

when she said it wasn't fair for him to die as he would. But neither, Logan said he later realized, was the Cross fair, yet Jesus was willing to endure it. The Crucifixion—the death of the very Son of God—is the supreme illustration of the fact that God's love for us is so vast that He will go great lengths, even harsh ones, to save us and make us His own, to be with Him forever in paradise. God deals with each individual differently in order to do that. But in Logan's case we believe God stretched out His arms with a radical love to ensure His eternal embrace around him; it was, in author Sheldon Vanauken's words, a severe mercy. Early on Logan returned the embrace, writing in 1991: "I desire that my dying and my death be a witness to your Holy and Eternal Life and the immensity of Your Love for us." In so doing he reminded us that we are only briefly in this place, and that it matters less where or how you are right now, but where you are going forever. Logan got there well ahead of time in our eyes, but doubtless in perfect time.

That time was June 9, 1993, when he breathed his last while the family was gathered around his bed reading Psalm 91: "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty..."

Only weeks earlier I had seen Logan for the last time, on Good Friday evening, intrepidly propelling his broken body forward in the motorized wheelchair to keep pace as Mary Lyman and the counselors trekked around two inner city blocks with a group of black children observing the stations of the Cross. This innocent procession of praying children had a remarkable ability to clear the streets! When I said what was to be my final goodbye to Logan, his last words to me were those glorifying and praising God.

Now, two days after his death, St. John Neumann Church was packed with Roman Catholics, Episcopalians and others riveted by the memory of him. Appropriately, at the end of the requiem his wife returned to the piano to play "The Annunciation," a haunting piece Mary Lyman believes came from the Virgin Herself while the couple was in Medjugorje. The grief was there, but overshadowed by a sense of wonder, a knowledge that he and we had all been touched by a loving, triumphant mystery.

Then and now, whenever we think of Logan, as we often do, we think of our favorite Psalm verse (17:5): "And when I awake up after thy likeness I will be satisfied." So he has. ■

Exodus, first featured in the June 1989 edition of TCC, continues its Christian outreach and a broad range of assistance to at-risk children and adults on Washington's streets. Donations payable to "Exodus Youth Services" can be sent to 19550 Club House Rd., Gaithersburg, MD 20879.

THE Christian Challenge

This magazine is supported by THE FOUNDATION FOR CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY, and is published nine times each year. Opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the officers or directors of THE FOUNDATION FOR CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY, or of the supporters of this magazine. THE CHRISTIAN CHALLENGE was first published in January, 1962, by Dorothy A. Faber, founding editor.

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- To work for the unity of the Church under Christ, based on sound doctrine and discipline, as exemplified by the Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral of 1886-88
- To resist false teaching within the Church
- To restore the Church to her primary mission of proclaiming the Gospel

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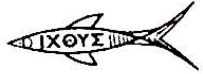
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THE Christian Challenge

THE MONTHLY WORLDWIDE VOICE OF TRADITIONAL ANGLICANISM—FOUNDED 1962

Volume XXXII, No. 5/September, 1993



An Extreme Priesthood



The unforgettable story of how one clergyman, the founder of an acclaimed ministry in the nation's capital, faced a deadly disease

By The Editor

IT WAS JULY 31, 1990, and 40-year-old Father K. Logan and his wife Mary Lyman, a strikingly attractive, energetic couple and the parents of three, waited in Georgetown University Hospital for the arrival of Jackson's doctor. Earlier in the year, a herniated disk pressing into the priest's spinal column and follow-up physical therapy had not arrested his rapid decline in muscular function. Now they awaited the results of further tests, with agonizing anxiety; only a few years earlier, following a call Jackson felt, the couple had made an exciting new beginning, leaving parochial work in Kentucky to found the "Exodus" ministry to Washington's inner-city street youth, which was now actively tackling the city's vast concrete mission field. Fr. Jackson—a Louisville native and former Prayer Book Society president and professor at the University of the South, Oxford University in Virginia Seminary—had been honored for his new work by Goodwill Industries and as 1989 Washingtonian of the Year by the city's leading magazine.

That day was to mark the beginning of an extreme priesthood, one in which he would come to reflect the image of Christ in the deepest physical sense, to witness and share in Christ's suffering as well as His salvific power, and truth, in a way that reverberated among many who knew him through Exodus or the church. It was to be a high calling, but a hard one.

