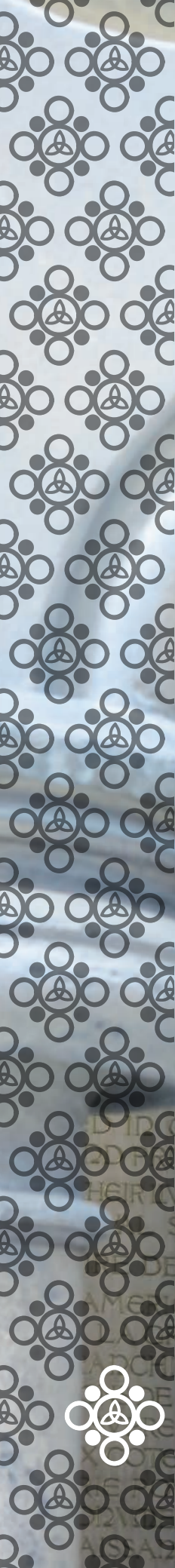


Trinité

VOLUME 9 N 2

THE MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN CATHEDRAL IN PARIS

SPRING 2014



OUR DEAD
ACROSS
WAR OF 1914-1918
OUR COMRADES
GAVE THEIR
THEIR ALLIES
LOYALTY FOR GOD
MEMORIALS ARE
TO EXPRESS GRATITUDE
TO THOSE
WHOSE LIVES WENT TO THE DEATH
SHINE UPON THEM
DE NOS MORTS
AMERICAINS
D'UNE GRANDE GUERRE
D'OUVRIR LES MERS
DE LEURS CAMARADES
D'UN ME SACRIFICE
XOTES DE LEURS ALLIES
SEULS POUR L'HUMANITE
DONT LE MONDE EST CONSACRE
A L'AMOUR ET FIERTE

LEST WE FORGET
"Something of which
we can be proud"

THE HISTORY OF
THE CATHEDRAL
And the story of its telling





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The American Cathedral in Paris

Dean and Rector
The Very Reverend
Lucinda Rawlings Laird

Canon Pastor
The Reverend
Elizabeth Hall Hendrick

Canon for Music
Zachary Ullery

Canon for Administration
Giles Williams

Trinité

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A place for pilgrimage



Beloved in Christ,

It's spring, the sun is shining and the flowers are blooming – Paris is at its best. As I write it's the week before Holy Week and Easter, so the Cathedral is a beehive of activity, and constant choir rehearsals mean that the most glorious music is heard. Come and see!

This Lent, I was fortunate enough to participate in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, led by Neil Janin and Joanne Blakemore. It was a wonderful, intense, unsettling, and holy experience. Amongst many other things, it has led me to think deeply about pilgrimage itself.

Pilgrimage is an ancient tradition, even pre-dating Christianity. Christian pilgrimages started early, and we can read 4th century accounts of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem by a nun named Egeria. Over the centuries other places of pilgrimage developed: Rome, Santiago de Compostela, Canterbury. Pilgrims went to places associated with Christ, with saints, or with great events.

Why does one go on pilgrimage? People have gone for many reasons: to strengthen their faith; as a

sign of gratitude and thanksgiving; to fulfill a vow; as penance; to make a new start; or simply to get away from the familiar and mundane and look at their lives differently.

The goal is always important, but perhaps the journey itself is even more so. Who knows what or who one may encounter on the way. Today, when it's simply a question of getting on a plane, this may not be so apparent, but medieval pilgrimages often took months or years. Who one traveled with, who one encountered, what risks and adventures and mishaps presented themselves – all these were part of the journey of faith.

Before our pilgrimage group set out, I sent all the members part of Auden's famous "For the Time Being":

*He is the Way.
Follow him through the Land of Unlikeness;
You will see rare beasts and have unique adventures.*

And I would venture to say that we did.

Pilgrimage and journey have always been key metaphors for the Christian life. Early Christians



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were called “followers of the Way.” John Bunyan’s great work, “Pilgrim’s Progress,” has as its full title “The Pilgrim’s Progress from This World to That Which is to Come,” and he is the author of the well-known hymn that calls us “to be a pilgrim.” And as I walked the actual King’s Highway in Jordan, I remembered singing as a child, “I know not where the road will lead I follow day by day, or where it ends: I only know I walk the King’s Highway.”



A FILM CLIP ON EPISCOPAL NEWS SERVICE FEATURING THE AMERICAN CATHEDRAL AND DEAN LAIRD ATTRACTED MANY “LIKES” IN OUR FACEBOOK POSTING. “IT’S A CHURCH WITH A FASCINATING HISTORY,” THE NARRATOR BEGINS, AND DEAN LAIRD’S COMMENTARY FOCUSES ON THE CHURCH’S PRESENT AND FUTURE. YOU CAN FIND IT AT: WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/WATCH?V=E45EQVRKAM0

If the goal and the journey are important, so too is the coming home. One does not/should not return from a pilgrimage unchanged. The pilgrim returns to home, to family, to the familiar – but now it too is changed, seen in a new light. T.S. Eliot says (“Little Gidding”):

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

For the Christian, Christ is the starting place and the goal, the journey and the journey’s end.

What does all this have to do with the Cathedral? One answer is our own pilgrimages: the wonderful ones led by Joanne Blakemore and Neil Janin to Israel and Palestine, Rome, Istanbul and – next spring, we hope – Canterbury. And the youth pilgrimages, including this year’s journey to

Santiago de Compostela. More than that, however, I see the Cathedral as a place of pilgrimage, a beginning and an ending.

What brings people to Paris from other countries? There are many kinds of searching, often unarticulated. People here often find that as strangers in a strange land they see things differently. They may come to the Cathedral seeking community, or just to speak English, and find themselves transformed. We are here, I believe, as a refuge, but also as a place of change and transformation.

One thing I’ve already found difficult here is the constant turnover – people come and go constantly. But as they go out from here, I think many take a piece of this community with them. If they return home – wherever that may be – they return changed. If they go elsewhere, they may see that they continue a sacred journey.

The Cathedral is a vibrant community, but it’s also a way station on a sacred journey

The American Cathedral is a vibrant community, part of the Body of Christ, here in Paris. It is also, I would venture to say, a place of pilgrimage. For all of you who read this issue of Trinité, I hope part of your own journey, your own pilgrimage, has been or will be here. ☺



No one's indispensable?

With Margaret Harrison's retirement, we'll soon find out

Let us all hope that it's true that no one is indispensable, because the Cathedral will soon lose to retirement someone who has seemed utterly indispensable for a long time now, our parish coordinator, Margaret Harrison.

The challenges of Cathedral life without Margaret are brought into relief when one considers all the things she does. Most visible and perhaps the most time-consuming is her preparation of the service bulletins, more than 200 each year, not including those for Lessons and Carols during Christmastide, or for weddings and funerals (which are often bilingual).

We've all seen those lists of funny mistakes in church bulletins – and maybe we keep thinking that surely Margaret will slip up and put something laughable in our own. But her mistakes are rare indeed. Would that the photocopier were as reliable – its occasional breakdowns are perhaps the most stressful moments for Margaret, entailing emergency visits to local copy shops to beg them to make our Sunday morning deadline.

Margaret's hand is less visible but just as critical in the weekday hospitality we show visitors through

the front desk volunteers. Recruitment, scheduling and substitution fall to Margaret and – thanks to the dedication of the volunteers and Margaret's attention to the schedule – only rarely does a staff member have to step in.

