



St. Paul's Episcopal Church
San Rafael, California

The Epistle

On the Web

May, 2001 Volume 22, Issue 5

**A Death in the Parish:
The Execution of Robert Lee Massie**
Rev. Bruce R. Bramlett, Rector

On March 27, 2001, California Department of Corrections inmate A90159, known as Robert Lee Massie, was executed in the death chamber of San Quentin State prison carrying out the court's sentence for the crime of murder with special circumstances as prescribed by law. The event was witnessed by members of the media, California correctional officials and governmental officials from the Attorney General's Office, a number of victims' family members, chaplains, Robert's attorney, five friends, and me, his spiritual advisor. This is the story of my spiritual odyssey into the world of state sanctioned murder.

Almost five years ago, I received a call from Bishop Swing asking if I would be willing to visit a man at San Quentin on his behalf. Little did I know where the path would eventually lead me. Since the prison was "in my parish," and since St. Paul's had historically been involved in ministries there, he thought I was the natural person to call. I agreed, wrote to the person and began to visit with him. It was all so straight forward and innocent.

Since then, I have been weekly visitor on Death Row, primarily with my one man, but over time I have come to know a number of other men and their families as the circle of my work continues to

expand. I have become actively engaged in developing a statewide anti-death penalty organization (California People of Faith Working Against the Death Penalty) geared to working within the religious community. During this time I had the opportunity to counsel with one man who gave up his appeals and was within five days of being executed when the teamwork of an attorney and I convinced him to reinstate them. I was also with Manny Babbit until his last day when, out of compassion for me, he pulled my visiting approval so that I would not experience his death. In short, it was as if God had been preparing me dur-

(Continued on page 2)

Inside this issue:

Epistle on the Web Goes Live	3
"Real" Stewardship	4
Tips on Using The Epistle's Navigation Aids	7
What In God's Name are You Doing? The St. Paul's Ministry Faire	10

This remarkable personal account of Robert Massie's death was prepared by Father Bramlett for the Diocese of California's Pacific Church News.



Robert Lee Massie

Death, contd.

ing the past four years for what was to be my toughest assignment.

In November of last year, Robert L. Massie, a 35 year veteran of Death Row (having been returned in 1979 after release in 1978) decided, with his attorney's concurrent advice, to forego any further appeals. After a hearing on his competency, Robert was given a date for his execution. During that process, Robert got in touch with me and asked to see me. I had already met him on several occasions and we had gotten along well, but I had not visited with him on any consistent basis. At our meeting, he explained his situation and asked me if I would accompany him. He convinced me that his decision was not just one of committing suicide but a conscious attempt to make a political statement about the corruption of the appellate structure and the appalling nature of prison conditions on Death

Row. I genuinely liked and respected Robert, whom I had come to know as a bright, wise and spiritually sensitive person. Whoever the person was that had committed those crimes was not the same person who faced me now. I knew I couldn't refuse. We began to see each other on a regular basis. Once "date" became official, I began visiting him three days a week for 2-3 hours, and, during his last week, I was with him every day for 5-6 hours until the final day.

As I began this walk with Robert, I had many questions. Since ministry was new to me, I had to decide what my tasks would be as Robert's spiritual advisor. I knew several things. First, I knew that I would have to negotiate the capricious and often malicious bureaucratic prison system with its often difficult personalities. This situation would surely bring out the worst in that system. I also knew that Robert would be

surrounded and ultimately engulfed in a complex whirlwind of legal struggles, family and friendship entanglements and the dynamics of "last things" under very strained and distorted social, spiritual and psychological conditions. What I would not know so clearly until I had fully experienced it, is how inevitably the antiseptic ritu-

"I knew that ultimately, I would be responsible for ministering to a much larger circle of people than just Robert. "

alized protocols of the prison bureaucracy would attempt to completely dehumanize

Robert and how everyone: the lawyers, the prison, his friends and family, the anti-death penalty community, was, I believe, complicitous in reducing Robert to some aspect of their own projections, fears, issues or causes. Robert as a person all but disappeared. Observing this has made

(Continued on page 3)

*Imagine that we are catalysts for change
Imagine that we are converters of hearts.
Imagine the power of our heart voices rising from around the globe. Imagine justice and pray passionately.*

St. Paul's Women's Retreat Friday Afternoon, May 18, thru Sunday Midday, May 20 **St. Dorothy's Rest (Lydia House)**

Facilitated by The Rev. Peggy Moore and Medora Gordon, Associate for Pastoral Care, St. Paul's Church.