His diagnosis was amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS),

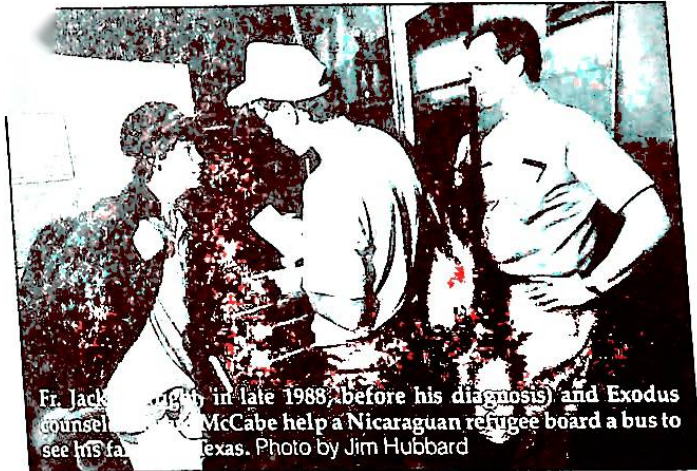
commonly known as Lou Gehrig's disease, an incurable and fairly fast-moving malady that destroys the nerves which control muscles, which in turn slowly atrophy and cease to function. Gradual paralysis eventually overtakes the lung muscles, and death comes—notably—in the same way it came to Christ on the Cross: by suffocation.

As the doctor delivered the bad news, shock and tears seized the couple; "Where do we go from here?" they wondered. But God had big and mysterious things in mind, and the day's darkness, remarkably, was gone in an instant. "The doctor delivered the death sentence, then the Lord came in and delivered a Life Sentence," Logan declared. As soon as the doctor left the couple prayed, and "I saw this bright light—the presence of Jesus Christ—come in to the room," pervading it with peace, said Mary Lyman. Now, amazingly, tears were wiped away, and grief confronted by hope. And there was more to come: that evening, after his wife had gone home to attend the children, who were not immediately told of the diagnosis, the Lord visited Logan with a powerful internal revelation, telling him that "the richest time of your ministry is ahead. Remain concentrated on the power of the Cross and the healing that's in the blood of Jesus. His heart burns to pour out healing on all sorts and conditions." There would be "large works He would do through the [Exodus] ministry," Logan recounted, "works which would herald and prepare for His return." Yet, God

Logan "I should not expect to be a part of the healing." difficulty posed by this last word was subsumed in ment over the experience.

was a young, strong man with a beautiful wife and beautiful children," Logan told us in his gentle thern tones. But all humanly natural reactions to the t of being "wasted and desolated" in the prime of life—despair, anger, or self-pity—were completely uted by the Lord's visitation. "An enormous flood God's grace] raised me up and fixed my imagination on higher calling, which was the work of the Cross," he

It stopped "every negative impulse before it got out door. I was too excited about what the Lord was getting to do." The "tidal wave" of grace lasted for several ys, and he found his right hand was restored enough to ke extensive journal notes of all that was unfolding.



Fr. Jack [unclear] in late 1988, (before his diagnosis) and Exodus counsel McCabe help a Nicaraguan refugee board a bus to see his fa Texas. Photo by Jim Hubbard

As Logan was leaving the hospital few days later, he picked up an eight-inch wooden cross by his bed in symbolic response to the Lord's word, and for the next few weeks carried it wherever he went—even to shops and markets—to the amusement of onlookers and, partially, himself. With that familiar mix of warmth and easy humor, he said: "I didn't know the meaning of the power of the Cross...or healing in the blood of Jesus. But I wanted to learn; I wanted to meditate on the Cross, so I had to have [it] in my hand...every day all day long...It kept me reminded that I desire to...die with [Christ] in order to be raised with Him."

