

Seasons



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Seasons

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Welcome!

The Rev. Dr. Simon J. Mainwaring

Have you ever been really thirsty? For much to all of my childhood growing up in middle England, I took water for granted. It came to me clean out of the faucet. I could drink it in an endless variety of ways, including of course – being English – as one form or other of tea. It never ran out, and I never imagined that it would. Then, at the age of 18, I had my first experience of living overseas for six months in northeast India. There, water was a precious and at times scarce thing. For my sensitive Western belly, it was not clean to drink from the faucet, and even if it were, many days when you turned the faucet nothing came out. Water was seasonal. In a monsoonal climate, life waits for the waters to come in their due season. During those seemingly endless weeks of dryness, it felt as if I was always thirsty. And then the rains came. In the hill region where we lived, streams would burst forth. Plant life would flourish and at last we would get relief from the summer heat.

This inaugural edition of *Seasons*, our exciting new publication for All Saints' comes to us in the midst of a dry season of our own. We are thirsty for what we also used to take for granted: eating in crowded restaurants with no care as to whether the person at the table nearby might be sick; kids in school and at play, and we in and out of one another's lives with carefree ease; singing together, sharing bread and wine together, seeing each other face to face. It's amazing just how much there is that we count on without even noticing that we do.

It has taken a pandemic for society at large to notice the value of the everyday things and what we say is important about our lives. More personally, we can find that our thirst for what the New Testament calls "living waters" can be made known to us by the degree to which we choose to author the life we are living. Yes, we confess with joy and confidence that Christ Jesus is the wellspring of the waters that will quench our thirst for a life that is lived deeper than the surface level. Yet, much like the Samaritan woman who encounters Jesus at the well in John's gospel (John 4:1–26), we have to make our movement toward the source in order to discover it.

Reading the pieces written in this first edition of *Seasons*, I'm struck how each tells a story of that sort of movement to where living waters might be found. From pilgrims crossing the waters to the holy lands of Israel and Jordan, to youth and young adults stirring the waters as they strive for justice in our time, the sense of movement in body and heart is clear. As you'll read, sometimes the movement toward one another requires the kind of tenacity that former refugees learn through long seasons of thirsting for mercy and hope, and sometimes a thirst for God is a life-long deepening of the soul as so many of us have witnessed in the life and leadership of Martha Sterne.

Whatever your thirst might be right now, I pray that the pages of this beautiful publication will stir up those deeper pools that dwell within you for your own unique and

wondrous human expression of life on this earth. Here's to all the seasons we enjoy as this church, and to the great privilege we share in offering a cool drink to a thirsty world.

Peace,

The Rev. Dr. Simon J. Mainwaring, rector

Found in Translation

26-year-old helps refugee community with English translation and education

from Louisa Merchant



I met Paw Gaw in October 2018, when we were both sitting on the floor of Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport – for seven hours. Paw had come to help out with Karen language interpretation for the arrival of our new Refugee Ministries family from Myanmar (Burma).

A friend at our refugee agency had asked her to help us because he knew our new family didn't speak any English. Because no one was permitted to meet the family at the gate, they got lost. Finally, at 1 a.m., the airport allowed Paw to go down to the lower levels by herself and find our new family.

That was the beginning of a wonderful relationship of ministry. For example, when All Saints' provided Threads clothing and backpacks filled with school supplies to 136 children in Clarkston and Stone Mountain who, like all of us, were struggling with the isolations of COVID-19, some 20 of those families came to us through Paw Gaw. These same families also received an online tutor from All Saints' to help their children with schoolwork.

Paw is 26 years old. She spends most days helping her community with English interpretation in everything from applying for food assistance to buying a car. When I asked Paw how she came to such an active ministry in her community, she said, "I would pray to God, 'Use me when you can, especially for the Karen people who face a lot because everything is new, and they need help'."

I had known Paw for a year before I realized that a story that I had been telling people for months was about her sister. Refugee Ministries works with families from Burma, Nepal and countries in Africa and the Middle East. We often don't know what our families have been through so when I heard this story one night from the chair of our Refugee Ministries Advisory Board, Steve Heckler, he was opening my eyes to something for the first time.

