

Alexander Clinton Zabriskie

1898-1956

THE SEMINARY JOURNAL

DECEMBER, 1956

*"Seek the Truth, come whence it may,  
cost what it will."*

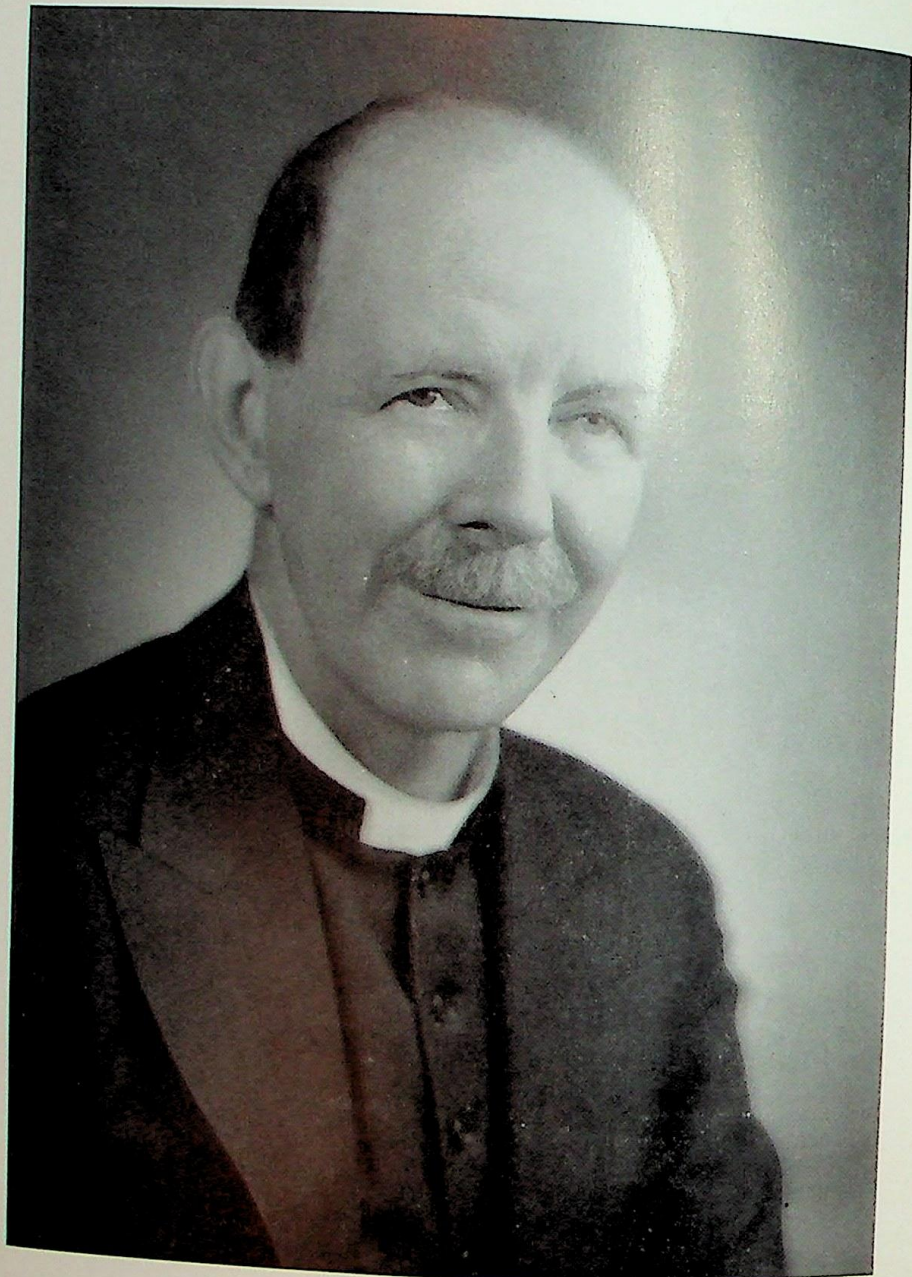
VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1956

NUMBER 2

Published four times a year in October, December, March and July by the  
Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in Virginia at Alexandria, Virginia.

Entered as Second Class Matter September 20, 1954 at the Post  
Office at Alexandria, Virginia, under Act of August 24, 1912.



ALEXANDER CLINTON ZABRISKIE

Alexander Clinton Zabriskie

*By his friends*

VIRGINIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

1956

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
FOREWORD .....	3
<i>by Jesse M. Trotter, Dean</i>	
EARLY YEARS .....	7
<i>by Mrs. L. J. Franke</i>	
GROTON .....	11
<i>by John Richardson</i>	
WORLD WAR I .....	13
<i>by T. P. Grosvenor</i>	
ZAB AT PRINCETON .....	15
<i>by Edward Pulling</i>	
CONSTITUTION OF THE LOTUS EATERS .....	17
<i>by Rev. George A. Trowbridge</i>	
SEMINARIAN — A.D. 1921 - 1924 .....	21
<i>by Rt. Rev. Arthur B. Kinsolving</i>	
ZAB AS FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR .....	24
<i>by Mrs. Cosby Bell</i>	
HISTORIAN .....	25
<i>by Rev. John F. Woolverton</i>	
TEACHER .....	29
<i>by Rev. John E. Booty</i>	
PASTOR AND FACULTY ADVISER .....	33
<i>by Rev. Donald F. Winslow</i>	
DEAN AND COLLEAGUE .....	37
<i>by Rev. Kenneth E. Heim</i>	
FOUNDER OF A PARISH .....	41
<i>by Rev. W. T. Heath</i>	
HIS SERVICE TO CHRISTIAN UNITY .....	47
<i>by Rt. Rev. Robert F. Gibson, Jr.</i>	
LIFE-LONG FRIEND .....	50
<i>by Rev. George A. Trowbridge</i>	
MORE THAN CONQUERORS .....	60
<i>by A. C. Zabriskie</i>	
PRAYERS .....	64
<i>by Rt. Rev. Frederick D. Goodwin</i>	

## FOREWORD

This issue of the Seminary Journal is dedicated to the memory of Alexander Clinton Zabriskie.

Again and again in these pages he is called Zab, for so he was known to every seminary student within two weeks of his arrival on this Hill and to all the alumni of the Virginia Seminary. Contributors to this issue write primarily with the alumni and other good friends of Zab in mind. Their subject, as well as their own warm affection and high regard for Zab, frees them to write informally, intimately, revealingly.

The Reverend George Augustus Trowbridge, Zab's classmate both in Princeton and in the Seminary, has done us all a valuable service by collecting the major portion of the articles. In addition, as you will see, he contributes a substantial article himself.

Some alumni may think of Zab as having lived, on the whole, a rather quiet life "on the Hill." To be sure, he always seemed unhurried when a student or a graduate sought him out and sat down to talk with him. However, that quiet of the moment, that unhurried friendliness, was his gift to the visitor, and not really the measure of his day or the tempo of his life.

