INTERVIEW WITH
THE REV. DR. MARK ANSCHUTZ,
SON OF FORMER RECTOR
JOHN ANSCHUTZ,
ON JULY 24, 2017

This telephone interview of the Rev. Dr. Mark S. Anschutz was recorded on July 24, 2017, by parishioner Kathleen Patterson in connection with the Bicentennial Celebration of Christ Church Georgetown.

Kathleen: Mark, you have had a life-long connection with the Episcopal Church. As an adult, you served as rector of numerous Episcopal churches, in locations ranging from Massachusetts to Texas, including more than 10 years at Christ Church in Alexandria, Virginia. So what is your connection with Christ Church Georgetown?

Mark: Well, I was born late in the afternoon of April 22, 1944, in Carthage, Missouri. And in August of that year, I arrived at Christ Church, Georgetown, where my father, John Anschutz, had been called to be the rector. For the first 25 years of my life that was my home, my legal residence, and it wasn’t until I was ordained that any of that changed. I saw a lot of change within the community, within the city, and certainly within that wonderful parish, which I still consider to be home.

K: And where did your family live?

M: We lived in the rectory. The two of us, my brother John and I, lived on the third floor. My parents and sister lived on the second floor. It was a great house within which to grow up. The house was built in 1812, or some such thing, and of course, in my father’s tenure, after I left, and rightly so, it was totally pulled apart and put back together and that was fun to watch. In the area, which is today the patio outside the garden, the construction work on the rectory discovered an incredible water cistern, all plastered within. And I took pictures then. I don’t know where those pictures are today, but it was really fun.

To your question, that’s where it all began. I stayed there; I went to the Jackson School; I walked up the hill, all by myself. Then at the third grade level, because I suffered from dyslexia, I went to a special school downtown, Woodward Prep, and there I learned to read. Then I returned and went to Gordon Junior High School and then on to Western High School where I played football and I’m happy to say I was President of the Student Body. Had a lot of fun at Western and I love to return to Georgetown and simply walk in front of those pillars. The name has been changed to the Duke Ellington School for the Arts. But that’s so much about me, and not about the parish.

K: No, it’s very interesting. And so, what would you say are your earliest memories of the church itself?

M: My earliest recollections revolved around worshiping in that extraordinary space. As I grew, I was very close to my father and I would serve as acolyte at the early service. As you face the altar, I would be on the right hand side in one of those little seats, next to him.

In those days, there were three services. We would go at the end of the 8:00 service down the street and there was nothing less than a greasy spoon there on Wisconsin Avenue; there’s no other way to describe it. I would go with my father and the associate, and whoever else tagged along, and we would order hotcakes. Someone else would always start morning service at the 9:00 and the two of us would come in, late, because he was always the preacher. And then there would be a little break and some educational things, and then there was the 11:00. In those days, it was the big service; I imagine it still is. The 9:00 was family oriented and at the 8:00, there were just a few people, the more conservative members.

My early memories – I love the space, I must say. To this day, when I return, it moves me. Until my father’s arrival, the primary source of income was pew rental. He soon did away with that and moved into a pledge system. The names Hollerith, Gordon, Mackall, Dorsey are still on the pews, I imagine. The third pew on the left hand side, just beneath the pulpit, was the rector’s pew. Family never occupied it -- only
when my grandmother visited from Missouri. My mother liked to sit in her pew, the third from the side isle. Very discreet. But that had the plaque, “Rector” on it because she liked it and someone put it there.

I remember personalities who were part of my early life. As the parish began to grow, which it did to an extraordinary degree, in the period of the late ‘40s to ‘60s, there was General Edwin Parker, an Army general, who my father brought on board as an administrator because there was so much to keep an eye on. It was fun having General Parker around. He was a kindly, good guy, but he was by the book.

And much a part of the life of the parish was the custodian Nelson Brown, who I spent countless hours with after school. I followed him around. He was custodian for that whole period from 1944 to ‘45 until ‘62, or ‘63. He slept in the parish house by the church on the third floor, in a very simple room. He was a very gentlemanly, dear man whom everyone adored. And then he had a successor, whose name is escaping me but he was also African American. We vacationed on Cape Cod. Nelson would stay with us on his way to Canada. Lots of African Americans in that period would go to Canada as the Canadians were much more tolerant. Once there he would take bus tours with others of their race. The farther north you got, the better things became. So Nelson would take bus trips and stop, stay with us and fish. Nelson was very much an important part of my life.