He told us about a young woman who had come to the U.S. from a refugee camp in Thailand and had decided to go back to this camp to visit when she was on a semester abroad from Agnes Scott College. When she approached the camp surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards, she was told that she only had 50 minutes inside or they would come and get her.

When she entered the gate, she was immediately surrounded by families, crying and hugging her, because they remembered her as a child when her family lived in the camp for 11 years. She said that she could not get over the fact that during the decade that she had been gone, learned to speak English and had the opportunity to attend college, these families hadn't been able to leave the prison walls of the refugee camp.

Fewer than 1% of the more than 24 million people worldwide designated as refugees ever get to come to a third country like the U.S., where they have the legal right to live, work and receive an education. This young woman was Meh Sod Paw, Paw's sister.



Paw Gaw (right) with her sister Med Sod Paw. Their mother named all her children Paw, which means flower in Karen.

It turns out that both Meh Sod and Paw attended the Global Village Project, a school for former refugee girls located in Decatur. This amazing school was started in 2009 by Barbara Thompson, founder of All Saints' Refugee Ministries, as well as by All Saints' parishioners Chris Burgess, Pamela Koperda, Kris Birkness and other community members.

Kris Birkness states, "The school was founded to address the needs of teenage girls who experienced interrupted education from war. We needed to find a way to teach them what they needed to know to make it in public school."

Both Meh Sod and Paw Gaw can't say enough about their experience at the GVP school. Paw

says, "It felt like home. I started acting like myself again because it was so comfortable and because there were people you could trust."

Both sisters recognize the impact outstanding and empathetic education has had on their lives. Meh Sod plans to begin her master's program in teaching next year thanks to a full scholarship. Paw Gaw, when she isn't busy learning how to start a Karen grocery store in her community to help her family and friends, will help All Saints' connect Karen kids with online tutors. She says, "Navigating the online school system has been really hard because we have kids whose parents don't speak English." It's an honor to know these amazing resilient young women, and it is an honor to learn from them how to give back. •

This Buoyant and Abiding Faith Saints traverse oceans from Caribbean roots to Midtown

from the Rev. Sarah C. Stewart

Just before the Psalmist observes, "There is a stream that makes glad the city of God," the speaker watches mountains slip beneath the waves of a turbulent sea.

Life's tumult stirs our urge to seek refuge. Such havens evoke human rejoicing, even amid difficulty. Relief floods our bodies as we surrender to our source, the spirit who hovers over the whole creation with soothing whispers of love.

Tales of an underground spring that nourishes our magnolia along West Peachtree Street are legendary. Less familiar, perhaps, are vignettes bearing witness to God's grace, enlivening our community and our city through the presence of our Caribbean American siblings in Christ. Their companionship has inspired uplifting celebrations and enriched our shared lives with vibrant culture. Such spirited rejoicing echoes God's own jubilation, whenever we share the living waters of our faith.

Some saints have traversed oceans to make their home among our Midtown family. They grace us with reminders of the beauty of the global Anglican tradition, in which Episcopalians merge with other branches of the Jesus Movement in ways that stretch and bless us all. Hailing from islands where residents know firsthand the fragility of life upon this earth, "our island home," these fellow Christians exude trust in God's faithfulness.

Confidence in God's constant care flows from replenishing habits of prayer. Such precious resources, shared generously by Bahamian members of All Saints', hold out hope amid global uncertainty. For many, life's storms raged long before coronavirus.

Lisa Gomez-Cantrell recalls her family relocation in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. A long-time friend, Tanya Mann, persuaded Gomez-Cantrell to choose Atlanta over Houston when departing New Orleans, where Gomez-Cantrell saved local neighbors from disaster before leaving town. It wasn't until a priest stopped by the local wireless store in Midtown, where Gomez-Cantrell worked, that she discovered the spiritual hospitality that typifies our life together.

All Saints' liturgical sensibilities contrasted with high church worship at St. Agnes' Nassau, where Gomez-Cantrell grew up and her grandfather served as Sunday school superintendent. That didn't stop Lisa's daughters from putting down roots. The girls quickly were singing in the choir, attending formation classes and serving as acolytes. Naming the magnetism that swept them into the fold, Lisa describes "the sense of connection that brings everyone back together with joy."

