



SAINT JOHN'S Cathedral Quarterly

LETTER FROM THE DEAN

Give to God and experience freedom

“So when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of its fruit and ate; and she also gave some to her husband, who was with her, and he ate. Then the eyes of both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together and made loincloths for themselves. They heard the sound of the Lord God walking in the garden at the time of the evening breeze, and the man and his wife hid themselves...”

Genesis 3: 6-8

When the first man and woman ate the fruit that God had forbidden them to eat, they became afraid. They hid their naked skin under clothing. They hid their bodies among the trees. They ran away from God.

Throughout the Scripture, one of the greatest results of our brokenness is our fear. Fear is the sign of our estrangement from God. When Christ came, he told us not to be afraid. Angels, when they appeared, told us not to be afraid. One of the greatest obstacles in the life of faith is fear. Fear paralyzes the heart and prevents us from doing God's work.

It is fear that drives us to hold onto our wealth with a firm grip. It is fear that cripples the economy when we see the stock market drop. It is fear that causes many human beings to hide from the full experience of life itself. When we are afraid, we feel that it would be better to be safe than to be with God.

Jesus talked a great deal about the importance of giving. If we are to live into the full stature of Christ, to become the people that God intends for us to be, then we must learn to act even in the midst of our fear. We must unclench our fists, trust in God, and give back the apple.

The story of Eden speaks a deep truth about who we are. We are a broken people who were meant for Eden. That is why, again and again, whenever a person falls ill or dies, it startles us. We feel as if

it is unfair, that it should not have happened, because you and I were meant for Eden. We were meant to live in harmony with God, without hunger or fear or pain. Suffering seems wrong to us because it is broken. We were not made to suffer.

Jesus has given us a way back. He has laid his life down for us, righting our relationship with God and showing us what it means to be fully human. Jesus modeled generosity. The road of discipleship cannot be walked without giving money. Giving financially, in addition to the gifts of our time and talent, is unavoidable.

We clothe ourselves with so many things: stuff, clothing, wealth, success. We feel naked without them. But we are naked. We stand helpless before our maker. So rather than running and hiding, just give it back. Stand still before God with your heart open and ask God what you should give.

To give to God is to experience a kind of freedom that surpasses fear. It is to step out from behind the bushes, stand before God and say, “Here, God, is some of what you have given me. Thank you for my blessings, for my friends, my family. Thank you, God, for life itself.”

Do not be afraid. God does not want to hurt you. God wants you to experience the joy that comes when you give.

In Christ's love,

Kate+



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St. John's generosity reaches throughout Jacksonville and beyond

By Theresa Johnson, Cathedral Executive

Just after Kate Moorehead accepted the call to become dean at St. John's Cathedral last year, she and I met for coffee at a Barnes & Noble in Wichita, Kansas. She was so animated as she told me about the people of her soon-to-be parish.

"These people are so awesome," she said. "You won't believe all the amazing work they are doing!" She proceeded to tell me about the ministries the cathedral or its parishioners had launched - an early learning center right across the street from St. John's, an entire foundation devoted to services for the elderly, a first-rate high school on a beautiful riverfront campus, a medical center serving the working uninsured, a homeless shelter that housed not only beds but medical and dental clinics for men, women and children, an arts education program for schoolchildren throughout the city. And every Friday, she said, business-people come from all over the city for elegant lunch at the cathedral, served by low-income people preparing for jobs in the hospitality industry.

Most amazingly, she went on, the people of St. John's want to do MORE!

That conversation in Wichita laid the groundwork for my own journey to St. John's, and it has been a joy during my first months at the cathedral to learn about the creative ways this community does God's work. And I've seen first-hand that Kate's assessment of St. John's was absolutely accurate - the people of this community are "so awesome" and yes, they want to do more.

I've learned that in addition to the non-profit groups that have their roots at the cathedral (The Cathedral Foundation, the Gerontology Center, The Cathedral School, Episcopal High, the Cathedral Arts Project, Volunteers in



The Rally Day ministries fair held in August gave an inspiring picture of St. John's outreach efforts.

Medicine, the Sulzbacher Center, for example) there are other amazing ministries in our downtown neighborhood.

