

THE CALL

ST. ANDREW'S
EPISCOPAL CHURCH
WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

NO. 380
FALL 2018

In the Silence of Our Beautiful Sanctuary



The Rev. Adrian Robbins-Cole

ONE OF MY FAVORITE things to do during the week is to take a take a break from my work in the parish office and spend some time sitting in the silence of our beautiful sanctuary. There is a magical quality to being alone in the sanctuary when the sun is streaming through the stained-glass windows and there is a holy silence drifting up from the empty pews. Sometimes I will sit in silence in the pews—I like sitting in the back pews so I can take in the full view of the altar and our magnificent organ. At other times I will walk along the walls, stopping to look at the stained-glass windows, taking in the scenes in the windows and noting the people in whose memory the windows were given.

And as I walk along the stone wall of the north aisle, I feel part of a worshipping tradition that spans over a thousand years.

I feel a deep closeness to God at these times in the emptiness of

the sanctuary and I am reminded of the poems of the 20th century Welsh Anglican priest and poet, R. S. Thomas. His poems speak of his “apophatic” experience of God when he was alone in a silent, empty church.

But perhaps above all, when I sit in silence in the pews offering up my own prayers, I feel surrounded by the prayers offered up by parishioners over the last 125 years since the church was built in 1894. It is as if those prayers they offered continue to reside in the stone walls and pews of our sanctuary.

You are always welcome to stop by at St. Andrew's during the week to pray and meditate, and to experience the intimacy of God's presence in the emptiness and silence of our beautiful sanctuary.

Indeed, I would go further and actively encourage you to take time out of your busy schedule to do this. The church building is open from 6am most mornings often until 9pm at night.

At this time when we come to our 125th anniversary I have a deep sense of thanks for the vision and dedication of our founders who built our church. I am also filled with gratitude for the generations who have followed, expanded, and maintained our beautiful church campus.

Next year, in 2019, we will be celebrating the 125th anniversary of our beloved church building with a number of different activities, including two main events we

hope you will save dates on your calendar.

The first will be a celebratory party for grown-ups at the Wellesley Country Club on Saturday, November 2, 2019, from 6:30pm to 10:30pm.

The second will be a St. Andrew's Day Festival Eucharist at 10am on Sunday, November 24, 2019, to mark the 125th anniversary of the first service in the church, which was held at 9pm on St. Andrew's Day, November 30, 1894. Our guest preacher at the service will be the Right Rev. Laura Ahrens, Suffragan Bishop of Connecticut. Bishop Laura is a native of Wellesley, grew up worshipping at St. Andrew's with her family, and was sponsored for ordination by our church.

As we celebrate our 125th anniversary in 2019 we will be giving thanks for previous generations whose generosity has bequeathed us our beautiful church, and we will be looking forward to the next 125 years in the life of our parish.

Yours in Christ,

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Warden's Message

The Power of Diversity



David Hamlin, Warden

OVER THE COURSE of my career, I have repeatedly seen the power of diversity. Diversity of gender, race, education, socio-economic background, experience, age, religious beliefs and other factors—all leading to diversity of thought. There are studies that show that diverse teams make better decisions and are more effective problem solvers. Diverse “communities” are more powerful and successful.

Recently, I was in Mumbai and New Delhi on business. Summer is not my favorite time of year to visit, but I always look forward to spending time in India. It is an amazing place where I have learned a lot over the years, made good friends, enjoyed too much delicious food, and been challenged by the stark contrast of wealth and poverty. To me, India is overflowing with diversity.

During my trip home, I was thinking about my life compared to that of my colleagues in India. On the surface, it seems far less diverse. Using St. Andrew's as an

example, if as a newcomer, you arrived for worship on a Sunday morning, one of your first reactions might be that we are a pretty homogeneous bunch (except for maybe a stray British accent here or there). However, when you dig a bit you see a very different picture. The depth and diversity of our parish is really interesting and is a wonderful gift. A gift, I believe, we should not take for granted and need to nurture.

