

PASTOR TO PASTOR

Glory to Jesus Christ!



At the Divine Liturgy we pray that Holy Spirit would come down "upon us and upon these gifts" - the offered bread and wine - so that we may and they may become "truly the Body and Blood of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ". This is perhaps the most dramatic and important of all our epicletic prayers. We call upon the Holy

Spirit to come and to transform our self-offering by His divine power and grace. His presence sanctifies the gifts offered, and those who offer the gifts, and unites us through them to Christ and to one another. He establishes and nourishes us as the Body of Christ, as the enduring and creative presence of the Lord in this world, healing and restoring, forgiving and reconciling. Our life as priests and pastors is ultimately a life of epiclesis, a continual calling down the Holy Spirit upon us and others and the world around us. As both supplicants and agents of sanctity, we stand with our arms open in prayer, in a posture of humility and receptivity, longing to have renewed in us the presence of the Holy Spirit,

longing to experience the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit in our lives and in the communion of love and thanksgiving we share with one another in our communities. Every authentic pastoral accomplishment is by and in the Holy Spirit. *Come and abide in us!*

Let us pray for one another.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Andrew Morbey".

Archpriest Andrew Morbey
Department of Pastoral Life and Ministry

The Church Triumphant

Fr. Alexander Garklavs

It is a joy to again write for *Pastors to Pastors*. I greet the editor, and chair of the Department of Pastoral Life and Ministry, and commend him and the Department for their work. I pleasantly recall my work in the Department. It allowed me to meet and work with more clergy than I would have otherwise. It also raised my consciousness in regard to the issues facing pastoral ministry. As I prepare to assume my duties as Chancellor of the Orthodox Church in America a priority will be addressing some of them. There are, indeed, many issues affecting all aspects of our lives, as men, husbands, fathers and clergymen. Just which need to be taken up first, and just what solutions we can practically implement, will require a good deal of serious prayer, discussion, reflection and effort. I look forward to working with the Holy Synod and this Department in addressing our mutual concerns. I also hope to be able to meet with you wherever possible, to hear your concerns and suggestions. The task ahead is enormous, but with God's help and your good will we will move forward.

The concepts of Church triumphant and Church militant come from the Western Christian

theology of communion of the saints. We borrow the term and use it with poetic license. For us the Church triumphant is the parish and pastoral work is the triumph of the Church! The Church triumphant is also the patriarchs, the holy synods, the monasteries, the seminaries, etc., who, like a parish, are a community of faithful believers gathered in the name of Jesus Christ, whose thoughts, words and actions are guided by the Holy Spirit. Each parish exists to manifest the triumph of the Church; every pastor is called to be a champion in the name of Christ. For us in the Orthodox Church in America this is particularly important. Parishes and pastors are the heart and soul of the Orthodox Church in America. The history of the Orthodox Church in North America is chiefly the story of the establishment of parishes. While monasticism was and continues to be an important dimension, our prime theological vision is pastoral and mission oriented.

My own life, as a person and an Orthodox Christian, was shaped in the context of being a priest's kid, living in a rectory next to a church. Reflecting on my early life and after twenty-five years of active parish ministry I am surprised that it is not the great and spectacular events that are most special. It is not the Paschal services, the parish jubilees, the bishops' visits, or the memory of a great delivery of a sermon, or a huge wedding, or the Sunday School picnics. Those were rewarding and pleasant enough, but what seems to be the triumphant moments are the little things, the weekday services, the one-on-one with a parishioner, or the quiet moments when I was alone in the church. Those are the things that I will most miss.