Please call the Parish Office (456-4842) to make your reservations. Three spaces left. Cost: \$125.00.

Death, contd.

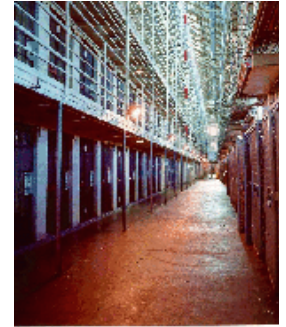
me deeply aware of the ritualized role that Robert was playing for everyone involved in this societal theater of the macabre. Finally, I knew that ultimately, I would be responsible for ministering to a much larger circle of people than just Robert. Virtually everyone with whom Robert had contact needed to be engaged on Robert's behalf, if only to try and support him.

However, my first priority was Robert's spiritual welfare and the protection of his inherent human dignity. My greatest task, even in the midst of this brutal and destructive situation was, above all to be a witness to the unconditional love of God.

I had many agonizing questions. Just how, in concrete ways, was I to be there for him? Given all of the systemic pressures and sadistic prison protocols which militated against him gaining any sense of equilibrium or

peace, how would I hold a space for him to find respite from all that was coming at him both from within and without, even before the execution? How would I encourage him to find opportunities for reconciliation and forgiveness? What about the families of the victims for whom I also mourned and ached? Would Robert be able to address their most desperate need for signs of his contrition and remorse? Should he? How should I engage with Robert's family, especially his elderly, infirm and estranged mother who, with the rest of his family, lived on the other side of the country? Would he and his mother have an opportunity to visit to simply hold each other, much less reconcile before the end? How would I hold up spiritually to the onslaught of institutional evil which I knew constitutes everyday life at San Quentin? How would I respond

appropriately to the banality of bureaucratic stupidity, to the overt malice and sadism of the prison institution over which I would have little or no power? The questions go on and on.



Death Row, San Quentin

The more I began to assess the issues that could arise, the more overwhelmed I felt and the more I began to focus on deepening my own spiritual energies to meet what was to come. I began to gather friends and loved ones around me and ask everyone I knew to start praying for me. To this moment, I credit my coming through this time with the power of that cloud of witnesses who

(Continued on page 5)

Epistle on the Web Goes Live

St. Paul's Website has been up and running for about a year now, but one of its demonstrated deficiencies has been the absence of the church newsletter online.

It is more difficult to get the Epistle online than would first seem. Certainly, there are the usual staffing problems, software conflicts, and scheduling difficulties, but beyond all these

mundane issues lies a mission issue: why, exactly, should the Epistle be online and what should it look like?

Ultimately, those questions are for readers to decide, but two important initial decisions were made: First, the online version of the Epistle will not be a mere copy of the paper version. Some material will not be carried over because of privacy concerns, such

as the identities of parishioners who are receiving prayers because of illness or other circumstance. Other material simply doesn't work well on the Web, such as the children's puzzle page. We knew, sooner or later, that we'd be blamed for the kid who took a crayon to mom's monitor, even if he *did* fill in the right answers to the puzzles.

(Continued on page 5)

“Real” Stewardship

Jay Luther, Outgoing Stewardship Chair

Although I'm very guilty of the practice, I dislike referring to our yearly pledge drives as "stewardship drives." The basic pledge drive, at its root, is an annual maintenance campaign to keep the lights on, fill in the cracks in the pavement, and toss a couple of wishes in the air in the hope of finding a sponsor. "Stewardship" is a way of life, an ongoing and carefully considered dedication of all of one's time, talent and treasure to its best use, and sometimes even—to use an old phrase—to the glory of God. Pledge drives have an annual ending. Personal stewardship lasts as long as we are on this earth—and sometimes beyond.

