

The Shepherd's Staff



Newsletter of the Anglican Province of Christ the King June, 2023

*The Right Reverend D. M. Ashman, Editor
The Reverend Gordon Hines, Publisher*

Saint Joseph of Arimathea
Summer Session

The College Summer Session will take place the last week of July, from Sunday evening to Friday afternoon, July 23rd to July 28th, 2023 – both in person and on the Zoom platform. Canon Steven Dart will be the Summer Session Chaplain coordinating daily activities and worship services. Father Dr. Paul Russell will teach (via Zoom) a morning class on ***Reading the Apostolic Fathers*** and Dr. Paul Evans will teach an



in person afternoon class on a ***Survey of Canon Law***. Students and postulants may participate in the classes in person or via Zoom.

The approximate daily agenda is as follows:

8:30 a.m. - Morning Prayer in the Chapel
10:00 a.m. - Morning Class in the Library or Classroom
12:15 p.m. - Holy Communion in the Chapel
2:00 p.m. - Afternoon Class in the Library or Classroom
4:30 p.m. - Afternoon Tea hosted by Canon Dart
5:15 p.m. - Sung Evening Prayer

The fee for the one-week session is \$150.00 which includes housing. Meals are “on your own” but we have a kitchen and dining area available. Contact the Provost at bishopashman@gmail.com if financial aid is needed. Please note that postulants for Holy Orders move to the top of the financial need list.

In our modern age with its demands and complexities, many men are forced to “read for orders.” The primary purpose of the St. Joseph’s Summer Session is to assist men to prepare for ordination as deacons and priests in the Anglican Province of Christ the King. One important goal is to form a sense of community not just in common study with rigorous standards but also in common worship and fellowship. To that end, (permanent) deacons, priests and students from other jurisdictions are always welcome.

Please email a copy of this form to the Provost (bishopashman@gmail.com) and another copy to the Summer Session Chaplain (canondart@christchurchaz.org); and a hard copy to the Seminary at 2316 Bowditch, P.O. Box 40020, Berkeley, CA 94704.

Send your tuition fee to the San Francisco Office: 2725 Sacramento Street, P.O. Box 15095 San Francisco, CA 94115

Saint Joseph of Arimathea
Theological College
Summer Session Registration Form 2023
July 23rd to July 28th

Name_____

Mailing Address_____

APCK Parish or Church Affiliation_____

Are you a postulant for Holy Orders in the APCK? Yes () No ()

Email_____

Telephone (cell)_____

Telephone (other)_____

Emergency Contact Information

Name_____ Relationship_____

Telephone_____

Will you need housing? Yes () No ()

Why do you wish to attend the Summer Session?

Bishop Schultz Instituted as Bishop
Ordinary of the Atlantic States

Hosted by the Church of the Holy Comforter,
Montevallo, Alabama
Father Shannon Clark, Rector



Left to right: Bishop Ben Jones, Suffragan of the Atlantic States
Bishop Blair Schultz, Bishop Ordinary of the Atlantic States
Bishop William Wiygul, Bishop (retired) of the Diocese of the
Southern States



Seminary Fall Semester

The Fall Semester is still in the planning stages but at least five to six courses are planned: Moral Theology (Bishop Hansen), A Survey of the New Testament (Bishop Ashman), World History and Religion I (Bishop Ashman), Pastoral Theology (Canon Dart), Ecclesiastical Latin V (with the possibility of Ecclesiastical Latin I as well), and Biblical Greek II, (Bishop Ashman).

Ordinations in Oklahoma

It is a joy to announce that Dr. Richard Kishur and Mr. Charles Newcomb, passed their written and oral canonical examinations, were made Deacons on the Sunday after Ascension Day by the Right Reverend Peter F. Hansen at the Church of the Holy Cross in Oklahoma City.