I will miss making prosphora. This was, at first, an unwanted task, foisted on me by a parishioner who decided to quit making them, and then because my wife suggested I do it when I criticized how she did it. After some time I came to enjoy it. There is something quite mystical about it. Those who make prosphora know that. All cooking and baking is, in a sense, spiritual work; but making prosphora is by definition a religious ritual. The basic ingredients are: on-going prayer and/or reading from the Bible (which can be provided by a tape deck, with occasional substitution of liturgical music or religious lectures), some holy water, boiled water, flour, yeast, then measuring, stirring, kneading, rolling, cutting, forming, stamping, and ... waiting. After several years of doing this, the Lord sent to us a pious and talented woman who made excellent prosphora. Yet sometimes, just for the sake of acquiring inner peace, I would spend a few quiet morning hours to make prosphora.

Priests do not have to bake prosphora to acquire inner peace. There are so many other pastoral duties that will produce the same results.. Undesirable at first, when accomplished these duties give us a peaceful sense of satisfaction: visiting a shut-in, listening to a complaining parishioner on the phone for twenty minutes, stuffing envelopes, going to a meeting of a parish organization, opening up the church during the weekday for someone to light a candle, cleaning the sanctuary, sweeping the sidewalk in front of the church, buying a supply of candles, etc. We do these things because they make us feel good about ourselves. They restore confidence in our vocation. These little, mundane tasks are the Church triumphant. These duties are the stones which "the builders rejected," which are the constituent parts of the building that "is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

By doing our pastoral-parish duties, honestly and worthily we uphold the dignity of the priesthood and the honor of the Church. All this in a world that perishing before our eyes. The "prince of the world" is the fashionable fiend whose influence is widespread. Churches, of course, are a priority in the Evil One's efforts to sow evil seeds. Like hearty weeds in a garden, these seeds bear fruit, luscious to behold and deadly to consume. We know those fruits by name, "fornication, impurity, licentiousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmity, strife, jealousy, anger, selfishness, dissension, party spirit, envy, drunkenness, carousing and the like." St. Paul warned us about them and he also

reminds us that there are good fruits of the Holy Spirit, “love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control” (Gal. 5.22).

The Church, that is, the Orthodox Church in America, is now being tested. It is a “Biblical test,” which is not to say that it is a test of our knowledge of the Bible, although it is good to brush up on that regularly. The test is Biblical because it corresponds to the many tests that occur in the Bible. Perhaps the one overarching theme of the whole Bible is that it is a set of stories of men’s faith and integrity being tested. The theme reverberates from Adam to Moses, from Job to Jeremiah, from Jonah to Jesus Christ. Not everyone passes the test, some fail and learn to succeed, others fail and fall.

The situation in the Orthodox Church in America has become very complicated. This newsletter is not the place to delve into it, but I have some personal thoughts to share with you in the spirit of collegiality. Let us all pray more, more often and with more fervor, for our Church, for our bishops, for parishes and for ourselves. While we would hope everything to be black and white, so much of this situation is colored by shades of gray. There is a very fine, almost invisible, line between the good of righteous indignation and the evil of blistering anger, between speaking the truth in love and passionately venting frustration, between offering advice and demanding satisfaction. Emotions, especially produced by bruised egos or as the spontaneous reaction to some event, can be detrimental, even destructive. To paraphrase the saying, “measure seven times and cut once,” think things through seven times before reacting and responding to items you read or hear about. Speaking out, with purity of heart and love of truth, is an honorable Christian virtue; so too is being silent and patient. As pastors, we cannot just behave like “ordinary citizens,” we are priests, under obedience. There are matters of pastoral fidelity, confidentiality, discretion, discernment, mercy and love that we need to keep in mind. There is also that little saying of Our Lord’s which may have relevance at this time: “Let him who is without sin cast the first stone” (John 8.7).

Some will assert that the Orthodox Church in America is not very triumphant at this time. I disagree. The triumph of the Church is the triumph of peoples’ broken lives becoming whole through membership in the Body of Christ. The triumph of the Church is the victory of love and forgiveness over the world’s logic of hatred and vengeance. Priests play a fundamental role in all this. We pastors are chosen by God Himself, and approved by the Church Herself, to witness to the Lord’s miraculous and healing powers. We are the instruments which the Lord Himself uses to help and heal. For this honorable work we are honored. St. John Chrysostom states that the “honor shown to a priest is honor shown to God Himself.” We gratefully acknowledge honor received from the faithful. That is also the honor that we need to show to our hierarchs and to each other.

