

“Those who sing, pray twice.” St. Augustine



PIER REVIEW

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What God Is Worth

By The Rev. Canon J. Gary L'Hommedieu

SOMETIMES IT'S HELPFUL TO REVIEW THE ancient meanings of common words. The original meaning captures the psychology behind the original use of the word and often sheds light on our present use of what we thought was a uniquely “modern” expression.

For example, Christians are familiar with the words *inspire* and *inspiration* to denote the special character of Holy Scripture. We say the Bible is *inspired*, and in a way different from, say, Bach or Shakespeare or some other masterwork of art or literature.

The primitive meaning of *in-spire* is to *breathe into*, even to *inflate*. The crucial point in the original use of this word is *who* is doing the inflating. In the ancient world, accustomed as it was to supernatural visitations and divine oracles, inspiration depicted the gods literally *blowing* the true meaning *into* their special representatives and, later, the texts of a sacred tradition.

Christianity has held from the beginning that the Holy Scriptures are literally *inspired* or, as the NIV has

it, *God-breathed*. God overrides the natural frailty and fallibility of human interactions in transmitting what is true about Himself and His plan for humanity. Such knowledge could only come to us by inspiration, since it comes from Beyond. Knowledge that originates in our thoughts and opinions is just that: our private thoughts and opinions tailored to our personal interests.

The works of Bach or Shakespeare, on the other hand, are “inspired” or “inspiring” in the metaphorical sense of being *larger than life* or relatively *god-like* based on their unrivaled stature as human achievements.

Now take another term familiar to Christians, the word *worship*, a word that we only use in a *religious* sense, even when we refer to non- and even irreligious things—as when people *worship* their cars or their computers, or their favorite politicians or movie stars. In these latter cases the object of worship is inappropriately put *in the place of God*, which is the textbook definition of an *idol*.

It's no accident that “American Idol” has been the number one T.V. show for several consecutive seasons. Since Genesis 3 people have fancied that they might be put in the place of God relative to others. This fundamentally *religious* drive refuses to be secularized out of our modern experience.

There's a nugget of primal psychology that carries through our word *worship*, even in our rabidly secular culture. The word comes from an Old English word literally meaning *worth-ship*. When we *worship* something or someone, we are declaring them to be of supreme value or *worth*.

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Out Of Normal Time

By The Very Rev. Anthony P. Clark



Dean Tony Clark catches up with a parishioner on her way to the Christmas Bazzar in the Great Hall after early service.

Our worship marks time in a completely counter-cultural way, in apparent ignorance of the four seasons of the year, almost like a parallel universe running alongside our normal ways of marking time.

MARK GALLI'S BOOK, *BEYOND Smells & Bells: The Wonder and Power of Christian Liturgy*, presents "an attempt to explain how liturgy shapes us as we participate in it week after week, year after year" (p. 9). For those of us who worship at the Cathedral Church of St. Luke, Galli's work provides an excellent explanation for why we worship the way we worship.

One dimension of Galli's book focuses on how the liturgy reshapes our sense of time. As a young man, Galli understood time in reference to the New York Giants baseball team. The seasons of the year were "spring training, opening day, All-Star break, and the World Series" (p. 21). Like Galli, many of us may mark time in reference to college football—pre-season polls, conference play, the rivalry game, conference playoffs and post-season bowl games.

Our worship, however, marks time in a completely counter-cultural way. Worship time unfolds in apparent ignorance of the four seasons of the year, football season, the school year, even the calendar year. Almost like a parallel universe running alongside our normal ways of marking time, worship time is marked by odd sounding seasons like Advent, Lent, and Ordinary time.

Borrowing imagery from C. S. Lewis' *Chronicles of Narnia*, our Cathedral worship serves as a portal or entryway into this parallel universe of worship time. As the wardrobe offered entry for the Pevensie children to Narnia

in *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, our Cathedral offers us entry into the strange and counter-cultural worlds of Advent, Epiphany and Passiontide.

By the time you read this article, we will be deep into the worship time of Advent, a season marked by waiting, preparation and joyful anticipation. While the culture around us is "celebrating" Christmas from before Thanksgiving until Christmas Day, we will be exploring the past, present and future dimensions of Advent worship time.

Advent time begins in the future, looking toward the future and final advent or *coming* of our Lord "in glory to judge the living and the dead." We then travel to the past and the prophetic biblical promises of Israel's Messiah. We then return to the present and, with our Christmas celebration appearing on the horizon, we pray that the Lord would "Purify our conscience... that your Son Jesus Christ, at his coming, may find in us a mansion prepared for himself" (*The Book of Common Prayer*, p. 212).