In the 1920's and 1930's when Zab was teaching Church History and before he was Dean, he did much of the research for his later books on Bishop Brent and Bishop Lloyd. Also in those years he was often visiting preacher in preparatory schools and colleges, itinerant preacher of ordination sermons and apostolic traveler generally. Many of his closest friends were then in college work. Through them and through Zab's college visits, his late fraternity

house and dormitory discussions, many a college student later turned his feet toward the Virginia Seminary.

In 1940 Zab, as Dean, inherited a dilapidated plant. The depression of the preceding decade had taken its toll. Zab was Dean, Bursar, and Director of Promotion, and had one secretary. This secretary was also registrar and keeper of both student and alumni records! Zab developed a staff as funds allowed. He called in Charles Sheerin, Sr., and later William Kirk to direct the campaign for the funds urgently needed to rebuild and expand the Seminary. In turn, he placed himself at the disposal of these fund directors and traveled at their behest to all parts of the country, presenting the needs of the Seminary to alumni and their parishioners. Only the proximity of the National Airport made his heavy schedule possible, for all the while he continued to teach Church History and to carry forward his hectic duties as administrator.

A cerebral hemorrhage forced Zab to relinquish his post as Dean in 1951. He returned to give his full time to the teaching of Church History. He now faced the trying task of balancing his diminished strength against the demands of lecturing, of his seminars and advisees, and of his work on the Unity Commission. His last years were his most courageous. We, his colleagues, knew his plight and marvelled at his courage.

One highly productive feature of his work in this last period of his life was his seminars. In these small groups, deliberately limited in the number of students, Zab found the proper setting in which he still could be the teacher, pastor and guide that he was. In his last five years as a teacher, Zab sent more men into the graduate study of Church History than in his earlier and more vigorous years of teaching. The statements by some of his last students, John Booty, John Woolverton, and Donald Winslow, bear their witness in this issue.

In the 1950's Zab's spirit clearly triumphed over the burden of poor health and restricted powers. No, he did not at any time live a quiet life "on the Hill." From his days in World War I to the end of his life, the battlefields shifted but his victorious and gay spirit did not lag or wane. Zab was a triumphant Christian.

JESSE M. TROTTER, *Dean*

## EARLY YEARS

*Reminiscences by* MRS. L. J. FRANKE, *a sister of A. C. Zabriskie*

Zab as a baby was called Moses, or Momo, by a three-years-older brother who likened the new arrival to a picture in the children's Bible of the baby found in the bulrushes. He was always "Moses" at home, a rather plump little boy of unshakeable good humor. I never in my life remember seeing Zab angry, or even greatly annoyed.

Zab was born in New York, where we lived during the winter, first in West 48th Street and later, when he was about seven years old, moving to Gramercy Park. He went to a preparatory school, recently started by a young Englishman, St. Bernard's, from 1907 until going to Groton in 1911. Every year immediately school closed, at the end of May, we went to our parents' farm at St. James, Long Island, for summers that might well be any child's dream of heaven. Because of the distances at which our friends lived and our Mother's unwillingness to have a horse taken out merely to deliver one of us two or three miles away to spend a day playing, it was something of an occasion when we saw our neighbors, or they came to spend the day with us. There were, however, one boy on the place, our ponies, the haylofts, the river, the woods and an Indian tepee that our Mother had ingeniously constructed, and where, contrary to fire laws laid down by Mama, we regularly built fires. The squaw was stationed at the entrance to the tepee, when the fire was lit and the chiefs, Moses and the coachman's son, went into conference, smoking corn-cob pipes of peace. When the squaw on one occasion discerned the enemy, in the form of our parent, descending on our encampment, she called

a warning, in time for Moses to change his seat and to be found by an irate parent ensconced in the middle of a bed of dying embers.

Mo's enthusiasm was baseball. He followed the professional leagues daily, collecting the pictures of players that came with some cigarettes and stringing them up around his room. He was able to give the batting average of each player, expecting the younger member of the family to memorize them too and present herself for examination from time to time.

It was a toss-up when he was a small boy, whether professional baseball or the church would finally claim his whole attention. On the side of baseball, the gardener and guardian of Gramercy Park was an adviser and adept at the sport, having been a professional player before he became a horticulturist and detective. On the side of the church there was our weekly appearance at the eleven o'clock service in town and country, and in winter we often were taken to an afternoon service at which a children's choir sang and which we both thought a bleak way to spend the afternoon, greatly preferring expeditions to the museums with Papa to see the Egyptian mummy, or the dinosaur.

Our grandfather, George Zabriskie Gray, had been Dean from 1876-1888, of the Cambridge Seminary, preparing for the ministry at the Virginia Seminary where he must have been a student in the '50's. One of his brothers was a clergyman and also a son, Arthur Gray, who for a number of years was chaplain at Sewanee and professor of Homiletics. For a time, in his busy young life, Zab combined church and sport, holding services Sunday afternoons, complete with sermon, at which all hands were supposed to be present and devoting himself to less spiritual interests during the week. For the services, he had been given by an admiring grandmother, small vestments, including a green and red stole, there is, un-

fortunately, no record of the order of service read to the family and to men who worked on the farm, under the pine trees at St. James and since the sermons were strictly extemporaneous, they have also been lost. He may have worked into the service some of the passages from the Bible that we had to commit to memory each year, as part of our Lenten duties, and the Collects, which we also were supposed to memorize.

Zab was no model of a small boy. Some cousin reports him as having been uncommonly noisy, but otherwise he was, I imagine, an average American lad of the early 20th century, possessed of an uncommonly sweet disposition, great friendliness and absorption in the pursuit of the moment, or the day — be it reading *Robin Hood*, which he did seven times, always bursting into tears when his hero died — playing baseball or holding service.

## GROTON

By JOHN RICHARDSON, *Classmate at Groton*

Following just 10 years behind his brother, George, Zab entered Groton in the First Form in the Fall of 1910. There is seldom anything particularly memorable about one's early years when one is a down-trodden and under-privileged lower former. There is only a groping for acceptance, for friendships and a gripping of the ropes which permit you to stay on and attract as little attention as possible.

It was evident, however, that Zab had come well prepared, as he was soon on the hallowed As and Bs list where he was to stay for most of his six years. And there was an early awakening of athletic ability, particularly in baseball. He won a couple of bouts as a boxer in the 115 pounds class. Remembering back, he was always round, eager and beaming.

As we emerged into entities and long pants, Zab found a new and, as it later developed, significant outlet for his mind and personality in debating. To no one's surprise he was President of the Debating Society in his Sixth Form year.