Never, God forbid, for any reason, nor for anyone, except for a silent gesture of agreement or disagreement, converse in the Altar, as it is the place of the presence of the Lord Himself and His Hosts, not permitting it also to others, whoever it might be, even though you may suffer for it. The Lord Himself is present here and all the Cherubim and Seraphim and the Hosts of God stand before Him trembling in fear. Who would dare to speak in His presence?!

Saint Seraphim of Sarov

Seminarian Internship Program

The Seminarian Internship Program is up and running!

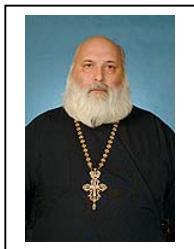
The six seminarians who are participating in the Seminarian Internship Program this summer are: Nathan Preston from St. Vladimir's Seminary; John Murray, Kyril Williams, Igor Ksynyuk, John Deamantis, and Roger Eliot from St. Tikhon's Seminary. During the course of the summer, please check the OCA website and future issues of TOC for articles and photos chronicling the experience of our seminary interns, their mentors, and the parishes they serve.

Participating mentors and parishes are: Fr. Stephen Hrycyniak, St. Nicholas Church, Kenosha, WI, Fr. Joseph Lickwar, Sts. Peter and Paul, Jersey City, NJ, Fr. Raymond Browne, St. John the Baptist Church, Edwardsville, PA, Fr. Lawrence Margitich, Protection of the Holy Virgin Church, Santa Rosa, CA, Fr. Andrew Morbey, St. Mary Cathedral, Minneapolis, MN, Fr. Stephen Freeman, St. Anne Church, Oakville, TN.

During the ten-week program seminarians will participate in all aspects of parish life. A vital component of the program involves reflection on actual ministry encounters. This program represents an investment in the lives of the future leaders of our church. Begun as a Church-wide initiative in 1999, the program remains one of the activities of the Department of Pastoral Life and Ministries. Fr Steven Voytovich is the director of the program.

Scenes From Our Church Life

An interview with Archpriest John Udics, Holy Assumption Church, Philadelphia, PA



P2P: What are some of your childhood memories of the Church?

Not in any particular order –

I especially remember that once Father Kappanadze came to our family reunion on Christmas Eve with holy supper. Every year, we would gather at Grandma's house with Daddy's nine brothers and sisters and their spouses and cousins galore. That in itself was a wonderful thing. But to have Father Kappanadze come to the house was a special blessing. I admired him as a great and holy person – I was awed by him and having him come to visit my Grandma I took as a special sign for all of us.

I remember the homemade torches the altar boys had for the procession at midnight on Pascha.

I remember singing in the choir of those days. I respected the conductor and enjoyed rehearsals as much as Sunday services. During summer vacation from school, I often rode my bicycle to the weekday liturgies to serve as altar boy. There I learned to see the choir director as quite a character – throwing books, having tantrums, once even entering a yelling match with the priest.

And Father Kuharsky and I were met by a 'bum' as they were called in those days, as we exited the Church. He asked for money for soup, so Father said, 'I have a pot of soup on in the rectory, come eat!' The man mumbled and walked away. I asked why he didn't accept the soup, if that's what he wanted, but Father taught me my first lesson in diplomacy and reading between the lines: he told me that the man wanted the money for wine, but was embarrassed to say that. I learned a valuable lesson that day.

I remember that once the other altar boys got caught sneaking wine from the cupboard. I was on the opposite side of the altar, so I wasn't part of this, but it was my uncle, Brother Sergei, who caught them.