As we look ahead to our 125th anniversary next year, I feel it is important that we think about how we continue to foster a community of inclusion so that we can continue to be a strong parish. We have an excellent membership committee led by our terrific vestryperson for membership, Suzanne Nystrom. The committee has great programs for identifying and welcoming newcomers. However, each member of the parish can also help. There are many ways to do this, but two of the easiest are to introduce yourself and welcome people you don't recognize or know sitting next to you in the pew on Sunday, and remember to wear your nametag. These small gestures can make a meaningful difference.

In closing, I want to sincerely thank everyone who has helped me transition to the role of warden and, particularly, I want to thank Michael Vanin for agreeing, without hesitation, to step into the breach created by Nancy Hancock's move to Baltimore. I hope you had a wonderful summer full of family time, rest, and relaxation.



A publication of
St. Andrew's Episcopal Church

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All Roads Lead to Rome

But There's No Place Like Home



The Rev. Margaret Schwarzer

“ALL ROADS LEAD TO Rome,” as the saying goes. This spring I was as eager as any of our St. Andrew’s pilgrims to spend six days in Rome, immersing ourselves in the sites, history, and stories of the early church. We found ourselves admiring the vivid mosaics of many early churches, standing in homes built in 400AD, climbing through the Roman Forum, praying for martyrs in the Colosseum, and sharing a Eucharist in a stone chapel inside the grounds of the ancient cata-

combs. There was learning, worship, and feasting enough for the most rugged Anglican pilgrim. We were indefatigable.

Our hotel, the Hotel Lancelot, was on a quiet, green, and leafy side street, just a seven-minute walk from the Colosseum, so mornings had a gentle start, but we saw the Colosseum every day in many different modes, moods, and moments. We passed the amphitheater surrounded by tourists (16,000 per day) in the noon day sun, studied it by moonlight as a few of us ventured out late at night to find some gelato, passed it in rain, bright sun, overcast afternoons, dawn, dusk, and seemingly every slant of sunlight. It is architecturally impressive, magisterial, brutal, a stark testament to 400 years of gladiator fights, human death, and martyrs’ prayers. Life was cheap in the Colosseum.

One morning we toured it and I learned facts I’d never heard before. The 60,000 slaves who built it were all captured Jews from Jerusalem who were taken to Rome when

the second Temple fell in 70AD. Oranges were brought to Italy by these Jewish slaves, who brought the seeds of the fruit with them into their exile; that sunny orange fruit reached the Western world amidst the tears of slaves.

The 80 gates that make up the outer wall of the amphitheater are each numbered with a Roman numeral, as were each section and seat. Ancient visitors entered the Colosseum with a small stone marked with the number of their gate, section, and seat, and they found their seat by ancient ushers pointing out the way. (Sound familiar?)

My understanding of the early church and my own faith changed on our trip, and I hope you will share in our group’s discoveries during our fall 9am Christian Learning Series, or in a program after one of our 10am services in the fall. We saw breath-taking Christian art and architecture, and we came as close to engaging the early church as modern Christians can. It was a splendid trip.

continued next page

Photo: Margaret Schwarzer





Photo: Sandra Rigney



Photo: Margaret Schwarzer

But in the midst of all that soulful and artistic splendor, there were moments that were foreign, strange, and oddly lonely.

In the Roman Catholic churches in Rome, only Roman Catholics are invited to receive communion; everyone else may receive a blessing. Women are not recognized as priests. Many lay people receive the bread only, not the bread and the wine, when they take communion. And, if you are lesbian or gay, you can't be out about your sexuality publicly and serve in a lay or ordained leadership position.

I knew this before I went, but experiencing it in Rome was harder than I had anticipated. Rome's modern Roman Catholic worship made me homesick for the religious community I take for granted at home. I missed the Episcopal Church and our American Christianity.

I love the way our Baptism vows call us to "respect the dignity of every human being," and I love the way we recognize the spiritual authority of straight women, lesbians, gay men, and straight men in our church. I count on the fact that all baptized Christians, regardless of their denomination, are welcome

at our altar rails. If someone is Methodist, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, or is a member of another Christian denomination, we invite them to receive the Eucharist with us.