TAKING UP HIS CROSS meant, first, figuring out how to tell the children—Walter, 8; Kemper, 10; and Mercer, 12—who had started to sense something amiss. On the day of Logan's hospital release, the family drove out to have a late-day picnic prepared by friends, at which the Jacksons intended to break the news. On the way one of the children suddenly asked, "Dad, are you dying?", a query piercingly answered by the tears that flowed from their parents' eyes. "We couldn't keep it together as I dearly hoped to do...but that was all right," Logan said. When the stricken family reached an isolated picnic table, there was "a sense of angels all around. We proceeded to preach the Gospel," reminding that Jesus came to give eternal life in Him, of the reality of the communion of saints, and that there was no separation in the love of Christ. The Lord's ways are better than our ways, Logan explained, and He knows more perfectly our needs. But these answers could not fully contend with the natural love of children for a parent, or their straightforward concept of justice: "It's just not fair,"

All natural reactions to the prospect of being "wasted and desolated" in the prime of his life fell away as a "flood of God's grace raised me up and fixed my imagination on a higher calling. ... the work of the Cross."

exclaimed Kemper. "Why my dad?"

After the picnic the family drove around to different spots in the park, "trying to absorb the emotional weight" of everything. About twilight they stopped the car upon being gripped by the sight of the most beautiful, stately deer about 50 yards ahead, motionless and looking directly at them. Behind her from the brush appeared offspring of varying ages, one older, then one of less height, and finally yet a smaller one trailing behind. "When he appeared the kids all shouted, 'And there's Walty!'" Logan said. "They were all under the influence of a revelation," a gentle showing of how their family would come to be "There was no daddy deer," as Mercer said later, as the truth sunk in and the children's tears fell. Yet the peace of this fatherless deer family also sent another message: "Just as the Lord who is sovereign of heaven and earth takes care of all his creatures," Logan told his family, "so also is He reassuring us that He will take care of us." As they left the park a verse from Psalm 42 presented itself "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God."

Earlier that day, as Logan was being wheeled out of the hospital, Mary Lyman had blurted out: "We're going Medjugorje." Since neither of them knew much about the alleged site of Marian appearances and healings in former Yugoslavia, Logan wondered what prompted wife to utter such a thing. But soon the couple f themselves planning a spiritual pilgrimage there. " family member had a different hope for the journey, Logan recalled: his wife hoped the Lord would grant a mirac healing. Young Walter wanted them to bring back autograph from the Virgin Mary!

Logan sought clarification and truth, "to be at about every aspect of the vision" he had received in hospital. Despite the strength of it, the self-authentic reality and clarity of such divine showings fade as the recedes, sometimes leaving some uncertainty in wake. Moreover, the spirit of all such revelations should "tested in the life of the body," said Logan, who found own testing an agonizing process shared with spiritual advisors over a considerable period of time. what was happening to him truly a sovereign work Lord? With natural human hope perhaps playing the word that he should "not expect to be part healing" became a particular focus. As one priest told he was called either to a vocation of Lazarus or of tive suffering, and that would become clear in Meanwhile, he did not want to completely trust perceptions, and perhaps block a healing. The presu tion, Logan noted, is that all sickness, sin and under the dominion of Satan, albeit ultimately cor by God's will. Thus, he was concerned to avoid cc with something that might be "Satan's ploy to des rather than trusting in Jesus' will to heal and deliv

In his experience, he added, "Satan will intrude upon any holy moment and try to twist and pervert mind and imagination to his agenda and purposes."

His first encounter with the dangers that can result from revelations and visions came in another intense spiritual experience during seminary days, which was followed by a temptation, a "work of my ego," when he tried to exorcise a classmate. Yet the incident is noteworthy in that it clearly portended the extraordinary turn his life took in 1990. The young, eager seminarian had suddenly found himself praying that he would better understand, and enter into, the Lord's passion. He promptly forgot the prayer, but was soon reminded by a strong infusion of the Spirit that lifted him up for two weeks. He did not fully understand what was going on, only that he read Scripture from dawn until midnight, his palms burned, and he found his heart "radically in love with all of God's creation," even persons he disliked. The Lord's suffering, his passion, he was to realize, "reveals His heart of mercy and compassion, of loving obedience to the Father, a heart of forgiveness and compassion for us."