I remember going to Saint John's in Hiram, Ohio. It was a nursing home/retirement facility in those days (becoming a monastery later). I went out to a field and used a scythe to cut the long grass. I got a pretty horrible sunburn from it.

P2P: As you were growing up were there priests who impressed or inspired you?

Let me say that all the clergy impressed or inspired me – some more than others, it's true, and I hope that those who I don't list here know that I remember them with fondness as well.

But Protopresbyter Jason Kappanadze was our awe-inspiring Rector. In fact, one day a friend was visiting the parish and when Father Jason appeared in his mitre, censing the Church, this young person gave a sharp intake of breath and said, "Is that God!?"

Father Jason's English wasn't so great, but if you took the time to listen, his sermons were inspiring, even for a youngster like me. His tragic death was a horrible blow to me. Metropolitan Leonty and Archbishop John and many priests came to honor him. The Liturgy and following funeral lasted long into the afternoon. There were more than 200 cars in the funeral procession.

Father Peter Bohush was another sort of priest – easier to talk with, friendly and open – but he too had a tragic and untimely death.

Archpriest Igor Tkachuk came to the parish when Father Kappanadze retired. Father Igor was another awe-inspiring person. He seemed stern and tough (I guess that's the right word), but he was underneath, friendly and a good educator and an especially insightful confessor.

Father Stephen Jula was the priest who had been Father Kappanadze's assistant, and who remained as the pastor of the English language speakers at the Cathedral. To me, he was not only a patient teacher and leader, but was familiarly paternal with me, and all us youngsters as well.

And my uncle George, who with Brother Ignatius (Sudnick and Metropolitan Vladimir (Nagosky), founded the home at Hiram, was another inspiration to me. Even though he was my uncle, and was a novice at the monastery, he was the man who inspired me more than any other, perhaps, to go to seminary and to desire the priesthood. Later he became a monk with the name Sergei, and was ordained. He had been a nurse in the War, and when Metropolitan Leonty started to fail in health, Father Sergei was sent to Syosset to take care of him. Soon after that, I was a student at Saint Vladimir's Seminary, and I enjoyed going out to Syosset to visit him there. He once had me take two of those brown paper shopping bags with handles, filled with daffodils he had cut, to Father Alexander Schmemann. I felt sort of foolish lugging daffodils on the train back, but Father Alexander received the gift with surprising joy and a glint in his eye, and he praised Father Sergei. Father Sergei sadly succumbed to diabetes and alcohol.

Archbishop John of Chicago was our bishop the entire time I was growing up and went off to seminary. He came every year to the Cathedral where he spent time explaining things and preaching and greeting every child. He was especially effective once when he came to discuss the 'new' direction the "Metropolia" was taking – turning to more frequent reception of Holy Communion. He explained everything patiently, clearly and carefully. I remember that at the end of the meeting a man stood and looked at the Archbishop and said, 'to ni ye pravoslavnii' ('that's not Orthodox'). The Archbishop explained again and didn't lose his cool – and when he left the Cathedral, and went to the rectory, I was proud to be one of the subdeacons escorting him out.

On another occasion, discussing some other momentous change, a man stood and said, 'the fish stinks from the head to the tail.' The Archbishop didn't lose his cool, but explained patiently and clearly. But my best recollection of him is when, after the festal liturgy at Saint John's in Hiram, dressed in his riassa, carrying his posokh (walking stick), we escorted him down to the river, where the kids were enjoying a swim. He unbuttoned his riassa, handed it and his posokh to one of the subdeacons, and already dressed in his swim trunks, jumped in the river and had fun with the kids. Wow! Holy people have human sides!

Archbishop John didn't say much directly to me, until after I graduated from seminary. He came to visit the Cathedral, as always, and at the end of the service, turned to me and said, 'why haven't you called me or written to me? I would talk with you about taking a parish.' I was flabbergasted – he had been watching me all those years.

Metropolitan Leonty to me was a living saint, and I pray that his canonization will come to pass in good time.

