

A spiritual journey into faith, experiencing God's presence and action, and working to renew the Church.

LIVING LIFE IN THE SPIRIT

**Charismatic Renewal,
Me, and the Church**

A memoir

by Richard Hines

Order the complete book from the publisher

[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10555.html?s=pdf)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10555.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Living Life in the Spirit



Charismatic Renewal,
Me, and the Church

A memoir

Richard Hines

Copyright © 2019 Richard Hines

ISBN: 978-1-64438-935-5

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2019

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Hines, Richard

Living Life in The Spirit: Charismatic Renewal, Me, and the Church by Richard Hines

BODY, MIND & SPIRIT / Inspiration & Personal Growth |

RELIGION / Christian Ministry / Missions | BIOGRAPHY &

AUTOBIOGRAPHY / Religious

Library of Congress Control Number: 2019912308

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Prologue	7
-----------------------	----------

PART ONE - From Living in New York.....	
 to Living with God	13

Chapter 1 - I Remember the Days of Old.....	15
Chapter 2 - Praise the Lord!	31
Chapter 3 - My Soul Clings to You	49

PART TWO - Ministry in Argentina and Recife	67
--	-----------

Chapter 4 - I Put My Trust in You	69
Chapter 5 - He Will Do It.....	83
Chapter 6 - Veni, Creator Spiritus.....	103
Chapter 7 - Demonstration of the Spirit's Power	117

PART THREE - Sharing Ministries Abroad.....	
 and Return.....	135

Chapter 8 - You Hold Me By My Right Hand	137
Chapter 9 - Reaching for What Lies Ahead	151
Chapter 10 - Let the Redeemed of the Lord Tell Their Story	171
Chapter 11 - Your Promise Gives Me Life	189

Epilogue: God is Spirit	203
--------------------------------------	------------

ANNEX - Notes for an Autobiography	213
---	------------

Prologue

The urgings of two bishops triggered my decision to write this book. But I did not write it for the reason they asked.

I have lived a life filled with the excitement of the presence of God the Holy Spirit. A life of surprises: taking me from a secular, academic-focused world to a global ministry, saving my marriage and miraculously generating a child, calling me to cliff-walking faith, and filling me with confidence and joy. The first and great pivot in my relationship with God came as a result of the charismatic renewal movement within the Episcopal Church. That led to forty years of ministry as a layman working in the power of the Holy Spirit to spread spiritual renewal in the church around the world.

More importantly, the Pentecostal experience—total conscious reliance on the power of the Holy Spirit and openness to the charismatic gifts—has largely been lost in the Anglican/Episcopal community in the United States but has become vigorous in many of the national churches of the Anglican Communion around the world. I have lived through both sides of this development.

How did God take a boy from a troubled, unbelieving immigrant family in New York City and make him—eventually—the administrative secretary of the international agency dedicated to fostering charismatic renewal in the world’s second largest Christian denomination? His path first took me through a prestigious private secondary school, then to graduate *summa cum laude* from Harvard College, then to enter

the U.S. Foreign Service for a career that carried me and my family to five continents of the world. God had to combine that with making me unwilling to let go of the question, “Who is God?” Then he permitted my wife and me to engage with demonic activity so as to open us to the miraculous power of the Holy Spirit.

My life pivoted again fifteen years later. As I approached retirement from the Foreign Service at age fifty, God placed my family and me in an Episcopal congregation staffed by two of the key leaders of Sharing of Ministries Abroad (SOMA). As Anglican (or Episcopal) Renewal Ministries had been teaching and empowering charismatic renewal within the U.S., England and a few other English-speaking countries, so SOMA had since 1979 been taking that teaching cross-culturally throughout the world.

The 1970’s and 1980’s were heady years for the spread of the charismatic renewal in the Episcopal Church and in other mainline denominations:

— Churches were packed for conferences on the Holy Spirit given by itinerant teachers. I began speaking in tongues at a conference led by Derek Prince, perhaps the most renowned expositor on the Holy Spirit at the time; the church where it happened was Episcopal, Prince was non-denominational.

— Prayer groups abounded. At one in the Virginia countryside I accepted the invitation to be totally immersed in a nearby creek and prayed over by a Messianic Jew, as the outward expression of my baptism in the Holy Spirit a few years earlier.

— Special friendships blossomed. In New Delhi I met a young diplomat of strong Christian faith on his first

overseas tour, a tie that lasted through his appointment as his country's ambassador to Washington thirty years later. In Santo Domingo my wife and I befriended a visiting Episcopal priest on vacation with his family from his first parish. That friendship resumed a few years later when he was called as rector of the largest charismatic congregation in Northern Virginia.

— We lived with miracles. I stopped having episodes of stabbing, paralyzing back pain. As we prayed for our foster son, he was delivered of a demon and stopped experiencing threats to his life. Our son taught at an Anglican church service in London at the age of twelve.

How did it happen?

And where has it all gone? The outward signs of the movement that I experienced have all but disappeared: praying and singing in tongues, public prophecy, dancing in the aisles, interruptions to the service as the leadership and congregation were overwhelmed by the presence of the Holy Spirit.

The loss of these outward signs may not be consequential. More painfully, the inner, personal conviction of the power of the Holy Spirit has gone missing: the confidence to speak words of wisdom, to recognize and cast out demons, to trust in God to work miracles. Reliance on the power of the Holy Spirit to work has given way to the exhortation to follow Jesus—to see Jesus as a model for self-effort, a building up of one's own goodness.

In contrast to this recession in the United States, I have witnessed the burgeoning awareness of the power of the Holy Spirit to change lives, congregations, and communities in many parts of the Anglican

Communion around the world: in Argentina and Brazil especially, where I worked to bring renewal, and in Uganda, Southern Africa, other African countries, and Southeast Asia. In those countries I have known Spirit-filled leaders and visited dynamic congregations which thrive on the reliance on the presence of the Holy Spirit.