Want to know how to do something or solve some problem? You could look it up, but chances are you'll "just ask Margaret"

The reservation and use of our spaces for internal and external users – the nave, parish hall, meeting rooms, narthex reception room, etc. – are all managed by Margaret. Inquiries about weddings, funerals, baptisms? It's Margaret who responds. Scheduling the blessings of Japanese marriages? Margaret. Requests to include names on the prayer list? Margaret keeps track. Data base maintenance? Margaret. Production of labels for all written communication to parishioners and Friends of the Cathedral? Right – it's Margaret. Questions about



6 virtually everything else? Why, “ask Margaret,” of course, even if the answers are in the bulletin, or on the website, or somewhere else that’s easy enough to find. Margaret usually has the answer, and Margaret always answers with patience and good humor. In addition to all of the above, other jobs may fall to her also if there’s illness or other emergencies with staff or volunteers. She modestly admits, “I’ve adapted to changes in volunteer and professional human resources, as everyone must who works, but especially people who work for small organizations.”



HARRISONS, EASTER 1984

How did Margaret come to work at the Cathedral? First she came to worship, in 1982, when she and her husband, Nat, arrived in Paris after living

in Cairo for five years and working as freelance journalists. He came to join the staff of Agence France-Press, and she to be a fulltime mother of two young children. On her first Sunday she thought the church “was much too elegant for me. I thought I’d never feel comfortable here.”

Situations that now seem funny weren’t so much so when they happened: A rising tide that lifted no boats, a collapsing ceiling that drenched vital records

But she discovered much more than the elegance and has had three incarnations as a Cathedral parishioner matching Nat’s three Paris postings: 1982-1987; 1992-1996, when she taught English at l’École Active Bilingue, and from October 2001 (Nat postponed the move from Washington to cover 9/11), until now. She heard about the opening at the Cathedral soon after arriving and says “I considered a job at the school where I had taught before, but this was the job I wanted.”

With both children living in the U.S. by then, Margaret and Nat had been hesitant about returning to Paris, but “Paris was so wonderful and this job fell into my lap, and it was as if God were looking after us.”

During each of her three Parisian stints Margaret has been an enthusiastic member of the alto section of the Cathedral choir. During this latest stay, she has also served as secretary on the board of Les Arts George V and volunteered with the Mission and Outreach computer literacy training program. Margaret echoes the sentiments of many choir members, saying “for the non-professional choir member, being allowed to sing in this choir with the staff singers and the excellent direction is more a gift one is given than a gift one gives.”



And looking ahead she says “what I will miss most is the choir, both for the experience of singing and for the choir community. No other choir or chorus has meant so much to me.” As a staff member she has lived through some “situations that now seem funny that were nerve-wracking at the time. There was the day before Christmas



MARGARET, THE PERSON TO ASK

Even when, during heavy rain, the whole crypt level suddenly filled with sewage.” There was the time the roof over where archives were then stored sprang a leak and “the whole staff spent the afternoon spreading armloads of wet archives over all the furniture and the floor of the library.”

And the time “the whole ceiling of the nursery collapsed, very fortunately during a school

vacation when there was no class in the room.” Funny now, but reassuring to know that the recent renovations mean we should have no similar anecdotes any time soon.

While Margaret never planned to live abroad for most of her life, it isn't too surprising, since she met Nat in Africa, where both were serving in the Peace Corps. Nat's job at AFP took them to Cyprus, Washington and to Paris three times, and they have no regrets. But they will end their foreign sojourn and return this summer to the Boston area. Both their children, David and Mary, live in the U.S. and they want to see more of them and of their anticipated grandchildren, the first, Mary's son, Will Harrison Adams, born April 4. Nat would also like to be more directly involved in American politics.

A tough decision to leave behind “our American place, but also our spiritual place”

Margaret says the decision to move back was hard for both of them. “The Cathedral is our American place, as well as our spiritual place, and we feel we belong here.”

We, too, know they belong here and that God was looking after not only Margaret, but the wider Cathedral community when she joined the staff 13 years ago. Let us all wish her and Nat Godspeed – and, Margaret, do you mind leaving us your phone number? ☺

Nancy Janin, now a London resident, maintains her ties to the parish through the Friends of the American Cathedral.



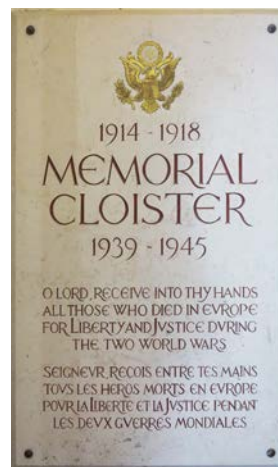


“... perhaps you can give us something of which we can be proud.”

Thus wrote Dean Frederick Beekman to the renowned New York neo-Gothic architect Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue in a letter dated January 3, 1922.

The Dean’s barbed challenge is part of an occasionally testy correspondence with the man chosen to design a memorial cloister at the Cathedral honoring the 116,500 Americans who died as a result of service in World War I, a conflict that erupted 100 years ago this July 28. The memorial, running along the exterior of the south wall of the nave, was dedicated on May 30, 1923.

The cloister’s historical reach was expanded in 1994 and it today memorializes those who perished in World War II as well, civilians and service members alike. This June 6 will be the 70th anniversary of the 1944 allied landings in Normandy that led to the defeat of Nazi Germany the following year.



But Beekman and Goodhue may well have labored under the assumption that no additions would ever be needed to the Cathedral cloister since the sacrifices it was to honor occurred in a war “to end all wars.” The Vestry had been thinking of a World War I memorial as early as November 16, 1918,

just five days after the Armistice. Cathedral policy at the time prohibited the placement of personal



“... perhaps you can give us something of which we can be proud.”

memorial tablets inside the church, and it was eventually decided that the outside wall on the south side of the nave would be used for a shrine in memory of those who lost their lives in the conflict.

George Washington,” by the African-American writer Phillis Wheatley, came to be seen in the late 18th century as the defiant personification of an America independent of Britain and Britannia.



Next to Columbia is a canopy decorated with an American eagle that hovers over five small figures representing a soldier, a sailor, a marine, an aviator and a nurse.

Below, there are bas-reliefs depicting scenes from four World War I battle sites: Rheims, Soissons, Verdun and Ypres.