I am proud of the way our Anglican Church encourages the questioning of belief as a means to a better, deeper truth. We trust that God can take our doubts and fears as well as our belief. We trust that what we question will be made clear as we live out our lives. We believe each of us can distinguish what is Godly and holy in our lives, as we discern our own conclusions about the death penalty, birth control, and all manner of political and communal issues.

I loved being in Rome, Assisi, and Florence, but I came back to America eager to stand at St. Andrew's altar and proud to embrace our reformed tradition, with its focus of scripture, tradition, and reason as equal authorities. The church that begun under Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth over 400 years ago holds the spiritual convictions that resonate with me.

The adventure was wonderful, but there's no place like home.



Photo: Margaret Schwarzer



Photo: Sandra Rigney



Photo: Catherine Healy



Photo: Sandra Rigney

Wellesley Turkey Trot: Third Time's The Charm

LAST YEAR, OVER 70 OF US from St. Andrew's pounded the pavements of Wellesley for the early morning Turkey Trot. We were between the ages of seven and 75, and we walked or ran together to share in a race about thanksgiving and gratitude, raise money for charity, and enjoy the fun of the day together.

Jenny Sawyer and the fellowship committee staffed a water table just

across the street from St. Andrew's, which is also the first mile mark of the run, and more St. Andrew's members passed out cups of water cheering the runners on. Many runners were very thankful for that water.

YOU are invited to be a part of "Team St. Andrew's" this year. You can sign up online to run, and your enrollment fee will go to support cancer research and reduce food

insecurity in Massachusetts. Or you can sign up to be a part of our water table, supporting St. Andrew's and cheering on the runners.

This is our third year running, and we'd love to have you and your family and friends be a part of our team. We hope you get that turkey in the oven, tie your sneakers, and meet us at the starting line. (Please contact Margaret if you would like help signing up for the race.)

Lessons from Summer Camp



The Rev. Catherine "Cat" Healy

AS YOU READ these words, school is back in session and the leaves are beginning to turn. But as I write them, it is still high summer, and I am up in New Hampshire, spending a week as a chaplain at the Barbara C. Harris Camp and Conference Center of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

I grew up going to camp, so I'm always happy to return to all the outdoor activities and silly traditions that define camp life. As a child, I tried to bring every one of those traditions home with me, from the songs to the friendship bracelet string. Now, as an adult, I'm thinking about the lessons I will take home from this summer's week at camp:

Play is the work of humanity. Developmental psychologist Jean Piaget famously called play "the work of childhood," but adults need time for play just as much as children do. As I went paddleboarding for the first time this week, my body learned to balance in a new way; my mind paid careful attention to the wind and waves around me, even as my thoughts were free to drift; and my spirit was overwhelmed with the joy of being out on the water. By the time I clambered off the board, I was energized and excited about

spending time with campers for the rest of the day.

Adults are weighed down by so many obligations that it can be difficult to make time for fun, but camp has reminded me that recreation truly re-creates us. Do you have a musical instrument gathering dust, a cobwebby bicycle in your garage, or a half-knitted scarf sitting deep in a drawer? Give yourself permission to do something purely for the sake of enjoyment—in other words, to play.

Put your imagination to work in the study of Scripture. During Bible study at camp, we have discussed such pressing questions as: If Jesus were telling the story of the Good Samaritan today, what would the Good Samaritan be? The Good Bully? The Good Zombie? The Good Vampire? If Paul's fruits of the Spirit were actual fruits, which fruits would they be? How about the Pineapple of Patience, because it takes so much effort to eat one? Or the Watermelon of Kindness, because there is always lots to share?

I have read these passages of Scripture hundreds of times, and yet exploring them with campers helped me to think about them in a new way. Kids love to read stories and can engage with them as though all the characters were right there in the room. We could take a few lessons from children's approach to Bible study.

Learn to go with the flow. No matter how well you prepare, when you put dozens of campers and their teenage counselors together in the woods, a few things will fail to go according to plan. A thunderstorm turns swim lessons into an indoor dance party. A capsized boat turns a canoe race into a water rescue lesson. No matter the situation, the people who do the best

work—and have the most fun—are the ones who are able to adapt quickly and come up with creative new ideas when there's an unwelcome surprise.