When one looks at the results of almost any pledge campaign, one finds elements of both crack filling and true stewardship. As of this writing, this year's campaign has generated 109 pledges total-

ing \$168,728, about 77 percent of what had been hoped for and pretty much the same amount as last year.

“Like all churches, St. Paul's could use more pledgers, but even more important, it needs additional people who have found their individual ministries.”

The makeup of the figure, however, was unusual: many people increased their last year's pledges by 150, 200, or even 300 percent, while few continuing pledgers decreased their pledges. Even more remarkable was the anonymous gift of \$100,000 in General Electric stock that St. Paul's received from an anonymous donor shortly after the campaign started. By its terms, half of the gift was for unrestricted uses, while the other half was for the church's endowment.

These were the examples of

stewardship. No one doubles or triples a pledge, or makes a major gift to a church, without serious reflection upon the importance of the church in the giver's life and in the life of the community. This is an exercise that is good not only for the church, but for the giver. Other givers, I'm sure, made pledges without really thinking about it, and while these pledges may not advance the understanding of stewardship, I promise you that they remain wonderfully helpful in filling in the cracks in the concrete—and this is not a small matter.

Then there were those who didn't pledge at all. While we raised about as much as we did last year in pledges, the number of pledgers dropped from 129 to 109. As always, there were reasons.

On the surface, the reasons all seem different and are almost too numerous to count. "I just started at St. Paul's, and don't know if I'll stay." "Money problems force me to limit my giving this year." "I prefer to put my donation in the plate when I come." While there are many distinct phrases, they very often have an unsaid common denominator, and it is harsh: *I cannot pledge to St. Paul's because I do not get enough back from it on an ongoing basis to justify the commitment. Other things are more important.*

(Continued on page 8)

Get Ready For Our Wine Dinner Fundraiser

St. Paul's 2d Annual *Wine and the Spirit* Fundraiser will be held on October 22, 2001 at Il Davide Restaurant in San Rafael.

People are needed to assist with the event. Also, we are looking for items to be auctioned or raffled. (Last year, for example, we had a week in a beach-front condo in Kauai, a day of carpentry work, and a wine dinner for 8.) If you have a vacation home, gift, talent, or business

service that you or a friend could donate, please contact a committee member. A tax deductible receipt will be provided.

There are many tasks— some small, some large— that have to be done in order to make this fundraiser a success. If you are able to help out in any way, please contact Katie Taggart (456-3201), Candice Miller (456-1696), Nancy Dods (472-6619), or Linda Monte (485-6077).

Death, contd.

kept me in their prayers, not least of which were members of my own congregation. I deepened and intensified my own time in prayer and meditation. Throughout this time the prayers and devotion of my wife also sustained me more than I can express. I had few answers and a lot more questions. Yet, I felt that I was armed with what I needed most; my deep faith in the God of resurrection life and a conviction that I had been called here and now to be a witness to the love of Christ whatever would come. It was with this faith and the prayers of my family, friends and parish that I entered what I now would describe as a bizarre and malignant world.

I had already been with Robert since 9:30 am that Monday, March 26th. Robert's last day was, to say the least, tension-filled with his friends and loved ones coming and going, trying to keep up a good facade. Every now and then things fell apart and tears flowed. Throughout the day,

Robert presided like a gracious and kindly host, comforting people and keeping everyone engaged. A core group which included those who would be his witnesses that night were there all day. There was a miraculous sense of God's graciousness surrounding everyone present.

For the last five days before the execution until this day, we had been visiting in a paneled conference room where breakfast and luncheon foods and drink had been provided. Guards had been posted outside the room until three days earlier, when the regulations required that a guard be posted inside. Until these last days, Robert had been free to move about the locked room without restraint to meet with his visitors. In these last three days, he was required to be in demeaning restrictive waist shackles. Over and over I was struck with how the prison bureaucracy makes every effort not just to reduce inmates to objects but to systemati-

cally demean and degrade them at every opportunity.