The maturity of the inner man came to Zab a little earlier than it did to most of his classmates. After being confirmed by Bishop Lawrence when he was 14 or 15, there was an ever so slight yet perceptible change. He was a little more kind, if that were possible, and seemed more attentive and responsive and deeply interested at Chapel and Prayer Services. He knew even then. It was only a logical extension for him to become a School Missionary in his last two years at school. In those days three teams of boys (two or three to a team) conducted services



in pastorless chapels in the neighborhood of Groton. Sunday afternoon transportation was by horse and buggy or sleigh. Closely allied were Zab's headship of a committee that gave an annual Christmas Tree party for the poorer children in the area and his active and continuing interests in the Groton Summer Camp for boys from Boston's humbler homes. But right apace went Zab's keen interest in baseball. It is quite a feat to make the First Team in your Fifth Form year, yet an even greater feat to bat .367 for the year. As a Sixth former he was the third best batter on the team at a highly respectable .312 average and made not a single error all season in right field.

The aspiration of all undergraduate Grotonians is to be selected a Prefect and, of course, Zab was. To be thus honored for all-aroundness and by that sainted Endicott Peabody, was a capping stone to an outstanding school boy career. It all presaged the man we expected to evolve and there was no surprise — just a wonderment on all of our parts as to *how much* good this fine character was destined to be allowed to do. Now we know and are so proud.

## WORLD WAR I

By T. P. GROSVENOR, *Fellow Pilot*

Alexander Zabriskie and I were classmates at school. He went to Princeton and I to Harvard, class of 1920. During our Freshman year war with Germany was declared. We both joined up in the Naval Aviation. In those days there were no schools prepared to turn out masses of pilots in a hurry. And there were very few airplanes suitable for instruction, also few qualified instructors. What planes we had were biplanes of flimsy wood construction braced with wires, open cockpits, and furnished with very few instruments.

After a short period of training we were shipped overseas. Zab and I met at U. S. Naval Air Station, Killingholme, England, which was situated a few miles up the Humber River. Our mission was to patrol the North Sea for submarines, zeppelins, or anything else. Inasmuch as our H16 or F3A flying boats only cruised at about 90 knots, and our gas supply lasted only four to five hours, the patrols were limited, compared to the present day operations. Also the motors were most unreliable and gave us forced landings about two out of seven patrols. Usually we would be towed into some port by destroyers, motor launches, or trawlers. Thus we became quite familiar with many of the coastal harbors both north and south of the Humber.

Killingholme was a fairly important station, especially just before the Armistice, when we expected the German fleet to make one last sortie into the North Sea. Many pilots were sent there to stand by.

The average age of the pilots was about 21 or 22, a very fine group of young men, and most enthusiastic. Zab was one of the best. He was a great friend.

## ZAB AT PRINCETON

By EDWARD PULLING, *Classmate at Princeton*

What impressed us first about Zab at Princeton was his mature appearance; we could hardly believe he was a freshman like the rest of us. One of his classmates describes his first meeting with Zab in these words:

"When I arrived on the campus as a lonely freshman I went at the suggestion of a mutual friend to call on Zab in his room. As I went through the door I saw nothing but a bald spot — and a thick cloud of pipe smoke emerging over the top of a heavily upholstered Victorian chair, and as Zab dug himself out of it my first impression was that I was encountering — not a classmate — but a seasoned member of the faculty. He looked as if he had been there for years."

We soon discovered that Zab's mature appearance was more than matched by intellectual and spiritual maturity. We loved him at once for his hearty, contagious laugh and friendly smile, and to our instantaneous affection for him was quickly added a feeling of great respect. If Zab were present at any "bicker session" we could be sure of stimulating discussion; also we treasured every opportunity to talk things over with him privately. He was a good listener as well as a good talker. He spoke modestly and thoughtfully, with a touch of humor that delighted us all. He was unhurried in stating opinions but when he did so they had the ring of authority. This was not surprising because they were arrived at by incisive thinking and related to strong religious convictions.

It might be assumed that an undergraduate who possessed such a brilliant mind and was motivated by so deep a religious faith would have appealed only to a limited

group of friends, but this was not true of Zab. In the eyes of all his classmates he was an "all-around" fellow, popular with every type of student. He wore a Phi Beta Kappa key on his watchchain, but also a varsity P for soccer on his sweater; he belonged to the socially important Ivy Club but also was elected to membership in the Student Council; his interest in books was exceptional but so was his love and knowledge of baseball. As a commissioned officer in the Navy Air Force in World War I he whiled away the weary hours of anti-submarine patrol duty over the North Sea by reading the New Testament in Greek.

I think there was nobody more highly regarded on the Princeton Campus during our undergraduate days by both students and faculty than Zab, and those of us who were fortunate to know him intimately will always remember his friendship then — and through all the subsequent years — as one of the most valued experiences of our lives. There were many appealing facets to his personality, but what stands out most clearly in my memory was the radiancy of his spirit. Life seemed more worthwhile when you were with him.

## "CONSTITUTION OF THE LOTUS EATERS"

By REV. GEORGE A. TROWBRIDGE,

*A Classmate of Zab at Princeton and the Seminary*

On New Year's Eve, 1920, two young Americans sat in a small restaurant in Florence and continued a conversation they had had for many days as they journeyed around southern Europe. Both men felt strongly the urgency of making a decision as to their life's work and their talk focused on the Christian ministry. They sought every avenue of escape but could not in conscience justify the reasons they gave for refusing to answer what appeared to them to be an insistent call to the service of Christ in his Church. Finally, late that evening, they decided to offer themselves for the Christian ministry provided that, on their return to the States, their Bishops would accept them. The matter of the Bishop, while it did not lessen their commitment, seemed to them a safeguard against a possible error on their part. It also gave them time to adjust themselves to the requirements which such a step would impose on them. Remember this was during the "roaring twenties" described in the novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald. This was callow youth facing a challenge, the revolutionary nature of which they but partly understood. They were serious as far as they knew how to be serious, but they faced this venture as they might some other venture with what would now appear astonishing self-assurance. The following morning, New Year's Day, 1921, these two vacationers from Cambridge and Oxford sat down to draw up what they later called the "Constitution of the Lotus Eaters," as follows:

### I

"We the undersigned, George Augustus Trowbridge and

Alexander Clinton Zabriskie, being in our right minds and of age, seriously considering the ministry for our profession, have deemed it proper to consider certain matters, whether or in what degree, they be compatible with such a vocation.

## II

1. Considering the essence of sin to be 'anything which renders impossible or of less value the highest possible service of a spiritual nature which we can effectively render our fellow men, or anything which dims the keenness of our spiritual perception or renders less close our connection and communion with God, and hence our realization of His will,' we think proper to consider the following matters in the light of that conception.

2. Believing that the good and enjoyable things of life were originated, or allowed to be originated, by God for the use of mankind, we would also consider the same matters in the light of that idea, considering whether or not one enjoying, and not abusing them will vitiate our ministry.

## III

1. Concerning the question of drink, we feel at the present that although the moderate use of liquor may not do any harm, still we are inclined to believe that it may tend to diminish our effectiveness by setting an example which may be harmful, by prejudicing some against us, or even possibly dulling the spiritual insight which must ever be kept as keen as possible. Therefor we think it best to abstain from hard liquor in any form except when demanded by reasons of health, and from wines, except at meal times when travelling in foreign countries or when in the company of a few friends, when we know it will in no wise lessen our influence or harmfully affect them.