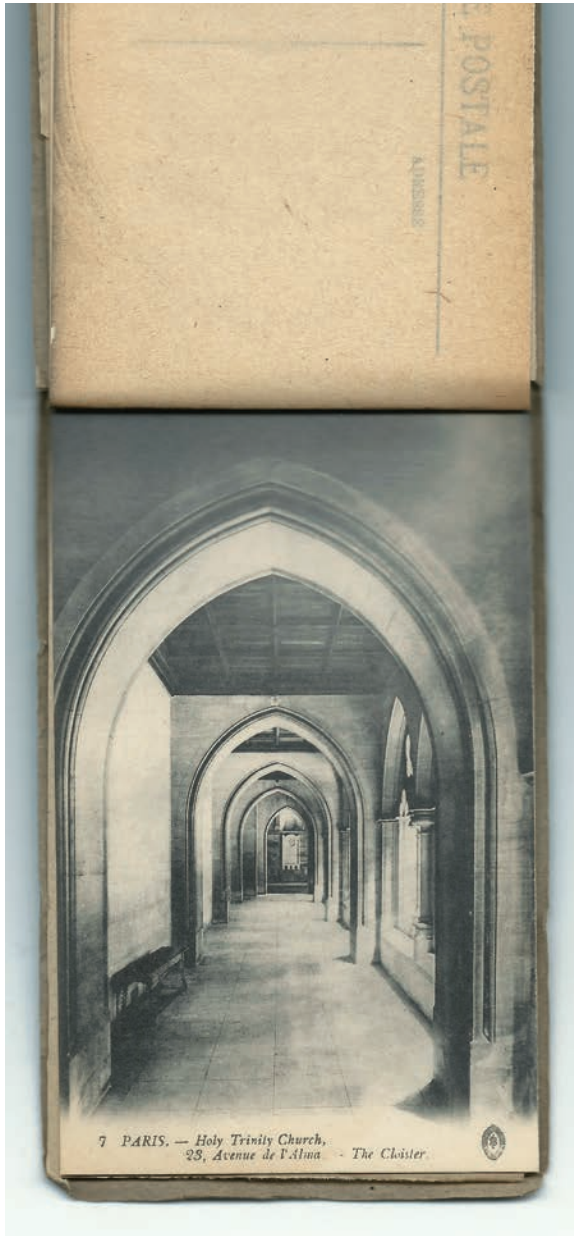
THE INSIGNIA OF U.S. MILITARY UNITS AND THE BATTLES THEY FOUGHT

An initial sum of 25,000 dollars (about 330,000 dollars in today’s money) was approved for the project.

The wall comprises four and a half arched bays where insignia of U.S. military units that served in Europe in 1917-18 would be engraved, along with the names of the battles they fought and the number of combat deaths sustained. In the first bay, in the corner on the right as you enter the cloister from the narthex, there is a sculpted figure of Columbia, who – the war being over – is putting her sword back into its scabbard. She was carved in stone by French craftsmen based on a model created by the sculptor Mahonri Young, grandson of the 19th-century Mormon leader Brigham Young. Perhaps contemplating her losses, she wears “a slightly mournful” expression, according to Goodhue. Columbia, a goddess-like creature invoked in a 1775 poem, “His Excellency

A marble plaque in English and French reads: “To the memory of those Americans who during the Great War of 1914-1918 came overseas with their comrades two million strong and gave their lives fighting for country, for humanity, for God, these cloister memorials are dedicated in gratitude and pride.” The text then quotes from Revelation 12:11, “They loved not their lives unto the death,” and from a prayer for the dead, “Let light perpetual shine upon them.”

The next four bays bear the regimental insignia and inscriptions. A section of the second bay honors volunteer ambulance drivers with the American Field Service and the Norton-Harjes unit that were formed before the United States declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917. The ambulance service attracted idealistic and well-educated young Americans eager for a piece of the Great War but not as combatants. Ernest



AN ANCIENT POSTCARD SHOWS THE CLOISTER BEFORE THE MEMORIAL

Hemingway, John Dos Passos and e.e. cummings all drove ambulances and later wrote of their experience.

The second bay also recalls the Escadrille Lafayette, another American volunteer initiative that pre-dated the official U.S. entry into the war. The squadron was formed in 1916 and initially

attracted about 40 young men – average age was 26 – who trained and served as combat aviators. Their goal was not only to help defend France but to rally U.S. public support for the allied cause.

An exception to the rule barring personal memorials in the church was made in 1918 for Ronald Wood Hoskier at the request of his father. Hoskier left Harvard to join the Escadrille Lafayette and was killed in action in April 1917. He is remembered today by a plaque on the right-hand wall of the nave, behind the Cole Porter piano.

The language was stately, but expressed impatience and diminishing good humor

The third bay, with inscriptions for the 92nd and 93rd Divisions, segregated combat units, evokes a shameful chapter in U.S. military history. While African-Americans constituted 10 percent of the male population that registered for conscription, they accounted for 12.5 percent of the men actually drafted into military service in World War I.

Those sent to France were initially to serve as military laborers, as U.S. Army policy at the time barred them from fighting alongside white Americans. Their exclusion from the battlefield sparked a storm of protest from African-American leaders, and in response the 92nd and the 93rd were activated in late 1917 as combat units. The men of the 93rd were eventually assigned to the Fourth French Army. Equipped with French helmets and weapons, they performed with valor and distinction in four engagements.

Bringing the memorial cloister to fruition proved to be a maddening and complicated operation that would test the patience and good humor of Dean Beekman and Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. Irritation on both sides is clearly evident in the extensive written correspondence between



"... perhaps you can give us something of which we can be proud."

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the two men that has been expertly organized by the Cathedral's Archives Committee. The Dean frets about the pace of the work in the United States, where models were being sculpted and architectural plans drawn up. He is most



annoyed with Young, the sculptor, who he says has "no regard for time whatsoever." In stately, post-Victorian prose he complains to Goodhue in December 1922 that Young "had not taken

seriously the imperative date of [the] unveiling of the Battle Cloister, viz., Memorial Day next."

Goodhue will have none of it, and in a letter later that same month he tells Beekman: "I am becoming thoroughly displeased with the attitude taken by you and your committee and am quite ready to drop out..." An exasperated Goodhue, whose credits include the Los Angeles Public Library and the Nebraska State Capitol Building, later confides to the Dean: "Nothing has ever seemed so overwhelming as the Battle Memorial"

"Selfish national reasons" had replaced the noble united objectives

The two strong-willed individuals would also spar over other matters, notably money and ownership of the architectural drawings. But it all ends well, and on the morning of May 30, 1923, dignitaries from around 15 countries gathered at the Cathedral for the memorial dedication.

Maréchal Ferdinand Foch, the Allied Commander in Chief, and Myron T. Herrick, the U.S. Ambassador, gave dedicatory addresses in the presence of Raymond Poincaré, the French Prime Minister. A service followed, conducted by Dean Beekman, and was described in a newspaper account as "deeply impressive."

Among those who accepted an invitation to attend was General Philippe Pétain, the hero of the battle of Verdun who would later be vilified for his active





collaboration with France's Nazi occupiers in World War II. No invitations appear to have been issued to Germany or the Soviet Union.

"Nothing has ever seemed so overwhelming as the Battle Memorial"

While Foch and Herrick spoke of sacrifice and Franco-American solidarity, General William Wright, representing the U.S. World War I commander, General John Pershing, alluded to anonymous erosion in allied unity in the aftermath of the war. There is no record in the archives of Wright's remarks, but they were characterized this way in a dispatch from the *New York Herald*: "The world, he said, appears to have forgotten that unity of objective for selfish national reasons."

Nevertheless, on Memorial Day 1923, "everything went gloriously – even the weather," the Dean wrote to Goodhue. "It is difficult for America to realize but it will, that this was a great international event."

Goodhue's relations with the Cathedral appear to have been strained well after the successful completion of the memorial. He had to write no fewer than four dunning letters, trying to secure a final payment of 1,209.57 dollars for services his office performed "at cost." Goodhue himself had volunteered his

own time and effort. Payment was delayed as Dean Beekman questioned an item in the final bill and it was not until late March 1924, ten months after the dedication, that Goodhue got his money.