Allow yourself to slip out of your normal calendar—the school year, football season, only X shopping days until Christmas—when you worship at the Cathedral during this Advent season. Allow yourself to travel to the past, present and future dimensions of a "time" that unfolds out of sync with the culture around us, but in sync with the Lord's plan of salvation through the coming of Jesus Christ. PR

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
let the whole earth stand in awe of him." (Psalm 96:9)

A Song in the Heart



Canon Ben Lane in classic pose at the organ. Is he reading a score or is he lost in contemplation? Is he following the service closely, or is he leading it, not with words or gestures, but simply by knowing it so well?

By Canon Ben Lane, Cathedral Musician

WHAT EXPECTATIONS DO WE HAVE of Sunday morning worship? Are we seeking an encounter with the living God or merely fulfilling a pious obligation? Are we prepared to hear some inspirational, life-changing words from the pulpit or just praying for a nice, short sermon? Are we participating fully by praying, listening, and singing with our whole heart and mind or merely hoping for some musical entertainment? Are we wondering if the choir will be good enough, the organ too loud, the hymns too long?

The key to the holiness of worship lies in our hearts. What a beautiful sacrifice when we offer ourselves completely to the Lord! At our Cathedral—as in most churches—the clergy, sacred ministers, musicians, acolytes, and all the liturgical leaders do indeed worship in this manner. This is the essence of the Collect for Purity, which we pray at the beginning of each Eucharist, although perhaps sometimes absent-mindedly:

Almighty God, to you all hearts are open, all desires known, and from you no secrets are hid: Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of your Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love you, and worthily magnify your holy Name; through Christ our Lord. Amen.
(The Book of Common Prayer, page 355)

Like all the arts, music is unique. It touches places that words cannot. It expresses emotions and meanings like nothing else can. It draws us nearer to the heart of God. It helps strengthen our faith. It draws us closer in community. All this is why we sing and make music in church. To paraphrase St. Augustine, "Those who sing, pray twice." When singing with the heart and voice, we engage the spirit and the mind. Or in modern parlance, we use both sides of the brain. We enjoy a fully artistic experience.

One of the chief tasks of the musicians is to help the congregation discover and express the song in all our hearts. That song of salvation was planted by God and is nourished by the Holy Spirit. It was sung by the ancient Hebrews, who danced and made music and praised "I AM", and who used the Psalter as a hymnal, much as we sing psalms today. That song not only was passed from generation to generation, but it also was recreated anew in the hearts and voices of God's people in each age. The song became fresh and alive in their own imaginations and languages. Now the Lord continues to give us a new song each time we worship him in the same beauty of holiness.

The pressures of life too often drown out the song, but worship provides an opportunity for the people of God to recapture the melody. And in that sacred, creative moment, we know the transcendence of the Holy One and stand in awe of him.

Music touches places that words cannot. It expresses emotions and meanings like nothing else can. It draws us nearer to the heart of God.

PR



Father Ronald and Jeanne Brokaw take a few minutes from packing as they prepare to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary in Costa Rica.

Just Outside

By The Rev. Canon J. Gary L'Hommedieu

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY (AS I WRITE) A YOUNG priest from western Missouri, then curate at St. James' Episcopal Church, Wichita, Kansas, married the young Directress of Religious Education from the same parish. In the presence of God and of His holy Church, the Rev. Ronald Gene Brokaw and Jeanne McBee Jacoby were made one flesh.

No one who knows the couple doubts that this marriage was made in heaven. Their dedication to each other, now having stood the test of time, has been an inspiration to Christian friends and to the wider community in the several locations in which they have lived and served and in the places where they have traveled as missionaries of Christ.

Of course marriage, like all the sacraments, can only be "made" in heaven, within the Sanctuary of the Holy One, eternally removed from earth. This particular marriage was marked by a shared sense of the unearthly nearness of that Sanctuary, hidden and yet pressing from every side, often erupting in the hearts of the faithful and coming forth now as worship, now as art.

The marriage of Ronald and Jeanne Brokaw has been lived in busy anticipation of heaven, immersed in its color and its culture, where the dignity of the King upholds and uplifts the faithful. In their several parish assignments in the Midwest and in Central Florida, in their joint labor in launching Trinity Preparatory School in Winter Park in the 1960's, in innumerable trips to Honduras in support of the Bishop and Our Little Roses (a home for orphaned girls), they have served as witnesses to the transforming power of the Christian worship tradition.

"I've always been interested in the Christian year," said Father Ronald, reflecting on his experience both as a

pastor and a teacher. Properly understood the Christian year is made up of cycles. "It's the most wonderful thing, full of ups and downs. Life is like that."