And the kids? They look to the adults in charge, then decide how to react. If their counselors are absolutely thrilled at the chance to have an indoor dance party while a storm rages outside, they will be too.

The best memories are made in the interstices. The Barbara C. Harris Camp offers an enviable range of activities, but the campers' most important memories don't come from kayak trips or musical theater rehearsals. Instead, they are made in the small, in-between moments. Long after a child has forgotten her role in the camp play, she will remember trying to catch a glimpse of the imaginary Lake Dolphin, or the time when her counselor made her a special anti-homesickness friendship bracelet. These inside jokes and secret bonds are what make camp such a special place.

But neither are those things unique to camp. As any member of the St. Andrew's knitting group, men's book club, or choir can tell you, this parish community is another place where people of all ages make new friends and craft beautiful new memories. As we enter into another year together, think carefully about how you hope to use your time, and what kind of memories—in church and elsewhere—you hope to make.

Also, if anyone would like to do a little crafting, I have a TON of friendship bracelet string.

They Also Serve Who Only Stand and Wait



Betsy Millane

IT WILL BE VETERANS DAY soon. In 2019, Veterans Day falls on November 11, and will be observed on the 12th.

*God doth not need either man's
work or his own gifts:
Who best bear his mild yoke, they
serve him best.
His state is kingly; thousands at his
bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean
without rest:
They also serve who only stand
and wait*

The last lines of John Milton's poem "On His Blindness" applies to those among us who serve without seeing combat.

I sat down with one of our church members, Jack Whiting, who served in the United States Air Force. Jack feels he was part of the "lucky" generation, not the

"greatest" generation who had gone before. He was nine years old when, while helping in the kitchen listening to the radio, he heard Franklin Roosevelt give them the news about Pearl Harbor.

Jack makes it clear that he does not consider himself among those who served in a conflict in a foreign war. He did "civilian stuff" to be prepared in case they were needed. He served for three years. Jack believes in service. He feels that young women and men should be in some sort of service—the military, AmeriCorps, Peace Corps. He says it would be valuable for them to "do something for the country and learn something about your responsibility as a citizen."

Jack was part of the Air Force ROTC at Harvard, which kept him from being drafted. By signing up he had his choice of services and entered as a commissioned officer. Why the Air Force? "I liked the idea of flying," Jack says. And he "loved serving." Nine days after Jack graduated he married Marie Francoeur Johnson, who is now known as Jill. They had a two-week honeymoon sailing off the coast of Maine. Three months later, in September, they moved to San Antonio, Texas and Jack was inducted into the Air Force and became an officer.

When I asked him, "What was the most difficult thing about serving?" Jack responded: "Nothing! I just did it!" Jack enjoyed the Air Force. When he wasn't flying or training, he was golfing or playing bridge with his buddies, he told me. He and Jill feel the experience "solidified" their marriage because they just had each other to rely on.

He got into jet planes, the T-28's and T-33's in Laredo, Texas. Once, Jack remembers, he trained a pilot who needed to qualify flying "blind." They had to take off and land without seeing anything but the controls in front of them. They were up in the air and a squall line came through the base and they could not land. They flew around until they were low on fuel. Jack told him he had to put it on the ground, squall or no, and told him what to expect. The pilot froze. Jack asked, "Are you okay?" The young pilot responded, "No." Jack took over the controls and landed the plane in the squall himself. Jack said: "There was no way I wasn't going to make it." He had to wash the pilot out of the program.

When asked if there were any tight spots, he recounted two memories. "They'd give you a plane to go anywhere in the U.S. for the weekend to work on navigational proficiency. I was on my way to

St. Andrew's Veterans Honor Roll

As we approach Veterans Day, we extend our gratitude to all those who have served in the United States Armed Forces.

Below, please find a partial honor roll of military veterans from St. Andrew's.