2. Gambling is a useless evil, the prevalence of which is detrimental to character building. To those who have proper judgment and strength of character, it is less of an evil, but for the sake of the poor and those of weaker caliber, it seems only fair to refrain. It is so difficult to make allowances, that it seems better to make a hard and fast rule to refrain absolutely from gambling in any form.

It is one of those things which certainly makes for no more respect or power with men and may easily be very detrimental to us and those about us. Therefor we deem it advisable to renounce it altogether.

3. The question of smoking has long occupied the minds of both of us. We realize that if at any time we find that anything, no matter how innocent and harmless it may appear, seems to diminish our power and spiritual insight, we must willingly and gladly renounce it. In considering this question we have found many examples of outstanding Christian men doing a great and wonderful work in God's ministry who have not found it necessary to give up smoking. As this attitude agrees with ours at the present, we feel no obligation to give up a taste so enjoyable, feeling nevertheless the necessity of keeping the habit well in hand, and avoiding the mistake of letting it get the better of us.

4. There is a specific commandment against profanity which it behooves us to obey.

## IV

On the positive side there are very few things subject to definite statement as being positively helpful, but the following matters seem worthy of specific mention.

1. In the first place we deem it essential to devote as much time as possible regularly every morning to Bible study and prayer.

2. Concerning our attitude toward the observance of Sunday, we feel that that day should be set aside above all others for closer communion with God both in private and public worship, and in the reading of helpful books; but this should not be taken to bar out physical exercise of a reasonably private nature, in fact we consider it part of man's moral duty to keep in the best possible physical condition in any way he can.

## V

We recognize well, that our ideas are subject to change. Those mentioned above, we entertain at present and ten-

tatively affirm. Though defective wording may make them seem ill advised if followed to the letter, yet we feel that if followed according to the spirit they should be of great value.

Done at Florence this first day of January, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-One; of the Independence of the United States of America, the One Hundred and Forty-Fifth, and the Unification of the Lotus Eaters, the first: In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our signed manuals and caused our seals to be affixed."

The following Fall the two young men, having gained the approval of their Bishops, entered the Virginia Seminary and shared a commodious but rather sparse room on the top floor of Aspinwall. Thus for Zab there began an association with "the Hill" which would continue almost without interruption (for one year immediately following graduation he was Vicar of two missions, one in New City and the other in Valley Cottage, New York) for 35 years — an association the value of which may be judged by the testimony which appears later in this article and other articles appearing in this Journal. It ended when Zab died quietly in his sleep on Sunday morning, June 24, 1956.

## SEMINARIAN A.D. 1921-1924

By RT. REV. ARTHUR B. KINSOLVING,  
*Classmate at the Virginia Seminary*

He came to us on "The Hill" from a gracious and refined home in New York City. He came to us from Groton School, Princeton and Cambridge University, England. He came from the Naval Air Force in the first World War, where he was forced down into the North Sea; and spiritually lifted up during a religious experience about which he could hardly bring himself to talk. He came from a distinguished churchman's home — his father being Chancellor of the Diocese of New York and a most capable corporation lawyer.

The "post First World War Hill" was smaller in those days. His background might have been too imposing but for his own sense of values. He loved "the Hill" instantly for its simplicity and sincerity. His classmates began to see in him, slowly at first, a remarkably mature grasp of the difference between mere brilliance and profundity. He soon demonstrated the value of light rather than heat in discussion; of witness rather than exhibitionism in religious loyalties. He became "Zab" to us very soon, and "the Hill" loved him because of his Christian humility, and "the Hill" never stopped loving him either in that day or this.

Even before the first set of examinations, the value of wide reading and cultured thinking was evident in this man. He was happy not to be alone in his erudition. There were other scholars in the class. They did so brilliantly that many of the less apt scholars suffered by comparison. We accused the faculty of raising the standards with complete disregard for the academic lowly!

We fellow students found in Zab that strong tolerance based on strong convictions. Indeed those of his critics in later life have perhaps faulted him for too much tolerance. But in our day undergraduate tolerance was not always prevalent! His gift was a constant awareness that freed him from "blindness of heart." In the remorseless banter between students, he once saw that a remark had cut too deep. With gentleness he sought out the author later and quietly said: "Your jibe was brilliant, that's the trouble! Your victim knows it's true and you hurt him!"

Having attended a Church School under the great Endicott Peabody, Zab before long was assigned by the faculty to work as assistant to the chaplain of the Episcopal High School. The present Bishop Coadjutor of North Carolina was Senior-in-Charge. His infinite patience and affection for the boys outbalanced his athletic ability. As baseball catcher and Princeton soccer player, he also added boxing ability, and exposed himself to many bouts of friendly mauling. The confidence of the Principal of the School, Mr. A. R. Hoxton, and his faculty, produced an influence that has yet to end.

Portraits often suffer from affection. It is very wrong to portray here an unearthly paragon. But it is natural that with so many gifts this profound student became a favorite of the faculty. Strangely, this was completely accepted by the students. Dr. Berryman Green, the Dean, could not conceal his affection and confidence. This deserved partiality was amusingly referred to by the Dean's secretary, a Kentucky lady of wit and observation, who once sighed and said: "If any student ever enters this Seminary who is half as good as Dean Green *thinks* Zabris-*kie* is, he will be an Archangel."

The first time Dr. and Mrs. Cosby Bell invited Zab to dinner they began discussing poetry. The evening ended at three or four in the early morning! None of us can forget Dr. Bell's use of poetry in his lectures. It lifts up

the heart to think of this trio and the birth of poetic friendship in that sweet home called "The Wilderness." (A digression here is irresistible — it is believed that it was in Dr. and Mrs. Bell's home that Zab later met Miss Mary Tyler. Nothing he ever did was more poetic than when he married her! Everyone will agree!)

In his senior year there was really no one to be President of the Student Body but Zab. It was not easy. The "monkey-trial" between Fundamentalism and Science was raging in Tennessee. Bishops brought in examining chaplains who claimed that what was good enough for George Washington and Robert E. Lee to believe, was good enough for them! Students averred the faculty was not backing alumni who were preaching what they were taught. The first apostles of Buchmanism hit the Seminary with personal values, deep conversions and some dangerously undisciplined evangelistic eccentricities. Zab presided over these conflicts with understanding and love. Inevitably, partisan criticism hit him hard. But we thought it a glorious year and admitted (modestly?) we were a remarkable class. We left loving Zab. He was only away about a year and then "the Hill" became his home forever!

Where Zab sleeps, in the little "God's acre," below the Chapel, will be more of a shrine to his classmates than ever. There was such promise in his student days. We are proud of how his life fulfilled that promise, not only in success and eminence as Dean, but in the harder role of bearing criticism, resentment and the weight of administrative duties. The sublime refinement of physical adversity, only echoed the courage we remember.