Surprisingly, there were moments of grace amid this mindless imposition of regulations. The two guards assigned to Robert

“At about 7:45 pm they brought Robert his last meal . . .”

throughout these days treated him and us with extraordinary gentleness, kindness,

respectfulness. For them and all they did, I will be forever grateful. But now on this last day the rules specified that only five visitors at a time could be allowed in the room. Moreover, sometime during the middle of the afternoon we decided to do a Eucharist and the guards “allowed” all nine of us in together until one of the “brass” showed up just before we finished the service. It turned out to be a deeply moving event for everyone present. It marked the turning point of a day which now

(Continued on page 6)

Epistle, contd.

Second, the online version can and will be bigger and more diverse than its paper counterpart in content. Since it's made only of electrons, there are no printing and mailing costs to dent the budget, making it possible for regular contributors to publish fuller articles, and also to allow contributions from parish groups, rather than just staff. Even a few

letters to the editor might become possible once we get the hang of it. Hence, if you have something that you or your ministry believe the Parish *has* to see in print—including nice colorful photos of what you're doing—let us know.

Also give us your complaints and suggestions about the way the *Epistle* looks and reads. Is a different format needed to read on-

line? Given that the entire world can see it, does it *feel* like St. Paul's? Do the colors drive you nuts? Is your group adequately served by the coverage? Your input is critical if *The Epistle on the Web* is to become as much a part of our church in this century as the printed *Epistle* did in the last. To comment, e-mail Jay Luther at jluther@well.com.

Death, contd.

raced toward 6:00 pm when all his visitors had to say their final goodbyes and leave.

While Robert was being transferred to the death watch cell, I was taken out to be completely strip searched. Once convinced that I was not concealing any contraband, they escorted me out through the main areas of the prison and through labyrinth of doors and corridors to the ominously configured black-barred door marked "Condemned Row." After we had been properly identified and a set of keys passed through a peep hole in the door I was led through two sets of giant double steel doors which admitted me into the death watch cell area. There, I was locked into a 6'x7' cell which had only a chair and a toilet adjacent to a similar cell where Robert, in a new set of prison clothes, was already sitting on a folded mattress, his sole piece of "furniture."

Five large guards, without their customary badges or name

plates, stood in silent anonymity surrounding Robert and me, four feet from our adjoining cells. Another guard was seated just outside my cell at my right elbow. Because the cells were somewhat offset, Robert and I were able to see and talk to each other, but prohibited from touching. On the wall opposite us, was a phone which Robert could use to call his family and loved ones for any final conversations. The guards respectfully addressed Robert's requests, dialing the phone, lighting cigarettes and bringing him coffee whenever he requested it. The only other times they moved or spoke were when they had to facilitate any movements in or out of the area through the heavy steel doors for those who came in on official business. At first, conversation between Robert and me was difficult and stilted with ten sets of eyes and ears attending to every movement but after a while, they seemed to become little more than pieces of the furnishings. At

about 7:45 pm they brought Robert his last meal of fried oysters, french fries and a couple of milk shakes and then brought me some food as well. The warden visited three times to make sure Robert was aware of the procedures, ask for his last statement for the media and finally to make sure everything was in order. The Catholic chaplain was with us for parts of the evening and remained with Robert at 11:15 pm when I was required to take my leave and join the other witnesses. I was escorted back through the same maze, out the main gate and into a waiting van where I sat with Robert's other witnesses as it pulled up just beyond the entrance to the execution gallery.

This was to be the first time since execution by lethal injection was introduced, that witnesses were mandated to be present for the entire execution process from the time the guards would lead Robert into the chamber until he

(Continued on page 7)

Centering Prayer

The spiritual journey does not require going anywhere because God is already with us and in us. It is a question of allowing our ordinary thoughts to recede into the background and to float along the river of consciousness without our noticing them, while we direct our attention toward the river on which they are floating. We are like someone sitting on the bank of a river watching the boats

go by.

— Fr. Thomas Keating

Please join us for Centering Prayer each Wednesday evening at 6:00 pm before the 6:30 Eucharist. Both beginners and experienced participants are welcome. Instruction in Centering Prayer is available at 5:45 and by special arrangement. Phone Chris Olson at 479-0409 for more information.