Father John Meyendorff was a brilliant scholar, but he could also explain and teach clearly and insightfully. He was, even more than that, a paterfamilias (father of the family) for his wife and children, but also to those of us at seminary. His advice and fatherly friendship, kindness and understanding toward me will never be forgotten.

After graduation from seminary, I went to Japan, where our bishop was Metropolitan Theodosius of Tokyo. This was one interesting relationship. In public, the Metropolitan was always perfectly formal and correct. But in the cool of the evening, he would often call to me or knock on my door, to ask to go for a walk, to go for a beer or some sushi or dinner. He explained that when he had to deal with other clergy in Japan, he had to speak down to them as a senior, and they always had to speak up to him. So it was difficult to really talk freely, openly and honestly with his clergy. He enjoyed chatting about his stay at Saint Tikhon's Monastery where he had known my uncle slightly. He told me much about church life in Japan and about his plans for the future – to obtain retirement salaries for the elderly clergy so that the younger clergy could move up the ladder, to translate the Fathers into modern Japanese, to provide solid financial foundations for the Church, and to have the Metropolitan set the salaries for the parish clergy. He visited his flock frequently and regularly, and we traveled all over Japan together – first with me as subdeacon and then as deacon. Toward the end of his life he phoned me and asked me when I could come to Tokyo. I should have dropped everything and gone, but I didn't understand. He died alone in his rooms at the Cathedral, of cancer.

When I came to Saint Tikhon's Seminary as one of the librarians, Archbishop Kiprian of Philadelphia was getting close to the end of his days. I was a deacon then, assigned to be a librarian at the Seminary. He asked me to do some typing for him, he asked me to preach, and he asked me to walk him back to his home after meals at the trapeza (his vision was poor and he said he couldn't tell the difference between the pavement and the lawn). He told me fascinating stories and revealed his 'killer' sense of humor. I'd always been in fearful awe of him, but came to see him as a wonderfully disciplined and painstakingly careful pastor.

P2P: *What aspects of your theological education and priestly formation have been most important in your ongoing ministry?*

I would say that the outstanding 'aspect' was my friendship with Professor Georges Barrois. Not only were Professor's classes full of amazing facts and ideas which couldn't be seen from the surface of things, but his after-class chats and lessons were especially precious to me. He gave me an appreciation of the Book of Psalms which I cherish and use.

P2P: *Can you say something about your experience as a priest, and your time generally, in Japan?*

I was ordained to the diaconate in Japan (priesthood came later, at Saint Tikhon's). But for me the connection to Japan goes back to Metropolitan Vladimir, and is deepened by my friendship and kumstvo (relationship through the sacraments) with Father John Takahashi. I spoke earlier about Metropolitan Theodosius. As for the rest, I have to say that my experiences at Nikolai Do – the Cathedral, at the seminary, were all eye-opening in one way, but – sort of familial in other ways. The faithful always welcomed me as any other person, and I felt that this was just another parish in another part of the world. Sure there were wonderful things to see and experience, and sure there were unpleasant revelations as well (for me, Japan was very very crowded). So many of the clergy there were graduates of Saint Vladimir's Seminary, and some were even seniors when I was a freshman, that I felt welcomed into the arms of a genuine brotherhood. And years later, when Metropolitan Daniel became the head of the Church, it was, to me, a special blessing to have been there – as if it were the accomplishment of something which had been pre-ordained.

P2P: *You are something of a vexillologist. How did you come by this interest? Is it a key to your character?*

As a child, I was fascinated by books about knights and chivalry. My favorite television show was the old "Robin Hood" series. My interest in vexillology and heraldry date from that time. They were colorful corollary interests which augmented the purely historical. It has stuck with me.

A key to my character? Perhaps – at least to my being a flag-waver. There is a practical result to this interest - I designed a flag for Orthodox Christianity in America.