Albert J. Budney Navy†
Victor Calcaterra Army
James Deane Coast Guard
David Giele Army*
Douglas Goodnow Navy†
John Thomas Henderson Army*°
Bernard D. Horan Air Force
Walter Hunnewell Navy*
Lane Johnson Navy°

Daniel Kemp Air Force
Evelyn E. Kivett Navy*
Jason E. Kivett Marine Corps^
Lawrence E. Kivett Navy*
Edward Parsons Army*
Charles Reeve Shackford, Jr.
 Marine Corps†‡
Everett Ware Smith Marine Corps*
Arthur T. Thompson Army*

Leon G. Tuck Army°
Jack Whiting Air Force
Francis Woodward Young Navy*

Overseas Service Key

* World War II
 ° Korean War
 † Vietnam War
 ‡ Operation Desert Storm
 ^ Iraq War

Nevada when Navy jets, on the same flight pattern over Arizona, came within feet of my aircraft. It happened so quickly there was no time to alter altitude or to bear away. The two aircraft were heading towards each other closing at 500 miles per less than a couple of hundred yards away hour—a combined 1000 miles per hour. When my stomach settled down I was able to focus on flying on to Nevada. Either it was ground crew error or altimeter error. There was no Doppler radar that would have alerted either plane.

“Another time I remember being in Panama City, Florida. A hurricane was puttering around the gulf

but looked to be heading our way. The vice commander didn’t have enough hangars for storing the planes, so they were scrambled in the middle of the night to fly to a base beyond the hurricane’s reach. The problem was they would have to fly into the hurricane fringes, where tornadoes, thunderstorms and wind shears of 100 miles per hour lay in wait. One hundred and forty planes took off in formation. Each was paired with a wingman. The storm was so great that I lost visual contact with my wingman. I radioed him that I would fly 500 feet higher and my wingman should fly 500 feet lower so that we wouldn’t collide. We hit a shear,

my wingman had a flame out and he had to land at another field. The planes ahead of me were in such a tight formation that when they were hit by the same shear they clipped wings. One pilot, an Annapolis man, was killed when he crashed. The other pilot ejected out of his crippled aircraft. He survived but his plane hit a building and killed seven people.”

A word about Jill, who also served. She went, without complaint, from base to base, making new homes for Jack and their growing brood, helping Jack to keep his commitment to his country. A nod to her, and all military wives, too.

Seminarian Update



Anna Page

DEAR ST. ANDREW’S FAMILY,

IT IS WITH DEEP APPRECIATION, admiration, and love that I write this update to you all! For those of you who do not know me, my name is Anna, and I am sponsored by St. Andrew’s for ordination to the priesthood. I came to St. Andrew’s in 2013 as a student at Wellesley College. Never did I imagine that my relationship with our congregation would grow so personal! However, I thank God that St. Andrew’s became my family. I now study at Duke Divinity School in Durham, North Carolina, and, thanks to your support, am on

my way to serving our church as a priest.

I start my second year of seminary having returned from a summer in Ahuachapán, El Salvador, where I worked with and learned from many local pastors. While in El Salvador, I improved my Spanish, developed meaningful and Spirit-led relationships, and experienced first-hand the positive impacts that the church can have in areas affected by violence. This internship, one of two that I will have while at Duke, helped to prepare me for the dynamism of a life in ministry and taught me what it means to trust the movement of the Holy Spirit in our lives, communities, places, and relationships.

My courses during my first year at Duke Divinity School provided me with a strong foundation from which to engage my surroundings this summer, work with the youth at a local Episcopal church, serve my soldiers as part of my Unit Ministry Team, and feel equipped for this upcoming year. I had the opportunity to take classes on Old Testament, New Testament, church history, ethics, theologies such as

feminist theology and theology of place, music in Anglican traditions, and pastoral leadership. My in-class learning was bolstered by my work with a local parish and the United States Army. Balancing my identities of Army officer, graduate student, and priest-in-training can be challenging. Yet, I’ve been humbled to be the recipient of beautiful networks of support, both in our diocese and at Duke.