The last letter in the archives is poignant. It is an acknowledgement that the funds have been received, written not by the architect himself but by his secretary. It is dated April 21, 1924. Bertram Goodhue died two days later on April 24 at the age of 55. 🕯

Nathaniel Harrison, a retired journalist with the Agence France-Presse, first became a parishioner in 1982.

Lucy Morin compiled the essential research for this article.





By Charles Trueheart

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The Cathedral, 1815-1980: history writ large

Start at the beginning, include the unpleasantness

Prodigious research, startling anecdotes, and cautionary tales

Thanks to technological advances that the author could scarcely have foreseen, Cameron Allen's narrative history of the American Cathedral's founding and first century is now available as a handsome and hefty single volume which a vendor will deliver to your door or your e-reader.

The Cathedral is fortunate indeed to have such a history in the first place. In an adjoining article, Kate Thweatt describes Allen's labor of love – and that of his brother's family and Cathedral parishioners – in bringing to light and publication this nearly 30-year-old manuscript. But I am here to tell you why you might want to read it.

"The History of the American Pro-Cathedral, Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris (1815-1980)" has many qualities, beginning with the research that Allen carried out. Not only did he pore through seemingly every set of Vestry minutes, official correspondence, and accounting book –

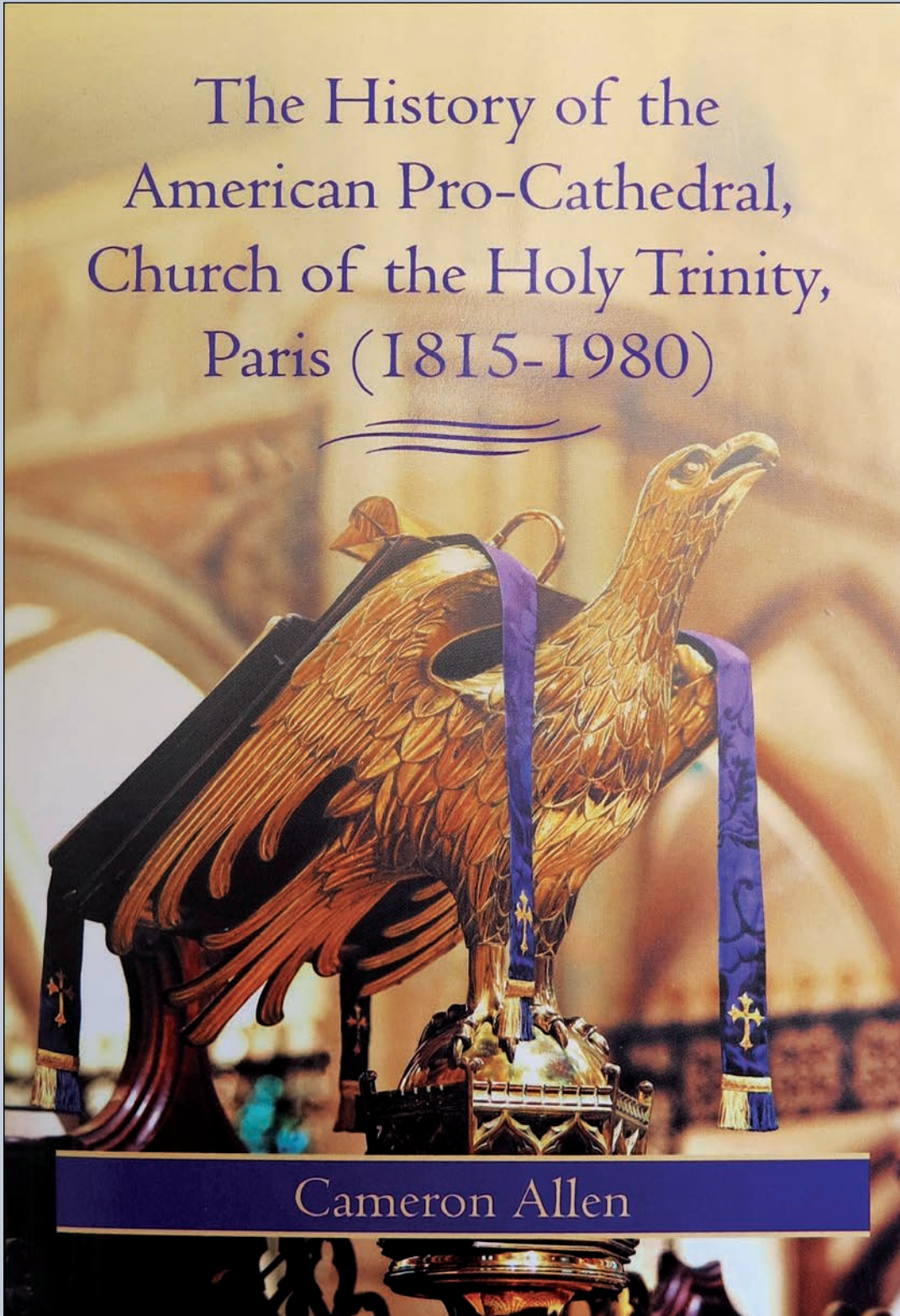
a tremendous, painstaking accomplishment in itself – he also read outside the confines of the official records, and conducted interviews where possible, to set the life of our extraordinary church into historical context.

Although official history may seem to define prose that is wooden or soft-edged or both, Cameron Allen's writing is smart and precise. While he appreciates and records the singular glory of the institution, he does not shy from probing the various moments of conflict and unpleasantness that have beset our beloved parish over the decades – indeed, at its very founding. For, in an eerie echo of Christianity's (and not just Christianity's) impulse to sectarianism and siloing, Holy Trinity was itself born of schism.

Crazy as it may sound, in the 1840s and '50s, when they were few in number, American and other English-speaking Protestants of all



The History of the
American Pro-Cathedral,
Church of the Holy Trinity,
Paris (1815-1980)



Cameron Allen

THE CATHEDRAL'S
SPLENDID LECTERN
ADORN THE COVER
OF CAMERON ALLEN'S
HISTORY



denominations worshipped together. In 1838, Charles Sumner, the future senator (and one of dozens of historical personages who make cameos in the narrative), reported home of his attendance at such a service at the sumptuous residence of Colonel Herman Thorn on the rue de Varenne. “The room is not larger than a good-sized salon,” he wrote. “The American Episcopal service was used; the prayer ran for ‘the President of the United States, the King of the French, and the Queen of England,’ in that order.”

Incidentally, Cameron offers evidence, including research into the numbering peculiarities on the rue de Varenne at the time, that the pavilion in question where these services were held was not in the garden of today’s Hotel de Matignon, where Cathedral pilgrims gather for historical tours once a year, but in the adjacent Hotel Mònaco. (But as is often the case with historical minutiae, subsequent research by parishioners bolstered the assertion of the Matignon connection.)

In the disagreement over the Episcopal liturgy, two churches were born

As the numbers and expectations of congregants grew, there began to be resistance to celebrating Episcopal liturgy – or resistance to watering it down, depending on what side of the aisle you sat. The persistent use of the Book of Common Prayer caused “illiberal animadversions,” according to contemporary correspondence. Allen, a cradle Episcopalian, is judicious: “Obviously many sincere Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Methodists found the use of that Prayer Book not merely troubling but, indeed, offensive.”