The hymns of the Roman Church say that the vexilla Regis, the flag of the King, is the Holy Cross and the King is Christ our God. In our hymns, the Holy Cross is held on high for the world to see. The flag is flown on the breeze reminding one of the Holy Spirit's wind on Pentecost. To me, it was a simple task, but complicated by rules of heraldry. Orthodox Christianity was brought here by the Russians and later, the Greeks as the twin roots

of the Church here.

So a combination of the US, Russian and Greek flags would seem to be in order. Our red-white-and blue flag, you all know. The Greek flag was a white cross on a blue background. The Russian flag of the cross of Saint George was a white cross on a red background. Our US flag is red and white stripes. So, on a white background (for purity), the outline of a blue cross is made with a stripe as wide as one of the thirteen US stripes, then a white stripe for the Greek cross of Saint George, inside that is another outline cross of red stripe again a white stripe for Russian Saint George cross. It's easier to show you than to explain. You can assign other meanings to the red and blue, as you like. You can see it on <http://www.crwflags.com/fotw/images/r/rel!orth.gif> or, if you permit:

P2P: Your current parish is in what might be called a 'difficult' neighborhood. This is certainly a challenge to the church culture of many of our communities. What do you think is a reasonable response to changing neighborhood demographics?

The neighborhoods where my parish church (both my current parish and my “birth parish”) were built were surrounded by what we called “the projects.” It was low income housing of the 50’s and, and now is terribly run-down. The original owners have moved away with their children to get away from what’s called ‘urban blight.’ Our parishioners who lived there have either continued to commute to our churches or have joined suburban parishes.

Whether the Parishes made a conscious decision to stay put even when they saw the decline of their neighborhoods or the Parishes which wake up one day to find themselves stuck in such an environment, either by lack of foresight, decision or by other constraints, both know that they are fighting for survival. These “inner city” parishes have only one option – evangelize the community, make converts, get the church growing again. Unfortunately, many of the ‘new’ owners of the projects have brought a religion with them – many are Moslem, many are Buddhist, many worship drugs or booze or violence as their gods...

Clergy in such parishes often need to learn new skills to deal with this. But kindness, compassion, love, friendliness, generosity, politeness, family values, and every form of ‘outreach’ go a long way to impressing people. A good neighbor in a rough community is a value and help to everyone.

Our parishes located in the downtowns and not moving to “green pastures” must abandon our ‘ancient’ ethnic cloaks and be willing to take on new ones, must use English for our youth and be open to the possibility of using other languages not traditionally used in our churches, must offer Bible study classes for adults and children, must do everything they can to be open to the suffering folks now living around us. We must open or join soup kitchens, join civic associations, be on excellent terms with the police and fire services, must be involved with regular hospital visitations, and must open our churches with picnics, sidewalk sales, lemonade stands, whatever it takes...

P2P: What is the role of 'the brotherhood of the clergy' in your life?

For me the brotherhood of the clergy is a joy and a necessity.

First, it’s necessary because if Orthodox Christianity is to be a force in this country, administrative unity won’t occur until there is some sort of grass-roots foundation already laid. How can we unite with people we don’t even know? So, it’s imperative to have pastors unite in brotherhood with other pastors, and share events in their parishes – festivals, funerals, weddings, summer Bible camp, bazaars – and every possible event.

Of course our Deaneries are a beginning of this sort of brotherly support – we can share problems and learn solutions from each other, we can cry on each other’s shoulders as well as lean on each other for support and consolation when things are not exactly going the way they should. But we can expand the function of the Deanery to include other local Orthodox clergy – forming a new ‘brotherhood’ if necessary.

I was Secretary/Treasurer of our Philadelphia Deanery Deanery since 1986, and have been the Dean since 1990. I was the Secretary-Treasurer (our only office) of the Philadelphia Orthodox Clergy Brotherhood since 1995. No matter what the attendance has been, all our meetings have been a great joy to me. I’ve learned a lot from my clergy brothers and have benefited from the spiritual, emotional, psychological brotherhood with them. I am certain that our parishes have all benefited from knowing our Orthodox neighbors. And their food is usually better than ours.