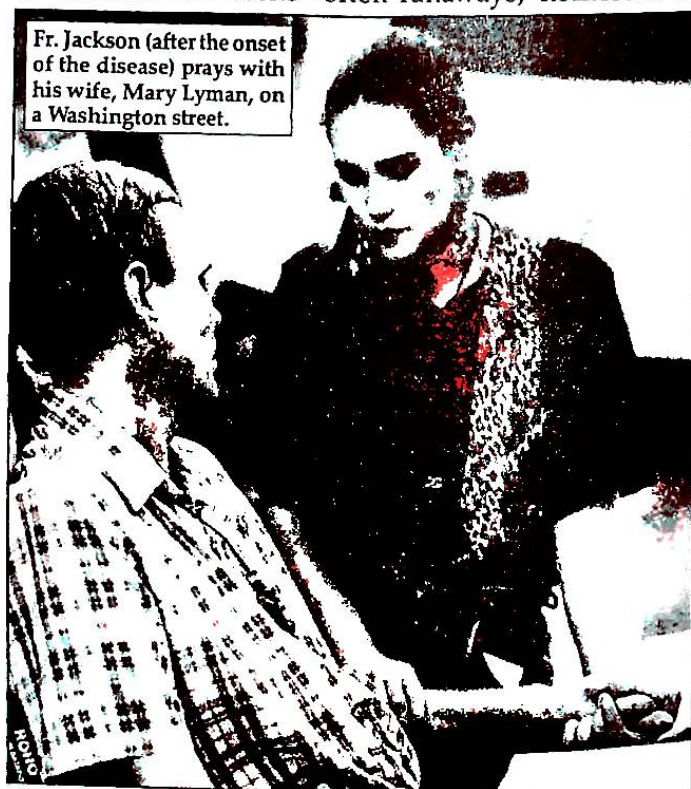
THE FIRST CONFIRMATION of God's word to Logan came about in a striking way, at Medjugorje, where the couple had arrived just prior to Advent Sunday, a "thrilling time" to preach about the Lord's return, he said. They were surprised when an English-speaking Catholic priest invited Logan to celebrate the Eucharist in the Chapel of the Apparitions. He and his wife went alone to the chapel. "When I unveiled the chalice for the first time I saw something...I'd never seen before," Logan explained. On the chalice's rim was "a crown of thorns...and beneath it there was a deer, leaning over a water brook or pool of water. I was so startled that I called Mary Lyman to come over and see it." The family had seen the deer on the same day she had spoken of going to Medjugorje. During the visit there, he recalled, the repeated word to him had been: "Embrace the Cross, for therein is your healing." But it was clearly emerging that there was sometimes a difference within the love of Christ between a healing and a cure, between being made whole in an eternal sense and simply overcoming disease. In Logan's case, though, God still had a few miracles in store.

Paradoxically, Logan saw a deeper wisdom in what the Lord said about not expecting a healing. It "took the focus right off myself and put it on the work of the ministry...I was grateful to be relieved from self-interest, so I could study Scripture and pray..." When I spoke with him fully two years later, in fact, he said he had never had a moment's depression—unlike some other ALS patients, who often have to be medically treated for the condition. "That's a miracle in itself, not of my faith, but a testament to the Lord's grace and...power."

And as the disease progressed, he began to know the truth of the word that "though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day" (II Cor. 4:16). Spiritual fruits became more evident as the Holy Spirit probed within to resolve negative aspects of the past, including painful memories, such as the guilt he felt about his brother, whose death he virtually witnessed when he was 14. And, "the Lord [had] to kindly teach me how selfish and self-oriented and self-willed all my responses [were] and [expose me] to the areas of inner healing that I needed. .the areas where my life lay under bondage to old

patterns and structures of sin [or] spiritual blind spots..." These needed to be put to death on the Cross before he could carry the Cross, "to be...brought to the pure Light" by which he could be delivered from death, and from the fear of death.

Meanwhile, the Exodus ministry had itself been in the process of divine re-creation from within, roughly overlapping the onset of Logan's symptoms in late 1989. Both the ministry and its founder were undergoing a "stripping away," toward the "work the Lord had in mind for us to do, which was more at the center of His will," Logan said. Jackson had managed to secure grants, an office, a board, support network, and service referrals in order to start the ministry in 1986, and Exodus had been doing good works, taking its renovated 29-foot van twice a week into the roiled parts of the District, where counselors reached out to children and teens—often runaways, homeless or



latchkey kids—with sustenance for the body as well as the soul. But it hadn't focused. A "baptism of the ministry" began to occur when priority was given to the spiritual needs of the city's wounded children. "Labor for the meat which endures unto eternal life," God told them, adding a reminder from John the Baptist: "He must increase. I must decrease." At the time Logan had no knowledge of the personal overtones of that last word. "It took on a measure of tempered humor as the year went on," he said with a gentle grin.