Suffice it to say – read Allen for all the details – it came to pass that there were born two churches: the ancestors of today’s American Church on the Quai d’Orsay (the edifice dates to 1931) and our own forefathers at Holy Trinity, first in borrowed or rented French churches, then in their own on the rue Bayard, and since 1886 on avenue de

l’Alma, today’s avenue George V.

At its founding in 1859, as the first Episcopal church outside the territory of the United States, Holy Trinity’s congregation was “a fairly representative cross-section of the types that have ever since composed the congregation (and do so today): merchants, bankers, professional men, diplomats, students, and the independently wealthy,” says Allen. The early congregation was dominated by New Yorkers, including famous ones. The former governor and senator from New York, Hamilton Fish, later secretary of state, helped draw up the legal documents for the founding. The father of the writer Edith Wharton, the wealthy New Yorker George Frederick Jones, was a founding vestryman, and his daughter was buried from Holy Trinity in 1937.

Even so, the coming of the American Civil War divided the congregation badly. French sympathies were largely with the Confederacy, and many Americans on both sides went home. Allen, the diligent archive mole, notes the decline in annual donations during this period, from more than 11,000 francs in 1859-60 to less than 3,000 francs in 1862-63.

During the American conflict Holy Trinity’s first rector, William O. Lamson, and his vestrymen tried to raise money at home to support the struggling Paris parish and to secure a lease on a new property. A wealthy friend of Hamilton Fish, John V. L. Pruyn, wrote to complain about a “begging letter” he had received from Lamson, telling Fish bluntly: “At this time and under the present circumstances of the country ... it seems to me almost wrong to ask for money to be sent abroad and I scarcely ever felt more unwilling to subscribe to any enterprise than to this.”

The outside world intervened in other ways. Lamson’s last months as rector were during the Franco-Prussian war and the siege of Paris in 1870-71: “I am writing you amid the sound of heavy cannonading – hundreds of iron mouths belching fire,” he wrote in a letter home. “All around our own fine quarter of the Champs Elysées we are daily visited by a shower of shells bursting upon



the avenues that radiate from the Arc de Triomphe, breaking into the fine houses. ...”

The building of today’s magnificent Cathedral in the early 1880s is one of many fascinating stories in the Cameron history – and again, provoked congregational fracture. Allen relates the search for land, and for an architect, and for funds. The celebrated British architect George Edmund Street was chosen for the project, which turned out to be his last. Street’s wizardry is recounted by his architect son, Arthur Edmund Street, who completed the Holy Trinity project after his father died.

In the pews were Morgans, Goulds, Lorillards, Harrimans, Roosevelts – the ruling class of the Gilded Age

On Street’s first visit to the site in 1881, the rector, John Brainerd Morgan, asked when the Vestry might see a sketch of Street’s ideas for the new structure to help them raise money for construction.

My father in return asked for paper, and without further consideration made a detailed sketch to a scale of about one twelfth of an inch to the foot. I don’t know how long he took to do it, but he is described as putting his pencil to paper with apparently no pause at all for reflection, and as fast as his hand could work ... it practically represents the church as it stands there now. ... The great point is the wonderful power of imagination which is implied in such a tour de force as this, and the immense self-reliance which could enable a man to bind himself, definitively, once for all, and at a moment’s notice, to a design for a church, which was about the most costly parish church he had ever had to build. ...”

Street died only months after making the sketch.

The Cathedral was consecrated with considerable pomp on Thanksgiving Day 1886. The event and the edifice received glowing notices in France and abroad – with the bracing exception of the *American Register*, a local English-language broadsheet.

“The donors were entitled to something better than this badly placed, squat and unimposing structure which, as it now stands, is a fine specimen of what is known in England as ‘Churchwarden Gothic.’ Internally the building possesses every possible architectural fault ...” wrote the anonymous chronicler, going on to describe them in detail before turning to the consecration service itself. The American bishop who preached at the consecration delivered a “Fourth of July oration,” full of inappropriate patriotism and odd references to Texas.

The sermon, the writer concluded sarcastically, “was quite in harmony with its semi-Catholic surroundings, and the history of the construction of the church, in which inappropriateness and mismanagement, combined with uncharitableness and vanity, have been altogether too conspicuous from beginning to end.”

Well. The catalyst for this intemperate screech will perhaps surprise no one familiar with church kerfuffles: it was, of course, personal. The owner of the *American Register*, and perhaps even the author of the piece, was none other than Thomas W. Evans, a wealthy and influential American dentist in Paris who was a member of the Cathedral Vestry. What is more, due to his close connections to land speculators in the booming Haussmannian city, it was Evans himself who had found the (“badly placed”?) site of the church and negotiated its purchase!

The plot is thicker. Thomas Evans had earlier been a founding member of the other American church. It was his brother Theodore Evans – another Philadelphia dentist in Paris! – who was the Holy Trinity stalwart and vestryman for decades, and would be again. But Thomas Evans had come into the picture and then apparently had a change of heart about the building project



he had been given to steer. What prompted the fraternal rupture and unseemly feud Allen is unable to say, alas, but he notes that the Evans brothers never served on the Holy Trinity Vestry at the same time.

The forty-year rectorship of Morgan (1872-1912) was fortuitous for the financial health of the church, and the building of the future Cathedral (and the ensuing spire, parish house, and deanery). Morgan, not yet thirty when he was called, had married a distant Morgan cousin who was herself the sister of the bottomlessly wealthy banker J. Pierpont Morgan. The pews of that era were full of Morgans, Goulds, Lorillards, Vanderbilts, Harrimans, Roosevelts, Winthrops and more of the Gilded Age's ruling class, whose tastes and resources remain the Cathedral's glorious burden today.

"The defeat of Hitler was the supreme duty of all God-fearing, liberty-loving men"

Such was Morgan's prowess and wealth that his successor, Samuel Watson, confessed great trepidation on arrival: "I could not carry the financial burden as Dr. Morgan had done. I had no such private fortune as he had, and I had no rich friends who could be interested in maintaining the church in Paris."

Nearly as long in the saddle as Morgan was Watson's successor, the formidable Frederick W. Beekman, who alone among Holy Trinity rectors and deans (and against Episcopal Church protocol) established himself in Paris and lobbied for the job before being called in 1918, and remained for years in Paris after stepping down in 1949, evidently doing his best to undermine his successor.

The records, and Allen, are unsparing in their portrayal of Beekman, a "stiff-necked" and

"pugnacious" clergyman who dominated the American expatriate community and brooked no opposition from anyone on the Vestry. "I hold the whip-hand here. It is I who raise all the money, and I will spend it as I see fit," Beekman told an astonished vestryman barely three years into his tenure. "I am going to run things here, and not the Vestry." And he was good to his word.

It was Beekman who saw to it that Holy Trinity became a Cathedral, and he a dean, in 1922. (Technically we are a Pro-Cathedral, which merges cathedral functions with those of a parish church.) It was Beekman who abolished pew rentals, a controversial and progressive move in an old-fashioned, moneyed church. And it was Beekman who led the church through World War II and the Nazi occupation of France, largely in absentia.

No years of the Cathedral's long history were as dramatic as those of World War II. With the fall of Paris, and the community of worship sharply diminished, Beekman agonized about whether to stay or go.