The charismatic renewal movement in the U.S. Episcopal Church (TEC) and the Anglican Communion around the world also warrants attention because of its role in the schism in TEC and the growing dissolution of the Communion. The movement has provided most of the leadership of the sector within the denomination which holds to traditional Biblical interpretations and rejects the liberalizing leadership of TEC on the theology of salvation and human sexuality. While this disagreement has not yet produced a reorganization of the Communion itself, a realignment is already underway. Key leaders of the global traditionalists—notably in Uganda, Kenya, South America and Southeast Asia—have come from the charismatic movement.

In December 2012, I spotted the Portuguese edition of the *Life in the Spirit Manual* in the publication racks in the hallway of the Church of the Holy Spirit in Recife, Brazil. I asked the Rev. Miguel Uchoa whether the book was still much in use. He said it was a standard and widely used teaching text. To prove his point, and out of kindness to me, he asked the congregations of many hundreds at the church over the next two days how many had gone through the Life in

the Spirit seminars. About three quarters of the people raised their hands.

I was both startled and deeply moved by the response, for two reasons. First, it was I who had introduced the Life in the Spirit seminars to the Diocese of Recife when I led the first SOMA team to the diocese in 1991. Second, at the climax of the seminars, the leader prays for the participants to be baptized in the Holy Spirit. The Episcopal/Anglican church in the United States had abandoned teaching on the baptism in the Holy Spirit in the intervening two decades. So it was a great joy to learn that this dynamic way of relating to God was flourishing in Recife.

The occasion for my visit was the consecration of Uchoa as the new bishop of the diocese. I explained to two visiting American bishops why Uchoa had posed the question to the congregations during two separate gatherings. One bishop had come through the charismatic renewal movement himself and was well acquainted with the Life in the Spirit seminars. The other wanted to know more. A priest from the latter's diocese, also invited for the consecration, had never heard of the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

At the opening of Leoncavallo's opera *I Pagliacci*, a character steps in front of the curtain and informs the audience that he is "The Prologue." He describes the work they are about to see, then calls to the players behind the curtain, "Andiam? Incominciate!" Let's go. Begin!

So I write.

PART ONE

From Living in New York.....
to Living with God

Chapter 1

I Remember the Days of Old (Ps 77)

It was an ordinary Sunday in a most ordinary Episcopal church. May 1, 1971, was the fifth Sunday of the Easter season in the church calendar, and a beautiful spring morning in Northern Virginia. I led my family down the center aisle of St. Alban's, stepped aside to let them enter the pew—my wife and our two young daughters—then sat down last, on the aisle. As it was an ordinary Sunday, the service was not Holy Communion but the more typical Morning Prayer.

Something unusual, though: Our rector would not be preaching but rather the visiting Rev. Dr. Murray Newman, professor of Old Testament at the nearby Virginia Theological Seminary. And another change: Rather than the Psalm appointed for the day, the congregation would instead be reading Psalm 103, for that was to be the text for Dr. Newman's sermon.

*Praise the Lord, O my soul.
And all that is within me praise His holy Name.
Praise the Lord, O my soul,
and forget not all His benefits.*

As the congregation recited from the Book of Common Prayer of 1928, the opening words of the Psalm set my heart pounding. "Praise the Lord!" And

then again, “Praise the Lord!” These three words were the rallying cry of the “charismatics,” the group my wife had joined a few months earlier who had experienced the “baptism in the Holy Spirit,” as they called it. “Praise the Lord” was the phrase they repeated over and over to proclaim that God was continually acting in the life of the believer, in human affairs in general, even in events of nature. I, on the other hand, was convinced that this radical concept was a theological error, for it removed all sense—and burden—of individual responsibility. I had been debating with them for months.

After the Bible readings and the prayers, Dr. Newman began preaching on the Psalm. He spoke at length of how it exulted in God’s action with the Hebrew people: “He heals your infirmities.... He satisfies you with good things.” And that He “showed His works to the children of Israel.” And then he said, “And everything that was true for God’s relationship with the Hebrew people is true *today* for those who love Him.” The sentence struck me with the power of a nearby thunderclap.

And I saw Jesus. The vision was conventional in one way: Jesus was wearing a simple tunic reaching to his feet. But he was thirty feet tall, huge, standing above the altar all the way to the roof. His presence in the church before my eyes confirmed the sermon’s pivotal thought, “It’s true *today*!” Instantly I knew I was wrong, totally wrong. I was wrong to believe that I, and other believers like me, were on our own as we strove to be godly. I was wrong to believe that Jesus had set us an example and then left us to follow it

unattended. I was delightfully wrong, and I was overjoyed to be made aware of my error.

I began to cry. I cried through the end of the sermon, the closing prayer and the blessing. And I sat and cried as the rest of the congregation moved out of the pews and left the church. My family stayed with me in the pew to my right, and our charismatic friends gathered in the aisle to my left. They all smiled and chatted over my slumped head, knowing that God had touched me and I was crying because I was happy.

After greeting the departing congregation, the rector came back to the small crowd still in the aisle. He stepping through them and asked me kindly, “Is there anything the matter?” I looked up at him through wet eyes and shook my head to reassure him. “No,” I said, “Everything is very good.” I imagined his perplexity as he went away, but couldn’t speak to explain.

As I write this, I still hear and sing along with a Christian band playing *God.....Is.....Already Here* on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial shortly afterwards. Learning this fact at the age of thirty-two, I finally came to a safe harbor after a long spiritual journey from religiosity to rejection and then to a rationalist faith. Yes, “rationalist faith” is an oxymoron, but read on.



