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Reflection in the Fog—by Sister Ann Roe

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It is wintertime, dark and cold as I drive to work. There is one stretch of road that has no streetlamps, and as I drive into a patch of fog, it seems that I can only see a few feet ahead. My headlights seem dim. I strain my eyes, trying to peer through the grey unknown.

Later, I am at work, safe and sound. The thought strikes me that I have spent a great deal of my life in the dark. I can only see so far into the future, and for the most part, up until God caught me, I invariably expected

the worst case scenario of any situation. And nothing ever turned out the way I imagined.



the whole time. We little humans can't see the future. We

We cannot see God's plan for us except in hindsight. Now I look back and it's so obvious His hand was guiding me through

only have the present, and while we give that mental assent, we still think we can control the outcome of our wishes and dreams. I can only see at best, what I will prepare for supper—but even then, biscuits burn, saucepans explode with what was supposed to be Béchamel.

How funny it is that we strain so hard to prove we know best, to peer through the fog. By God's grace and love, we are on the road to Him. Don't worry!

Some Days—a Devotional by Mother Rachael

With the Easter Season quickly approaching, I think it would be nice if each of you/some of you would share your parish's plans to celebrate this wonderful time of the church year. I realize it might be a pretty standard story, but I bet each of you has your own special touch to observe this most holy celebration. Let's put it out there for all to enjoy!!

Minott

Some days God designs with clouds and rain or even snow; some days He makes the sun shine on tree and earth and sea. Some days the wind blows through the pine and I am reminded of the ocean and the whisper of waves along the shore. Some days God puts me where I need to be, and I don't want to be, but at night, I find I am tired for the wonder the day has held, or not tired from the lack of paying attention to the Word and my wandering mind escapes me.

Some days God sits the stars in the skies in just such a way that I can hide behind my hand and He (or so I like to think) won't see me. Some days I want to stand on the top of every mountain and look far and wide and think I can see much farther, into the homes of those I love, and those I don't know, will find that most rare pearl among the cracks and crags of the sand; love and no one will go to bed

alone.

Some days the Word is alive; it always is, but it is me who only hears what I choose and see only what I choose to see.

Some days the Word is a river rising up in my soul and I am held captive by the light pouring from the clouds and misting the ground like dew. Some days all I can think to say is: Thank you God, Amen.

When I was a little girl, some days were the best days; why? All the rainbows I could count were before me in mirages on the road, and one real one would blanket the skies. There were dandelions, I now know them as 'wishes', to many to count. There were blades of



grass that made a whistle; and puddles to leap and jump in. Some days back then were the best of times, and as an adult; some days come back around.

These are those some days; when an old friend pops up; when a child who is shy, speaks and plays; when a mother becomes a grandmother and when a dad begins to taste being alone, and is not afraid. Some days are always days where God meets me more than half way and I meet Him and we speak like an old friend to an old friend and life is brighter.

Some days love is a fire held in God's palm against the backdrop of snow on a far mountain peak. All my life I long for some days, but today I am content with now, because it is all I have and tomorrow will be, another 'some day and God will lead me through it with love. Amen.

Waiting in Line—Deacon Darren Hayes

January is over and we are part way into February, yet my mind seems to be stuck in some other month thinking that there is more time to get things done than there really is. As I sit here and write this I am playing over the last few months that have taken place and they seem to play over and over inside my head. The song on the radio playing is Imagine Dragons, "It's Time." At this precise moment I have an idea of what I want to put down in words yet it isn't flowing as easy as you would seem to think. So let me go back a few months to December.

Specifically to December 23, 2013. I was rushing to get ready for Christmas....okay not exactly. In fact the way the day turned out was me waking up and regretting the fight I had with my partner the day before. You ever have one of those moments where you replay every little detail that you shouldn't have said and you play it over and over in your head so you already "know that this day is going to be worse than the last." It was one of those days.

I had heard about the fact that gay couples had been turned away on the 21st the Saturday before. I knew that there was a plan to reopen doors for people to come and once again stand in line to get their marriage licenses. I can't say that was exactly my plan at the time. Actually I am pretty sure my head was not even thinking about that at all.

In fact my day seemed like it was going to be occupied with work and that was what I planned to go out and do. I knew that other Clergy even from our own congregation were planning to go out and officiate for individuals who had received their license to race against a potential stay that was going to be put into place. I was even asked to join them because after all it would be a historical event.

It was where I saw myself being, where I knew that we should be, both me and

Cody instead my mind went back to the work that we had for the day. The day was already planned out and we knew that it needed to be done. Yet we were both asked by Bishop James Wesley Morgan Jr if we were going to be there and if we was going to be able to help officiate then his question changed to if we were going to go wait in line.