Reprieve?

EARLY 1991 saw an unbridled advance of the disease. While in February that year Logan found he was still able to preach seated with a lapboard at the Falls Church (in Virginia), where he was associate for inner-city ministries, only a couple of months later his rapid physical decline had him "looking into the jaws of death." Around this time he went through a period of self-chastisement and feelings of unworthiness or unfruitfulness. While praying

about this one day, "the room filled with light, and I had the keenest sense that Mary was present and put her hand on my head and said, 'Do not worry; you are my child. Be still, adore my Son and grow in love and knowledge of Him. Don't worry about your healing.' I was flooded with peace and joy." But the real surprise was yet to come.

On April 14 he and his family attended a service of prayer and praise at Gaithersburg, Maryland's St. John Neumann Church. It is the Sunday evening gathering site for the roughly 2,000-member Mother of God Community, an ecumenical (but mainly Roman Catholic) charismatic renewal group in Gaithersburg to which the family had begun gravitating a few years after coming to Washington, eventually selling their house in the District to move there. Though Logan was still exercising his Episcopal priesthood at this point, the family had been drawn by the "sovereign presence of the Lord Jesus in the midst" of the community, where He is "freely worshipped and proclaimed," he said. And, they found active prayer support there for the Exodus ministry and ultimately for Logan in his illness; community members visited frequently for prayer and anointing.

FOLLOWING THE APRIL 14 SERVICE, during which Logan sat for hours while others stood, he suddenly felt his neck straighten up as he left the church. During the same service the following week, he managed to stand for two hours. "Something is different; something has changed," an amazed Mary Lyman told him. "I think the Lord has healed you." All Logan knew was that he "just felt terrific," and could easily walk up and down stairs he could barely negotiate previously, could drive the car again, and embrace his wife for the first time in months.

In ensuing days he prayed, met with his spiritual director in the community, Fr. Francis Martin—and tried not to get his hopes up too high. After some hesitancy he resolved to follow the call he felt to proclaim that the Lord had "raised me from the dead." The unmistakable improvement in Logan's physical ability startled his doctor, who had never seen or heard of any remission in anyone with Lou Gehrig's disease. On April 28 and for two Sundays following Logan was able to stand in the pulpit of the Falls Church and preach a lengthy sermon, bearing witness to God's miraculous action.

But soon he felt God bidding him out of the pulpit to "seek my face alone" rather than going on a "miracle parade," as Logan put it. "The Lord said 'You do not

know Me. I am holy.'" And this: "There's no way for you to embrace my Cross without embracing my dying Body," which he took to be chiefly a reference to Exodus and the inner-city's suffering humanity. He requested an open-ended sabbatical from the parish, feeling the Lord was calling him to a time of quiet reflection. What was it the Lord had done in his gracious action, and why? How was he now to deepen his ministry? The summer was thus spent, he said, in daily prayer, meditation, Scripture reading, anointing and physical therapy—mainly swimming, which was the best activity for someone with his condition, since it exercises the body without straining it. He continued to believe he was healed, but must cooperate with the grace given.

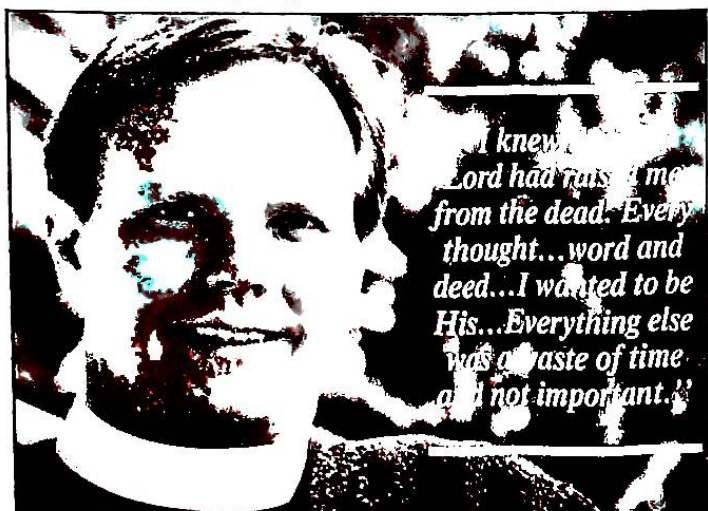
But by August he realized that, if the Lord was granting a Lazarus miracle, it would be tedious process, as progress was small, and there were some things he could not do now that he had been able to do when his remission began. Along the way he was taught patience, waiting on God. "I had no entitlement to my life," Logan said. "I was a dead man. I knew that the Lord had raised me from the dead. My every breath was owed to Him, and every thought...word and deed...I wanted to be His...Everything else was a waste of time and not important."