Because my father as a youth had been active in the program at his neighborhood Episcopal church while my mother had left the Roman Catholic faith, I was baptized as an infant at St. Andrew’s Episcopal Church near our home in Astoria, Queens. After my parents’ separation, my older brother took me to church every Sunday until I was old enough to go on my own.

During the school year I was there again every Wednesday afternoon when the New York public schools let me and my classmates leave early to return to our churches for Release Time School.

Ours was an immigrant family.

I never knew my Irish grandfather though; that is, my father's father. But then my father never knew him either. When I was old enough I was told that that grandfather had abandoned my grandmother while she was pregnant with my father.

I never knew my Hungarian grandmother either, my mother's mother, that is. But then my mother hardly knew her either, as the woman had died when my mother was three years old. My mother revealed that to me when, in my thirties, I was old enough; and when, I suspect, she knew she herself was dying. The elderly woman who had been so important in my upbringing was actually my mother's step-mother, a fact kept secret from almost everyone, including my father.

Other than that, I had a normal childhood. Oh, no. When I was four years old, my father disappeared from my home—moving out at my mother's insistence, I was eventually old enough to be told—and shortly afterwards disappeared from my life for what was, for me at that age, a very long time. Drafted into the US Army, he spent the next four years somewhere far away from New York City. At some point not long after he left I learned that men in the army died.

Other than the secrets and the broken home and the war, I had a normal childhood. I was loved by my family; always had good food, clothing, and shelter; and grew-up in a cheerful middle-class neighborhood

where I could play safely with friends without adult supervision and walk to my school and to St. Andrew's.

The church always smelled of incense. Two acolytes were in charge of the incense every Sunday: one to swing the censer on its long chain and the other to carry the incense to make sure the censer censed. They were brothers. The elder was overcome by the incense one Sunday and startled me by fainting to the floor in the middle of the service.

Clearly we were the most Catholic of Anglo-Catholic congregations in an Anglo-Catholic diocese. The Rev. John Langtry Williams, our rector, always wore a black cassock, with a black floor-length cape and a biretta for outdoors. Along with the incense, the chancel bells rang loudly three times during the prayer of consecration of the communion bread and wine. I was always hungry on Sunday mornings after my confirmation, because I received communion fasting. I learned to stand to praise and to sing and to hear the Gospel, sit to be taught, and kneel to pray.

The wooden kneelers were a challenge. I seemed never to learn how to kneel on them without triggering a sharp pain in my legs. And kneel we did: not just at length for the prayers but also quickly and briefly when the Creed and the closing Gospel made reference to the Incarnation. Worship was intended to be experienced with the body. I bowed my head at the mention of the name of Jesus, I made a large sign of the cross over my face and chest at a number of points in the service, and smaller signs of the cross over my forehead, lips and heart when Father Williams announced the reading of the Gospel lesson. It was only decades later that I

enjoyed the excitement of raising my arms and hands to praise God.

To my left from my usual place in the pews stood the wood structure with two doors for private confessions—which I entered infrequently. Sculpted plaques with the Stations of the Cross filled spaces on the walls around the room. In the rear, a statue of the Virgin Mary looked down on votive candles. Except on Good Friday, the altar always glowed with candles and color. At Mass each Sunday, Father Williams began the service in a cope, with the deacon and sub-deacon in equally colorful chasubles on each side of him. As we sang the opening hymn, he censed the altar, briefly clouding the vision of the Crucifix until the smoke dispersed and the scent reached out to us in the pews.

Sunday worship was awesome.

When I was thirteen I decided that God, as the Church was showing him to me, looked too much like a human being. Christianity was a human creation, I concluded, and I stopped going to church. My mother had remarried and we moved to another neighborhood in Queens. There was an historic Episcopal church just two blocks from my new home but I had lost all interest in connecting with the God of the church.

School became my principal focus, and I was outstandingly successful. From my “OP-1” class in PS 151 at age twelve I moved to “SP-1” in Horace Mann Junior High School—the number “1” in “OP-1” and “SP-1” because students were assigned to classes based on academic ability. We all had taken IQ tests in the sixth grade for this tracking process and, against all

good public policy, I was told my IQ score shortly afterwards. In SP-1 we were moved through the then three-year curriculum of junior high school in two years. For most of that time I went steady with a classmate who was an Orthodox Jew. When I walked her home after school one Friday in winter, she asked me to turn on the living room lights as Shabbat was already beginning. Twenty-five years later in New Delhi, India, I spent three days as host of a prominent American economist who I was startled to learn was Nonny's ex-husband.

I entered the tenth grade as a full-tuition scholarship student at Trinity School in Manhattan—a few years ago rated number one in the *US News and World Report's* ranking of private and public secondary schools. As the school still had ties to its founding Trinity Church, Wall Street, I attended a daily chapel service marked by traditional teaching, traditional Bible readings, and traditional Episcopal hymns. We students especially enjoyed the hymn whose chorus ended, “Bless-ed Trin.....ity!” The Episcopal priest who served as school chaplain also taught us a once-a-week religious education class. I remember *Chapters in Church History* from one year, little else. Driving my teenage daughters around Manhattan on a tour of potential colleges in the mid-1980s, I pointed through the car window to the bar where some of my Trinity classmates and I used to go to drink after school. A voice exclaimed from the rear seat, “Dad, you were a teen-age alcoholic!”