In his memoirs he recounts walking the deserted streets all night, finally finding a Chinese restaurant open on rue Marbeuf, and during the wee hours of June 11, 1940, finding resolve. "The French proverb was true: la nuit porte conseil. Before morning the greater duty became clear. I decided that the defeat of Hitler was the supreme duty of all God-fearing, liberty-loving men. I determined to go home to fight Hitler there, in the only field left for me to fight him."

Thus Dean Beekman set off in his car, alone, and drove for four days and nights through a traumatized land, clogged with refugees from the German advance, to Saint-Jean-de-Luz and safe passage to America, where the vestry-in-exile regrouped at the Savoy-Plaza in New York.

Beekman left the Cathedral in the capable hands of its longtime organist, Lawrence K. Whipp, who conducted services in the parish hall for such parishioners who remained. Whipp's



meticulous records of attendance at services indicates that the congregation that remained was much larger than Beekman wanted his American audiences to believe.



CAMERON ALLEN

Eighteen months later, however, everything changed. The day Germany declared war on the United States, 11 December 1941, Whipp was arrested in his study by revolver-toting Nazi officers. He was deported to Compiègne and joined 430 other American prisoners in detention, where he organized musical entertainment for them and became an unofficial trusty at the camp, an intermediary between the jailers and the jailed.

Meanwhile, in August 1942, the Cathedral property was seized and inventoried and turned over to Rudolf Damrath, a distinguished Lutheran pastor from Potsdam, for use as a worship space

for German officers in occupied Paris. By every account the German tenants were punctilious about the upkeep of the facility and the protection of its treasures, and also ensured that it was well-heated in a fuel-scarce city for the next two years.

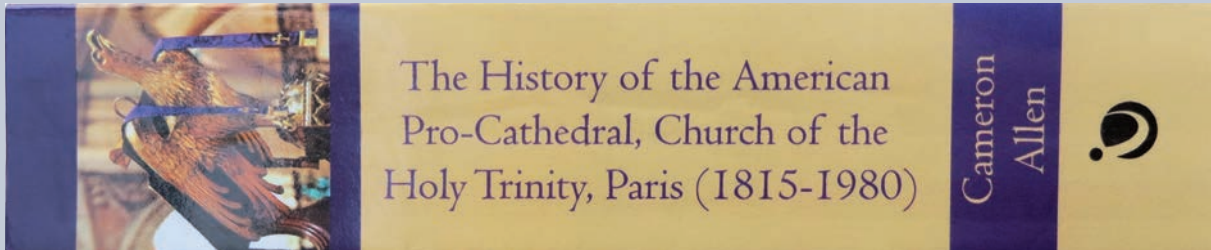
By October, Whipp was released. Allen believes this was the work of Damrath himself, prodded by Mme. Marie-Marguerite de Lévaque, the parish secretary who looked after the office during these difficult years, and Whipp's older friend, Marcelle Benoit-Regnault.

The war years: occupation, turbulence and finally the unexplained death of the church organist

Damrath told Whipp in their very first (four-hour) conversation that he was an active anti-Nazi. Whipp was moved that Damrath had put himself in jeopardy by lobbying for his release with the military commander of France. Damrath and Whipp, joined by history, became close friends and collaborators in the very best sense; their story would make an outstanding movie if it had a happy ending.

On 19 August 1944, with the liberation of Paris on the literal horizon, Whipp was collected in an official German car and brought to the Cathedral for a formal ceremony restoring the property to its rightful owners, with a gift of Champagne and cigarettes for him. He reported the good news to Beekman in New York, who made haste to return to reclaim his Cathedral, particularly irritated that all the glowing press was going to Whipp and not Beekman. Whipp was heard to tell Beekman on his return, "Take back your damned baby."

Whipp was a mercurial and perhaps deeply troubled man; his internment and the stresses of managing the church in wartime would have taken a toll on anyone. On 11 February 1945, after the 11 o'clock service ("Larry, I never heard



you play better,” Beekman recalled telling him), Whipp went to Auteuil for a regular lunch with Mme. Benoit-Regnault. Then he headed off to a tea with other friends on the Ile de la Cité. He was never heard from again.


An invaluable work of institutional history, reflecting the social fabric of expatriate life

Two months later Whipp’s body was dragged from the Seine at Argenteuil. The case has never been solved. Suicide is a possibility, or murder in resisting robbery. The most intriguing theories revolve around a revenge killing, either by someone from the Compiègne camp, or by someone else who looked askance at Whipp’s cooperative relationship with Damrath; this was during the epidemic of postwar épuration. Mme. Benoit-Regnault was sure of the latter explanation: “He knew too many things. He was too dangerous a witness.”

Beekman was succeeded in 1949 by the garrulous Sturgis Riddle, who had been the rector of the Cathedral’s sister church in Florence and who served in Paris for 25 years. His candid remarks about his predecessor are among the juicy bits Allen brings to light. His book concludes with the relatively brief tenure of Robert G. Oliver (1974-1980), who shepherded the first women onto the Vestry.

This accounting of Allen’s work only skims the surface of the prodigious research he distills. There

are separate chapters and sections on music and musicians, on mission and outreach projects, on distinguished visitors and social events, and endlessly on the student center in Montparnasse whose leadership and fortunes were intertwined with those of Holy Trinity for many decades. The footnoting is quite staggering, and the excellent index, added for this new edition, will be invaluable for those who prefer to read the work cafeteria-style.

Cameron Allen’s book is not exactly a brisk read, at 863 pages, nor is it a stocking stuffer, at 1.22 kg softcover. But it is an invaluable work of institutional history that also reflects the social fabric of American expatriate life in Paris over two centuries. It holds delightful surprises and colorful anecdotes and an abundance of cautionary tales for those of us who cherish the American Cathedral in Paris. 

Charles Trueheart, a former Senior Warden and former co-editor of Trinité, is director of the American Library in Paris.

A History of the American Pro-Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Paris (1815-1980), By Cameron Allen

iUniverse, Bloomington, 2013.

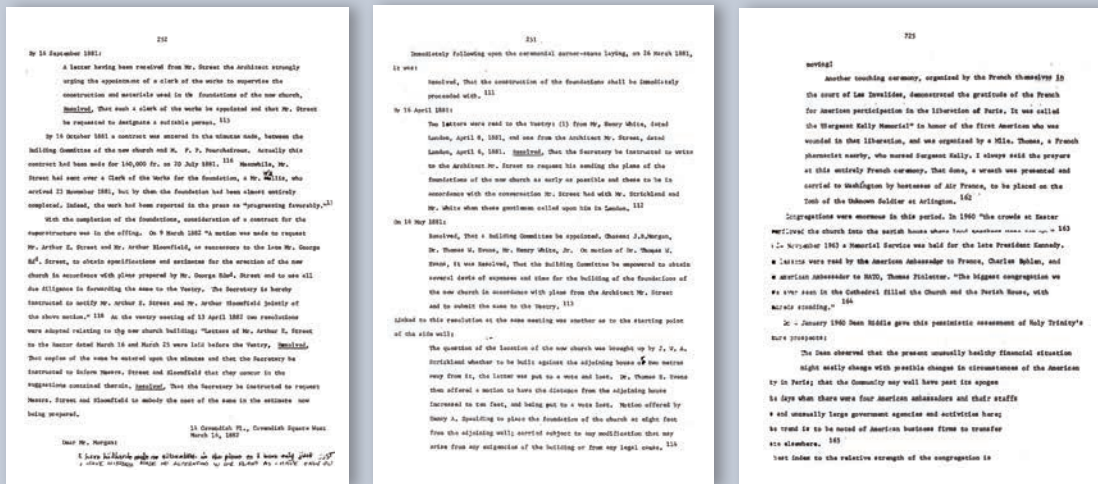
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Backstory of a daunting typescript

A chance discovery as the archives were being organized, then a friendly note, and a determined family's intervention



SAMPLE PAGES FROM THE MANUSCRIPT

But for the surprising discovery of the manuscript in the Cathedral archives, Cameron Allen's wonderful history might never have been published. The stack of pages was there amid the dusty collections, in pre-digital format, of course – a double-spaced, fully footnoted typescript neatly arranged in two boxes.