Another transplant, from Bimini, Tanya Mann also found herself delighted by the energy that drew in the Gomez-Cantrells. The Manns sacrificed to make the commute from Roswell to embrace the warmth of this communion.

Vaughan Fountain cites his own spiritual upbringing – rooted in the same parish that shaped Gomez-Cantrell – as the reason he was drawn to All Saints'. Fountain visited diverse denominations as a young adult hungry for dynamic worship. When he and his wife Nadia began building their family, they looked for a faith community that prioritized prayer, gratitude and justice. For Vaughan, All Saints'



Saints from around the globe joined in blessing Robin Saunders' son, Ocean, during his baptism earlier this year.



Atlanta Junkanoo Group performs at All Saints' to raise money to help victims of Hurricane Dorian in 2019. The performances reflect traditional parades on Boxing Day and New Year's Day that showcase months of creative design and artistic rehearsal.

offered a unique context where individuals could know and be known, joining together to cultivate resilience and to live compassionately, in response to the needs of neighbors both local and global.

Last year, after Hurricane Dorian ravaged the Bahamas, the Fountains galvanized All Saints' for a fundraiser to assist rebuilding efforts. Their ministry welcomed Midtown saints and friends to sample cuisine and music, performed by Vaughn's own percussive Junkanoo band. Nadia's faithful leadership in All Saints' MICAH Project fosters spaces for reflection and healing through honest conversations around race.

Virgin Islanders Joycelyn and Ethelred Martin have weathered decades of nature's caprice. The couple celebrated 30 years "better together" this summer. Not even a year-long postponement of their wedding due to hurricane onslaught of their homeland could cancel their love. Joycelyn connects love's power to stretch us on this spiritual journey, noting it can be easier to give than to receive love's humble fruits. Recounting

a season when her own health needed extra care, Joycelyn recalls how All Saints' Befrienders Ministry helped her. These days she looks for ways to "bless people each day."

As president of Georgia's Caribbean American Heritage Coalition, Joycelyn is indeed a blessing, relentlessly advocating for individuals and families throughout metropolitan Atlanta, supporting their efforts to secure naturalization as citizens, voting rights and healthcare.

Seas do not always roar and foam, the Psalmist reveals. Robin Saunders cherishes the haven she knows in living waters, which even inspired her son's name of Ocean. His 2019 baptism at All Saints' gathered Anglicans from near and far, including Bahamian relatives. That glorious day magnified the Christ light that splashes across our city.

Delighting in the refuge and refreshment we know through this wellspring of abundant life, we lift up thankful hearts to praise our loving Creator, whose faithfulness gladdens the whole creation!

A Pilgrim's Reflection

First-hand account of All Saints' journey to the Holy Land

from Dwayne Summar, photos from Tom Rhodes

Tom Rhodes, the principal of a Dunwoody-based architectural firm, shares some of his most profound experiences from All Saints' February pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

For years, I had wanted to visit the Holy Land – but with someone who possessed a theological background and deep understanding of place rather than a tour guide, even a well-trained one. So, when my wife Kathi called me at the office and said Simon (Mainwaring, All Saints' rector) was leading a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, my response was immediate – let's go.

Called "The Holy Land and Biblical Jordan," the pilgrimage was Feb. 14–26, just prior to the pandemic. More than 40 parishioners signed on. Simon had written in the brochure introduction: "As we travel

together through Jerusalem, Cana, Nazareth, Galilee and Jordan, we will have the opportunity to visit sacred sites and to weave scripture, stories, lessons and the experiences of that part of the world into our own life stories."



Tom and Kathi Rhodes.

Shabbat at Jerusalem's massive Western Wall.







Top left: Magnificent Roman ruins abound.

Bottom left: Via Dolorosa, the path on which Jesus bore the cross.

Top right: Sunrise over the gentle waves of the Sea of Galilee.



There are many definitions of pilgrimage, yet my personal favorite is "to seek a close encounter with God." Just one encounter would have been wonderful. But in retrospect, the glorious nature of this pilgrimage was experiencing numerous genuine God encounters.