I did re-connect briefly with St. Andrew's and Father Williams. In the fall of my senior year I sought a meeting to ask him to write a recommendation for me

to Georgetown University. I had fallen on the US Foreign Service as a career choice after college; Georgetown's School of Foreign Service was one of the three colleges I was to apply to. So one afternoon I was sitting in a familiar pew, alone now, in silence now, but surrounded by familiar sights and breathing in a familiar smell. As I waited for Father Williams I took the Book of Common Prayer out of the holder and opened by chance to the large section containing the Psalms. I began reading Psalm 38:

*1 Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger
or discipline me in your wrath.*

*2 Your arrows have pierced me,
and your hand has come down on me.*

*3 Because of your wrath there is no health in my body;
there is no soundness in my bones because of my sin.*

*4 My guilt has overwhelmed me
like a burden too heavy to bear.*

*5 My wounds fester and are loathsome
because of my sinful folly.*

*6 I am bowed down and brought very low;
all day long I go about mourning.*

*7 My back is filled with searing pain;
there is no health in my body.*

*8 I am feeble and utterly crushed;
I groan in anguish of heart.*

*9 All my longings lie open before you, Lord;
my sighing is not hidden from you.*

*10 My heart pounds, my strength fails me;
even the light has gone from my eyes....*

*13 I am like the deaf, who cannot hear,
like the mute, who cannot speak;
14 I have become like one who does not hear,
whose mouth can offer no reply.
15 Lord, I wait for you;
you will answer, Lord my God....*

*21 Lord, do not forsake me;
do not be far from me, my God.
22 Come quickly to help me,
my Lord and my Savior.*

I was sixteen years old, swept by tidal emotions, wondering at times how to stay alive; and suddenly, unexpectedly, these words took me back into a conversation with God.

Father Williams came out to greet me, and my mind flipped from an agitated engagement with the heavenlies to a focused, perhaps calculating, determination to get what I had come for. At the conclusion of a brief conversation, he said he would be happy to write the recommendation but invited me to dine with him a day or two later so that he would know me better for that purpose. I remember two things from the dinner. First, the dining room was luxurious, far beyond any expectation for an apartment in Astoria, Queens. The table setting was fine china and silverware, with crystal glassware. Clearly Father Williams was a man of inherited wealth. Second, when he asked me what I would like to drink with dinner, I replied, "Milk, thank you." He was obviously taken aback, so I asked, "Should I not drink milk?" "Well, no," he replied. "It coats the tongue and affects the way

you taste the food.” “I should have wine?” “Oh yes, it makes the food taste better.” So I drank excellent red wine and he wrote a very flattering letter of recommendation that I assume encouraged Georgetown in its decision to accept my application.

I was still sixteen years old when I graduated from Trinity. My grandparents gave me an engraved wristwatch which I made a point of referring to in my address to the graduation ceremony as valedictorian; I have carefully kept it though it no longer keeps time. I turned seventeen that summer and entered Harvard College in the fall. At that point I was certain there was a God, but had no way of knowing anything about him.

My uncertainties did not stop me from many friendly debates on the Christian faith with the charming Episcopalian girl I began to go steady with soon after my arrival in Cambridge. Our discussions cannot fairly be called sophomoric as we were only freshmen. They were sincere and intense, but they too did not get me closer to God. As the end of that school year I proposed that we consider thinking about marriage. Nancy wisely said no.

It surprises me, as I write this, that only six years later, at a special service celebrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Episcopal National Cathedral, I received communion for the first time after leaving St. Andrew's. By then I was convinced of the truth of Christianity's assertions about God and man. But first I became a Hindu.

That is, I adhered to much of Vedanta, a form of Hindu philosophy, which had been spreading in the

United States for almost a century. At some moment early in my college years I found in my hands the ancient Indian text *The Bhagavad Gita* in the English version of Christopher Isherwood, famous now as the author of the stories that became the basis of the musical *Cabaret*. The original text was accompanied by explanatory material describing Vedanta. And I had with it a second book, almost certainly Isherwood's *Vedanta for the Modern Man*, the two published a little over a decade earlier. From these books I learned about the Hindu concepts (as expounded by Vedanta) of "brahman"—the all-powerful, all-knowing and all-present creator divinity; and "atman"—the essence of the individual, the soul. Now here was a vision of God that made sense to me: awe-inspiring, limitless, filled with energy, and certainly not human. A divinity that the individual soul could, and should, aspire to connect to.

At a Christmas party some time afterwards, I was standing at a large window in the luxurious living room of a Fifth Avenue apartment looking out over Central Park. Other guests mingled politely, conversing between bites of hors-d'oeuvres and sips from cocktails, while somehow managing their cigarettes at the same time. But I was engaged in a serious exchange with an unusual, slightly older woman, Spanish by birth and a somewhat adopted member of the host family. She was a devout Christian and I was telling her about my excitement with my newfound Hindu vision of God. She pressed me and I exclaimed, "They say there are no words to describe God. God is beyond our ability to say." She replied, "But that's how Christians understand God."

The rest of the conversation is lost to my memory because that sentence changed me. Suddenly the God of my childhood, who looked too much like a lot of people, was replaced by a Christian God who was infinite, indescribable in his awesomeness, Spirit. I never saw Nina again, but with her faith she had set me on a new path.

It became important for me to go to church on Sundays. Church of the Advent, an historic Episcopal church on Beacon Hill in downtown Boston, was famous for its Anglo-Catholic ethos and quickly attracted me. I was back with stained glass, incense, and bells, and—most importantly—a sense of solemn reverence to an awesome God. It wasn't that I considered myself a Christian. The complexity of the human and divine natures of Jesus was beyond me, the Gospel narrative too earthbound and seemingly contrived, the crucifixion and resurrection a mystery still to be revealed. On Sundays I knelt, I stood, I bowed; but I scrupulously did not say the Creed, as I didn't believe it, and did not go forward to the altar rail with the others to receive communion. It would be to me a gesture of hypocrisy.