So we follow with gratitude and look forward with stronger hope, because of him. Many of us have never known a man of purer heart. Our Lord says they are so happy! So we pray to hear his full throated laughter once again over the hills and dales that landscape the "many mansions" of the Father's Home.

## ZAB AS FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR

By MRS. COSBY BELL *who continues to grace Seminary Hill, a beloved neighbor of faculty and students.*

It was my great good fortune to know Zab long and well, from his entry here in 1921 as an exceptionally alert and interested — and interesting — student, through his long and active years as teacher and Dean. His exceptional quality of mind and his unusual training made him stand out from the first, and it was early recognized that he had a real contribution to make to the work of the Church and the Seminary. It was understood that he would be called back to the Hill at the first possible opportunity. Of his work as a teacher, others have spoken, but it is as a friend and neighbor that we here on the Hill who knew and loved him remember him best. His quick wit and keen sense of humor, his sympathetic understanding and his real love for his friends made his place here in the community one which his going has left achingly empty. He met his wife at my home — and that was a happy thing for us all, and for the Church in which their three fine sons are now ministering. The outgoing hospitality of his home — with the unstinted and delightful cooperation of his wife, our beloved Mary, made their house an ever welcoming center for many guests and friendly meetings. Zab's real outgoing affection for people and his keen insight into their problems gave him a place in their hearts and lives which was unique and which cannot be refilled. We who knew him through the long years are lastingly grateful for our good fortune in having had him as an enrichment of our lives, and the Hill will always hold him in loving memory.

## HISTORIAN

By REV. JOHN F. WOOLVERTON, *V.T.S. 1953, now working for his Doctorate at Union Seminary and Columbia University*

Zab taught Church History from the point of biography. For him, movements, forces, events were shaped by individuals. The job of the historian was to assess the significance of the individual's contribution to the church or to movements within the church. What a man thought, how he reacted to the political, social and economic surroundings of his day and age, how he envisaged the role of the church in the world — these were the preliminary considerations of the historian. Zab taught biographical history, but it was not a tessellated affair with here a little about this man and there a little about that one, lacking unity and ending in some strange hodgepodge when the course was finished. On the contrary, because Zab was first and foremost a great scholar, no such oversimplification was possible or imaginable (and I might add he discouraged it in us). He saw the great sweep of the Church's history in the world as well as the individuals who made up the fellowship of Christ's religion on earth. There were recurring themes in his lectures, constant comparisons and balanced judgment. He did not judge hastily, though his own ideas as to the meaning of that mystery, the Church, were very definite. Zab made no apology for his enthusiasm for such men as F. D. Maurice and Archbishop William Temple, yet he had a tolerance and respect for others' points of view which was more than sufferance. Indeed, as a teacher, he had the rare ability to place himself — as far as is humanly possible — in the historical position of the people he was describing at the time, whether they were the Deists of the 18th

century, the Evangelicals, the Tractarians, or the participants in COPEC. He took pains to describe the cultural and intellectual climate which enveloped these folk, though when they transcended or redeemed their time for Christ, Zab was quick to point it out.

As a lecturer, he was controversial. Many students did not like his discursive style, the by-lanes and seeming tangents that punctuated his lectures. He was unhurried and unruffled. When we reached Francis Thompson in English Church History, it was only natural and proper from Zab's point of view that he read aloud in class "The Hound of Heaven," natural because ACZ's scholarship and spirit were one, proper because it reached the depth of the man rather than simply telling *about* him. He was not afraid of sentiment, though his inner integrity made him quick to discern in us when sentimentality tended to replace hard work or high standards of learning. Zab constantly prodded in his seminars. If you felt that you had the answer to a problem, he pointed out, albeit graciously, other contingencies which you had overlooked. As a teacher, he made you want to be at your best. He was able to do this because he believed the best about people. He rejoiced in your achievements and encouraged your possibilities and did not confuse the two. When a man left seminary, Zab followed him closely, and here his teaching continued; no detail of parish life was uninteresting to him, for here was the direct application of what he had taught in the history classroom. Because there was no dichotomy in ACZ himself between spirit and scholarship, he saw the intimate connection and the necessary conversation between the history lecture and the quality of Christ-life in each parish and diocese.

When I was at the seminary, there was an intellectual climate among the students, at least, in which "despair" provided either the initial element or the catalyst or the residue (I am not sure which) in the theological formula.

However the case may be, we despaired of the culture; in some sense, while we would have vehemently denied it, we were still liberals because we were anxious to defend the Church and the Christian faith at the very moment when the Church was on the offensive. In our rediscovery of Christianity, we were often jealous for it as it now is, and so we lost reverence for the past and in many cases were unable to value culture in its own right without having to convert it at every turn. In all of this Zab added balance as a teacher and as an historian. He was optimistic. For him, Christ was the hope of the world. There were such things as truth and beauty. His knowledge of the past and his reverence for it did not allow any easy despair in the present. For him the Church was already, despite its failings and its pride and its many sins, that place where men and women could join with confidence in the assertion that "we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of thy Son which is the blessed company of all faithful people." All of his teaching finally culminated in that wildly exciting idea, that within the fellowship of those whose lives were permeated with Christ, that here of all places on earth, it was possible for men to realize their God-given potentialities without fear and without pride. Zab himself acted this out. His whole life focused on our Lord Jesus Christ. In gladness and humility we praise God for the gift of him.



## TEACHER

By REV. JOHN E. BOOTY, V.T.S., 1953,  
*Now working for his Doctorate at Princeton University*

*"... such nature and grace, so heavenly learning in so heavenly a life, such eminent gifts in such eminent place, so fruitfully distilling their wholesome and sweetest influence to the refreshing and cherishing of the church of God, have not been frequently found in these later times."*

These eloquent words written by a 19th Century biographer concerning the life and work of the Elizabethan divine, John Jewel, can be said with true sincerity of our beloved Zab. The reasons for my unbounded admiration for Zab can not be simply stated, they are bound too closely to the reasons of the heart. But I do know that I found in Zab that rare combination of qualities which singles out the possessor as one who is truly a child of God, a disciple of the Master. I found in Zab a man whose learning was great but whose life shone with such a radiance of holiness that upon meeting him it was his total life, learning included, which impressed me most surely.

Indeed, his was a heavenly learning. Whether discussing the knotty problems involved in the ecumenical movements of our time, or presenting the lives and teachings of such men as Maurice, Temple or Brent to his students, or talking about theories of education, he presented more than the mere facts. He enlightened our understanding with his own deep and sympathetic understanding of the issues and personalities of history. His lectures were always more than the routine presentation of dates and events. They were analyses of the crucial

points of Church History most often as seen through the lives and works of the key personalities of the time.