Selections from Orthodox Pastoral Service

Continuing a series of extracts adapted from Archimadrite Cyprian Kern's Orthodox Pastoral Service, first published in 1957. This text is based upon Fr Cyprian's lectures in Pastoral Theology at the St Sergius Theological Institute and remains of interest and value for us today. Fr Alexander Schmemann wrote: "Father Cyprian was an excellent lecturer, a genuine Christian scholar. To this writer, as well as to a whole generation of St. Sergius students, he was also a dear personal friend. He gave much to us, but of a special, of an eternal significance will remain his deeply inspiring lectures in Liturgics, the way he led us to the understanding of the Eucharist." (SVS Quarterly Vol. 4, No. 1, 1960, p. 50).

The Priest's Outward Appearance.

A pastor must always remember that "they meet you, judging by appearance." Appearance has enormous value in the human community. Insignificant things can repel others at first sight, even trifles. A certain innate fastidiousness about neatness, odors, sounds, and so on, tends to shape attitudes. A priest must never forget this. Inattention to what may seem to be trifles can lead to the loss of something much more important, such as the ability to draw a demanding personality to himself. It follows that a pastor must give thought to his appearance, be always clean and neat in respect of both his clothing and his person. The cassock and under vestment must be hemmed, clean and tidy. Inexpensive and unfashionable clothing will not be reproached, but untidiness can repel those around. Of course rich and luxurious clothing can create an unfavorable impression and give a chance for reproach. Poor clothing will never become a reproach to a pastor, if he wears it with dignity and keeps in an orderly and neat condition. Foot-wear, even old, must always be clean and in good condition.

The same applies to cleanliness of the hands, face, teeth, because neatness has great significance for parishioners and those praying. An unpleasant smell, dirty nails or ears can repel the sensitive people. A priest who has had the experience in confession understands what effort at internal concentration and sublimation of fastidiousness is required to stand near a man who stinks of tobacco or garlic fumes.

The attitude of the priests towards their long hair and beards must also be limited by the requirements of neatness. Church regulations require the clergy to trim a shaggy moustache in light of Communion. The right to cut hair was always given to our foreign clergy. Even in the time of Empress Elizabeth, the Spiritual Consistory ordered that the priests should trim their hair, but not at the barbers, so that the priests' wives would perform this operation. The moderately cut hair, the trimmed beard and moderately shortened moustache in no way can decrease the spirituality of a priest or give an opportunity for the reproach of foppery....

A priest must manage his time and be punctual in maintaining his schedule of appointments, visits, and divine services. Tardiness can greatly irritate people, especially if they are busy. A priest really must live according to the timetable; his day should be calculated to the minute and planned very carefully. The divine service must begin exactly at the time assigned. Changes in schedule at the last minute should not favor of careless and chronically late persons. Only a case of mortal danger - a call to the bed of someone seriously ill, or an emergency baptism - can allow a priest to change his timetable. A pastor is obligated to discipline himself in this spirit, and to ask those under his direction to do the same....

About "Pastor to Pastor"

P2P is a quarterly publication of the Department of Pastoral Life and Ministry, The Orthodox Church in America. The Editor welcomes articles, commentaries, questions and constructive suggestions. Please send them to Archpriest Andrew Morbey at pastorallife@oca.org. The work of the Department of Pastoral Life and Ministry is funded by voluntary gifts received through the Fellowship of Orthodox Stewards. Your generous contribution to FOS makes it possible for the Department to assist clergy in the fulfillment of their ministries through workshops, seminars, retreats, and publication of resources like the P2P newsletter. The Department also develops resources equipping clergy to address issues involving their own ministries, family concerns, and needs of clergy widows and widowed clergy.