The girl I started dating in our junior year was perplexed by my church-going. She had a firm Christian faith as an Episcopalian since her infant baptism but, after some Sunday mornings at Christ Church, Cambridge, had not been moved to attend. Why, she asked, should I—that is, me, the writer—be so committed to Sunday worship services when I didn't believe? I did not have an answer to her question. But I was embarrassed when she kindly came with me and another friend to a High Mass at Advent and the sudden

kneelings and standings and makings-of-the-sign-of-the-cross were new to her and hard to catch. But Ardeth saw what I saw in the serenity, solemnity, and devotion of this worship of God.

In the spring of junior year we were going steady and later in the fall engaged to marry. Then she told me that, while we had been separated during the summer, she had gone to the Roman Catholic cathedral in her town one day to pray about our relationship. Responding to her prayer, God told her, “You shall work out your salvation together.” That word of God, that gift from God, played a vital role in the decades-long saga of our marriage.

There was a problem with the wedding ceremony, however. I was content, even happy, to be married at St. Peter’s Pro-Cathedral, Ardeth’s home church in Helena, Montana. But when she described how the planned service would continue on from the wedding itself to communion, I pointed out that I would not receive the bread and wine. Ardeth was shocked, disappointed, and hurt, but I could not agree to an empty, for me a fraudulent gesture. So the wedding ceremony was somewhat short but nonetheless grand. My one unhappiness about it is that I did not smile as Ardeth and I came back along the center aisle together. I felt like smiling—I was overjoyed—but I thought that getting married was supposed to be serious matter. I was, after all, only twenty-two.

That was the first of our three weddings. We were the principal participants in a follow-up wedding ceremony one month later at St. Mark’s, Jackson Heights, in Queens, as none of my family was able to travel to Montana for the first. And we were blessed

again at a similar ceremony back at St. Peter's twenty-five years later as part of the celebration of our silver anniversary. Ardeth wore her wedding dress for the third time and her brother once again supported me as best man. But on this occasion our three children read the lessons. (The Episcopal Church still uses the liturgy of the marriage ceremony—with only a slight but substantive modification—to bless a couple who are already married.)

So how did it happen that two years later I was communing with Archbishop Ramsey? And that celebration, just before developing a close friendship with a family of voodoo practitioners?

Ardeth and I, newly married—and newly moved to Arlington, Virginia, as I started my Foreign Service career with the State Department—regularly attended Mass at St. Paul's, K Street, in Washington. St. Paul's was a good-sized Episcopal church in the same intense Anglo-Catholic tradition as St. Andrew's. I, for my part, regularly forebore to say the church's statement of faith in the Creed or to receive communion. We varied our Sundays on occasion by attending the communion service in the Bethlehem Chapel of the Episcopal National Cathedral. Here all was stone, a monotone grey, with color only in the stained-glass windows, quiet, intimate. The somber immensity of the National Cathedral became an important part of my spiritual life thirty years later, and thus added to the pain of separating from the Episcopal Church in 2006.

The truth is, I became a believing Christian over the next two years because it was clearly reasonable to do

so. It gradually became clear to me that the history of Christendom, of the Church, was so fraught that its birth, its continued existence, and its flourishing were possible only because God had made it happen.

First, the public execution of a carpenter's son in a hick province of the Roman Empire had eventually produced a complex faith and institutional structure that, after three hundred years of multiple oppressions, became that Empire's established religion! The Empire collapsed in Western Europe, unable to resist foreign invaders, yet the invaders themselves adopted Christianity and continued to promote it. The faith spread to the peoples of Eastern Europe, even while it lost its place in West Asia and North Africa to a new, somewhat derivative faith. Second, after a thousand years, the Great Schism broke Christendom in two and, five hundred years later, the schism between Catholicism and Protestantism caused wars to ravage Western Europe over a hundred years. But throughout this fragmenting, the Creedal core of the faith remained unchanged and the churches thrived—clearly an impossibility in human terms.

What's worse from a human perspective was the mounting corruption in the leadership of the western Church in the centuries leading up to the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation: competing papacies, papal elections through influence and bribery, a loss of sanctity. No merely human institution could possibly have survived such behavior.

One further consideration, perhaps the most important: Christendom, despite its weaknesses, great flaws and stumblings, produced so much that Western Civilization considers good: hospitals first, then schools

and universities, then the concept of the equal value of each individual and human rights, leading to the suppression of slavery and labor laws to stop child labor.

For me it became self-evident that there could be only one explanation for the success of the Church despite all its failures and for the great goodness that the Church conveyed to the world: God made it happen. And as it was God's chosen vehicle, so the foundational statements of faith proclaimed by the Church had to be true. Specifically, Jesus was God incarnate as a human being. So I could now say the Creed because I believed it expressed reality. And I could join the Church in communion because it was, as Jesus had said, a sharing of his body and blood, in some mystical way.

This growing conviction hit me just as Michael Ramsey, installed as Archbishop of Canterbury the preceding year, was making his first visitation to the United States. It was easy to join my fellow-believers at the altar rail of the National Cathedral for the service of Holy Communion that he celebrated in the fall of 1962.

So there I was, not just a *reasonable* Christian but a *rationalist* Christian. I still had not had a personal meeting with God; I didn't *know* him. That had to wait until after an engagement with voodoo during the next two years in Haiti, and a brush with macumba in Brazil.