His was a heavenly learning, for without doing damage to the objective truth of history he witnessed through his lectures to the glory of God. Man's quest for communion with God seems to have been Zab's greatest concern and it was as Maurice, or Temple, or Brent, or any of the many others contributed toward opening the way to a closer walk with God that Zab's countenance was lit with enthusiasm and he, repeating and illuminating their words, became irresistibly persuasive. And here, of course, Zab's learning and the totality of his life merged. For this quest for communion with God was a deeply personal quest for Zab. His learning became for him the servant of this quest and the aid toward his understanding of man's meeting with God in prayer, in meditation, in sacrament, and in human fellowship.

Indeed, his was a heavenly life. His life revealed a gentle and yet manly power in his relationships with others. He was concerned that his students do well academically. How he bemoaned our mis-use of the English language! He wanted his men to love learning as an important facet in their response to God. He wanted his men to be intellectually keen and spiritually strong. And he could urge his wishes upon us in strong terms. But we knew that Zab felt and spoke as he did because his deepest concern was for the well being of others. To know Zab was to be known and to be cared for in a re-creative way. He seemed remarkably gifted in opening the way for a person to lay before him his schemes, his dreams, his troubles, his doubts. And how greatly so many of us benefited from being able to talk with Zab. He did not relieve us of responsibility for the living of our lives. He helped us to face the present and the future to the benefit of our very beings.

So many other things could and should be mentioned. I leave the picture incomplete when I fail to speak of his wit, his graceful and unpretentious good manners, and so much else. And personally I cannot fail to say that my desire to teach Church History, and the path I am following in preparation for this vocation, has been motivated in large part by the learning and the life of Zab.

Zab won a place in my heart and the heart of my family which will yield to none save the Lord he loved and knew.

## PASTOR AND FACULTY ADVISER

By REV. DONALD F. WINSLOW, V.T.S. 1956,  
*Now preparing to serve as a Missionary in Japan*

I write as one of Dr. Zab's devoted students — one that is young, inexperienced, and just recently graduated from the Seminary. Yet for all my youth and inexperience, I find that my work in the ministry has been and will continue to be strengthened and enhanced and even supplemented by what Dr. Zab gave me during my three years on the Hill. Dr. Zab was a *real* teacher, not just a man who possessed an adequate amount of knowledge and who sought to unload or dump this knowledge in rationed measures upon his students and then consider his task accomplished. Rather, he was a man who endeavored continually to inspire those whom he taught to reach out and discover for themselves, and not just to restate, copy, paraphrase, or regurgitate the ideas of others. Under Dr. Zab's guidance, the seminarian became excited by the treasures of Christian scholarship. And not only was Dr. Zab a scholar himself; he was also a committed student, and to witness his profound and ever fresh admiration of people like Moberly, DuBose, Maurice, and Temple was a joy at first to behold and later to share.

In his last three years of lecturing, Dr. Zab never shone on the rostrum as he had in the past. His lectures never pretended to be dramatic or colorful, but even if some of the old "form" was gone, there still shone through his deep concern for his subject, his sincerity and reverence in the handling of it, and the desire always to express rather than to impress. Humility, gentle humor, and great charity marked his lectures, as indeed they marked the man.

But it was aside from formal academic activities that Dr. Zab's influence was the most pronounced and it was here that he did the greatest teaching. Whether it was chats in the corridor between classes, lively discussions with his advisees in a student's apartment, or the warmth of his friendly conversation with some student who dropped by his house, Dr. Zab's depth of concern and contagious personableness always had great effect. He drew the students out of themselves and provided them with a means of developing their thought creatively and maturely. And never did he allow his teaching to become sterile and academic, for it was always born of a living and vibrant faith. For all the books in his office, for all the half-read or half-written manuscripts that inevitably lay about his house, the real theology that one encountered when talking with Dr. Zab was a theology of personal witness aided by, but not encumbered by, the theological formulation of his faith.

As his student, I will always remember Dr. Zab's tolerance of the viewpoints of others; I have never met a man with whom I was so proud to agree or, if the occasion arose, with whom I could disagree to amiably. He had a large heart, one that sought out and brought to light the best in everyone. There is not a student in my class who doesn't feel a great debt to Dr. Zab. He was indeed a pattern for us all. I would like to quote from some of the letters I have received from my classmates, for they point to the countless areas where Dr. Zab has labored in his Master's vineyard. "I remember him as the man . . . who gave me a vision of what Anglicanism means." — ". . . a man who always brought to my doubts and uncertainties a deep Christian compassion." — "Zab taught us the greatness of the Church; he taught us the things that must be accomplished if the Church is to remain great." — "My Dad once said that a great man never makes a little man feel small. I never felt small

when I was with Zab." — "He was a great friend and churchman and man of prayer." — "I pray that we may see the harvest of the great work he labored so hard to plant." — ". . . time and time again I have found myself thinking or talking about Zab."

But it is impossible to give a full picture of Dr. Zab or to describe how much he means to so many of us. For myself, and I know for others, perhaps all I can say is that here is a man whom I loved very much. My association with him over the past three years is something that I will always treasure, for it was an association that has given me more than I will ever be able to realize or appreciate fully. Dr. Zab remains for me a true ideal, a goal, and a continuing light to illuminate the path, no matter how dark and crooked the way. I am forever grateful to God that I have known this man, for it was God working through him that made him who he was.

## DEAN AND COLLEAGUE

By KENNETH E. HEIM,

*Visiting Professor of the Mission of the Church,  
and Liaison Officer of the Church's Mission in Japan*

In 1946 I came to the Hill to discuss with Dean Zabris-  
kie the possibility of becoming a member of the Church  
History Department of which he was the head.

The interview was fateful for me because it resulted,  
contrary to my expectation, in my sojourn for six mean-  
ingful years, in which I came to know Zab as friend and  
colleague.

I still remember being taken to the little office at one  
end of Prayer Hall for the interview in which I intended  
to make quite clear to the Dean the fact that I considered  
my academic background in Church History too far be-  
hind me to qualify me for the position on the faculty. I  
was just fresh out of the Navy and before that had had a  
number of years as a parish priest. On top of it I had  
just recently convinced the Dean of another seminary  
that I did not belong in the distinguished company of  
his seminary staff, but rather in the pastoral ministry.

The only reason I came down to Alexandria at all was  
the promise elicited from me by a close friend on the  
faculty, plus something that I can only say was my re-  
action to the curious effect that the seminary had on vari-  
ous friends of mine who were its graduates. There was  
about them a certain maverick quality, a non-conformity  
of a type which, since each of them was different, could  
not be classified as simply non-conformity for its own sake.  
Nor was it simply anti-ecclesiastical. It was rather as if  
each of them took for granted that the church was a very  
large place indeed, in which there was room for a great

deal of freedom. And somehow, from their conversations about the seminary and its life, I gathered that this fostering and outright encouragement of freedom was not only connected with the seminary as a whole but was quite particularly a response to the influence of Alexander Zabriskie.

The result was my curiosity and attraction, and, truth to tell, the hope that I should be lucky enough to be argued out of my own conviction that I belonged in parish life.