We ask ourselves silly questions sometimes in the oddest of times, and your mind can wander from one simple question. So, all these questions formed after just the one question was asked. So it wasn't an immediate answer. When we had talked about it originally we decided not to the day before. Of course we weren't exactly getting along the day before. Cody finally came in and asked what I thought, so I knew he had been asked the same question. "We should be there at least to help officiate and support others." This was my first response well simply because I thought that was what he meant. We had already said no about waiting in line. He said "No, what do you think about us going in line"

I just stared at him and more thoughts started running through my head. I was already regretting what I myself had said the night before, I didn't feel like I was meant to be with Cody at that moment in fact I felt as if he could be in such a better place at that moment of time if I was somewhere else, then all the thoughts stopped.

"Why do you doubt yourself, why do you put so much hatred and anger toward yourself, you have been with each other this long, do you not think there was a reason that you were brought together, do you want to deny that and not complete that portion of your life, there is a reason you are together."

Doubt. Doubt, something that seems to find its way into my thoughts all too often and on so many questions. So

this was one moment where I listened to the voice and said "Yes, of course we can stand in line, you know it's going to be more than that. I want to be able to help bring together others who got there license as well. "

"I already know that it's part of what you are supposed to be doing."

Have you ever seen The Pajama Game? In the film/musical there is a song called "Racing With the Clock." This is the song that instantly started playing in my head while we were getting ready to leave. Over and Over :

Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up
Can't waste time, can't waste time,
can't waste time, can't waste time
When you're racing with the clock
When you're racing with the clock
And the second hand doesn't understand
That your back may break and your fingers ache
And your constitution isn't made of rock
It's a losing race when you're racing with the
Racing, racing, racing with the clock

Once I was ready I finally started laughing at the fact that it was the song stuck in my head. I never thought something from a musical in high school would just start up in my head luckily it was the movie version sooo much better.

We were ready to go. We got down to the government and we were like awesome the line is gone there won't be a long wait. After all we weren't there like everyone else that had been waiting since the night before and six thirty in the morning, then we got into the building and we were wrong...there was a line wrapped through the hallways. It was interesting making our way to the back of the line. It was not just same sex couples there were straight couples as well several actually.

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Waiting in Line—Deacon Darren Hayes, Cont'd from Page 2

Finally in the back of the line we spoke to the couple in front of us who ended up being a couple that knew someone from our Parish. We spoke to them for some time about the church and about how they had been meaning to come that they hadn't had the chance to do so yet. I gave them a card and told them they were more than welcome to come to any of the masses.

Since we were in line I told Cody I was going to go through the line and talk with people for a few minutes about Glory to God and about coming across the street where they were doing the weddings for couples I even told the straight couples one that really thought about it for some time.

It went well most of the people were very receptive about what I had to say and about taking the cards that I was handing out to them. No one was rude and everyone seemed in good spirit about it even if not every person took a card.

When I got back we had gained more people behind us in line. So I spoke to them as well especially to the young couple behind us who had to travel down from up north because another location had refused to open their doors at all. This couple was straight. I talked with them about how that made them feel and they were hurt. They said they didn't understand why they didn't open. I said because they aren't thinking clearly.

We spent some time talking. They were getting married in the LDS temple. In fact, they spoke more with Cody than with me. I was more of the listener in this conversation which is fine. It had some great moments. Especially when Cody mentioned things and the girl totally went along with thinking she knew what he meant.

When we finally got to the end of the line to get the license they were putting away cameras. Yes, we had avoided exposure in the media this is great. This is so low key. We would have something later to celebrate with people so that they didn't feel like we had left them out of anything.

We had our License! Cody was the Groom...and well I was the Bride... Hey wait a second... This was hilarious to me. Oh well technically we are the Bride as a whole, so I just went with it and when people asked that was my response...after all it is accurate yet still funny.

Time to head over to the Hampton Inn and get married. We had placed Bishop

Jim as our officiate so even if he was busy we were at that point determined to wait for him. We were trying to get my sister there, however, there wasn't time, and Bishop Jim was already pulling us

aside to marry us. It was not long though it seemed to last forever and I didn't even know that our friend Deacon Joseph, Jims husband, was standing behind us. It was a great experience and it was great to be able to have them both there. I wouldn't have had it any other way...well except family and friends again that will come later.

Now it was time to switch roles and start helping with the couples that were behind us in line and that in itself was an amazing experience. Almost every couple I officiated for had been together for eight years or longer and they had great stories to tell. My sister finally arrived and was even a witness for them as was Cody.