The boxes could have been ignored, or even tossed in some eventual cleanup, and an invaluable resource lost.

The steps in avoiding that started 10 years ago, when as Junior Warden I suggested to the Executive Committee of the Vestry that we create an Archives Committee to compile and inventory the



Cathedral's official records. Two student interns had already helped rescue the dispersed archives, piled in some 350 boxes, from their parlous state, and one of the students had set up a computer-based catalog of the contents of each box.

The catalog continues to serve us well as we add files and as we search by key word to find in which of the cartons specific information is stored.

In most boxes, papers are put in as found, meaning "relative arrangement" – collected yes, but not necessarily organized.



THE ARCHIVES COMMITTEE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: JANE MARION;
WHITNEY DE COURCELLE; NANCY WEBSTER, CHAIR; KATE THWEATT.

It was in two of those boxes that we came across the manuscript for "The History of The American Cathedral of The Holy Trinity (from its origins until 1980)." We immediately recognized the potential value of Cameron Allen's work as a record of the Cathedral's past, right back to the beginning.

The next year, as I prepared tax statements for contributors, I added a personal note to the official thank you to Cameron for his donation as a Friend of the American Cathedral. "Have you ever thought about publishing the history?" I asked.

Three months later (on of all days my birthday!) I received the reply – a thorough two-page answer to my question. In clear and eloquent but unassuming language, Cameron said that he was very pleased that people found his "somewhat ponderous history interesting enough to read."

The Cathedral was "too important an institution not to have a published history," he said, though he understood that we couldn't afford to publish it and he was not sure he could take it on.

Encouraged and enthusiastic, the archives committee started investigating ways to get it published: consulting with two history professors, talking to parishioners who had done self-publishing, searching for funding, looking for someone to edit it, and getting the manuscript into digital form.

That last requirement of getting 837 pages into computerized form proved the biggest obstacle. We tested optical scanning, but it introduced so many errors that the corrections took as much time as typing it from scratch would have needed. (The kinds of problems we encountered are evident in spots in the published work, especially in French transcriptions.) With problems like that, and with the many footnotes, even a fast typist could not build up to cruising speed.

A former parishioner who we had hoped would edit the manuscript turned down the request because of the typescript. "It was a tremendous undertaking," she said, "and I have enormous respect for the research and compilation that went into it." But that wasn't enough to convince her. Neither she nor anyone else we approached would edit the history without it being in digital form.

The Allen family's research turned up claims in Germany that Damrath had been involved in the plot to assassinate Hitler

For Cameron Allen, the idea for the history emerged in 1982-83, his sabbatical year in Paris from Rutgers University, where he was law librarian and professor of law. An avid genealogist who was interested in tracing the numerous marriages of American heiresses and titled



Europeans, he asked Dean James R. Leo if he could consult the parish registers.

With the Dean's permission in hand, he began his research. As he recounts it in the introduction to his book:

“Finally, however, after my several weeks of note-taking, the Dean, ever observant, said to me, ‘You know, we’ve never had a history of this congregation written, and I think that you might be the person who would undertake it.’ I immediately thought: What an interesting project that would be, and it would satisfy the sabbatical expectation of some finished written product.”

Even before it was published Allen’s work had taken on an independent existence

Thus ensued an in-depth research of Vestry records, journals, letters, and documents, not only at the Cathedral but also in city, church and university archives in France, the United States and Britain. With his copious notes as the basis, Cameron typed up a draft before returning to Paris in 1985 to verify final details.

(During that trip he was delighted to accept Dean Leo’s offer to stay several nights in the tower apartment, as he notes in the book’s introduction.)

Eventually the full manuscript emerged, with a copy sent to the Cathedral. Since its discovery the archives committee has made additional photocopies. As parishioners and researchers discovered the history, interest grew and quotes from the history have made their way into Cathedral and outside publications and onto the Internet.

As Cameron commented in the introduction, because of the Internet, “it is impossible to escape the conclusion that this history has taken on an independent bibliographic existence, despite the fact that it has not been truly ‘published’ in the

traditional sense.”

It was the Allen family’s intervention that provided the boost to get the manuscript into print. Cameron notes, again in the introduction, his own flagging energy as he thanks his brother Spencer, his sister-in-law Rhoda and her niece Joyce Santos for the effort that turned the manuscript into a book.


Spencer and Rhoda had self-published a book about the Allens’ mother, who had been an Episcopal missionary in Kyoto in her mid-20s.

“Thus,” as Spencer wrote me, “my adventure of joy began, these years becoming the happiest of my life, the printed reality that you and others might read what is before you.”

The family efforts brought further research and supplementary information to the book. A prime and timely example in this 70th anniversary year of D-Day concerns Rudolf Damrath, the Lutheran pastor who was placed in charge of the Cathedral during the German occupation.

Spencer Allen was able to learn that Damrath’s daughter, Maria Luise, had published a biography of her father, and using contacts at a college near their home in Columbus, Ohio, he obtained a copy and had it translated. She and her son Friedrich also supplied photos of Damrath and various military associates, including Field Marshall Erwin Rommel.

For the archives of the Cathedral, the book is an invaluable addition. Just imagine the wealth of information along with the source material referenced in the footnotes that can now be easily accessed!

The history is dedicated to the late Dean Leo. Asked recently if she remembered Cameron, Patsy Leo, widow of the Dean, answered: “Jim met him and of course encouraged him, thinking that Cameron had an important idea.” And indeed he did. 

Kate Thweatt, a former Junior Warden, is member and founder of the Archives Committee.



By Anne Harris

24



A cannonball-proof roof; glittering saris and dowagers in fur coats: Anne Harris recalls a lifetime of worship around the world.

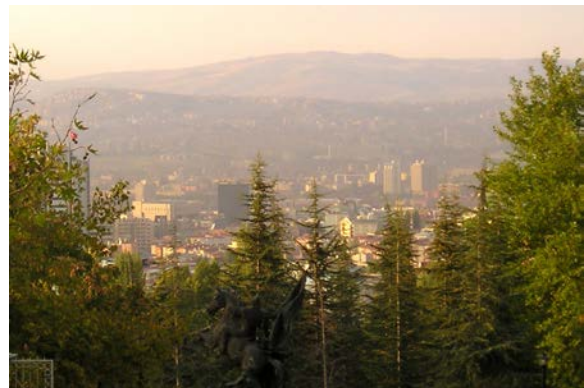
She passed away on April 11, 2014, as this issue of *Trinité* was being prepared.

Peripatetic worship

“The blessed company of all faithful people,” we say in the Communion liturgy, and for me it never fails to stir memories of sharing Anglican-Episcopal worship in far-off places during years of travel as a U.S. Foreign Service wife.