I remember myriads of people, like Associates. My uncle by marriage, Pat Underwood, was my father’s first Associate. Then Harris Collingwood, who was my dad’s best pal, the two had more fun than a barrel of monkeys in those early ‘50s until Harris went off to a parish in Kansas City, Kansas.

Is this helpful, Kathleen?

K: It’s wonderful – so interesting. Let’s shift to your Dad now. I’m just wondering what thoughts you have of your father and his ministry and how it must have evolved over the almost 30 years?

M: Well, some things don’t change, in my judgment. My father and my grandfather were priests and my daughter is a priest. So I would say all our ministries, and it was particularly true of my father, were fundamentally pastoral. He inherited this from my grandfather. In those days, it was a different church. It was not programmatically what it is today in terms of the various groups and organizations. It was not laden with a lot of staff and mid-week activity the way we see today. My last parish in Dallas, and it was a very large enterprise, had 44 different groups meeting every week or every other week - bible studies, outreach trips, and one thing or another. It was just amazing. But in those days, in the ‘40s and ‘50s, the church was not that way at all. There were educational offerings and outreach and mission, but nothing compares to what we see in today’s church.

My father looked after people. I mean, there was a big lock on the front door of the rectory and you could always tell his coming and going, even on the third floor. When you opened it, it cranked. When he went out, or when anyone went out, you knew it. There were many nights when I was unable to sleep and remember hearing that lock turning and cranking and remember his coming in from being with someone who was dying. He constantly counseled marriages, did grief counseling, career counseling and all manner of things. And he was really good at it. When he arrived in Washington, he got a Masters at Georgetown in psychology to supplement his interest in pastoral care. He had great insight into people and he found great benefit in that.

And I think it reflected itself in his preaching. I think that had a lot to do with the success of Christ Church in that period. People truly came in droves to hear him preach. He was very good, very dramatic. This was always fun. He’d be in that pulpit and the lights would dim during the sermon, just like on Broadway. And all you would see was the preacher in the darkness as this enormous rheostat. The handle on it was about two feet across so you could turn it and the lights would come all the way up and all the way down. And his preaching, I think very much like Our Lord, was pastoral. His preaching was a great draw. And people came, not simply from Georgetown, but from a great distance to hear him and to enjoy him. He was also a lot of fun. He was playful and just good company for everyone. Being a mid-westerner, there was not much guile or pretense to him, maybe a little bit, but not much. People just enjoyed being with him. He was fun and playful.
One thing really needs to be said in this interview about his ministry. In about 1970’s, a great book was written, *Washington Goes to War* by David Brinkley, who has since died. But it’s a great book about how Washington changed in the course of World War II. It was a different city after the war and after we arrived. It started to grow dramatically in numbers. There were a lot of young people there. My father started the Young Adults who met on Monday nights for dinner and a speaker. That went on throughout the academic year from September into the summer. That program alone brought in hundreds and hundreds of people into the life of the Episcopal Church. People in those days did not come from Washington. No one was from Washington. So there were all these young people and that program ministry met a huge need for fellowship, support and all manner of thing. This carried forward until he retired. If you go to his grave, down there at Oak Hill, and find it at the base of the hill, there is a beautiful stone set in place given by the young adults of Christ Church. And for the longest time they still got together, some of the early ones.

K: Do you happen to remember any of the names of those early members of the Young Adults?

M: No. Now you tax me.

Another part of his ministry had to do with the properties. One thing that really troubled him that he was not able to pull off. There was the building itself, which demanded a lot of attention, roofline and so on. And as the ministry grew, space became an issue and so the overflow in Christian education for children was a big part of his ministry.

By the way, he did an interesting thing that a lot of people looked askance at, but he was convinced that it was important. One of the original Christian education programs in the Episcopal Church was the Seabury series. Seabury was the first really thoughtful curriculum in parish churches. It emerged after that Second World War in the 1950’s and it set the tone for everything that’s been developed since then in every major denomination. It had its flaws; it’s very hard to teach. My father chose not to engage in it. Instead he used the Ligon program. Ligon was a Unitarian, a Trinitarian Unitarian. Its whole thrust was how we act out the Christian faith in our lives. It had very active role-play, acting out different ways to forgive, to understand how to give, to love, to show gratitude, hope. I was a product of that and I must say, I really enjoyed that. But it was different from what everybody else was doing. It worked very well at Christ Church.