One of the couples had given me a folded up bill something that I was not expecting at all and asked them if they would take it back, but they insisted that I keep it. It ended up being a hundred dollars and was very much needed to finish some miscellaneous projects, so that was very unexpected and thank God for that and for the opportunity of being a part of that moment in history and to be a part of those couples' experiences and

my own. The whole thing was filled with so much love. Love that I know God approves. I thank God for opening peoples' eyes and allowing this to take place. His presence in the room was very obvious. After all He is Love.

When we finally got home and the next few days went by we began to discover we didn't avoid the cameras at all. Yet we were both fine with it and more and

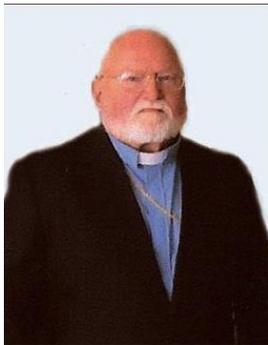
more pictures came out for two people coming into the last of the line at that time and being towards the end we sure were appearing everywhere in the news. We eventually just saw it as God wanting people to see what we had experienced and for some reason wanted us to be seen by more people. A higher power intervening. After all God works in mysterious ways.



*If you wish to have an article or news item included in **OC-COA Newsletter**, please contact Bishop Jim Morgan or Mr. Minott Gaillard. This is just an attempt to share with each other and give us a chance to "promote" each other when someone does something good that we'd like to copy—or tries something that doesn't work—and we won't try that—bottom line, we'd just like to open communication channels—share lessons learned—share our blessings. Minott is at wmg937@aol.com. Please submit articles no later than the 15th of the month.*

Editorial Regarding The History of the Anglican Church (Part 2) — by Bishop Richard L. Mence

Following the establishment of Magna Carta the power of the Archbishops of Canterbury lessened and the powers of the kings increased. From the late 14th Century conflict between the powerful houses of England gave rise to the War of the Roses. Here the church was used as a pawn by both sides. As this conflict rose there also



came into being rumblings within the English Church which brought the attention of the pope into play. During the reigns of King John and King Henry III (1199-1272 CE) the kings found themselves dependent upon and subservient to the See of Rome. This position slowly changed over the years. There was machinery in place for kings to take stronger and stronger influence regarding the appointment of bishops in their domains which was reflected not only in the relationship with the Church but with regards to the attitude of Parliament toward the position of the state relative to the Holy See. Parliament exercised its power with legislation during the reigns of Edward III and Richard II (1327-1399 CE) reducing the temporal authority of the Roman Pontiff significantly. From 1309-1377 (CE) the popes were exiled from Rome to Avignon and believed to be pawns of the French king who was constantly at odds with England for a variety of reasons. During these reigns there were often rival claimants to the papal throne where nations would split their loyalties between one or another of these co-existing pontiffs to suit their political needs. Also, during the reigns of Richard

II, Henry IV and Henry V (1377-1413 CE) the Lollard heresy had to be dealt with. The loyalty of the commons to the Church was becoming more fragile due to these and other causes so when a hero arose to criticize the Church for faults and abuses the rulers saw the possibility of the undermining of the authority of the temporal rulers. By the end of the reign of Henry V (1399-1413 CE) this heresy was almost entirely suppressed.

One can see that slowly but surely the power and influence of the Roman Church was becoming eroded from a variety of influence both internal within the kingdom of England and externally because of causes previously mentioned. The War of the Roses ground on until the Battle of Bosworth Field and the reign of the Tudors began (1485 CE). Here the church would become more an instrument of the state while the Archbishop of Canterbury was more a member of the Council than the Sheppard of Men's Souls. Part of this was due to the instability of the incumbent and the power of the electors at Canterbury to have their election stand. Between the reigns of King John (1199 CE) and the end of Henry VIII's reign (1547 CE) the election of ten Archbishops of Canterbury were quashed or the incumbent was excommunicated by the Roman pope. By the coming of Henry VIII (1509-1547 CE) ties to Rome were more from force of habit than devotion and the political forces bearing on the continued rule of Tudor monarchs became

more critical than satisfying the expectations of a Roman Pontiff thousands of miles away who had no qualms in interfering with the operations of the English Church and appointing foreigners to English sees. What loomed on the horizon was the Reformation of which England was a significant part. This will be discussed in more detail in the next essay in this series.

It should be noted that I failed to include a bibliography of references that I have employed during these writings, and so I have included one here.

The following books and other references have been used to develop an historical perspective for this series of essays.

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