

The Shepherd's Staff Newsletter

The Right Reverend D. M. Ashman

August 2025



Seminary Summer

Session

The Seminary Summer Session ran from July twenty first to the Feast of Saint James (July 25th). It was an entirely “zoomed” event. Mornings began at 9:00 a.m. with Morning Prayer followed by a 10:00 a.m. class in liturgics led by Bishops Hansen and Ashman. After a lunch break Canon Weber led a class in liturgical chant and hymns. Many of us learned that we could begin taking our first steps in chanting. In all there were fifty-three participants: some for credit and others auditing. An added bonus was that many members of the Province met other members who had only been names. It was a magnificent experience.

Michaelmas Term

The following classes will be offered in the Fall term

- I. Practicum for the Diaconate [10 classes] will be offered by Archbishop Blair Schultz on Tuesdays at 4:00 p.m. Eastern Time (3 Central, 2 Mountain, 1 Pacific) – [begins September 9th](#)
****Required of all deacons (who have not completed the course) and all aspirants**
- II. History and Religion II: Byzantine legacy, the Christian Religions of the East, Post Classical India, Asia, Europe, Americas, Africa; Exploration, Renaissance and Reformation will be offered on Wednesdays by Bishop Ashman at 2:00 p.m. Pacific Time – [begins September 10th](#)
- III. Seminar: *The Screwtape Letters* (textbook necessary - very inexpensive, an Audio CD suggested) will be offered on Thursdays at 11:00 a.m. **or** 6:00 p.m. by Bishop Ashman – [begins Sept. 11th](#)
- IV. Advanced Latin: Readings from the Old Testament, New Testament and the 1560 University BCP will be offered by Bishop Ashman on Fridays at 11:00 a.m. Pacific Time. – [begins Sept. 12th](#)
- V. Fourth Year Biblical Greek: Advanced Grammar and Readings from Scripture will be taught by Bishop Ashman on Friday afternoons at 2:00 p.m. [begins Sept. 12th](#)
- VI. [If there is demand, First Year Latin or First Year Greek could be offered on Wednesday mornings. Let Bishop Ashman know if you are interested.] I have already had one inquiry.

The cost per course is \$250.00 for credit and \$50.00 for audit. Laity are encouraged to attend. Please address any requests for tuition relief to the Provost at bishopashman@gmail.com. When you sign up for your course(s), please send your registration (below – hard copy or email) to: the Provost (Bishop Ashman): bishopashman@gmail.com. Send your tuition and another copy of your registration to Canon Matthew Weber at 2316 Bowditch P.O. Box 40020 Berkeley, CA 94704 or saintannchapel@gmail.com – **Do not send money to the San Francisco office**

Saint Joseph of Arimathea Anglican Theological Seminary

Michaelmas Term 202 REGISTRATION
(HARD COPY OR EMAIL)

Name:

Address:

Email:

Cell Phone:

Parish:

Parish Priest:

Please list the courses you wish to audit or take for credit

Thank You Carol

Carol Karcher's Peonies Cross Stich is finally finished. Synod is coming...



2026 Ordo Kalendar Order Forms

Provincial Anglican Church Women (ACW)
2038 Carlsbad Caverns Court, Newman, CA 95360-9635 • Phone 1 (209) 862-2582
Trinity, 2025

Dear Friends in Christ,
It is time to place your order for the 2026 Liturgical Ordo Kalendar. In addition, to being a great reference guide for church information the Ordo Kalendar is a good tool to introduce new members to your church. The calendar in full color has been edited by The Rev. Canon Matthew L. Weber for use with the 1928 Book of Common Prayer, and with the Anglican and American Missals. After receiving the calendars, there is a place on the front of the calendar where a parish may, if desired, insert a label with its name and address.
To be assured a sufficient number of calendars is printed to take care of your needs, please place your order as soon as possible. Our plan for the delivery of the calendars will approximately be in September.
Faithfully, *Nona Courtney, Provincial ACW President*