PART TWO

Ministry in Argentina and Recife

Chapter 4

I Put My Trust in You (Ps 56)

We were a tiny group, sitting together late at night in the hangar-like space of the boarding area for international flights from New York's Kennedy Airport. But the vast size of the structure was still nothing compared to the thirteen thousand miles we were about to travel: round-trip to Tierra del Fuego, a large island at the southern tip of South America, the "Ends of the Earth." The Rev. Brian Cox, Julie Mazza, and I sat contentedly after our connecting flight up from Washington, D.C. Silent, thoughtful, excited at the prospect of our mission. It was February 1989 and cold on the East Coast but mid-summer and, we hoped, warm enough down there next to the Antarctic.

"I wonder why we're going."

Brian's statement so interrupted my mixture of musings that I couldn't be sure I heard it right. As the National Director of SOMA-USA, he had worked out all the details of the mission with the Bishop of Argentina and had been training Julie and me for the mission for several months.

"You don't know why we're going?" I tried to hide the incredulity in my voice.

"Well, Bishop Cutts called me to say that the place for our public meetings was no longer available. But since we had already bought our tickets, he and I agreed

that we should come on down and he would work something out. So what I mean is, I wonder *why* we're going—what is God going to do with us?" We fell silent, wondering with him.

That's how the first of my twenty-odd SOMA missions was launched: tickets in hand, people prepared, and the outcome unknowable, totally trusting in God.

Before our onward flight from Buenos Aires to Ushuaia, the principal city—indeed the only city—of Tierra del Fuego, Brian, Julie, and I stopped at Bishop Cutts' home for a few days. Now white-haired and wrapping up his career in the church, Bishop Cutts had been born in Argentina but his ministry had flourished as a missionary priest in southern Africa. He cheerfully demonstrated over tea one afternoon that, yes, with much practice, it was possible for a person of European origin to learn to make the click sounds essential to speaking a Bantu language.

He was an ardent supporter of the charismatic renewal and had welcomed a number of earlier SOMA-USA missions to his diocese. He and Brian had met in Canterbury, England, the previous July at a SOMA-sponsored conference for Anglican leaders from around the world. The bishop was eager to put on an evangelistic preaching conference in Ushuaia. He took Brian by the lapels, figuratively, and told him he needed Brian to lead the mission team, a team to include himself, some Argentines, and some Americans. Catching the bishop's vision, Brian accepted eagerly.

But where to hold the preaching mission? There was no Anglican church in Tierra del Fuego. Bishop Cutts made a preparatory visit to Ushuaia in October and won the agreement of a local bank to use its conference room. The leaders of a local independent church had also undertaken to help by printing up and distributing publicity posters for the three-evening event. But just before our departure from Washington the bank had withdrawn its offer on the grounds that making it available to one church—even one so prestigious as the Anglican Church—would leave it open to similar requests from all churches. When Bishop Cutts had notified the poster-producing church of this set-back, the leaders there had urged him to come ahead with his team anyway, as they would work something out.

That cordial exchange did not prepare us for our reception at the airport in Ushuaia. As we emerged from the baggage claim area we saw a crowd of enthusiastic strangers surging forward to welcome us. They were the lay leaders and others from the independent church, come to give a warm greeting to the Anglican bishop, his American friends, and Argentine companions. After a hustle of *abrazos*, their leader announced that they were making their own church building available to us for the three nights of the conference. And the posters to that effect had already been distributed. Their own congregation would attend, of course, but they expected many others. You have nothing to worry about, they assured us. Everything for the conference had been taken care of.

The eight members of the team gathered every morning first for prayer and then to work on our presentations at that evening's conference. In addition to Bishop Cutts on the Argentine side we had the Rev. Anthony Gregory, a missionary from the Church of England like all the clergy of the diocese. Now many years resident in Argentina, he was the rector of the largely charismatic congregation at San Marcos, Hurlingham. (Yes, "Hurlingham"—a community on the outskirts of Buenos Aires originally settled by, and named by, executives of the British company building the railroad.) Anthony had a cheery English personality and was a knowledgeable, devout believer and pastor. While younger than the bishop, with ten or more years of ministry in Argentina still ahead of him, he boasted silver gray hair to top a lanky Norse-man build.

I had first met Agustin Marsal the previous July when he stopped to visit Church of the Apostles on his way back to Buenos Aires from the SOMA conference in Canterbury. In his 30's, he was a mid-career executive with the Ford motorcar company in Argentina. More importantly, he was the most prominent lay leader of the new charismatic renewal movement in the diocese, soon to become director of *"Movimiento de Renovacion Anglicana—Argentina."* Unusual for an Anglican in 1980's Argentina, his parents were Spanish and he had worked hard to become fluent in English, motivated in large part by his marriage to Katherine, a charming, bi-cultural Anglo-Argentine. Their path and mine would cross for many years.

Two women completed the Argentine component of the team. One was an older woman who, like the others,

had come into the renewal movement through the earlier ministry of teams from SOMA-USA. She added a heartiness to the team from her Italian heritage and, with no Anglo-Argentine connection, brought us to do much of our team work in Spanish. The youngest among us was Alice Lenton (yes, Anglo-Argentine) who joined us as our guitar-playing musical support. A few years later I attended the ordination of her brother as the first person born in Argentina to be ordained a priest in, and for, the Diocese of Argentina.

Julie Mazza, the other American on the team, was a personable, bright woman, in her mid-20's, who spoke Spanish and had been working with Apostles' outreach to the local Hispanic population. This too was her first SOMA mission. An instinctive evangelist, she spent much of the twelve-hour flight to Buenos Aires talking about Jesus with the Argentine woman next to her. (For my part, I'm sure that I had been trying to sleep.)

We embarked on a program of three evening sessions combining teaching, testimony, and prayer. Teaching always emphasized the role of the Holy Spirit in God's revelation, testimony always highlighted our personal experience of the Holy Spirit at work in our lives, and prayer always called on the Holy Spirit to reveal the Father's love and Jesus' grace. Our host church was a modern building, seating a few hundred in a wide circular arc. For the first two nights it was filled with an eager audience, and then we were moved.