I was lucky and I was not argued, but, as I felt then, charmed into finding myself a part of the faculty family.

In the little office, so inadequate and inconvenient, I found myself relaxing in the presence of the man with the humorous mouth and intense blue eyes, the short mustache, and the informal attire, whom I was to come to know so well. He disarmed me completely and left me with the feeling that I was just the person needed, in spite of the fact that I thought I knew so well that I wasn't.

What I had encountered was an example of the kind of trusting belief in another's capacities which I never failed to experience from him. He gave me a free hand to work out my way of doing things, but this was not to say that the freedom to be one's self was that of unconcern. It was rather the warm and understanding encouragement of freedom.

Behind this, I was to learn, was the quality of his piety. It was a brand of piety that found its documentation in the New Testament, in certain elements of medieval Christianity and above all in the renaissance stream of influence within the whole body of Anglicanism.

The deep conviction was, that where God does not force man, neither should the Church force him. Its corollary was the belief that we can trust the activity of the Holy Spirit, whose element is freedom to lead us into all truth, if we entrust ourselves to the selfsame Spirit.

I believe that from this deepest level sprang his instinctive dislike for all forms of coercion and his glad welcome to all kinds of experimentation and creative activity.

Some of us who worked with him may have been tempted at times to wish for firmer external disciplines. He fought shy of them whenever possible though he knew they were necessary at times, and one always felt that he was uncomfortable while engaged in the process of working them out, and sometimes was even relieved when they failed.

How we used to grumble at the many diverse practices in the chapel, which violated the precious Spirit of Order which so often is worshipped among us. It is one of my reasons for profound thankfulness that Zab never mistook that false idol for the true Spirit, the Lord and Creator of Life.

Some of us undoubtedly abused this trust at times. At other times the anarchy of Spirit gave way to moments of hilarious chaos. All of the experiments in teaching or in worship were not uniformly successful.

This did not bother Zab too much. He was careless in the sense of careful for nothing, and in this spirit all kinds of creative activities flourished, and out of freedom community itself sprang, and that degree of order which does not exceed the necessary.

## FOUNDER OF A PARISH

By REV. W. T. HEATH,

*Rector, Immanuel Church-on-the-Hill,  
Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Va.*

On the evening of May 29th, 1941, a group of Seminary Hill neighbors met on the Zabriskie porch and founded a parish. This parish, subsequently named "Immanuel Church-on-the-Hill," has become, in a brief 15 years, one of the strong parishes of the Diocese of Virginia. Its 1956 parochial report to the diocese includes the following impressive figures: Membership: Communicants — 527; Baptized — 1,520 (not including 250 Episcopal High School boys). Church School Membership — 503. Total Budget — \$56,038.10. Disbursements for work outside the Parish — \$14,175.21.

Immanuel Church-on-the-Hill, in its beginning, was Dr. Zabriskie's inspiration. And from its beginning until June, 1956, when Zab died, he held a place of important influence and leadership in it. As Dean of the Seminary, Zab was officially rector of the parish. After his retirement as Dean, he became an honorary and continuing member of the Vestry. And he was very much an active member of the Vestry. He also shared actively in the ministry of the parish. Frequently he preached. Frequently he celebrated the Communion or assisted. During the Lenten season, shortly before his death, he contributed two excellent lectures in Church History to the parish Lenten program. Among his older friends in the parish he performed a cherished pastoral ministry, and to some of the newcomers as well.

The parish was dear to his heart. And he was just as dear to the parish's heart. Only a few weeks before he

died, he said to the writer: "Some people tell me that the parish was my best achievement as Dean." One ventures to believe that he may have thought that himself, and that he took pride in the thought.

Everyone who knew Zab knew of his evangelical zeal and missionary spirit. He was a scholar. But first he was a profound devotee and passionate servant of Jesus Christ. The living divine Christ was a rich fact in his own experience. And his deepest concern was to bring his Christ to other people.

This was probably the basic motivation in his wanting to organize a "Seminary parish."

There were at least three big opportunities that Zab had in mind.

The first was that which the Hill itself and the immediate neighborhood had afforded for a long time, and which had only been casually, and rather apathetically, recognized. For years Sunday services had been held in the Seminary Chapel. These were attended by the Episcopal High School boys, the teachers' families, and by the neighbors around about. Seminary students seldom attended because of Sunday duties elsewhere. But Seminary faculty wives and children attended, and the professors took turns conducting the services and preaching. Baptisms were performed from time to time, marriages solemnized and funerals conducted. Also, the sick were visited, if anybody knew about them, and if one of the professors happened to be available. Some of the women of the Hill did engage in Auxiliary activities. Records were kept by fits and starts, depending upon whether a particular officiant remembered to write down his acts in the book, if there happened to be a book.

There were three nearby "mission" congregations. These were also the responsibility of the Seminary. And these also were conducted in the same spirit of avocation

as that which prevailed in relation to those who attended the Seminary Chapel.

There was need for a systematic parochial and pastoral ministry in the environs of Seminary Hill. And it is evident that this need had weighed upon Zab's heart long before he became Dean.

Another opportunity that stirred Zab's evangelical spirit was the evidence of a growing population in the Washington area. As the New Deal program got under way, increasing numbers of people came to the Capital. The momentum of this influx was stepped up with the war in Europe. And when Zab became Dean of the Seminary in 1940, it was certain that Northern Virginia was going to develop rapidly into a populous residential area. How rapidly, few people, at the time, ever imagined!

Zab had the vision to anticipate a need for churches and ministers in this area, which was not going to be easy to meet. At the same time he saw in the Seminary facilities — Chapel, classrooms, ordained clergy — wonderful resources right at hand, with which to make ready for what was coming. Only, these must somehow become the tools of a *parish*. It was already evident that the Seminary, as such, could not well adapt itself to a parochial ministry. This was a consideration that weighed no little in Zab's concern to get a Seminary parish organized.

Still another opportunity that Zab became aware of as he reflected on the possibility of a Seminary Parish was the unique contribution such a parish might make to the Church as a whole, by being a kind of model of parish life and work for both Seminary students and Episcopal High School boys to see, and, in some measure, to participate in. The Seminary students were the future leaders and pastors of the Church. The Episcopal High School boys were potentially future Vestrymen and lay leaders of the Church. Also, some of these would in due course be entering the ministry.



What an opportunity, then, to introduce these young people, in their formative and academic years, to a real, live parish which gathered in the whole community around Seminary Hill! And how wonderful for both the Seminary and the School "families" to be related to the community in which they were living through the fellowship of a parish! And again, how wonderful for the people of the community to have that same kind of a relationship with both School and Seminary!