In Ankara in the 1950s there was a “church” service most Sundays in the basement of the British Embassy. The premises smelled of furniture polish and soap and we were neatly dressed in hats, gloves and the odd fashionable outfit from an Istanbul shop. Everyone made a joyful effort and we sang the familiar hymns with gusto. Our pianist was a talented lady with a fondness for operatic marches. The clergy varied from a chaplain to whoever was in town with Anglican credentials.

The biggest event in our time was the visit of the Bishop of Gibraltar, our bishop-in-charge. His diocese stretched from the Rock to the north



ANKARA

shore of the Black Sea. (Some cross-hatching of the latter area in the diocesan bulletin indicated “no Anglicans currently reported.” My husband commented: “The Cold War is taking a toll.”) For this event the basement was filled with Anatolian flowers, and a volunteer trumpeter marked the episcopal entry. The Bishop preached one of the



best sermons I've ever heard, on "The Small Sins of Carelessness." Everyone looked thoughtful afterwards.



FORT KOCHI

We spent time in Pakistan and India in the '60s, and it was on a Christmas morning of dazzling sunshine in Fort Cochin (now Fort Kochi) that I first came to worship with the Great Church of South India (Anglican, nearly four million members).

I was feeling a bit

homesick despite the beauty – choppy harbor waters and high-flung fishing nets – and then there was the Church of Saint Francis (founded in 1503 by the Portuguese) in my path with its doors wide open and voices singing something familiar.



FORT KOCHI

The interior was bright with the colors and glitter of saris, every woman in her best. Someone handed me an English hymnal and I swayed to the bouncy rhythm of a carol. The great explorer Vasco da Gama had been buried in the churchyard before being moved to Lisbon, and there were memorials to the Dutch and British who followed in power on this stretch of coast. Clive of India and Governor Elihu Yale (of Yale University) were both married here. As we left, a woman shook my hand and said something. It was "Merry Christmas." Now the whole day felt right.

Later on a trip to Madras, now Chennai, I remember escaping the traffic and noise of the center for Fort St. George and its memories of the East India Company. There, by the Bay of Bengal, I found two or three gathered together at the Church of Saint Mary (1640). Morning Prayer was in progress. The windows were open to a sea breeze and a bird flew in and out as we recited the familiar psalms. Afterwards my pew neighbor told



FORT ST. GEORGE

me that St. Mary's had a cannonball-proof roof (Fort St. George suffered lots of sieges). She also suggested that I look at the wall plaques. They honored men dead of typhus and cholera or killed in skirmishes. One youth had been eaten by a crocodile. "Bad time back then," she said.

The thought of that youth dead so far from rural England stayed with me as I made my way back up to the center. Perhaps his family had been spared the details.

Karachi, then the capital of Pakistan, was a peaceful, friendly place when we were there in the mid-'60s. We worshipped from time to time at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity (built in 1855 in imposing Neo-Gothic style). It stands on a hilltop with a tower that served as a lighthouse for incoming ships to Karachi's great port. Several Raj-age cannon still stood guard over the Cathedral approaches in our day. These fascinated our children, who were slow to join the "blessed company" within.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH.
DETAILS OF ALL MEMORIALS AND GRAVES IN THE CHURCH ARE GIVEN IN THE GUIDE BOOK. AMONG THOSE BURIED IN THE CHURCH ARE THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE.
LORD PROBT. GOVERNOR. D. 1777
SIR JOHN BURGOYNE. D. 1787
LADY HOBART. D. 1796
LADY ELIZABETH GWILLIM. D. 1807
LADY JANE RUSSELL. D. 1808
LADY MARGARET ELLIOT. D. 1810
ADMIRAL W.D. DRURY. D. 1811
ADMIRAL SIR STANLEY HOOD. D. 1812
SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. D. 1813
SIR THOMAS MUNRO GOVERNOR. D. 1814
SIR JOHN DOVE. D. 1847
SIR GEORGE BERRY. D. 1852
LORD HOBART. GOVERNOR. D. 1875
THE OLD GRAVES THESE OUTSIDE THE CHURCH DATE FROM A MUCH EARLIER PERIOD. MANY OF THE NAMES AND ARE VERY INTERESTING AND ARE FULLY RECORDED IN THE GUIDE BOOK. IF YOU NEED MORE DETAILS ABOUT ANY FAMILY BURIED HERE PLEASE ASK US & WE SHALL TRY TO HELP YOU.



THE ALTAR AT ST. MARY'S

The Christmas pageant put on by the American School in the desert outskirts of Karachi was an extraordinary occasion. The night was balmy, the moon rising and the huge crowd – the faithful and the curious – had their eyes fixed on the sand hills perhaps a kilometer away.



KARACHI

And then they came into sight on their caparisoned camels – the three kings in all their splendor. We joined our voices to the carol on the loudspeaker and followed their stately progress towards a distant light – Bethlehem.

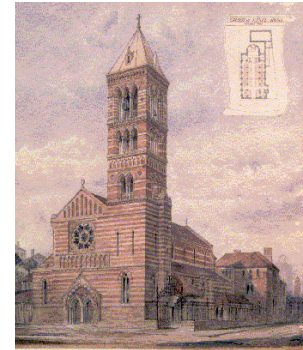


ROME

We came to Rome from Karachi in the late '60s. It was a time of great creativity – artists, sculptors, writers – and of confused contestation also. To step off the busy Via Nazionale into Saint Paul's Within the Walls (Anglican Episcopal, built in 1873 as the

American Church in Rome, and one of the parishes in our Convocation) was a homecoming.

The “blessed company” worship in an unexpectedly spacious interior richly decorated by the frescoes of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the Pre-Raphaelite artist, and the tiles of his fellow artist William Morris. I imagined some Jamesian heroine in the congregation wrestling with a moral dilemma.



ROME

We arrived at Easter, and after the service the Reverend Canon Wilbur Charles Woodhams, long-serving rector, stood amid spring flowers at the garden door and greeted each one of us with “Christ is risen.” As we replied all the bells of Rome were ringing. Today, a thriving St. Paul's has services in Spanish as well as English and a busy refugee center.



MONTREAL

Going on home leave in these years meant a return to the church of my childhood – Saint George's Anglican – which stands firm under its weathered stone towers amidst the proliferating skyscrapers of downtown Montreal.



DOME ABOVE THE ALTAR AT ST. PAUL'S WITHIN THE WALLS

The spacious interior and splendid stained glass are as I remembered but the “blessed company” has changed. It is younger and more mixed. The dowagers in fur coats (and limousines) have passed on, and their pews are filled now with lively families.

The weather remains a constant. On a recent winter visit I skidded in on an overlooked piece of ice to collapse in a shower of shards. “It is good to see there’s still some fervor in churchgoing,” said the man who helped me up. ☺

Anne Harris, native of Montreal, was a former journalist a long-time parishioner and member of the Altar Guild. Her wit and astute perceptions will be missed by all who knew her, as well as her abiding sense of adventure and fun.

A LIFETIME WELL SPENT IN “BLESSED COMPANY”
IN CHURCHES AROUND THE WORLD



*"The Hon. Oscar Adams"
Collection, Alabama Supreme Court*

*Three Quarter Figure
Oil on Canvas
30 x 36 inches*

JERRY WHITWORTH PORTRAITS IN OIL

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