The summer air of February in Tierra del Fuego was clear and brisk. Typical provincial towns in Latin America were founded centuries ago and have a

lingering aura of colonial times. Not so Ushuaia. It had a contemporary cast not quite a bustle. Despite the summer season, the mountains at the south edge of town glistened with year-round snow. Striding towards them, young men and women speaking German or Norwegian headed up the streets in hiking boots, hoisting backpacks reaching from neck to knees.

On a sunny day with a chill wind the team and Argentine officials gathered outside the town for the ceremonial unveiling of a plaque commemorating the introduction of the Gospel into Tierra del Fuego and mainland Patagonia. Bishop Cutts had to educate us Americans on the history: In 1850 Captain Allen Gardiner had sailed to Tierra del Fuego from the British settlement in the nearby Falkland Islands with a small cohort determined to evangelize the indigenous people. All in the group had died within months, most from starvation and the weather. Gardiner left a diary describing the collapse of the mission; he wrote the last entries just before his death. The re-supply ship that came too late found the remains, including Gardiner's diary.

But there was a second, longer chapter, a living memory of which we were about to meet. A cabin boy on the rescue ship, Thomas Bridges, inspired by Gardiner's vision and valor, set out to pursue Gardiner's goal and largely succeeded. He, his family, and fellow evangelists lived on in Argentina's deep south and large numbers of English settled in the plains of Patagonia. His son Lucas's autobiography *The Uttermost Ends of the Earth* linked the Great Commandment to Tierra del Fuego; it was still available in Spanish translation in Buenos Aires.

Some minutes after our team's arrival a man and a woman, elderly but walking with vigor, were coming towards us across the open hillside. They were Lucas Bridges' grandson and granddaughter, cousins, born before the First World War when the English and the first Anglo-Argentines were the dominating foreign presence in Argentina. They had grown up on vast family sheep farms in Patagonia and their lifetime there on the plains was written on their faces.

Another person approached the group a short while later. He was Lucas Bridges, the great-great-grandson of his namesake, now a university student in Buenos Aires. Tall and blond, he looked much like the Viking-descended people of York, England. I began a welcoming conversation with him in English, and found that he knew the language only poorly. He thus represented that younger generation of Anglo-Argentines who were not educated in English-language schools nor sent back to England for final schooling. His generation was not bi-cultural; indeed he was not a member of any congregation of the Argentine Anglican church. He embodied the challenge facing the Diocese of Argentina in the late 1980's: how to transform itself from its decades-long role as a chaplaincy for the ever-shrinking British community into a culturally different Christian denomination capable of attracting Argentines with no heart-felt ties to London.

An Argentine Admiral, our host as the head of the naval base on which we were gathered, signaled that the ceremony could begin. With him were a representative of the mayor and a few other Argentine dignitaries. I had been peripherally involved in the US government's response to the U.K.-Argentine war over the Falkland

Islands (the *Islas Malvinas* for Argentines) just seven years earlier. I was vividly aware that thousands of Argentines had been killed by the British forces, including the crew of a major naval vessel sunk in the South Atlantic. A smaller but still sizeable number of British troops had been killed by the Argentines. It was not much of a secret that the United States, while officially neutral, had sided with the U.K.

How to explain then—how even to conceive—that so soon after that bloody, bitter confrontation the Argentine Navy now hosted the English Bishop of the Anglican Church and his team, including three Americans, for an event honoring the Englishman who first came from the Falkland Islands (*Islas Malvinas*) to this land? The motive force was a common commitment to the Gospel's message of love and reconciliation. Allen Gardiner had brought the Gospel to Tierra del Fuego. Roman Catholics and Anglicans, Argentines and British (and Americans) could gather in peace that day to remember and celebrate.

Indeed the Argentine military were more than accommodating. Where Gardiner had first settled was now within the boundaries of this military installation, and here the commemorative plaque was bolted into a rocky outcrop. The Admiral also offered a helicopter to fly Bishop Cutts and companions to the cave where Gardiner had died. On hearing that the helicopter could not seat the entire team, I volunteered, in fact declared, that I would stay behind. Five years earlier I had accompanied the American Ambassador in Panama on a demonstration flight of a Huey helicopter operating out of Howard Air Force Base in the former U.S. Canal Zone. With its wide-sliding doors open—and us

passengers strapped tightly in our web seats—we had sped between towering trees along a winding jungle river, tested how quickly the craft could surge upwards, and experienced how fast it was really going by zipping the length of Howard’s principal runway at ground level. I was happy to allow my friends the opportunity of a ride to the Gardiner gravesite in an Argentine helicopter.

The leaders of our new-found host church, enthused by the team’s first two conference sessions, sought out permission for the third and final night to be moved to the basketball court of Ushuaia’s new municipal sports center. The work to transform the court must have taken many people most of the day. First, the entire surface of the court was protected with rolls of thick black plastic. Then a stage was installed and a sound system for microphones on the stage, at least one mike with a long cord allowing a speaker to move down into the audience. And hundreds of folding chairs on the plastic over the remaining flat space of the playing court. All of this would have to be removed the next day.

A bank of permanent bleachers rose along the wall facing the stage. And a walkway stretched the length of the bleachers with doorways at either end. It became evident that this was the easiest way for people using the sports facilities on the second floor to get from one end of the building to the other.

In this new venue our audience doubled for the culmination of our mission. Through personal testimony and teaching from Scripture, team members one final time proclaimed God’s saving grace in Jesus

Christ and the power of God the Holy Spirit to work in each listener to bring about wholeness and to live in God's will. The audience in the chairs in front of the stage gave steady attention. Above them in the bleachers, people who had come to exercise became unintended auditors. Many of them walked through, stopping only for a brief sampling of the message. Others, many others, sat down to hear more about God.

