No Abstinence after the Vigil Mass*  
**EVE OF THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST (CANDLEMAS)**  
 BLESSING OF CANDLES, PROCESSION & SOLEMN MASS 6:00 PM  
 At the blessing of candles: *Nunc dimittis (Short Service)*, Orlando Gibbons  
 (1583–1625)  
 Mass ordinary: *Mass for Five Voices*, William Byrd (1543–1623)  
 Motets: *Senex puerem*, William Byrd  
*Euge caeli*, Thomas Tallis (c. 1505–1585)

**2 SA THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST**

**3 SU THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY**  
 SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
 Mass ordinary: *Communion Service in F*, Harold Darke (1888–1976)  
 Anthem: *Jesu, the very thought of thee*, Edward Bairstow (1874–1946)  
 SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION 5:00 PM  
*The Commemoration of Saint Blase is omitted this year because it falls on a Sunday; the traditional Blessing of Throats will be offered during Solemn Evensong.*

4 M Cornelius the Centurion  
 5 Tu The Martyrs of Japan  
 6 W Weekday  
 7 Th Weekday  
 8 F Weekday *Abstinence*  
 9 Sa Of Our Lady

**17 SU THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT**  
 SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
 Mass ordinary: *Missa "In illo tempore,"* Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)  
 Anthem: *Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake*, Richard Farrant (c. 1530–1580)  
 SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION 5:00 PM

18 M Weekday of Lent  
 Presidents' Day (*federal holiday: one Mass only, at 12:15 PM*)

19 Tu Weekday of Lent  
 20 W Weekday of Lent  
 21 Th Weekday of Lent  
 22 F Weekday of Lent *Lenten Abstinence*  
 STATIONS OF THE CROSS & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION AT THE CHURCH OF  
 THE TRANSFIGURATION (1 EAST 29TH STREET) AT 7:00 PM  
 23 Sa Weekday of Lent

**24 SU THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT**  
 SOLEMN MASS 11:00 AM  
 Mass ordinary: *Missa Della Battaglia*, Giovanni Francesco Anerio  
 (c. 1567–1630)  
 Motet: *Adoramus te, Christe*, Gregor Aichinger (1564–1628)  
 SOLEMN EVENSONG, SERMON & EUCHARISTIC BENEDICTION 5:00 PM

**25 M Saint Matthias the Apostle (transferred)**  
 26 Tu Weekday of Lent  
 27 W Weekday of Lent  
 28 Th Weekday of Lent

*Lenten Abstinence: The weekdays of Lent are observed by special acts of discipline and self-denial. The Fridays of Lent are observed by strict abstinence from flesh meats.*