An early-on encounter came one morning while plying the gentle waves of the Sea of Galilee. Others included renewing our wedding vows in Cana where, of course, He was a guest! Renewing my baptism in the flooded Jordan River is a memory I shall carry always and surely He was present then too.

There's more ... standing upon Mount Nebo overlooking the Promised Land produced goosebumps. Traversing the rustic steps of Via Dolorosa was life changing. Watching Kathi climb up onto the hump of an indignant camel in Petra – well perhaps not a God moment but certainly worth the cost of the airfare!



A single most cherished memory? Experiencing Shabbat (the Jewish Sabbath) at sunset beneath the massive Western Wall in Jerusalem was so profoundly moving that Kathi and I continued to celebrate this ancient custom each Friday evening complete with a little menorah purchased in the Old City. The singing, the dancing and the sheer joy of the celebrants was exhilarating. It touched my heart deeply. I returned for the conclusion of Shabbat (the Havdalah ceremony) refusing to leave until seeing the first three stars appeared in a crystal blue sky above ancient blocks of tan-hued stones.

In 2011, my father was on his way to Jerusalem with his church but fell gravely ill one month prior to departure. He never made the journey. We postponed our memorial service until his friends returned from that pilgrimage to join in our joyful celebration of my Dad's wonderful life. Accordingly, I was a hot mess of emotion that evening during my visit to the wall amidst

a light rain, but Jesus came along for the walk, reminded me I was well-loved and assured me that Dad was watching from above. Call me crazy, but this really happened. That's a God encounter. From Celtic theology, this perfectly depicts an exceedingly rare "thin moment" where heaven and earth briefly touch.

During our divine adventure, we were taught by a Jordanian guide, a Catholic guide born in Jerusalem, a Muslim scholar, a Jewish historian and Hosam Naoum, the Bishop-elect of the Episcopal Diocese of Jerusalem. Also, I learned more from a 10-minute cab ride in Jerusalem than from 20 years of watching the news back home. Each person spoke of the millennia of conflicts and tension, yet each one also spoke so eloquently of survival, of accommodation, of life and of perseverance. And they all expressed a deep yearning for that elusive thing called peace, ironically in the footsteps of the King of Peace. •

Of God and Google Baptism and mission in time of pandemic

from the Rev. Zack Nyein



After leaving the fundamentalist traditions of her upbringing and rediscovering faith as a young adult, Amy Stage struggled for years to find a church that resonated with her gracious and expanding experience of God. After nearly giving up, Amy found All Saints' through a Google search in the first weeks of the pandemic and immediately knew her search was over. Amy had found her spiritual home.

On Oct. 18, the 34-year-old was welcomed to the waters of baptism, amidst sacred grounds and urban sounds converging within Kennedy Courtyard – an "altar in the world," to quote former All Saints' priest, Barbara Brown Taylor. Due to the pandemic, the day of Amy's baptism also marked her first time stepping foot onto All Saints' campus or meeting any of its clergy and people in-person. Thankfully, this blind date with destiny could be described as "love at first sight."

A small group of saints showed up donning masks, with physical distance, to extend with gusto the customary greeting: "We receive you into the household of God. Confess the faith of Christ crucified, proclaim his resurrection and share with us in his eternal priesthood!"

There was nothing "normal" about it, and yet for a moment, palpable joy pierced through. The Holy One was with us. Historically, the church has characterized baptism as the "rite of Christian initiation." In it, we are claimed as children of the God who promises to be refuge, strength, and shield. Paradoxically, however, baptism does not permanently sequester us from the woes of the world. If baptism is initiation into Christ's own Body, then it is initiation as much into sacrifice as security; as much into trouble as peace.

Put simply, baptism calls us deeper into relationship with the people and places where Christ wills to be found – among the last and the least; with tax collectors, prostitutes, sinners, and saints who couldn't be more different. Sinners and saints, just like us.

The baptized life aims not to fortify our faith within four walls. Rather, it blurs the real and imagined borders that divide us – those between



All Saints' finds uniques ways to worship together while remaining safe, from outdoor services, baptisms, our annual animal blessing and more.