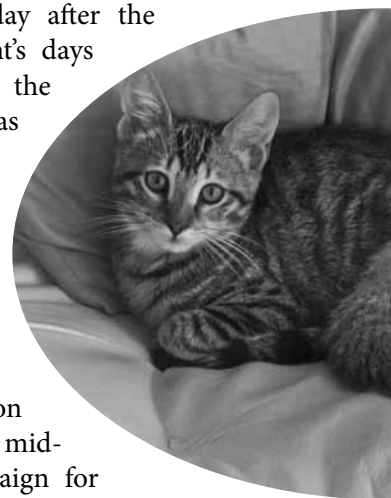
"Especially Advent," he added, stressing that Advent is a season not of penitence but of preparation: "blue, not purple." In his parish teaching Father Ronald always emphasized the meaning of Advent as "a coming".

"God is coming at the end of Advent as a baby, and He is coming again at the end of time. But He is also coming at every moment of the day. Who will be the embodiment of the Incarnation today?"

Father Ronald reminds us that what we call the Christmas season is really a cycle of celebrations, beginning with the First Sunday in Advent and extending through the Sunday after the Epiphany, with weekday saint's days and other feasts adding to the rhythm of the Christmas Cycle. As a parish priest he always encouraged home celebrations in Advent.

Their emphasis on Advent as a season of celebration and preparation carried naturally into the Brokaws' move into mission work in Honduras in the mid-70's. "I was on a real campaign for Advent," said Ronald reflecting on the year they made thirty Advent wreaths and had to convince the airline to carry them in baggage on the flight to Honduras.

"What Honduras needs is beauty," said Father Ronald. One year he and Jeanne, together with former Cathedral



Heaven's Gates



The Brokaws exhibiting just a few of their liturgical creations. Their home is itself a work of art, looking out on Lake Formosa near Florida Hospital.

member Betty Wolfe, made twenty-nine stoles for new deacons in the Diocese of Honduras.

Betty Wolfe is still remembered as liturgical artist extraordinaire in the Diocese of Central Florida and at the Cathedral for her innumerable designs in fine and graphic arts, altar vestments and liturgical banners. "I'm her best student," Ronald says in tribute.

"Betty and I made at least 100 banners for Honduras," he continued. "Every time we built a church, I always took a banner." This was true for Father Ronald in his missionary work in Honduras as well as in the several interim and start-up positions he served in Central Florida.

The Cathedral, where the Brokaws have been members since 1986, has been perhaps the greatest beneficiary of their witness to the liturgy as the anteroom of the Holy.

After her retirement from teaching at Cheney Elementary School in 1996 Jeanne assumed the role of Directress of the Cathedral Altar Guild, a position she retained until January of this year.

"I love everything about the Episcopal Church, the liturgy, all the special services," Jeanne said. As for the altar she added, "It has

to be perfect. It just has to be!

"We are doing this for our Lord, and we want perfection. Clean linens. No holes allowed!" Regarding the role of the Cathedral in setting a standard she adds, "We should be the example for the whole Diocese."

The role of the Cathedral as a leader in upholding an ancient and venerable tradition brings us back to the discussion of Advent. "The preparation of Advent is wonderful. One of the big pluses of the Cathedral is the wonderful music."

Even their time away from the Church is filled with art of the highest tradition and superlative skill. The Brokaws were enthusiastic supporters of the Orlando Opera as long as it remained in operation. "We were crushed when it folded" this past April, said Ronald. Last year for their anniversary they made a pilgrimage to New York to attend three performances at the Metropolitan Opera. "We froze," Ronald said. For that reason they decided to spend their golden anniversary in Costa Rica.

Here's to a marriage made in heaven and lived just outside its gates, where beauty is standard fare in the poorest, most rugged surroundings, not because it speaks of riches but because it speaks of heaven. Even outside those gates the standards are high, because the One who lives inside is the Most High.

Now, as Father Ronald and Jeanne remind us, is a season of preparation. PR

Advent is a season not of penitence but of preparation: "blue, not purple."

Center: the Brokaws' "new additions", Caleb and Princess, age 7 weeks, named after characters from the opera "Turandot" by Verdi and Puccini.

Below: The Ronald Brokaw logo appearing on a legacy of liturgical art creations, designed by Betty Wolfe.





Joanne Mumley, for 24 years an occupational therapist, has completed four quarters of Clinical Pastoral Education and is presently working toward her Master of Divinity at Asbury Seminary. Joanne came to the Cathedral early in 2009.

“Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, who was, and is, and is to come.” (Revelation 1:8)

Standing On Holy Ground

By Joanne Mumley

“WHEN BIBLICAL NARRATIVES FALL silent, the people of God have nothing to remember, and with nothing to remember they soon forget who they are. Their untutored imaginations turn to other narratives and other gods. It is a familiar story.”¹

When people first enter the Cathedral, we often find them standing in the door of the narthex gazing in, staring wide-eyed, transfixed. The beauty of the interior together with the presence of the worshiping community startles and overwhelms them.

What is this harmony of sight, sound, and spirit—this almost tangible intimacy with the story of God? Is it perhaps the power of a believing community whose expressions of reverence and awe reveal the majesty of God?

It is the Word of God incarnate within the Kingdom of God—the communion of present day saints. This essence is the gathered community of the Body of Christ in worship, and it is thick within the Cathedral sanctuary. It is carried with believers as they stroll to their pews in preparation to open their spirits to the Holy One.

As one enters the Cathedral, one’s awareness of the Cross, the symbols, the vestments, the art, and the physical actions of a highly crafted liturgy, draw one into the Christian narrative. Worshippers experience that story as it unfolds around them.

The Book of Common Prayer leads us through the scripture story as it is read through during the Christian year. We stand as the Universal Church as we recite the Nicene Creed on a typical Sunday and the Apostles’ Creed on baptismal Sundays.

In the Eucharist we share the risen Body of our incarnate God and Savior, Jesus Christ. This is where we

find hope. At the Table humility is infused in our souls in recognition of the fullness of forgiveness and love given to us.

From start to finish the biblical narrative tells of God’s grace for his children. In his book *The Divine Embrace* theologian Robert Webber says, “In worship we proclaim and enact God’s saving deeds for the world.” This is the biblical narrative, the Christian story: “the memory of God’s work in history, and the anticipation of God’s present and future work in the world.”

Worship also reminds us that we stand not only with the Blessed Trinity but with the whole Communion of Saints who have walked before us. We are not alone in the world.

Most recently I found this to be true for myself. It was All Saints Day. The Cathedral was filled with God’s glory. It was a day of magnificence, as I sensed the thin veil between heaven and earth. I looked around the area I was sitting, and misty eyes looked back at me. The glory of the Almighty was more than we could handle.

Liturgical worship is our love for God and God’s love for us expressed in words, music, ceremony and silent adoration. It is the greatness, beauty, goodness and glory of God by which we stand in admiration and awe knowing the veil is just before us. It is within our grasp.

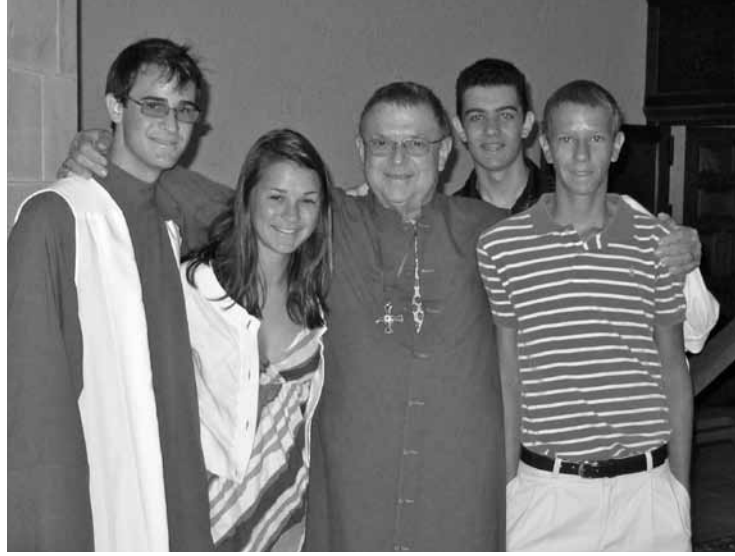
In worship we are on sacred ground.

PR

¹ George Stroup, “Theology of Narrative or Narrative Theology?”, *Theology Today*, vol. 47:4 Jan. ‘91.

For Love Of Liturgy

By The Rev. Christine L. Maddux



Cathedral Acolyte Warden Richard Clark (center) flanked by young veteran acolytes Christian McClure, Mia Jakubisin, Creed Miller, and Brendan Ellixson.

AT THE TIME OF HIS INTERVIEW FOR THE *Pier Review* Cathedral Acolyte Warden Richard Clark had just returned from the 30th National Acolyte Festival at the Washington National Cathedral. With a palpable love for liturgy, he recounted the celebration: 1,128 vested acolytes from 150 churches in 16 states, from ages five to 77, making a Grand Procession that lasted exactly 60 minutes. Richard was there with six other adult and teenaged acolytes from the Cathedral. It was his ninth such pilgrimage.