Right across the street from the cathedral is Community Connections, a shelter for homeless women and young children. Community Connections provides free childcare to low-income families and from my office each day, I can hear laughter of preschoolers who are served by this ministry. Each volunteer who cares for infants there makes it possible for Community Connections to serve more families.

Across the street to the west of the cathedral, housed on a floor of the Methodist Church, is Family Promise, an amazing program that provides coaching and support to homeless families, with help from local churches that provide shelter and meals one week at a time to these people in need.



HabiJax is one of many local ministries embraced by St. John's parishioners.

These groups and others (there are many, I know, whom I have not yet met) are neighbors of St. John's, and would welcome our help as we open our hearts to get to know them better.

I have been so inspired talking to Deacon Ben Clance about his ministry and our diocesan programs to help those in prison. And I met a few days ago with Bill Carroll, a former G.E. executive and parishioner at St. Paul's by the Sea. He now devotes his energy to Operation New Hope, a ministry in Springfield that mentors men and women who've just been released from prison. Claude Moulton of St. John's is active in this effort. Ex-prisoners who participate in this program have a greatly improved chance of staying out of prison and finding employment and decent housing. Their families benefit, and their children stand a chance of breaking out of the cycle of poverty and crime. This is God's work in action.



.....
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.....

St. John's parishioners helped launch and continue to be leaders in DESC, the Downtown Ecumenical Services Council, which provides food, clothing and financial services to the homeless.

St. Mary's Mission Church in Springfield is another ministry of St. John's. This beautiful little church provides help to the poor in many ways, including the "Bag-A-Month" club, through which

parishioners donate specific items to help needy families.

St. John's generosity isn't limited to Jacksonville, of course. Generous parishioners, including our youth, also do mission projects close to home and far away.

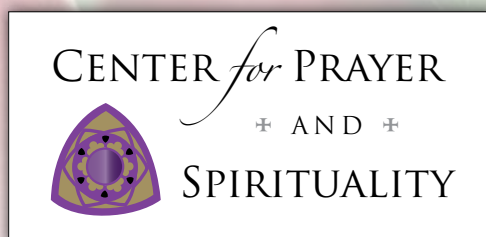
All these efforts take great energy, money, time and commitment, of course. Being part of St. John's Cathedral is to be at the center of so much good work, and to learn every day about new opportunities to build God's kingdom in Jacksonville and beyond.

I know Kate was right when she told me a year ago that the people of St. John's want to do more; I hear that every day. This church has a rich history of working hard and giving generously. This is God's challenge to each one of us, the rewards of which cannot be measured. It is a blessing to be here, and to give of our time, talent and treasure to bless those around us.

Spontaneous, joy-filled love

The gifts that spring from generosity

By the Rev. Louise Hardman



In our deepest prayers we touch the hem of the Divine's garment. In this encounter, He deposits the seeds of His love in us. The attributes of holiness that emerge in the quiet prayer of the heart are the fruits of the Spirit. Each recipient is charged to employ them in serving one another, as good stewards of God's manifold grace.

Included among these fruits are love and joy. A love for God so passionate that it pours out of us in a swiftly flowing stream of God's own love for those He has given us to love. It is love meeting and greeting love in the other.

You may recall moments when you felt your heart would simply burst with love and you couldn't wait to shower it on the one you love. It is a totally selfless, self-giving, spontaneous and joy-filled love erupting from our hearts and spilling over into our worlds.

It has always been this way.

From earliest times, the pure impulse of love emanating from those saints and others who faithfully practiced prayer was the holy energy from which hospitals were built, schools were established and education was supported, the poor were fed and given shelter. We connect to the power of that kind of love in our truest prayers.

And, we see the fruits of that exuberance here at St. John's Cathedral. Manifestations of holy love, our tradition and hallmark, abound from our outreach hearts: our meals

ministries, our commitment to education, our work with young people in our community, our support of the cold night shelter and the Sulzbacher Center for the Homeless, our projects with Habitat for Humanity, our missions work, our immediate response to the hurricane victims in Haiti and our opening the cathedral to our stunned and hurting neighbors trying to assimilate the horrors of 9/11. When cries for help and needs arise, we don't stop and say, "Let me think about it" or "Perhaps, but later." Generosity bubbles up, unimpeded, in our hearts.

And, it is always the twice blest gift that we give: the one that blesses another which simultaneously blesses us, the donor, the giver. It is "love extending itself for the spiritual betterment of another as well as our own," as author Scott Peck defines "love."