We will one day return to our beloved stone edifice, where we will gather again at God's table to feast on Christ's Body and Blood. Until then, we make our altar in the world, as we continue to baptize, alongside Amy, all who would join us in faith lived out where sanctuary meets street. Until then, we remain Christ's risen Body – living stones for a world that hungers, thirsts and even Googles after the God who lives in us. For, "out of the believer's heart shall flow rivers of living water" (John 7:38).

Nothing about it is normal. Still, the Holy One is with us. •

self and neighbor, church and world, sacred and profane. If there has been any grace for the church in 2020, it has been in the opportunity to be more the church – the Body of Christ, constituted through baptism, gathered and scattered for the good of the world.

All Saints' has embraced this call in myriad new and creative ways during the pandemic. Through online worship, Zoom groups, coat collections, food drives, pet blessings, lantern parades, backyard weddings, and everyday acts of justice, mercy and love, the saints have taken to the city, where God has been at work all along.



Upper left: Sacred space has made outdoors for worshippers ready to return to campus safely during this time of pandemic.

Lower right: The Rev. Dr. Andrew Barnett blesses one of many pets who attended our annual Blessing of the Animals, this year held in a Georgia World Congress Center parking lot.

On being human in the face of a pandemic

from Shannon and Stephen Dobranski

How do you live your faith in a time of pandemic? How can you serve others while struggling with your own doubt and anxiety? These are questions all of us must answer during these unprecedented times.

Healthcare professionals, of course, have a special burden in dealing with the strain and stress caused by COVID-19.

Joe Bresee is a member of All Saints' and associate director for global health at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC). In normal times, he directs the influenza division. But since late January, Joe has been serving as deputy incident manager of the national response to the coronavirus. It's a job he volunteered for hoping to draw on his years of experience with other outbreaks.

So far, Joe has found COVID-19 to be not much different from other contagious diseases he has worked on like SARS. However, the response to this global health threat, like others, requires a community of committed professionals who lean on each other as they serve a larger cause.

Joe feels fortunate to work alongside people who "have been amazingly dedicated and have kept the focus on mission and science throughout, putting in long days and weeks away from their families and friends – in service."

In 2003, Joe was far from home, in Hong Kong, working on the SARS outbreak. Late one night, missing his wife and young children, he returned to his hotel room and listened to that week's sermon online.

All Saints' then rector, Geoffrey Hoare, had focused on "precious gifts, freely given," a message that continues to help Joe during the current crisis.

"What resonated with me, then and now," he says, "is the central idea that giving is a blessing, especially giving that which is most precious. In that case, and now, one thing that I am able to give is time or work in service to the goals of reducing the impact or risk from this virus. The cost, then and now, is time away from family and is precious."

Joe's advice for all of us as we seek a path forward is to embrace our own community. "It sounds trite," he says, "but recognize that the uncertainty and fear that the pandemic necessarily generates is felt by everyone. Amidst the pressures to isolate or retreat, find ways to connect with others to talk and spend time with them as an antidote to the anxiety that the daily news might bring." •



Joe Bresee,
All Saints'
parishioner
and associate
director for
global health,
Centers for
Disease Control
and Prevention.

Protests in a time of pandemic Taking a stand for justice, in your own way

from Ivy Holliman Way

"Let justice roll down like water, and righteousness like a mighty stream!" (Amos 5:24)



Atlanta has long wanted to be seen as "the city too busy to hate," but she's no stranger to racial tension. In September 1906, Atlanta witnessed a heated gubernatorial campaign between Clark Howell, editor/owner of the Atlanta Constitution, and Hoke Smith, one — time owner of the

Atlanta Journal. Back then, the question of disenfranchising Black Georgians was a top issue.

Both candidates used race-baiting in their papers, specifically, the fear of Black male violence against white women to ensure that white men took to the polls and elected the candidate most likely to end the Black vote. In the aftermath, Jim Crow segregation took firm hold in Atlanta, and the Black vote largely ended for the half-century.

Fast-forward half a century to September 1966. Atlanta was not "Bombingham," but it experienced racial tensions during the civil rights era too, even if the national press paid much less attention. Interstate construction and urban renewal had engendered mistrust between working class Black Atlanta neighborhoods, city government and business elites.