“I love to take people to the Acolyte Festival,” Richard said, “because it gives them something they’ll remember for the rest of their lives.”

Love of liturgy has fueled Richard’s spiritual life since he was in the ninth grade and served as an acolyte at Grace Chapel Parish (now San José Episcopal Church) in Jacksonville, Florida. Every Saturday morning he learned about liturgy from Fr. William Eckman, Chaplain of Acolytes, whose sense of proper liturgy was honed in the high church services at St. Mary the Virgin Church in New York City.

“Father Eckman was a real teaching priest,” Richard said. “He taught us the reasons behind the rubrics, and the real meaning of Easter.” From that time on, Richard cultivated his love of liturgy. “I have a great passion for liturgy to be done right. I’ve always been kind of a fuss bucket about that. That’s because good liturgy should be a gift to God from us.

“It should be solemn and joyful at the same time, and it should be stately,” he went on. “It should be a real foretaste of the Kingdom of Heaven!”

This is the attitude of Richard’s that imbues his ministry as Acolyte Warden, a position he accepted in 1999 at Dean Lobs’ invitation. He had previously been

Acolyte Warden at Holy Cross Episcopal Church in Sanford and joined the Cathedral Acolyte Guild when he and his family returned to the Cathedral in 1993. Richard and Virginia’s daughters Christy and Mary also became acolytes. Christy died while still in college at age 22. Mary continues to serve as an acolyte coordinator and chalice bearer. “She’s my right hand man,” Richard said. Over the years, Richard has also served as a lector, chalice bearer and subdeacon.

Several times a year you can find Richard training acolytes in the Cathedral, as they learn to bear a torch, “lift high the cross”, assist with sacred vessels, fly festival windsocks, ring the *Sanctus* bell, and stoke and swing the thurible (censer). “I love to work with the teenagers and teach them about good liturgy, and at the same time they learn about the church and the sacramental life,” he said. “I also like to make it fun,” which includes taking the acolytes bowling, to water parks, and pizza parties.

Richard also cultivates his love for liturgy by visiting other churches known for their fine liturgical worship. Some of his favorites include St. Mary the Virgin in New York City; St. Paul’s Parish (K Street) in Washington, DC; Church of the Holy Communion in Charleston; St. Clement’s Episcopal Church in Philadelphia; St. Luke’s Episcopal Church in Fort Myers; and The Church of the Redeemer in Sarasota. “The music is such a big part of good liturgy,” Richard said. “I have come to really appreciate that, thanks to [Cathedral Canon] Ben Lane.

“The Eucharist and worship should be a joyful experience, a celebration of our holy and awesome God,” he said. “Good liturgy allows the church to be all that it can be.”

PR



Black and white
doesn't do justice
to Fr. Ronald
Brokaw's original
tapestries and
other liturgical
works of art.
See inside, p. 4.

pier \pîr\ *n.*

1. *Architecture* Any of various vertical supporting structures, especially:
 - a. A pillar supporting an arch or roof.
 - b. The portion of a wall between windows, doors, or other openings.
 - c. A reinforcing structure that projects from a wall; a buttress.

2. *Literature* The monthly ministry journal of The Cathedral Church of St. Luke, Orlando, Florida.
 - a. Editor/Designer
The Rev. Canon J. Gary L'Hommedieu
 - b. Contributing Writer
The Rev. Christine L. Maddux
 - c. Proof Reader
Theo Gordon
 - d. Original Photographs
The Rev. Canon J. Gary L'Hommedieu
William Maddux

WHAT GOD IS WORTH CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Now bring that word to its most familiar use—the weekly worship of the Christian community. From Sunday to Sunday, even from day to day, Christians gather to ascribe *worth* to Him who alone is *worthy*, the eternal Triune God. In our cathedral this expression of *worth* is taken quite literally through the greatest samples of art, music, and literature known to our history. And while samples of “high culture” will change over time, they will always embody the Church's conviction that only excellence, if not genius, can begin to express God's *worth* based on who He is and what He has done for us.

What we call the *Christmas worship cycle* (Advent-Christmas-Epiphany) expresses the finest of our tradition in *ascribing worth* to our God. This is why it endures and why it is important that we take part in it. Worship is not meant to be entertaining or reassuring—though it usually is both. It is meant as our feeble attempt to offer up to Him who is *worthy* something that reflects His *worth* back to us, thereby increasing our own stature under heaven.

This Christmas season I hope you will pour yourself into that collective acknowledgement of the God who became one of us that we call Christian worship. Do it for all He's worth. PR