We had set a period of time for personal prayer after the presentations. What was customary in small church groups or in congregational settings—for some to pray for the personal needs of an individual—SOMA had adopted for much larger gatherings. At later global events with hundreds of participants, this would mean having many teams ready to pray for those seeking godly support. But we did not have that structure in Ushuaia and we faced a fixed hour when the sports center would close for the general public and for us. So we stepped forward in faith, literally: Brian asked everyone in the audience to pray either for themselves or for others, and we on the team came down off the stage and into the aisles.

Rather than wait for those who wanted personal prayer to come to us, each of us scanned those near to us and let the Holy Spirit guide us to that person each would pray for. Some years later I was trained to ask people what they wished me to pray for. But here I expect I prayed only as the Spirit led me, often in English, often in tongues, and only sometimes in Spanish. When to stop and to move to another person was as I felt the Spirit leading. I was sorry for those drop-ins sitting in the bleachers—there was no one up there to pray with them. I saw Brian as he stopped

praying for a young man. He turned to the person in the next chair, placed that person's hands on the man he had been praying for, told the neighbor to continue the prayer, and walked on to another.

As the sports center was about to close Brian ended the service and the team gathered again to leave. I felt a great sadness for those passers-by on the walkway above the bleachers who didn't stop, and for those who had sat and listened only a short time, perhaps uninterested, perhaps pulled away by other commitments. They were all young adults, people for whom the Gospel could have a lifetime impact. I told the others of my feelings of an odd sense of grief, and Julie shared them. We asked companions from our local hosts where the young adults would go after the sports center closed. They told us that Ushuaia had an animated nightlife. Especially as this was a Friday night, bars and clubs would be filled with young people. Julie and I immediately felt a call to go there to continue our ministry outreach. As a young woman she could not go alone. But together we could be an effective team: Spanish-speaking, visiting Americans, welcomed here by the military and civilian authorities...and bringing a deeper, joyful message. Then we learned that the senior pastor of our now-host church was waiting for the team at his home for a farewell dinner (yes, dinner after 10:00 pm, Argentine style). After all his church leaders had done for us, refusing his courtesy was unthinkable. But twenty-five years later I still wish Julie and I had been able to find out what the Holy Spirit had prepared for us in a bar in Tierra del Fuego.

We were many crowded around the table at the pastor's home: the eight of us on the team, about an equal number of the church leaders who had worked so hard for our mission, and the host couple. They thanked us for bringing such a vigorous teaching on the Holy Spirit to their city. The audiences for the three nights totaled over one thousand or more, recognizing that many had come to all three nights. We thanked them for their astonishing support for our endeavor. Bishop Cutts said that, after his drop-in visit at their church the previous October, he had been grateful just for their agreement to handle the poster publicity. But they had gone on to do so much more on their own initiative.

"But I've told you why, didn't I?," the senior pastor asked.

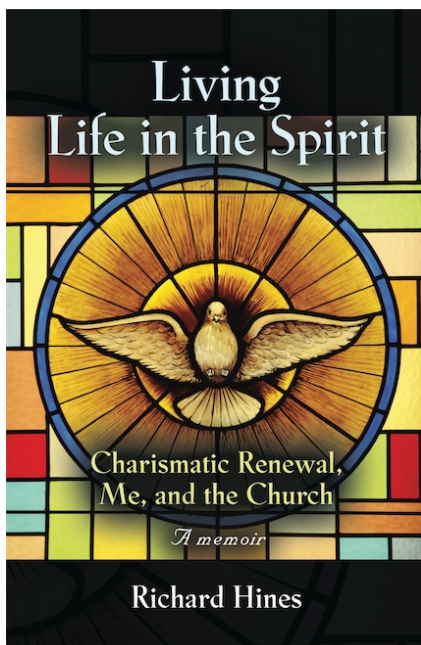
The bishop reflected a second. "Uh, no."

"I wasn't here when you came in October because I was at a conference in Jerusalem. And we were hosted by St. George's Church there. When they told me when I got back here that the Anglican bishop had called on us and asked for help, I told everyone that they should do everything in their power to help him. I had been wonderfully treated by the Anglican church in Jerusalem, and we should do the same for the Anglican church here."

So.... "I wonder why we're going." I still see Brian at Kennedy Airport, pensive, wondering. Waiting there in New York we had no idea—we could have no

idea—of what God had already arranged for us through the visit, months earlier, of an Argentine Pentecostal pastor to an Anglican center in the Holy Land. How grateful we now were that the bank management had withdrawn its offer to use its conference room! In that location we would have attracted perhaps fifty to a hundred people to hear our message. That closed door had opened the door to unlimited support, and for a final night in the sports center with a great audience of believers, and seekers, and drop-ins. I was bursting with the joy of the Holy Spirit.

Brian and I found a gravely different situation when we arrived in Rio de Janeiro a few days later. There we met with a gathering of clergy who had been baptized in the Holy Spirit through SOMA's ministry over the past few years. With details that pained us, they described the steps their bishops had taken to squelch their ministry and put an end to the charismatic renewal movement in the church. The Tierra del Fuego mission began my ministry in Argentina. The gloom of the Rio meeting was my launching pad into ministry in Brazil. But before turning to that, let's look at what happened next in Argentina.



A spiritual journey into faith, experiencing God's presence and action, and working to renew the Church.

LIVING LIFE IN THE SPIRIT

**Charismatic Renewal,
Me, and the Church**

A memoir

by Richard Hines

Order the complete book from the publisher

[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10555.html?s=pdf)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10555.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**