Being Good Stewards

Financials

April

Pledge Income	\$15,628
Total Income	\$25,477
Expenses	\$26,327
Deficit	\$850

Year to Date

Pledge Income	\$60,390
Total Income	\$98,751
Expenses	\$113,838
Deficit	\$15,087

New Pledges Are Still Needed.

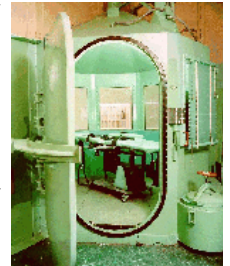
Death, contd.

would be pronounced dead. Those of us who were there as Robert's witnesses were ushered into the darkened gallery first and positioned on risers along the far left wall facing the old gas chamber about ten feet away, now refitted for lethal injection. After us, the victims' family members, members of the media and press corps, and governmental officials who had been eating, drinking and socializing at the warden's pre-execution reception were led in from the officers' lounge across the street from the execution area. The governmental officials and members of the Attorney General's Office took their places on the risers against the back wall. They were followed by the media who stood on the right wall opposite us. Finally, the ten or so members of the victims' families were seated in a semi-circle directly in front of the chamber and within six feet of the gurney where Robert was to die.

Robert was now led into the death chamber by those same five

guards whom I recognized from the death watch cell. They helped Robert onto a gurney and strapped him down tightly with his arms splayed out. Prison medical technicians then entered and began to struggle to find and access the veins in his arms to insert the catheters. Robert assisted them by pumping his fists several times as if this were a normal medical procedure. They even swabbed his arms with antiseptic. Occasionally during this tedious process, Robert strained to lift his head to see those of us who were there for him. Finally, after a number of tries, the intravenous procedure was completed and the tubes that would carry the lethal dose of three different chemicals into his veins were passed behind the wall and presumably hooked up to the plungers. Since he had technically given up his last appeals, the warden was obligated to ask Robert if he was certain that he wished to proceed. After she left the chamber, the guards turned the gurney ninety degrees so that

Robert could see those of us who were there for him. His attorney waved to him and Robert responded with a nod. A spokesperson read the death warrant and announced the beginning of the execution process. Robert raised his head one last time, we caught each others' eyes, I mouthed the words "I love you" to which he responded, "I love you." He rested his head down and closed his eyes. We watched and waited in eerie silence. Robert's breathing continued for several minutes at a slow, even pace as the initial dose of Sodium Pentothal was administered. Then, his chest heaved and convulsed as he coughed and strained against the straps while the chemical that imploded his lungs and other internal organs and that which ultimately stopped his heart took ef-



Execution Chamber,
San Quentin Prison

(Continued on page 8)

Tips On Using the Epistle's Navigation Aids

The Epistle on the Web is easier to navigate than a paperback book—if you now how to use its *bookmarks*, *thumbnails* and *links*.

Click the Show/Hide Navigation Pane icon—the one to the right of the printer icon. A frame (the Navigation Pane) will pop up on the left side. Under the Book-

marks tab, all the article titles in the month's *Epistle* will appear. Click the title to go straight to the article.

Click the Thumbnails tab. Pictures of each of the pages of the *Epistle* appear. Double click the page to go directly to it.

The Contents ("Inside This Issue") on page 1 of the *Epistle* is

also linked to the article; just click on the title or page number.

On articles that continue on later pages, the last column on a page contains the linked phrase "(Continued on page x)." Click on it, and you'll be carried to the next page.

And if you see a Web address, click on it, too—you're on your way to the Website.

Stewardship, contd.

And this is the way it has been ever since the whole number of Christians could be counted on Simon Peter's fingers and toes. That's why we have ministries— to go into the hearts of others who have "more important" things to do. We know that the Good News is so infectious that it will open those hearts, and bring them into the community. Like all churches, St. Paul's could use more pledg-

ers, but even more important, it needs additional people who have found their individual ministries. Those who have ministries to which they have dedicated themselves do generally seem to pledge on a routine basis, but they give— and by giving, receive back— much, much more.

The St. Paul's Ministry Faire will take place on May 6. You may find a ministry that's just

what you had in mind. Or you may find how you can join with other parishioners to *create* the ministry that's been just below the surface of your thoughts. In either case, *that's* Stewardship.