By October, 1991, swimming therapy came to an end because he could no longer walk up the stairs from the pool. "I was forced to acknowledge signs of physical deterioration." With the implications becoming clear, one evening found Mary Lyman in the bathroom sobbing, while comfort was offered by her sister, Roberta, who had by then come from Georgia with her two children to stay with the family, at the Jacksons' invitation. Mercer, hearing his mother crying, stuck his head in the door and exclaimed in a note of tragicomedy: "Oh Mom, is dad dying *again*?"

It was an "act of grace," said Logan, a light moment amid an otherwise "crushing" and confusing time for the family. Though he found peace undiminished as he prayed over this turn of events, he was at pains to reassure the children that the Lord "does not have us on a yo-yo string" but rather is faithful, and it was necessary to seek to understand what He did in April and what He was doing now "I didn't have an easy answer," he said, but kept searching. In the remission God had shown forth His power and allowed what had evidently been a period of rest and preparation. What came now from the Lord was a recall: "I need you to bear my Cross before you show forth the fullness of my Resurrection." Strikingly, Logan experienced this as he had all of the Lord's words to him: as "an invitation issued to a free man, not to a man in bondage...under the duress of a diagnosis that says 'you're dead.'"

Fulfillment

WHEN I ARRIVED for our interview that day in October, 1992, Mary Lyman was cheerfully finishing a challenging morning routine to get Logan ready for the day, process with which her now frail-bodied husband could help her only slightly, standing for a brief time with support, but otherwise remaining immutably seated in his motorized wheelchair, which he operated with lingering ability in one hand. At length the chair was loaded from the refinished basement bedroom onto a custom-installed





Hearing his mother crying, young Mercer exclaimed in a note of tragicomedy: "Oh Mom, is dad dying again?" It was "an act of grace," said Logan, a leaven in an otherwise painful adjustment.



Exodus counselors (at left) lead a procession of children observing the Stations of the Cross around two District blocks on Good Friday night; Logan (above) kept pace with the some 20 children in his motorized wheelchair.

elevator as costly-looking as the specialized wheelchair, which took him to the main floor, where his wife then fixed him breakfast. Soon a member of the community came to stay with Logan so Mary Lyman could go on to the Exodus office, of which she had gradually assumed total control, putting aside her own work as a classical pianist and composer. Somehow, she managed to keep the ministry running without interruption, complete with twice-weekly van outings in the District, despite expanded demands at home—including the fact that she had to attend Logan, who needed regular care round-the-clock, all through each night. It was an amazing undertaking which, Logan told me later, revealed something he would not have known otherwise: the extent and depth of his wife's love. Mary Lyman credits a daily Eucharist with getting her through.

ON THIS DAY Logan's usually more breathless speech seemed divinely sustained: we talked for six hours straight. Only weeks before as the disease moved into a penultimate stage, he had again considered—and rejected—the idea of accepting a respirator, as he had a year earlier. Though his body was failing, "I didn't feel the Lord calling me home," he said, remarking that his mind and spirit were being strengthened each day, and he still felt he had work to do. And, a respirator once applied is not removed and prevents any speech, which to Logan was "a total shutdown of witness." Incredibly, he was still going out once a week with the Exodus van (which fortunately is wheelchair accessible), probably saying more just by his presence than anything else: here was a dying man in a wheelchair, loving a God who did not rescue him from his fate. "I'm permitting your body to be broken and helpless," the Lord had told him, "because my Body is broken and helpless, and I do so desire to fill my Body with the fullness of my life and my Holy Spirit."