INVOICE/ORDER FORM 2026 ORDO KALENDAR

DATE _____ TELEPHONE _____ EMAIL _____

ordered by _____ church name _____ mailing address _____ city/state/zip _____

DO NOT USE THIS BOX
ACW OFFICE USE ONLY

Check # _____
Amount Paid: _____
Note: _____

\$6.00 per ORDO KALENDAR
ADD - Postage/Handling (U.S.A. currency)
SHIP TO ONE LOCATION

A) Original Ordo Kalendar 8" x 13 3/4" full color - \$6.00 per wall calendar
B) Pocket Ordo Kalendar folded 3 3/4" x 6" black and white - \$6.00 per pocket calendar

Make checks payable to: Provincial ACW
Mail Order Form with check to:
Provincial ACW
2038 Carlsbad Caverns Court
Newman, CA 95360-9635

2026
CALENDARS ORDERED **TOTAL**

DO NOT CLIP LABEL

THIS IS YOUR SHIPPING LABEL

SHIP TO ONE (1) LOCATION PER ORDER

PRINT OR TYPE YOUR NAME/ADDRESS

From: **Provincial ACW**
2038 Carlsbad Caverns Court
Newman, CA 95360-9635

TO:

A) Original Ordo Kalendar # _____ x \$6 = _____
+
B) Pocket Ordo Kalendar # _____ x \$6 = _____
Total A & B Calendars Ordered = # _____

SHIPPING/HANDLING

ADD SHIPPING & HANDLING
U.S.A. Currency

CALENDARS ORDERED * HANDLING + SHIPPING
SHIPPING FEE FOR ONE (1) MAILING ADDRESS

1-2.....	\$ 9.00
3-16.....	\$15.00
17-25.....	\$25.00
26-50.....	\$35.00
51-100.....	\$50.00
101 & up.....	\$65.00

TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ _____

Or copy our new link: <https://www.anglicanpck.org/ordo-kalendars>

*Institution of Father Newcomb and Confirmation Class
Holy Cross Anglican Church, Oklahoma City*



*Top: the Confirmation Class with Bishop Hansen
Above left: the Instituting Bishop begins the Service of Institution
Above right: the Senior Warden hands the keys of the parish to its new Rector*

A Sermon for Pentecost (Whitsunday)

In 1972, when I was eight years old, I saw a movie that made a great impression on me. The primary reason it made this impression was that I fell asleep in the middle of it and it took me about 20 years to find a copy of it and see the end. It was an old movie at the time, “The Next Voice You Hear” was made in 1950 and it starred James Whitmore and a young actress named Nancy Davis, who would become First Lady of the United States after marrying actor Ronald Reagan. The premise of the film was that God spoke on the radio, every day at the same time, on every radio in the world. And everyone who heard these broadcasts heard the voice of God in his native language. An Italian and a Pole listening to the same radio would hear the voice simultaneously in Italian and in Polish. For the past 52 years I’ve thought of that film every year when I’ve heard the lesson appointed for the Epistle on Pentecost:

How hear we every man in our own tongue, where in we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome. Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God. What a day that must have been! The Holy Ghost let loose on the world with the sound of a rushing mighty wind and cloven tongues of fire lighting on the heads of the disciples, who then start speaking—preaching—in languages they don’t know. And this was not the phenomenon called glossolalia practiced in some churches which involves unknown languages. They spoke real, common, languages, spoken by those in attendance, and they told the world, in those languages, about the wonderful works of God. The experience of the Disciples and their hearers on the Day of Pentecost was nothing less than the breaking down of the barriers erected by God Almighty at the tower of Babel. Way back in the eleventh chapter of Genesis, we read about humanity’s attempt to build a tower reaching to Heaven. And God said, “we can’t have them do that” and He “confounded their language,” in the words of the King James Version, and scattered them all over the world, frustrating their attempt to work together on that building project.