The dismissal on Sundays says, "Let us go forth into the world, rejoicing in the power of the Spirit." The power that can open our hearts to feed the multitudes and enable us to give generously in support of countless programs that offer new life to people.

It is the energy that inspires our best selves and lights up the world with Love!

Deacon Louise Hardman is director of the Center for Prayer & Spirituality. The Center offers a variety of opportunities for "being still" and listening to the One who speaks in the silence of our hearts.

Five generations of giving

By Nina Searcy, St. John's Cathedral parishioner

Most people who know me well know that genealogy is my hobby and has been since I was less than 10 years old. Just getting names and dates of people in your family tree is nice, but the exciting part of genealogy is the story of the people in your tree. Below is the story of five generations of women in my tree who have given their time, talent and treasure to God's work.

My grandmother was born in 1874. She was a kindergarten teacher and used her teaching talent to teach Sunday School to young children. My mother told me she remembered going in the horse and buggy with my grandmother to visit the children who missed coming to Sunday School the Sunday before.

One of the things I remember is being in my grandmother's Sunday School Class as a pre-school child when she took up the offering. Each of the children would put in their pennies, nickels and maybe the big amount, a dime. She made it seem so important to give to God's work. When I was older, she impressed on me the importance of tithing.

My mother was born in 1902. Mama was also a Sunday School teacher. Early on she taught the Junior Class. Later she taught a class of women her age and was still teaching up to 10 days before she died at age 79. Following somewhat the example of her mother, Mama would telephone each week the members of her class who had been absent, and let them know they were missed.

When my mother died, I was finalizing some of her business which required me to look at her check book. Each month there was a check written to the church.

I was born in 1936. My parents never gave me an allowance, but when I was young my mother always made sure I had money to put in the offering at Sunday School. This was her first effort at teaching me the need to give to God's work. By the time I was grown and married it was just natural to make a pledge to the church each year.

More than a pledge, it was also natural for me to give my time and talent to the church. Over the years, I have done varied jobs in the church. These included fun things like: gathering a group of people together to redo, on a low budget, a very dilapidated, uninviting parish hall; putting together a time capsule commemorating the 100-year anniversary of a church; writing a funny script for the Altar Guild to perform when we roasted a priest who was retiring. I also did more serious things like serving on the Vestry, worship committee, and Altar Guild.

My daughter was born in 1964. She was brought up seeing her grandmother and mother involved in the work of the church. From the time she was young she saw her father put the envelope, with a check inside, into the offering plate. The example of giving your time, talent and treasure was set before her from the time she was born.

Not long after she graduated from college and joined the real world, she was following the example she had seen growing up. She became a lector, joined the Altar Guild, and yes, gave some of her earnings to the church. More recently she has become a Sunday School teacher.

My youngest granddaughter was born in 2003. When she was six years old, she had saved up her birthday and other gift money to buy a doll. About the time she was ready to buy the doll, her cousin sent out a plea for money to help finance the building a labyrinth at

Nemours Children's Clinic for his Eagle Scout Project. Her mother suggested that she give 10 percent of the money she had saved for the doll to her cousin for his project. Thus, a fifth generation was taught to give.

My challenge to families with young children is to begin early to teach your youngsters the importance of giving. Maybe generations from now, one of your great-grandchildren will write about how you set the stage for family members to give their time, talent and treasure to God's work.



The unselfish life of Colonel Daniel

A Conversation with Bishop Weed

By Robert Hyde, Director of Properties

After my interview with Edward T. Potter, back at St. John's Cathedral, life settled back into a routine, and my adventure was soon forgotten. Out walking one day, however, I unexpectedly found myself in the middle of a small village at the crossing of two dirt roads. Another darn wormhole, I thought...

Clapboard houses and brick buildings lined the streets. The air had a salty taste, and the distant buzzing of a saw mill could be heard. When I looked in that direction, there were tall masts of sailing ships and occasional spirals of dense black smoke. Overhead, the sun was making its late afternoon descent. Behind me stood a lovely church with a prominent sign: "St. Peter's Church proudly welcomes the Forty-Fifth Annual Diocesan Council."