New Parish Directory

If you have not yet picked up your 2001 Parish Directory, they are available at the church entrance door, Parish Hall Door, or by calling the Parish Office. (One copy per household only, please.)

Death, contd.

fect. After that, there was stillness.

Thirteen minutes later, the same spokesperson announced that he had been pronounced dead. Curtains were then drawn around the death chamber and this spectacle that everyone had come to witness ended in deafening silence.

"I had been delivered in safety back to my family, friends and parish and I could only give thanks."

We, who were Robert's witnesses, were hurriedly escorted back

through the heavy steel execution area door to the van. We walked briskly out into the chill of the night air through a gauntlet of prison guards under the strange glaring orange halogen lights of the prison. As I was about to enter the van, a nice young woman Sergeant, whom I had come to know, was standing there and caught my

eye. She smiled and said, "Hi Father." I couldn't reply. We climbed into the van and immediately gathered ourselves together to pray as we were whisked around the prison perimeter to the far west gate. Strangely, I felt intimately bonded with these people whom I had only met a few days earlier. We hugged each other, said some hurried goodbyes, and then I caught sight of my wife standing on the other side of the gates, awaiting me. Approaching the gate, all I could say to the guard was, "Let me out of here." He opened the gate and I hugged my wife deeply. Together, we climbed into the car where two good friends and my daughter had been waiting. We drove back to St. Paul's Church where a prayer vigil had been kept all evening. As I got out of the car, I took my first deep breath of the cold air, looked up at the clear sky and allowed myself to return to my

body for the first time since this all began. I made it into the church before collapsing in a wave of uncontrolled sobbing. I had been delivered in safety back to my family, friends and parish and I could only give thanks.

I feel now as if I am still slowly returning from my descent into this bizarre and malignant world of state ordered murder. Many of my questions remain unanswered and new ones keep bubbling to the surface. I can only wonder if watching Robert's death gave any real peace or closure to the victims' family members. I have daily flashbacks and I dream intensely throughout most nights. What I do know is that when Robert Massie was murdered I lost a friend and a person I was privileged to know and love. I am struck that there are no heroes in this story. I cannot speculate whether anything redemptive

(Continued on page 10)

School for Deacons Thanks St. Paul's

The School for Deacons, and the staff and volunteers at Martin de Porres Hospitality House, have thanked St. Paul's for its dedication in donating socks to people "who have very little." The commending letter states, "In a year marked by cold and rainy weather, the socks that you donated provided warmth

and protection to their feet, and also the awareness that there are in fact some people who care about them."

The sock drive was chaired by David Ross, our Deacon in Training, who joined in thanking the church for the donations.

2 Kitties Need Homes

With the recent death of parishioner Scoop Holmes, her two adult cats need a loving new home. Both are spayed females. One is part Maine Coon Cat, and the other is a black tabby. Please call Tom Holmes III, 244-1474, if you can help.



The Diocese of California's Seventh Annual Ministry Conference Living the Jubilee

Saturday, May 19, 2001

8:30 am — 4:15 pm

Grace Cathedral San Francisco

Over forty idea-filled workshops for lay and
Ordained ministry development

All-day "tracks" on the Jubilee Vision, Youth and Young Adult Ministries,
Theological Reflection, Hispanic Ministries, Stewardship,
Faith Formation, Social Ministries, Vocational Discernment,
Liturgy and Music, Contemplative Prayer,
and Healing Ministries!

Contact The Rev. Lynn Oldham Robinett for Brochure and Registration Forms.

Endpage Editorial: What In God's Name Are You Doing???

St. Paul's Ministry Faire

Jean Hicks

When the subject of "ministry" comes up, most people tend to think of it as something that only Fr. Bruce, Rev. Lynn, and "clergy-type folks" do. That's their job, right?? Well, wrong!!

So what is "ministry"? Ministry is doing things for others in God's name, being Christ in the world. Yes, our priests and deacons are called to ordained ministry, but if you take a look at our baptismal covenant, we are all called to ministry. We are told to "proclaim by word and example the Good News of God in Christ", to "seek and serve Christ in all persons, loving your neighbor as yourself", and to "strive for justice and peace among all people, and respect the dignity of every human being."