The vocation of the Cross, he said in reflecting that day

on the deeper understandings gleaned through his affliction, is one of "proclaiming that there is a uniqueness in the Cross of Jesus, in the shed blood," a singular power needed by all which "heals, reconciles, delivers, establishes peace. In the Blood is forgiveness, life; by his stripes we are healed." Yet how could a formerly active priest witness to the Cross while physically bound, limited and confined? "I will teach you to pray," came the answer. And so his work became intercessory prayer, in direct emulation of the great High Priest, who ever lives to make intercession for us. One learns to pray what He desires, the matters on His heart, Logan said, and certainly among them are the needs of the urban youth targeted by Exodus, who so often suffer the combined ravages of poverty, malnutrition, neglect or abandonment, drugs, crime, violence, incest, rape, disease and other forms of modern-day bondage.

Prayer had also become the draw of the Exodus van. "The Holy Spirit has changed the ministry so much that I have to ask people if they're okay on food," said Mary Lyman; few people come to the "church van" for hand-outs anymore, but rather come saying they "need the prayers." And, though initially aimed at troubled youth, one "client" often means the whole family, even multiple generations within a family. "They all come," said Mary Lyman, and the result is changed lives. The ministry now has some 800 clients, nearly 600 of which are seen regularly; Exodus also keeps in touch by mail and phone. This vital outreach has been achieved, of course, not only amid constant financial struggle but the dangers of the so-called "murder capital" encounters involving knives or guns have not been uncommon to the Jacksons or the ministry's

volunteer street counselors.

Even Logan's own family, already Christian to begin with, had been transformed. "I never was told or taught to evangelize my own family," Logan admitted. Yet, as one of the children indicated, the family was happier in a sense because it had come to a greater knowledge of God, as they regularly appealed together before the Throne of Grace in response to Logan's illness. Not that they could ever fully reconcile themselves to the separation from husband and father that was coming; that prospect evoked the most heart-rending pain, Logan said, "and I don't want to minimize that; it's very deep." But he felt the family had been affected by what they saw God doing "in my heart, spirit and mind, that the interior person has remained faithful, not despairing and sorrowing." Mercer told us the best thing about his dad remained his "sense of humor." When we asked young Walter what he would tell people about his dad in years to come, he replied: "He was in a wheelchair and he was very happy..."

By this time, as well, one by one family members had come to a convergence, and the whole family had embraced Roman Catholicism. For Logan the move was not really a rejection of Anglicanism or Episcopal orders, but a practical step allowing him to take full sacramental part in the life of the community. Asking the Bishop of Kentucky, where he was canonically resident, for release from his Episcopal ministry was something he did with "deep emotion," he said. But for him it was a healthy step, engendering a greater communion with Christ than he had ever known.

IT WAS A CLOSENESS intensified by being a companion of Christ in His sufferings. The tendency is to think that the Lord did it all on the Cross, and we need do nothing. But "our Lord was lonely" in his suffering, said Logan, and in the fear of it. As Logan had done in his own way, Christ had hoped in Gethsemane's garden that this dreaded cup might pass from Him, but deferred to the will of the Father. In vain He asked if the apostles would but pray with him one hour. Entering into "the fellowship of His sufferings" is a "privilege and not a curse," Logan said. Our suffering has worth and meaning, he said, if it is united with Christ.

As we looked at him, the image began to crystallize, and we felt awed: priests represent Christ at the altar, but through Logan the Lord allowed us to see a special, fuller vision of Himself, a re-enactment of a sort. He was conformed to Christ and became like Him, more clearly reflecting suffering servanthood, sacrificial priesthood. The spirit which lived in his limp body testified to the double, simultaneous, action of the Cross—death and resurrection. "Your body is not necessary," the Lord had told Logan a few weeks earlier. "I have given you my body, both crucified and glorified." The Lord had done a work of salvation, sanctification, perfection, and witness in and through Logan that was only made possible by the priest's own kind of annunciation, which was to us the greatest miracle of all: the simple acceptance of imminent death. To be sure, he had no way of stopping the disease, but he could choose whether or not to look for Christ within it and allow Him to work through it. Through prayer his commitment grew to the saving work of the Lord—whatever that might be. What was important was "that the Lord's will be done in my life," he said.



Logan prays with one of Exodus' "clients" on a capital city street, three months before his death. Photo by Craig Callan

How, Logan wondered, could a formerly active priest witness to the Cross while physically bound and confined? "I will teach you to pray" came the answer. And so his work became intercessory prayer, in direct emulation of the great High Priest, who ever lives to make intercession for us. One learns to pray what He desires, the matters on His heart, Logan said.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory..." (II Cor 4:17)

Kemper expressed the grief of those who loved Logan