A wood door beckoned, and I entered cautiously to find the church full of seated men, many in clerical garb. A newspaper lay on a nearby pew and in large letters bore the heading Fernandina Beach News Leader. The date was May 1, 1889. One of the clergy, standing at the altar, announced that the voting was concluded and a certain Mr. Hill Burgwin would be seated. He paused and added: "Bishop Weed will now offer his annual address."

A particularly regal man with a precisely trimmed beard, probably in his early 50s, rose from an ornate chair on the altar, and the gathering quieted. He stood solemnly at the head of the crowd and began to read from a paper and spoke with restrained emotion of the losses that the Diocese had suffered over the past year, "four brave soldiers of the Lord who fell in the prime of life." He eulogized each one, but when he came to the final one, a certain Colonel Daniel, he seemed particularly affected. "How can I speak to you of him? I feel tears come to my eyes as I think of him." He seemed almost at a loss of words in trying to understand why this close friend had been taken. "Such an unselfish life, who lives it?" He ended by thanking those clergy who came to assist the people of Jacksonville during the epidemic and those from around the nation who had sent money for aid.

His speech being concluded, the Bishop descended from the altar. Several clergy approached, but he seemed

distracted and only nodded. Approaching the back of the church, he eyed me somewhat suspiciously and walked in my direction. In a composed voice, he spoke to me.

B: Good afternoon, Sir. Have you come to join us? As you can see, the clergy from all over the Dioceses of Florida are here.

H: I was very touched by your address.

B: Yes, when I received the call from this diocese two years ago, I thought the prospect of being bishop of the entire state of Florida would be daunting. But I never imagined the scope of the tragedies that have befallen us with the arrival of Yellow Jack.

H: Yellow Jack?

B: The Yellow Fever Epidemic that appeared suddenly last July when a visitor contracted the disease. Before that, Jacksonville was brimming with vitality and promise. Did you know that the winter before it is reported that over a hundred thousand visitors and guests had filled the hotels and establishments in Jacksonville?

H: I never thought of Jacksonville in that way.

B: Once Yellow Jack struck, it quickly became an epidemic. Jacksonville was cut off from the world. Armed guards were posted on all roads out of Jacksonville. Houses were marked with yellow flags to show that the sick were within, and horrid yellow fever camps were built to isolate sickened residents. By October, the citizenry had become so desperate that mobs formed, and they tried to break into the warehouses of organizations seeking to assist. There is a rumor about a train bringing nurses from Texas to aid our efforts. When the engineer reached Macclennay, he refused to come any closer to Jacksonville. The nurses were forced to disembark and make their way here by any means possible. They served valiantly with several succumbing to the fever.



H: How did the epidemic end?**B:** It ended as suddenly as it started.

The weather turned very cold in late November, I believe it was on the November 25, and the contagion miraculously ceased. To this day, no one knows why, but Jacksonville quickly sprang back to life, steamboats returned to service, trains were allowed to pass, and soon there even was a parade.



JJ Daniel

H: The name Daniel seems familiar. How did you first meet him?

B: The Colonel, as he liked to be called, had served valiantly during the war, returning to Florida by 1864 where he was involved in several skirmishes. He was a lawyer by trade. Upon the sudden death of Bishop Young from pneumonia while visiting New York in 1885, the Standing Committee of the Diocese assumed control as prescribed by the canons. The Colonel was a member of that committee, with the Rev. Thackara of St. Peter's serving as president and Rev. Weller of St. John's Parish as secretary. The Standing Committee ultimately consented to my consecration as Bishop-elect.

H: What role did the Colonel play in fighting the epidemic?

B: He spearheaded the effort to stop the spread of Yellow Jack by forming the Jacksonville Auxiliary Sanitation Association. Under his leadership, even though the population had dropped to about 14,000, churches held firm, clergy continued to minister to their flock, and doctors tirelessly worked without pay. No man was more determined to lead the fight against Yellow Jack. It was his finest hour of battle and, of course, cost his life.

H: I recall reading that he was very involved in St. John's.

B: Yes, indeed. He served the parish in innumerable ways, as a member of the Vestry and energetic member of many of its committees. He was, of course, instrument in the building of the St. John's beautiful new church on Duval Street, and he shared the vision that it would one day become the cathedral of this Diocese. Just months before his death, he led the planning effort for construction a new parish house. He cared for the widows and orphans in out diocese and always had an open heart for those troubled souls. Generous with his time and wealth beyond measure, he was a truly an inspired and inspiring man of faith.