Language and culture are gifts from God. Many years ago I read an academic study on languages and their unique usefulnesses. How wonderful is it that Germans can describe technical details very efficiently while the French and the Italians are better at expressing feeling and emotion. The Inuit people of the Arctic, as you may have heard, have more than a dozen words for “snow.” But language and culture can be barriers too. We have a fairly new family in our neighborhood from southeast Asia. When they moved in they spoke not one word of English. And unfortunately my Vietnamese is limited to “thank you” and “happy New Year.” We’ve tried to make them feel as welcome as possible and thanks to a smartphone app we’ve achieved limited communication but interacting with this family is a struggle, limited most of the time to a smile and a wave.

But since the Day of Pentecost God has broken down linguistic and cultural barriers—at least within the Church Catholic. And I use that word Catholic like we use it in the creeds—the worldwide church encompassing all Christian denominations. We Catholic Christians have a common language on which we absolutely agree. It is the language of the Holy Spirit. This is the language Paul wrote about in First Corinthians in his great hymn in praise of love.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Christian love, Caritas in Latin, rendered “Charity” in the King James text, is the language that binds this family we call the Church. And in this love the Holy Spirit, which brought the Church into being on the Day of Pentecost directs, guides, and informs our own speech, regardless of the human language we’re speaking.

The best sermons I have delivered were not written by me. The best sermons I have written wrote themselves—I believe they were written by the Holy Spirit who was using me as a scribe. I know I’ve got a good one when I sit down at the keyboard and the words just come out through my fingers seemingly without any thought of my own.

Does that sound too mystical? Think about a time you said just the right thing in some situation for which you had no words. And looking back on that experience you think, “I have no idea where that came from.” Isn’t that the same thing? The Holy Ghost using you to get His message across to someone. Maybe someone you love. Maybe someone you didn’t even know.

And Jesus told us this would happen in the tenth Chapter of Matthew: *Take no thought how or what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.*

Now the Lord was talking in that instance about the times we are persecuted, brought before kings and governors for His sake. But in this morning’s Gospel reading from John, He said this applies to all situations:

The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, The Spirit gives us utterance. And the Spirit always says the right thing.

Even we have no words of our own. Especially when we have no words of our own.

That, brethren, is the gift of tongues. Not necessarily the gift of language. Which some have and some don’t. There are diversities of gifts, says Saint Paul, but the same Spirit. And that Spirit gives the Church and its members the gifts necessary to do the will of the Father.

Our Prayer Book provides two sets of propers for Whitsunday. And I’d like to conclude with the alternate Collect for the Day of Pentecost:

Let us pray

Almighty and most merciful God, grant, we beseech thee, that by the indwelling of thy Holy Spirit, we may be enlightened and strengthened for thy service; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee in the unity of the same Spirit ever, one God, world without end. Amen.

Charles C. Newcomb+

Baptism at the Parish of Saint Mark in Portland





A Tattled Parable to Meditate Upon for Whitsunday and Baptisms

Bare foot and dirty, the girl just sat by the side of the path in the park and watched people go by. She never tried to speak; she never said a word. Many people passed but never did one person stop. I passed by every day – on my way to work – but then – one day - I decided to go back to the park, curious about the sad little girl. There she sat with the saddest look in her eyes. I walked over to her; I really didn't know why. I did know that a park full of strange people was not a place for young child to sit alone. As I began walking towards her, I could see that the back of the little girl's dress indicated a deformity. I had never noticed that deformity before and assumed that was the reason why people just passed by and made no effort to help. As I got closer, the little girl slightly lowered her eyes to avoid meeting mine. I could see the shape of her back more clearly. It was grotesquely shaped in a humped over form.