But I’ve digressed. The buildings – As things began to grow, there was overflow and just down the street, there was Linthicum Hall, which a man named Linthicum, in the late 18th century had endowed and built as a school for poor white students. It was the vast building it is today and the parish moved more and more into using that facility. It was in tough shape, in terms of being painted and maintained. But in time, in the mid ’50s, my father initiated a capital campaign to buy the building and to bring it in and divide it into what you have today. They gutted the building and created the auditorium, added a kitchen, the office space, the youth room downstairs and the room for the custodian and all of that type of thing. That was a whole lot of work on my Dad’s part and obviously a great contributor to the well being of the parish because the parish had grown and needed the space.

Which brings me to one of the things that disappointed him. At the end of the block, occupying that corner where you have today a drug store, People’s Drug Store, there was Mrs. Smith’s Pie Company. And the pies were made there and the trucks drove out from there and they distributed the pies to the retailers. That pie factory went out of business and my father wanted desperately to buy it and to create parking for the parish. Like it or not, people require parking and he saw that as a means to secure Christ Church as not just a neighborhood parish, but as a parish that could be sizable enough to draw from the greater community of Washington and be more diverse in makeup. He could not convince the vestry of the wisdom of that. And, of course, from the financial point of view, it was a huge mistake.

K: As one of the parishioner’s who drives to Church, I’m sorry he was not successful in that.

M: But he did get the buildings and then later on, (not in the first phase of Linthicum), he was very pleased with the chapel and some of that reconstruction. About the same time later on, the rectory was torn apart and put back together. Well, he saw the need for that kind of space. I think I’ve been a little more
enamored of bricks and mortar. He was enamored in terms of necessity in his tenure. He worked desperately hard and some of that affected his health later in life. In fact, I know it did. But with no regrets on his part, he retired after 29 years with a deep sense of satisfaction. I don’t think he was ever as happy before or after in his life. His time at Christ Church was a joy for him. And those were the critical years for him.

K: This is a wonderful summary of his ministry and it brings me to the question of how this period at Christ Church and his ministry affected your decision to go into ministry yourself?

M: I do this wonderful service in my local parish here on Cape Cod, St. Mary’s. I do a children’s service once a month called the Joy Mass. It’s a very thoughtful liturgy for young children. It’s a Eucharist. But it really works at putting them at ease and in getting the biblical story across to them. This is something that I’ve wanted to own myself during all this time I’ve been at other parishes. And now, I’ve had the opportunity to come back and do this, formulate it, think it through and the like. Well, this Sunday, we’re going to do the Prodigal, or better yet, the parable of the loving father. And the gist of it, and I call it the greatest story of all time, the great truth of the story is around the freedom that the father gives the son. And that is the story of my relationship to my Dad. You don’t love anybody unless you free them ultimately. You don’t love your spouse; you don’t love your children if you are dominating them, manipulating them, using them. No, you have to free them. That’s what the father does in the Prodigal; he frees him and lets him go.

And my father did that for me. He never once, can you imagine this, indicated to me that I should pursue ministry. He kept mum and nobody in my life, save my beautiful, brilliant wife, has been closer to me than my father. And yet as close as we were and as much fun and how much time we spent together, he never once encouraged me to go into the ministry. That just emerged in and of itself and I’ll always be grateful for that. I must say, as a product of Christ Church Georgetown, I don’t have any regrets whatsoever. Knowing you’re an attorney, I’d like to say that if I had not gone into the ministry, I probably would have gone to law school.

K: My goodness, what a waste that would have been, Mark.

M: I would have been rich, mean and drunk.

Both laugh.

K: Lots to give up for Lent there.
So did you ever try to replicate things you saw, practices that you saw, growing up at Christ Church, in any of your parishes?

M: I feel very strongly, and this is true of my Maryetta, my daughter, that we have a heritage that is grounded in the pastoral ministry. My grandfather, my father, Mark, we’re students; my Maryetta, she’s brilliant; she’s a scholar. This is not an exaggeration and I know where that came from. We’re students. Our ministries have always been deeply wedded to the pastoral ministry. That’s what we have done in any parish the three of us have served. That’s what’s been true of us. And it continues to be true of Maryetta, even though she’s brilliant. She’s the founder of the Episcopal School of Los Angeles, a remarkable, remarkable school where she’s the founding head. You go there and you feel it’s all pastoral. It’s all about people learning how to execute the love story of Jesus Christ and forgiveness, generosity, hope, faith. So that’s who we are and that’s what we’ve sought to be. Who’s the best of the lot? I’m not sure, because we’ve all been pretty strong in that area.