In the summer of 1966, Summerhill residents staged a traffic-stopping football game on Capitol Avenue to protest the fact that the city had not fulfilled its promise to build a neighborhood playground. By September, when Atlanta police pulled over and shot a Black man on suspicion of auto theft, Summerhill residents and community organizers were fed up.

In response, the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee called demonstrators to protest racist treatment from the city. Mayor Ivan Allen dodged flying bricks and bottles as he tried to calm down demonstrators. The Summerhill riot cemented the idea that poor Black residents in downtown Atlanta felt that the city power structure was not representing their best interests, and this mistrust would continue through subsequent waves of downtown redevelopment.

May 2020, 10 weeks after the COVID-19 shutdown began in Georgia:

On the weekend after Memorial Day, Mayor Keisha Lance Bottoms sent a text message announcing a city-wide curfew. She wanted to prevent possible violence downtown.

Americans were reeling from the death of a Black man named George Floyd. During a traffic stop on May 25, a police officer in Minneapolis pinned Floyd down on the ground with his knee for eight minutes and 46 seconds, suffocating him. We know 8:46 because of leaked video recordings of the event that made their way onto every social media platform and broadcast news network. Floyd's death, sadly, was not unusual. That his death prompted nationwide protests in the midst of a global pandemic was. Black Americans were willing to risk infection from the novel coronavirus to take to the streets to say again, "Black Lives Matter!"



In Atlanta, protests over Floyd's death centered on Centennial Olympic Park and the adjacent CNN Center, the closest thing we still have to a town square or city center. People were and are angry enough about racism that they are literally risking their lives twice over – risking violence at the demonstrations, either from police or from fellow demonstrators, and risking infection from COVID-19, being in close proximity with other protestors, some of whom were not wearing masks.

I was torn. I knew all too well why people were protesting, and I wanted to participate. I also felt guilty about of my own white privilege. My entire life, I have had access to better schools because of the color of my skin. My schooling has opened up networks, interviews, opportunities, jobs and economic security. I know the playing field is not level – I owe my successes in part to the advantages that my skin color has afforded me. But would my being there help? What if I got injured? What if I got sick?

Spoiler alert: I did not go out to protest. I did not march after Floyd's death, nor did I take to the streets two weeks later, after police killed Rayshard Brooks at a Wendy's on University Avenue. I did not stand at the candlelight vigil memorializing John Lewis' death. But... I am protesting. I am playing to my strengths. I am teaching.

I teach about 400 college undergraduates every academic year. I have always approached the

Introduction to U.S. History with a missionary's zeal, impressing upon students how and why history matters. But this semester more than ever, I want students to understand that before we can say history matters, we must first acknowledge that Black Lives Matter.



Our nation's history is complicated in part because we have had people in power that have denied the humanity of Blacks' lives. Our nation's story becomes richer when we place greater emphasis on underrepresented voices, multiple perspectives, and it means sometimes coming to terms with conflicting sources. I want students to develop empathy toward people within their historical context, particularly where it differs from their own contexts.

I am not indoctrinating anyone to a particular ideology. I want students to think about how competing notions of liberty and justice over time have led to changing ideas about what the federal government should do and whom it should serve. My protest lies in re-engaging students with the idea of the public good and democratic ideals. •

Page 14: Whitney Grimes and coworker.

Page 15, top: Grace Osborn and friends.

Page 15, bottom: Paul Frilingos.



The Rev. Martha Sterne grew up in Jackson, Mississippi, an eighth generation Mississippian. Born in 1947, her high school was integrated her senior year, leaving a lasting impression on her.

"Six brave souls came to this high school with a total student population of 1,800. That caught my attention. I don't know that I could have done that," Sterne said.

Martha Sterne Profile on a Saint

from Justin Averette

After high school, her parents wanted her to expand her horizons, sending her to Vanderbilt University, where she met her husband of 50 years, Carroll. The couple lived in Atlanta most of those five decades, raising their children here.

Sterne was raised Presbyterian but came to the Episcopal Church after operating an employment project at Perry Homes mixed-income community. She grew frustrated she couldn't help the families in the community more.

"I had been working with the employment program three or four years, connecting people to low paying jobs and not really doing anything about their need for childcare," Sterne said. "I went to seminary after that when I figured out, I don't know what I'm doing, and I want to think about that a lot more."

