I no longer remember the year, but it was, without doubt, a year in the OCA time-of-troubles. Meetings of both Bishop’s and Diocesan Council of the Midwest Diocese had concluded. At those meetings, His Eminence Archbishop Job had pressed us all to delve into the crisis facing the OCA: “Who knew what and when?” For him and us answers had to be forthcoming. How to bring resolution would plague all of us in the young autocephalous Church in America.

There was a short time later a meeting of the Columbus Deanery in Indianapolis, Indiana. There His Eminence, in his attempt to show disapproval of institutional Church life as it was at that time, advanced a proposal to cut off funding from the diocese to the territorial Church. I strongly declined to support such action. All others attending aligned themselves with His Eminence on the motion. Knowing that I could not support him on such an important issue, I resigned. Those assembled accepted my decision. I went home in a very dark mood.

Very little time would pass before Archbishop Job called me. He understood, appreciated my convictions, and asked that we both seek forgiveness thereby retaining a friendship that had grown through our years of working together. It happened. He lovingly remains in my daily prayers and will remain in my heart, till God willing, I can join him in a blessed sleep.