Now, in my second year, I look forward to more courses on church history and polity, and continued engagement with local churches and the Army. I will also have the privilege to work at the Durham VA Medical Center as a hospital chaplain this fall, giving pastoral care and spiritual guidance to veterans, military personnel, and their families. Finally, we will find out this year if I am admitted to candidacy for the priesthood—the next step of our collective ordination journey! If I have learned anything since beginning this process with you all in February 2015, it is that ordination is a community effort and a journey that we are all walking together. I cannot say

thank you enough for being a part of my path.

From my discernment committee and our vestry, to our incredible clergy and our entire congregation—thank you all for

the endless support that you have shown, and continue to show, me. If you ever have any questions or comments, please email me at annaspag95@gmail.com. I would love to hear from you! I hope all

is well back in our scenic town of Wellesley. I desperately miss fall in New England. The leaves don't crunch quite as loudly down here in the South.

Follow Us



Katharine Clark

IT IS EASY TO HAVE a love/hate relationship with social media. There you are talking to your kids and the sound that says someone is texting goes off; there you are having lunch with a friend and you have questions about a date,

so you look it up on your phone; or, there you are waiting for a train and you catch up with friends and family by browsing Instagram. Sometimes it is the answer to a question, an important calendar item, or just good news. In all of these cases we have learned to live with and depend on these lines of communication.

St. Andrew's has been using social media for a while. We have an Instagram and a Twitter account both at the same address: @StAsWellesley, and we have a Facebook account: @StAndrewsWellesley. We encourage you to find and follow us on any or all of these platforms.

Instagram is a great place to see what's happening around the

church in the moment. Facebook has a lot of great pictures of what's happened (occasionally videos) as well as announcements of what will happen at church. On Twitter we post the e-Pistles and other quick notices and messages (which also get posted to Facebook from Twitter).

Sometimes we share posts from other Episcopal groups and organizations that are doing good in the world or having fun. So, in addition to asking you to follow us, we have some great recommendation for about whom you might find and follow, people and organizations that we have enjoyed. We hope St. Andrew's and all the others you choose to follow bring you some joy and inspiration.

Facebook

Episcopal Relief & Development

@EpiscopalRelief

Friends of the Society of Saint John the Evangelist (SSJE)

@FriendsOfSSJE

Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts

@diomass

Presiding Bishop Michael B. Curry

@PBMBCurry

The Episcopal Café

@TheEpiscopalCafe

2018 General Convention of the Episcopal Church

@2018TECGC

Episcopal City Mission

@EpiscopalCityMission

Episcopal Church Memes

@E.C.M.churchhumor

Unapologetically Episcopalian

@UnapologeticallyEpiscopalian

Instagram

@massbishopxvi **Alan Gates**, current Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts

@pb_curry **Presiding Bishop Michael Curry**, 27th Presiding Bishop of the [National] Episcopal Church

@justinwelby **Justin Welby**, 105th Archbishop of Canterbury

@ssyboston **St. Stephen's Youth Programs**

@bpeaceforjorgecampaign **B-Peace for Jorge**
@episcopaldevelopment **Episcopal Church**
Development

@theepnn **The Episcopal Public Policy**
Network

@afedj_ **American Friends of the Episcopal**
Diocese of Jerusalem

@gracenewtonma **Grace Episcopal Church**,
Newton

@st.michaelsholliston **St. Michael's**, Holliston

@redeemerchestnuthill **Church of the**
Redeemer, Chestnut Hill

Twitter

PB Michael Curry @PB_CurryPresiding
Bishop of the [National] Episcopal Church,
Following Jesus into a loving, liberating, and
life-giving relationship with God, each other,
and with the earth.

The Episcopal Church @iamepiscopalian
The [National] Episcopal Church welcomes
all who worship Jesus Christ, in 109 dioceses
and three regional areas in 17 nations.

Episcopal Church Foundation (ECF)
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ECF helps faith communities develop the
strategic, leadership & financial resources they
need to pursue their mission & ministry.

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News, information, and resources for lay and
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ested people.

Forward Day by Day @ForwardDayByDay

Inspiring disciples and empowering evange-
lists through daily prayer and meditation.

Boston City Singers @BostonCitySing

Boston City Singers trains and inspires the
musician, student and ambassador in our
singers, celebrating diversity and fostering
goodwill in Boston and beyond.