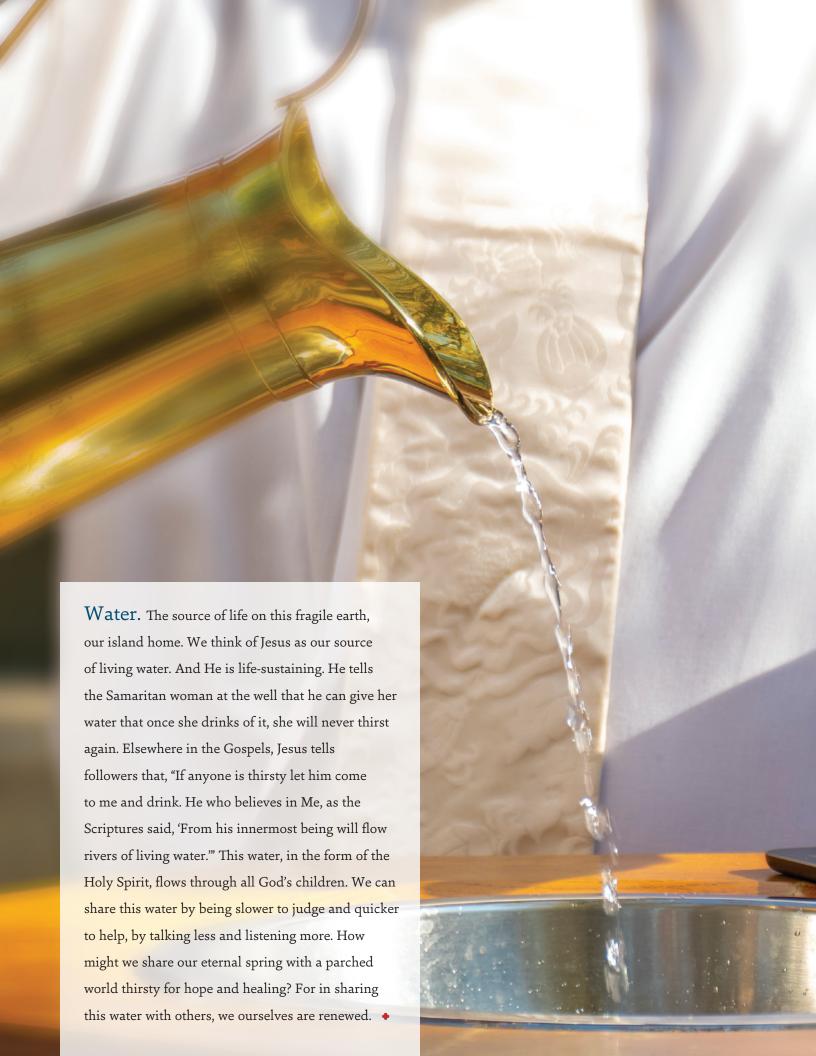
She started with All Saints' right out of Candler School of Theology in 1988. She thinks she was recruited in part due to her involvement with the project at Perry Homes and other work around racial justice.

"That's what I did at All Saints'. I was their outreach person, and we were doing a bunch of good things, some of which I inherited and some of which I helped start," Sterne said.

That work over the next 10 years included helping at-risk youth finish their education, a night shelter that eventually evolved to Covenant Community, refugee outreach and AIDS ministries.

"I never did anything at All Saints' that wasn't covered up by the brains and heart of All Saints' parishioners. All I did was get myself in the middle of people who were thinking and willing to work on something that could reach out into the world."

After All Saints', Sterne was rector of St. Andrew's in Maryville, Tennessee, for 10 years before returning to Atlanta to be nearer to children and grandchildren. She took a job as associate rector of Holy Innocents in Sandy Springs and has written two books (*Alive* and *Loose in the Ordinary and Earthly Good*) on helping people pay attention to the living presence of God in us and in all our days. •





Christmas Day, Friday, December 25 • Morning Prayer for Christmas Day, 10:00 a.m.

Services will be broadcast on Facebook and Vimeo. Find us online at allsaintsatlanta.org.

For the most current announcements on upcoming events, service opportunities, and worship services, please visit allsaintsatlanta.org/sunday-announcements.