K: That’s a wonderful heritage and legacy.

M: I think that has lingered strongly at Christ Church Georgetown and why it’s such a sound parish church. I think Sanford Garner, we call him Saint Sanford in our family, was so dear. And that kind of care has always been there and hopefully will always be there and you can’t say that about every parish church. It’s just not true. But it’s been a rich and wonderful thread for Christ Church Georgetown.
K: You have felt that throughout with respect to the rectors you’ve known and seen?

M: Absolutely. That’s right.

K: Mark, you talked a little bit about the typical Sunday at Christ Church. I liked the story about you and your dad going out for pancakes and coming in a little late for the 9:00 service. What about the major church holidays, like Christmas and Easter? Was the church more packed at those times?

M: Oh yeah. It’s Washington. People vacate in the summer. Things quieted down and those high holy days were always well attended. One of the things that sticks in my memory, and I’ve used this in virtually every parish where I’ve served, was the greening of the church. My mother and my father loved the greens. It would occur after the fourth Sunday in Advent and people would come. My mother and dad went to an open market downtown and they bought Christmas trees and reams of greens, all the things you needed to decorate the church. Now the altar guild, they took care of the flowers. But the rest of it was orchestrated on the evening of the greening of the church. People would set the boughs in place, wire the wreaths to the columns and all of that. It was wonderful bedlam. The creche scene would be set out. This would be concluded and then the lights would be dimmed and we would sing carols. People would call out their favorite carol and we would sing verses of that. My dad would lead them and members of the choir, in their jeans. That was a rich tradition, the greening of the church, at Christ Church.

K: That’s beautiful. Was it a large choir?

M: Well, the choir was always large. It always maxed that space. It wasn’t like a Texas choir, but it was always full. Music for my dad was critically important. How pleased he was when they installed the current organ and all the work that went into that. A bumpy place for him in his ministry occurred. He was very close to one organist who had been there upon his arrival. But as time passed, and desire was for the quality of the music to improve, it wasn’t something that that person was able to achieve. So my father had to draw that to a close and it was very painful for him. I can remember that vividly. He so loved this man; yet it wasn’t working. The music was declining. Then he went out and got Ronald Rice. He was a world-class organist who went on to become the organist at the cathedral in Atlanta, St. Philips. And he was followed by a succession of superb organists.

In the meantime, the new instrument was put in place as the result of a gift from a dear friend of his, Marion Dimick. Marion had enormous wealth. They were really fast buddies and she helped with some of these big items. She came into the parish in the ’60s, I guess. They became good friends because she had a pastoral issue and he looked after everybody. She took to him and they would regularly, along with her husband, have their 6:00 drink. He’d go to their apartment where they shared off-color stories and had more fun than a barrel of monkeys. He had a lot of those relationships. He just cultivated them; he enjoyed them and appreciated their value in building community in the life of the church.

Among other memories, I can remember mite boxes at Easter and all the children coming down and putting them in a cross that was set out and all the boxes would fill the interior of the cross. The cross was all arranged in flowers that the children had brought. And they poked the flowers into this cross. The children would process down. There was always an effort – there were a lot of children in Georgetown in those days, but the ones that were there were nurtured in the music program. There was always an effort to have a children’s choir and the instruction that ensues with that kind of ministry.

Boy, this is revealing a lot. I’m really pretty impressed with my father.

K: I’m impressed that you remember all of this. You said you were an acolyte. I’m thinking now about little Mark and maybe there are anecdotes where you got into some trouble there at Christ Church?

M: Oh, I will tell you the one that was just…. There was no larceny in my behavior, but I was a boy and I was scolded on more than one occasion because, you could open this door within the organ and go into the organ. There were ladders inside that would go up to the next rows of pipes and then there was a ladder that
led you up into the bell tower. These places were not intended for me and yet I ventured into them and I would hear about that kind of thing.

But getting into real trouble… I don’t remember whom I was with, but we were singing in the choir and, in the course of the service, we got an attack of the giggles. My father looked at me and I thought it was the end of the world. And it could well have been because you just didn’t do that in church. So he made that very clear. And I can remember another occasion wearing white buck shoes as an acolyte. Old General Parker, he was my friend and he didn’t lay a hand on me, but he cornered me and said, “Those shoes need to be black, not white!” And I was scolded harshly for that. But you know, I was mischievous, and still am to this day, but those occasions are so minute. Everything about Christ Church, to me, was pleasant. To this day, it was the relationships with some of the dearest, devoted people and the splendor of that interior space of the Church. And the privilege of being a part of things in that church. They are monumental in terms of what I’m grateful for.  All of that and so much more.