The Cross Lobby @TheCrossLobby

Episcopalians Against Gun Violence: ad-hoc
group of bishops, clergy & lay people pro-
viding information about how our church is
working to curb gun violence.

I Like Giving @ilikegiving

A campaign to inspire generous living.

Sojourners @Sojourners

Putting faith into action for social justice.

Getting to Know Karen Vickers Budney



Dan Dent

IN THIS ARTICLE, The Call continues its series of conversations with St. Andrew's clergy to give the parish an opportunity to learn a little more about our church leaders. In this fourth article, we meet St. Andrew's pastoral associate, Rev. Karen Vickers Budney. Rev. Karen has been the pastoral associate since 2007.

What was your early career like?

My previous professional life was in the area of health and physical education. I taught and coached at the North Shore Country Day School in Winnetka, Illinois, and also worked at Dana Hall School

where I substitute taught, coached, and where my husband and I were house parents. Being in *loco parentis* for 18 teenagers was quite a challenge for two 25 year olds!

When did you decide to become a priest?

My husband, Al, and I recently celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. I am so blessed to have him in my life. He has encouraged and supported me throughout our marriage, which was especially appreciated and needed when at midlife I was working through my call to the priesthood. I had many questions about how to be a competent priest while being married and raising two small children. Finally, I trusted that if God called me to the priesthood then God would show me the way.

In the late 1980s I was sponsored for ordination by St. Andrew's and began my studies for a Master of Divinity degree at Harvard Divinity School. I graduated and was ordained a deacon in 1991 and a priest in 1992. I began my ordained ministry as an interim associate rector at Church of Our Redeemer in Lexington, Massachusetts.

What clergy positions have you held over the years?

I have been fortunate to be involved in a variety of ministries: as an interim rector in Warrensburg, Missouri; chaplain of St. Paul's Episcopal Day School in Kansas City, Missouri; canon pastor of St. Paul's Cathedral in Syracuse, New York; and now as pastoral associate at St. Andrew's. One-on-one pastoral ministry has been my focus at St. Andrew's since developing a voice dysfunction. I miss preaching and officiating, but I am grateful for my involvement in pastoral ministry. Each of these ministries has taught me something different about God's people and their life of faith. It is a joy to be back at St. Andrew's ministering with such a talented staff, and all of you lay people who take your individual and collective ministries seriously, and share your gifts enthusiastically and compassionately.

My most challenging ministry, where I was privileged to serve, was as a chaplain at St. Paul's (Episcopal) Chapel, Ground Zero, in New York City, where I had several opportunities to officiate and preach at the noon day service and to be a pastoral presence to the rescue workers as they struggled with the spiritual, theological, ethical, and moral questions concerning the heinous acts of 9/11. I believe the ministry at Ground Zero was one of our Episcopal Church's finest moments. People from all walks of life gathered to help in whatever way they could. The Spirit was truly at work.

Tell us about someone who has influenced your decision to pursue your career.

My parents set me on the right course by their love of God, weekly presence in our local Episcopal church, and the life of faith they lived. Much later in my life I was influenced by the Rev. Martha



Photo: Courtesy Karen Budney

Hedgpeth who was an associate rector at St. Andrew's, and was the first woman priest that I knew and had ever seen and heard in the pulpit. Her deep abiding faith, pastoral presence, love of building up Christ's church, and concern for God's people deeply influenced me. AND, she has a wonderful sense of humor.

Looking back, what advice would you give to yourself in your first year in your career?

One of my favorite pieces of scripture is, "I believe I shall see the

goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Looking back at my first year of ordination, I would remind myself to worry less and look for God's goodness in everyone and everything.

What do you do when you aren't working?

I am a member of the Dean's Council of Harvard Divinity School. My husband, Al, and I actively support the Dean's initiative: Religions and the Practice of Peace. We enjoy traveling, golfing, reading, and especially spending time with family

and friends. We treasure our time spent with our children and grandchildren; our son, Alex, his wife, Sarah, and their five year old son, Finn; and our daughter, Caroline, her husband, Gregg, and their three year old son, Neal. They bring us great joy and we are proud of who they are.