I smiled to let her know it was OK; I was there to help, to talk. I sat down beside her and opened with a simple, "Hello." The little girl acted shocked and stammered a "hi" after a long stare into my eyes. I smiled and she shyly smiled back. I asked the girl why she was so sad; she looked at me and said, "Because I'm different." I immediately said "that you are!" and smiled. The little girl acted even sadder, and said, "I know." "Little girl," I said, "You remind me of an angel, sweet and innocent." She looked at me and smiled; slowly she stood up, and said, "Really?" "Yes, dear, you're like a little guardian angel sent to watch over all those people walking by." She nodded her head "yes" and smiled, and with that she spread her wings and said, "I am. I'm your guardian angel," she said with a twinkle in her eye. I was speechless. Surely I was seeing things. She said, "For once you thought of someone other than yourself, my job here is done." Immediately I stood to my feet and said, "Wait, so why did no one stop to help an angel?" She looked at me and smiled, "You're the only one who could see me, and you believed it in your heart." And she was gone.

A Sermon for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity

One of my favorite Star Trek episodes is the one where Captain Kirk and some of his crew land on a planet (Eminiar VII) that is at war with a nearby planet (Vendikar). The war has been going on for five hundred years. Now had both planets used real bombs on real missiles, both planets would have become burned out cinders. So, they fought their war by computers. Attacks would be theoretically launched-by-computer and in areas deemed destroyed, the people willingly stepped into disintegration chambers where they died painlessly and casualties of war. People died but civilization lived on. It was a neat and tidy – too neat and tidy; life had lost meaning.

The problem comes when Kirk and his crew on the Enterprise are declared casualties of war. They, of course, will not step into the disintegration chambers and, after all kinds of sub-plot adventures, Kirk and Spock break into the Eminiar VII command center and Kirk destroys all the computers so that Eminiar VII can no longer make war by computer. Their leaders are terrified, but Kirk negotiates peace by convincing them that the leaders of Vendikar are almost certainly as terrified to engage in a shooting war. Now don't be offended, if I compare Captain Kirk to Saint Paul, but Saint Paul in today's Epistle and Captain Kirk make the same point. The people of Eminiar VII and Vendikar had become slaves to covering over the real consequences of war just as we sinners cover over our real motives in assuming that God will always forgive us (God is love, is He not?); and Saint Paul calls that slavery.

Many Christians, in Paul's time and now, blithely assume that if God forgives their sins, why should they worry about their sins. Are not their sins canceled out by God? But Paul counters this kind of thinking by pointing out that taking God's forgiveness for granted makes us slaves to sin. In other words, just as a master who owns slaves makes them his property, humans who sin make themselves slaves of sin – or the property of sin. What men and women must do is to change their lives and become slaves to righteousness! Since a slave can only serve, he can only serve; so, he must choose to serve sin or righteousness. The people of Eminiar VII and Vendikar had to look at the slavery of civilized butchery into which they had fallen and change.

When Captain Kirk threatens to give Eminiar VII a real war (with real bombs and real destruction), they accuse him of barbarism. Kirk stuns them by admitting that all people are indeed barbarous; but they don't have to be. He says that today they can choose not to kill! They can choose another way; a truly civilized way. And we Christians must do the same. We must choose between the slavery of sin and the slavery of righteousness. And it is not a snap, instantaneous decision. Such a decision requires taking a hard look at ourselves and our motives. It often takes trying and trying, again and again. I don't know, if they still do it, but when a man decides to join the Benedictine monks, his first year is a probationary year. During that year, he learns how to be a monk but, in his cell, hanging on the wall are the clothes he wore as a layman. For during that first year, he can take off his monastic habit, put on his old clothes and leave. It is his choice; he may choose a new life or go back to his old life. The novice monk who chooses to keep his monastic garb and follow Christ is a reminder to us that we are works in progress – away from sin and toward righteousness. Saint Paul concludes his argument with a well-known double metaphor, For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. The words Saint Paul uses are very revealing. Wages comes from a Greek word (opsonia) meaning the money a soldier is given on payday; so, sin is a master that pays wages to his servants - and those wages are death. But gift on the other hand, comes from a Greek word (charisma) meaning a free gift or grace. So, when we make ourselves slaves to the righteous of God, the reward is eternal grace and the unearned gift of everlasting life.