God has given each person special gifts to be able to do something special which God has called them to do. It is using the gifts and talents that God has given to each of us to do good in

Christ's name that identifies our actions as "ministry" and separates them from what might otherwise be considered "social work", or general good volunteer work. Our job is to find out (or discern) what our gifts are and what our ministry is, or what it is that God has called us to do with those gifts.

What do our ministries at St. Paul's look like? They are as varied as the members of the parish themselves, because each of us are unique children of God, and have been given different gifts. Some people feel called to be good hosts, making sure that we have goodies for Coffee Hours on Sunday mornings. Some are called to read the lessons, lead prayers, and

When the subject of "ministry" comes up, most people tend to think of it as something that only . . . "clergy-type folks" do. That's their job, right?? Well, Wrong!

serve communion at our various services. Some people are called to share their musical gifts to enhance our worship. Some feel called to assemble this newsletter each month and affix mailing labels, and get it ready to go to the post office for mailing. Some people are called to prayer and healing. Some are called to serve those in jail and in prison in various ways. Some people are called to visit elderly shut-ins in nursing homes. Some feel called to help others learn to speak English, or help children with homework. And the list goes on...

On Sunday, May 6th, people involved in many of our ministries will be sharing information with you during coffee hour times to help you find ways to use your talents for the glory of God. If you haven't yet discovered God's gifts to you, there will be people available to help you identify your gifts and talents! Come and grow in grace!!

Death, concluded

was accomplished that night. However, I do know and am convinced that even in the depths of this inner circle of hell, a gracious and loving God was indeed real and present for me and for Robert. Were it not so, I would not be writing this account today.

Ashley E. Stetson

Died April 4, 2001

Longtime members of St. Paul's will remember Ashley E. Stetson, who was very active in the parish in the '50's and '60's serving on the vestry and as an usher. Mr. Stetson spent his last years in Raleigh, NC and died there peacefully on April 4, 2001

The Mission Statement of St. Paul's Episcopal Church

We are called to be a diverse and inclusive community of Christians in the Anglican tradition. We offer a compassionate haven for reconciliation, spiritual growth and commitment to social justice.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church

On the Web



1123 Court Street
San Rafael, California 94901

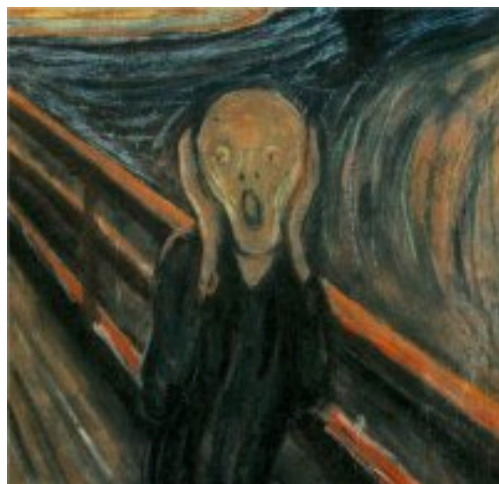
Phone: 415-456-4842

Fax: 415-456-1096

Email: info@stpaulssanrafael.org

Web: <http://www.stpaulssanrafael.org>

Founded in 1868, St. Paul's parish worships weekly at the oldest and most beautiful church in Marin County, a classic Gothic Revival structure built of 19th Century California Redwood. With a mission of providing a "compassionate haven for reconciliation, spiritual growth and commitment to social justice," it has been in the forefront of superb Anglican liturgy and music, healing and contemplative ministries, social action, and the building of Christian communities for decades.



**Oh, no! I missed the
Vision Table at the
Ministry Faire!**

Get a grip, Edvard.

Sure, the Ministry Faire's over, but you can still get all the help you need to discover the ministry that you're called to. Or you can learn how to create the ministry that's just right for you. Helping people find their ministries is the only ministry the Vision Group has. So stop screaming and call Jay Luther at 456-6197 to start down the path of your very own Vision process.

Click this link to see our Ministry Faire brochure:
<http://www.stpaulssanrafael.org/smallvisionbrochure.pdf>