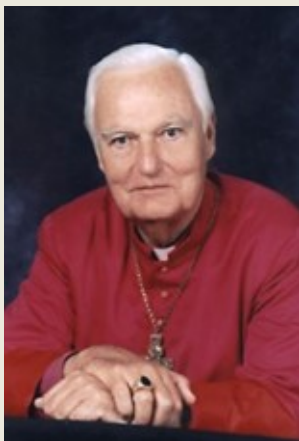
Reflections on Pentecost (commonly called Whitsunday)

by Christine Sunderland



Christine Sunderland, laymember of the APCK, is a well-known novelist from the San Francisco Bay Area. Her stories, set in Europe, Hawaii, and California, draw from the past but take place in the present, dealing with themes of love, suffering, faith, family, and freedom. Visit her website here: [Christine](#)

Sunderland



My bishop of blessed memory, Robert Sherwood Morse, often said that we Christians are people of reality. We are unafraid and even eager to find and face the truth, or we learn to be so over time, with regular self-examination, confession, and absolution. This command to honestly examine one's life, thoughts, words, and deeds, done and undone, is a blessing, growing us into who we are meant to be.

We also desire to build a life upon a firm foundation, not lies, not wishes, not fantasies.

To face reality we must practice observation. We watch, we listen, we sense. We taste, touch, smell. We use all the senses that we have been given to breathe in the world around us, a world created for us to live in and love one another. Today some call this mindfulness, but it is an old Christian virtue, a child of gratitude and grace. And when we train our senses, we also train our wills to step outside of ourselves to see better, to pay attention, and to abjure the opposite, the sinking into the despair of one's own private world. It is a step toward learning to love.



Observe my cat, for instance. What an amazing creature! Angel is a jumper (perhaps she has wings), able to leap tall bookcases in a single bound. She is in the American History section in this photo, for she has learned how to get my attention. Her next move will be to knock the nearby icons off the wall with her paw. If there is a small book she can maneuver, she will send it flying.

We adopted her at Christmas 2020, hence her name. We named her brother Gabriel. He looked after her in her new home, but tragically succumbed to a feline virus and is waiting for us in Heaven now. So we lavish lots of love on Angel.

We faced Gabriel's early death, a reality we see too often in today's world of violence. We are given a short span of life, making each moment precious. We hold close the living, remembering those who have gone before us.

And so memory is another gift of grace. As I wrote this I suddenly remembered that my bishop died on this day, May 28, in 2015. He lives in my mind and heart, and he touched me with this sudden memory. Memory brings him into the present. This is not to say he isn't fully alive where he is now residing (a mansion in Heaven's hill country), but memory bridges Heaven and Earth on this cold wintry afternoon.



Now, observe our recent outdoor visitors, beautiful creatures, young bucks, with magnificent fuzzy antlers to be worn off in the fall if not sooner. They are baby antlers, I'm told, and I'm not sure of their purpose, but they will be replaced by the adult ones later, perhaps like our baby teeth.

We are graced with a marvel-ous world, a world of marvels: all the world of the present and all the world of the past. We are textured by time, and the weave of years through our lives, hearts, and minds, teaches us how to live today and tomorrow. We learn from these remarkable threads of memory woven through the past into the present. We mourn our sins and celebrate our virtues. We reject the evil and embrace the good. How else can we grow without memory, without a true telling?

And so it is a tragedy today that reality is made up by those who wish power or are afraid to face truth, or both. History disappears, erased and rewritten. Statues tumble. Public names are painted over and renamed. Truth dies on the cross of modernity.

Yet this weekend we celebrate Memorial Day, a day of memory, a time to remember the true heroes of our world, those who stepped out with brave hearts and practiced courage to keep us free. Where are those heroes today? Those who face the truth of our world, our fallen world, and those who remember the past, both the unrighteous and the righteous. Where are the men and women who will keep us free, who honor faith and family and friendship, life and love?

Today we also celebrate the Birthday of the Church, Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit descended upon the disciples in Jerusalem, at a time of a major Jewish festival, bringing in faithful from all parts of the world who spoke many languages. The description of the event is dramatic, for "there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting... cloven tongues like fire, upon each of them... they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues..." (Acts 2:1+) They would speak to the many foreigners in their own language of the "wonderful works of God." Christ Jesus had foretold this event, promising that "the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost... shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto

you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you... Let not our heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." (John 14:15+)

These are words worth remembering, bringing the past into the present. We fear not, we trouble not, we enjoy the peace of Christ. For with memory, the Holy Spirit fills us up, overflowing, with the love of God.