I should something say about the makeup of the parish. This is interesting. I don’t know what the current makeup is, but in the days of my life there, there was a great cross-section of people. The parish was in no way integrated, unfortunately, and that’s the way it was in all the parishes. And that in itself is an interesting part in the history of the Diocese of Washington. There you find African American parishes which were spawned from white parishes just around the corner -- St. Mary’s around the corner from St. Paul’s and St. Margaret’s from St. Luke’s, I believe, on 16th Street. You can find those parishes closely linked. Anyway, the makeup was a great cross-section of people at every level of government employment. About the people who supported the church financially, I remember my father saying, that the really wealthy people support the symphonies, the universities and one thing and another, but when you analyzed giving at Christ Church, and it turned out to be true at every parish where I served, the real support financially, and also in terms of time and energy, came from middle class and lower middle class people who sacrificed for the wellbeing of the church. That was very true of Christ Church Georgetown throughout his tenure. I think it says a nice thing about the parish.

Georgetown, as I lived through it, changed dramatically. Georgetown was not as fashionable a place during the late 40’s and early 50’s. Before the Beltway, Georgetown was very much a truck route north from downtown and the shops were nothing to write home about when I was a small boy. Then there was this whole change in Georgetown that came into view during the Kennedy years and subsequently become what Georgetown is today in terms of its socio-economic makeup. It wasn’t always that way. There were what you would call cliff dwellers — the Magruder’s, the Dorsey’s and the Mackall’s and those families who had been there back to the American Revolution, if not before that who were the old families of Georgetown. And then there was a blue-collar element. If you came up from the corner on O Street, for the first 15 houses from the corner, all those houses were rental properties. Families lived in them; they had apartments above and below. It was in the ’60s that they became gentrified and they were bought and developed into single families houses. And the pie factory was right across the street from that.

K: And how did the church relate to other churches, like in Georgetown or St. Albans up at the Cathedral?

M: My father was a good friend with Dr. Sharp over at St. Johns. In those days, they had geographic boundaries. One of those boundaries was Wisconsin Avenue. St. Johns was on one side. Grace was down by the river and Christ Church was on the other side. So if someone wanted to transfer from St. Johns to Christ Church and they lived on the other side, on the St. John’s side, my father had to call Dr. Sharp and ask permission for that person to transfer to Christ Church and vice-versa. If somebody on the Christ Church side of Wisconsin Ave. wanted to go to St. Johns, they had to gain my father’s permission first. Very interesting.

K: I imagine it could be awkward.

M: And then in terms of cooperation, Grace Church was always the poor sister of the three parishes and I can remember vividly Dr. Sharp and my Dad went generating income and individuals to keep Grace Church alive and sustained. And that would have been in the late ‘50s and ‘60s. Grace Church came into
being as a maritime church to service the docks there at the base of the hill before you got to Georgetown and Key Bridge.

My father became involved in a project, (he was very enthusiastic about this), along with Dr. Kloman of St. Albans, and I think Dr. Sharp was in on this as well. My father loved Bishop Creighton. (He loved all the bishops, but above all Angus Dun and Bill Creighton, who was his age and his great friend). Bill Creighton got into his mind that we needed to build new churches out in the emerging suburbs so my father, in several instances, helped to generate the income. St. Francis Potomac was one of those churches. I remember we drove out into what was then the country and he stopped the car. We got out and there was this wooded lot on a hill rising up. And he said “this is where St. Francis is going to go; right here.” He was so tickled with being a part of that. And what they did was they created the income to sustain that ministry, as it got under way. Now, of course, St. Francis is a wonderful vibrant parish. There were others as well in that diocese.

K: It’s really interesting that he did that.

M: Yes, Christ Church was very, very much a part of those plantings and took pride in it. And they surrendered membership to go down to Grace Church. My father went to parishioners who were faithful and Christ Church was their parish. He asked them to leave Christ Church and go down and sustain Grace Church and become members there and create new life. That was a lot to ask of people. People went willingly and that was successful. For a period of time, those persons brought new life down to Grace. And maintained it for the future.

K: Well, that’s amazing. What about any kind of community outreach?