When you get to heaven, what do you want to say to God?

Thank you. I have been blessed.

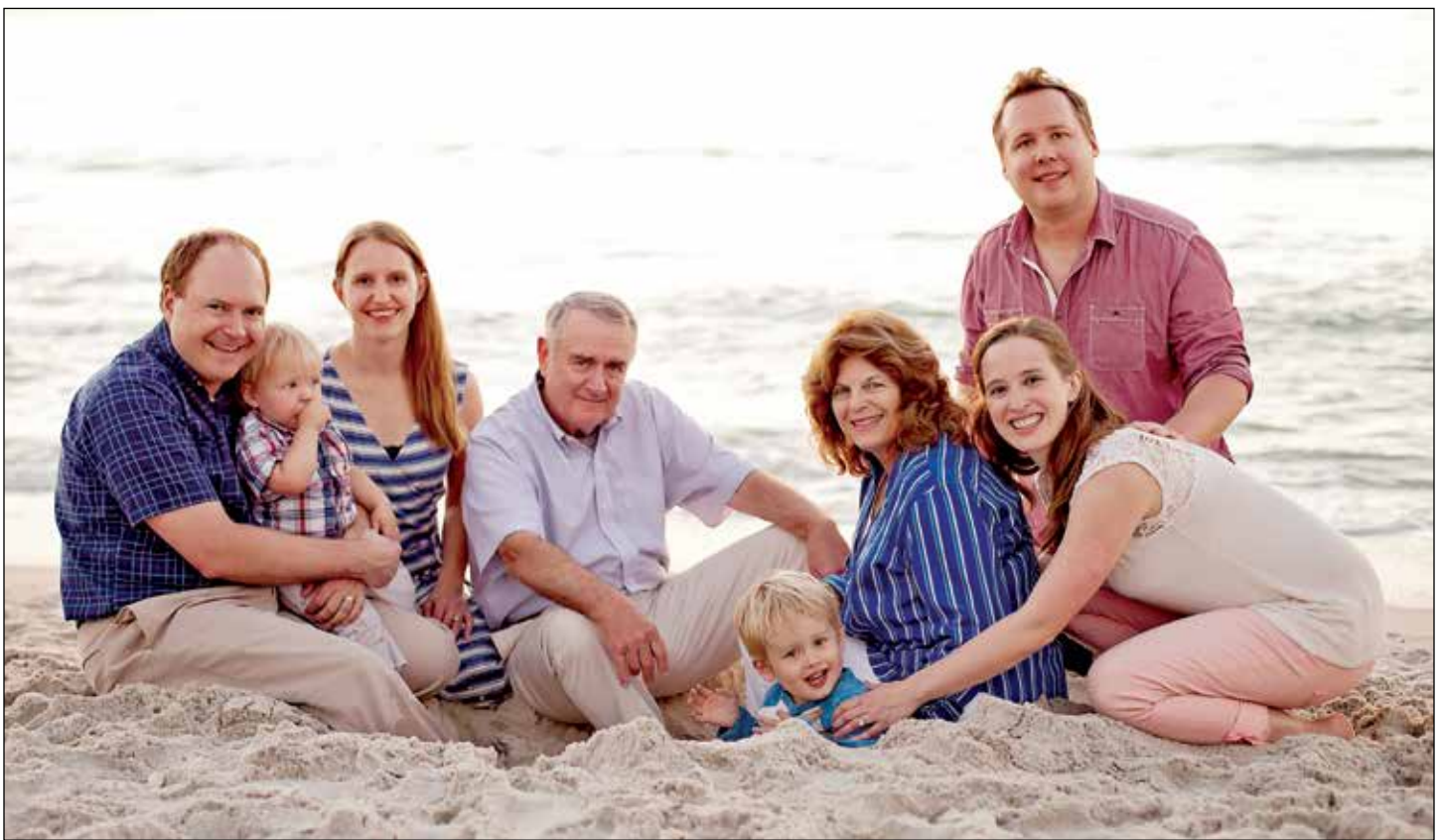


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