For as my bishop of blessed memory often said, "Do not worry. All is grace."

The Last Word



*This Homily was originally given by
Robert Morse,
First Archbishop, Anglican Province of
Christ the King,
on Pentecost Sunday, 2002*

Today is the Feast of Pentecost. On this day God the Holy Ghost poured like fire upon the Apostles, to burn in them, and in us, and in all mankind to the end of time.

God first appeared to Moses in a burning bush that would not be consumed. Fire now descends upon the Apostles and those with them to

ignite in their hearts, and ours, with the ability to love.

At Pentecost many nations and tongues were gathered in Jerusalem, all hearing the Gospel in their own language. Thus we are given the divine imperative to tell the Good News to the world.

Over two thousand years ago an event took place that was eternal, making the past, present, and future all now, timeless. The power of the Holy Ghost entered the mystical Body of Christ, His Church, you and me. God the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Holy Trinity, divine love realized, is made manifest, the eternal Spirit of God, now in our world. God the Holy Spirit broke into time on the first

Pentecost and quickens the hearts of all who profess to follow Christ. He is the fire of divine love, not just a moral force nor a means to earthly happiness, or freeing us from angst in this time of tension. Nor is Christianity merely a moral code, but expresses the love affair between God and His Creation. Morality is the discipline of this love.

The Holy Spirit, the force behind this divine revolution of love, came to us at Pentecost. The strength, the heart of that vision of God, was poured out upon Christ's Church in that upper room in the ancient city of Jerusalem. He continues to pour Himself out upon us today. The Holy Spirit unites us with God and with each other. He gives us a vision of the good.

In Bruce Marshall's short novel *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith*, a Scottish priest living in the slums of Glasgow ministers to Irish immigrants. Father Smith's parish is poor indeed. He has no church. He celebrates Mass in a fish market. But, wherever he goes, whatever he does, he reminds men of the glory of God's universe and the joy of being alive. He has a vision of the good, the beautiful, and the true. When it comes time for him to die, he is transfigured by the beauty of his soul. Gathered around him are his friends and those he guided. He cries to them as he pushes out from the shores of consciousness into the light of eternity, "Don't forget there'll be Mass on Sunday in the fish market."

A few years after World War II a friend of mine died. He was a grad student at Stanford. Hal was shattered by the war and he died of his wounds. He had lost an arm, and was afflicted with dysentery and anemia. He ached with the wounds of war; he had seen the savagery of men. But he lived with zest and passion. One of our friends was a wealthy young man, also a graduate student. He lived in a great palace of a house. He was going away and his sister threw a party for him, asking the leading social set. She included Hal and me.

I'll never forget Hal all dressed up in a bedraggled tux. One arm sleeve was hanging, flapping. But his good hand held a full glass of whisky, and he stood there, laughing, alive, surrounded by many jaded and bored faces. The contrast between Hal who saw in his tragic affliction a love for life and God, and the others, was unforgettable.

The love of life and the love of God cannot be separated. In a moment we, as Christ's mystical Body the Church, will invoke God the Holy Spirit to descend and consecrate this bread and wine into the

Sacrament of Our Lord's death and resurrection, His Body and Blood, transforming these simple elements into the eternal transfixed in time. We ask the Holy Spirit to live within us. When we are weak in spirit, in faith, or in despair, we are given the grace to love life, unafraid, through the power of the Holy Spirit.

The Church is the mystical Body of Christ. In its essence it is not a building, nor a society organized to do good. It is rather a communion, a mysterious Body in which we are all together in union with Christ.

The Holy Spirit is everywhere. A teacher in a ghetto in New York City described to the children who had never seen a rainbow what it looked like. One day a little boy came to class and raised his hand and said, "I saw a rainbow today." The teacher said, "Where did you see it? I didn't see one." And the little boy said, "I saw it in the gutter." He had seen an oil slick, and to him it was a rainbow. The beauty, the love, and the truth of God the Holy Spirit are everywhere.

+Robert Sherwood Morse



Anglican Province of Christ the King

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