M: He really had a thing for youth. For virtually his whole tenure, he was the chairman of the Youth Commission of the Diocese of Washington. And every summer he would go off with youth of Washington, from all the parishes, to Shrine Mont for two weeks. This is something I would rather walk on thorns than do. And he adored that. You couldn’t stop him. And he was playful. He just had a great time for years and years with that. Another regret of his, by the way, was that he could not convince people of the Diocese of Washington, when the Diocese of Virginia was on hard times, to buy Shrine Mont with the Diocese of Virginia and co-own it. That was one of his ideas that didn’t fly, which was unfortunate, because today Shrine Mont, as you are well aware, is a cornerstone to the ministry of the Diocese of Virginia.

K: Yes, it certainly is.

M: He wanted to see that happen. Now about outreach. One of the things he caught a lot of heat on – and you have to go back in history – he opened the Church to the first AA meeting in Georgetown. There were people in the community and the parish that thought it was terrible to let these drunks meet in an AA fellowship at Christ Church. What happened was that people came out of the Woodward. They had to move it to the auditorium. There wasn’t room. A couple of hundred people in that space on folding chairs, week after week, week after week. So that was the first AA meeting in Georgetown. And I had forgotten that as well. He took some heat on that one. I think that given his pastoral instincts and the like, he recognized how AA works and the value of it.

In my memory, there was his own personal ministry. People were constantly at our door. The office was not always open. My mother was wonderful in greeting the people who had come to our door in the greatest density in the fall. There were layoffs down by the water in the railroad in the winter months. She created space in this ghastly basement of the rectory – nothing to write home about – and she would make that a room for people to stay in who were on hard times. And there were lots of stories about Harry off the railroad – he was a nice guy, but he drank too much. He borrowed my father’s car and wrecked it. It was an Oldsmobile – a 1948, a nice car and my father was so broken-hearted. He was mad at Harry and sad about the car.
For me, there was the international ministry. There were those mite boxes. There was always education such as the church’s ministry in Cuba. Bishop Creighton’s father had been the bishop of Cuba and so there was a year focused on Cuba. I remember vividly a year on Haiti, a year on Laos and the church’s ministry in these parts of the world. We would have dinners where the food represented those cultures, and people came to speak to the children and the adults. We would connect to our friends through all of that.

K: Were there mission trips?

M: No there were no mission trips.

Also the Jelliff branch Boys Club up on Wisconsin Avenue. It used to be down on M St. on a lot immediately where there’s a gas station across from the Four Seasons. That shows how Georgetown has changed. Well, it was an old brick building and that was the Boy’s Club. It didn’t afford any playing fields of any consequence. What they needed was a new location. The Boy’s Club really looked after the blue-collar element that lived in Georgetown. While they tore down that building and built the current building behind the Safeway on Wisconsin Ave, my father opened up the parish house for a couple of years so the Boy’s Club operated out of the parish house of Christ Church Georgetown. In the whole basement area, they had pool tables, table tennis, after school activities, snack bar, boy scouts and all that sort of stuff went on in that era.

K: This has been so interesting but we need to wrap up the interview now. I feel like we have only just started tapping in to so much that you can share with us. On the other hand, we don’t want to wear you out. Is there a final word you would like to add thinking about that era at Christ Church?

M: I would reiterate, because it’s so much a part of my time there and watching my father, that it was and will always be the pastoral element which gave life to so much, that made the gospel come alive - for people relating to the end of life, people reacting to his preaching and so on. I do believe that has always been a part, to this very day, of Christ Church and I pray that it will always be.

Now Kathleen, if I may, I would like to end with a prayer and this is not about the past. This is a prayer for the future of that great parish church and, interestingly enough, it was written by Sir Francis Drake but it speaks so beautifully to what a parish church should be all about. So let me end with that.

The Lord be with you.

K: And also with you.

M: Let us pray.

Disturb us, Lord, when
We are too well pleased with ourselves,
When our dreams have come true
Because we have dreamed too little,
When we arrived safely
Because we sailed too close to the shore.

Disturb us, Lord, when
With the abundance of things we possess
We have lost our thirst
For the waters of life;
Having fallen in love with life,
We have ceased to dream of eternity
And in our efforts to build a new earth,
We have allowed our vision
Of the new Heaven to dim.
Disturb us, Lord, to dare more boldly,
    To venture into wider seas
Where storms will show your mastery;
    Where losing sight of land,
    We shall find the stars.

We ask You to push back
    The horizons of our hopes;
    And to push us into the future
    In strength, courage, hope, and love.

IN this we ask in the name of our Captain, who is Jesus Christ.

M and K:  Amen

M:  Thank you, Kathleen.

K:  Thank you, Mark!