H: And I did not realize his involvement with to the Diocese?

B: Not only has St. John's lost its finest son, but his contribution to the Diocese is immeasurable. He was instrumental in the growth of this diocese over the past decade

and had been my foremost supporter amongst the laity since my elevation to bishop. Not only did he serve faithfully for years on the Standing, Finance, and Endowment Committees, but he contributed to the cause of reconciliation in the aftermath of the war by serving as president of the Board of Missions. In that capacity, the Colonel played an important role in the founding early missions such as Good Shepherd and St. Andrew's, which started as Sunday schools. He guided the consolidation of those programs with the Sunday School at St. John's, resulting in the United Church Sunday Schools of Jacksonville, of which he served as superintendent.

H: He sounds like a remarkable man.

B: Indeed. The citizenry were so distraught over his death that they raised money to erect a statute in his honor but instead choose to honor his memory by starting the Daniel Memorial Association.

At that point, clergy again approached and engaged the Bishop in conversation. Feeling out of place, I quietly exited through that same beckoning door.

Bishop Weed continued to serve as the third Bishop of Florida until his death in 1924. The Diocese was divided in 1892 with the creation of the Missionary Jurisdiction of Southern Florida, in part because the rigors of travel were so great. The source of the yellow fever epidemic was not discovered for another decade when Walter Reed famously demonstrated that mosquitoes were the cause. The full text of Bishop Weed's address appears at <http://tinyurl.com/COUNCILSPEECH>.

A memorial plaque honoring the Colonel, formally James Jaquelin Daniel, is on the west wall of the Cathedral, and the inscription includes the following: "To his vision and loving service is due much of the wide spread influence of St. John's Church throughout the community." The Daniel Memorial Association merged with the Orphanage and Home for the Friendless in 1891 and was renamed the Daniel Memorial Home for Children. Now known as the Daniel Foundation (or daniel kids), it recently was described as "Florida's oldest child services agency." Its web site is found at <http://www.danielkids.org>.

The Colonel is not to be confused with his grandson, also known as J. J. Daniel, a prominent Jacksonville resident and co-founder of University of North Florida. The referenced parish house was built in 1890 of brick with a slate roof to mirror the 1877 church. It housed not only parish staff and activities but included office space for the bishop and other Diocesan functions, only to be lost in the Great Fire of 1901.

A brief history of church stewardship

By the Rev. Dr. Robert Askren, Canon for Adult Education

In Acts 2:42-47, we read, *“They devoted themselves to the apostles’ teaching and to the fellowship, to the breaking of bread and to prayer. Everyone was filled with awe, and many wonders and miraculous signs were done by the apostles. All the believers were together and had everything in common. Selling their possessions and goods, they gave to anyone as he had need.*

Every day they continued to meet together in the temple courts. They broke bread in their homes and ate together with glad and sincere hearts, praising God and enjoying the favor of all the people. The Lord added to their number daily those who were being saved.”

Our ancestors certainly modeled for us what life in community was for the early Christian church. They shared their resources with each other and took care of those in need. During the Middle Ages, the church was often funded by the nobility of a province. In later years, with the rise of nationalism, the state often paid for the support of the church as in Europe.

When Christians emigrated to America and the colonies, they needed to learn a new way of supporting the ministry

of the parish church. After the American Revolution, England was not going to send any more aid to the colonial churches. There is historical evidence that some colonial churches charged for seating in their church.

Other churches charged for their services, and had fees for baptisms, weddings and funerals, and special masses for the faithful. This was not spiritually healthy for these churches since this “simony” implied that we could buy God’s grace and love.

Fortunately, in recent times, Christians have rediscovered our apostolic faith where people live in community and take care of each other. We support the ministry and program of our church out of a sense of gratitude for our blessings. One of our blessings is that those who worshipped at the cathedral for the past one hundred years have left us a beautiful heritage that deserves our best efforts to support and continue to preserve. Our outreach ministry and pastoral care reveal what Christians can achieve when we embrace life with Eucharistic living. We give our fair share of our resources for the work of the church because we have the love of Jesus in our hearts and it flows out from us in gratitude and generosity.



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