These were some of Zab's thoughts and enthusiasms about the potential values that might come alive through a Seminary Parish. And time has proved — far sooner than might have been expected — that Zab's dreams were by no means vain. Quite the contrary, much of what he dreamed has become reality, far beyond his fondest first hopes. The parish was organized just before the United States entered World War II. During the war years, the worth of its ministry to many families in military and government service who came to live in the neighborhood of Seminary Hill, on tours of duty in Washington, has been testified to times without number. All over the world today are Americans in responsible representative positions whose fond memories carry them back often to Seminary Hill, and Sunday worship in the Seminary Chapel. Every year newcomers join the congregation, who have returned home from abroad and who have sought out "Immanuel Church-on-the-Hill" because they have heard from friends and associates in Government Foreign Service that it is a "wonderful" parish.

A splendid parochial job is being done — especially in religious education. This important function in the parish program is being directed by Miss Deborah Vaill, who is a well-known, highly competent leader in her field.

The Seminary Chapel is well-filled twice each Sunday for worship, at 9:30 and again at 11:00. Every available

classroom in Aspinwall Hall is used for Sunday School purposes each Sunday at 9:30 and 11:00.

A Parish House was built in 1948 on Seminary property across Seminary Road from the Seminary campus. It was believed at the time it was built that this building would be adequate for years to come for the various program needs of the parish. It has long since been outgrown, however. And the parish is now in process of raising funds for an expansion of these facilities which will more than double their present space.

The new building will include a chapel for week-day uses which has already, in anticipation, been named the Zabriskie Memorial Chapel, in loving tribute to Zab for his dreams and for all that he personally did to make them come true.

In 15 years the Seminary has almost tripled in size. The growth has raised numerous problems and perplexities. And nobody can be sure what the future relationship of Seminary, School and Parish will be or what it should be. The present attitude is one of open-mindedness on the part of all concerned. But whatever may transpire in years to come, the fact abides and cannot be denied that the 15 years of Parish, Seminary and School relationship thus far have been a happy, fruitful, inspiring and profitable experience for everybody. Seminary and School have been brought into closer and friendlier relation to the community, and vice versa. The big parish family worshipping in the Seminary Chapel on Sunday mornings, and the lively little army of Sunday School boys and girls running around Aspinwall Hall and Prayer Hall, and the area near the Chapel, has been a weekly reminder, at least, to academics, of the practical business of the ministry that is in the offing for them.

Over the 15 years of the parish's existence, a large number of students has participated in the parish program. Most of the members of the Seminary Faculty

have been active in the parish. The Sunday services have gained reality for the High School boys for being *parish* services, and not just *school* services. Several members of the High School faculty are Vestrymen. Several teach Sunday School. Many of the wives are active workers in the parish.

School and Seminary people and their neighbors in the community work together in parish activities of all sorts. The parish is a strong bond of interest and concern among them. Because of the parish, all now have a more genuinely neighborly feeling.

It is a blessing that Zab was privileged to see his dreams come true in such large measure. The parish was a constant source of gratification to him, and a major interest always. His labors for it were well rewarded. And they deserved to be. His mark upon it will abide. Immanuel Church-on-the-Hill will always be blessed for the influence of Zab's great spirit in the years of its childhood and youth.

## HIS SERVICE TO CHRISTIAN UNITY

By RT. REV. ROBERT F. GIBSON, JR., V.T.S. 1940

*Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of Virginia*

Everyone who knew Alexander Clinton Zabriskie knew of his interest in the cause of Christian Unity. That interest would manifest itself almost regardless of the occasion. In all his wide activities and associations, which certainly extended from England to Brazil abroad and in the far reaches of this country at home, the cause of unity was present in his speaking and writing. His two published biographies of Bishops Lloyd and Brent, which will long live as a tribute to his devotion and learning, concerned themselves with missionary leaders, but they reveal what he seems always to have known — that mission and unity are inseparable.

To those who were privileged to know him well, as either colleague or teacher, his concern in this cause was revealed as a deep and abiding passion which gave direction and force to his life. It was as though he were called to this purpose. Whether as historian, writer, teacher, preacher, dean or deputy to General Convention, in each of which he made signal contributions, always he found opportunity to further this cause. Naturally his critics were many. Even his disciples, who outnumbered his critics, found moments and points of real disagreement. Like all enthusiasts he seemed to be bending his other services to this one service. Yet because his true cause was Christ, the One Lord whose body was broken and weakened by Christian disunion, who would dare to say that his insight was untrue; that all Christian services should not be bent to the purpose of Christian reconciliation that the world might believe and be saved? That any sermon

or any seminary ought to serve this purpose he knew and believed passionately. Some can disagree with his ways and words, perhaps, but all can only thank God for his unwavering devotion to this cause.

When I was his student in English and American Church History he taught about the Quaker movement with a light in his eye which well exemplified their sense of "inner light." When he lectured on the Quaker sense of "concern," I learned his true meaning as I realized that he had a God-given "concern" in the truest sense of the word for healing the wounds in the Body of Christ and putting the several parts together again. He never departed from it in a busy and distracting life of uncounted responsibilities.

With such a "concern" then, was it not inevitable that the Church should avail itself of his devotion, ability, and wide relationships by making him a member of the Joint Commission on Approaches to Unity? On this official body he served by regular reappointment for 20 years. One can hardly measure his influence in this position, for not only did he affect deeply his Joint Commission colleagues but perhaps even more so did he move the members of other Christian bodies with which he negotiated. Many beyond the bounds of the Episcopal Church bemoan his loss and work on today under the influence of his witness.

It seems fitting here to quote from the minutes of the last meeting of the Commission: "BE IT RESOLVED: That we the members of The Joint Commission on Approaches to Unity, mindful of his life-long devotion to the cause of Christian reunion, do hereby record our sense of gratitude for his ministry of Christian reconciliation and for the witness of his life to the conviction that 'they all may be one;'

"AND BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED: That we do hereby acknowledge our debt of appreciation and grati-

tude for his long service on The Joint Commission on Approaches to Unity, of which he served for 12 years as Secretary, and in the proceedings of which he contributed greatly through his wide acquaintance with both the leaders and traditions of other Christian bodies."

That Alexander Clinton Zabriskie died without seeing the fruition of any of his efforts for Church unity was a disappointment. But his patience through many disappointments was inspired by an abiding hope and a slow but sure movement in the direction of his "concern." His former student who is honored to write these inadequate words is now Chairman of "his" Commission and surely he can number in the hundreds others who, having sat at his feet, will now and always serve the cause of Christian Unity.

## LIFE-LONG FRIEND

By REV. GEORGE A. TROWBRIDGE,

*A Classmate of Zab at Princeton and the Seminary*

The day of the funeral (June 26th) was a warm and sunny one on "the Hill." Early that day, at the railroad station, the airport and along the highways, friends exchanged greetings and joined ranks as from North and South and West their journeys converged and together they proceeded towards the Seminary grounds. The grounds outside the Chapel were reminiscent of other occasions when alumni and students and their friends gathered preparatory to some great service. There was the usual note of pleasant informality which seems to characterize most gatherings of men and women brought up in the Virginia tradition. There was also the note of expectancy. Something important was about to happen. Groups of people stood about chatting quietly but earnestly with one another. A casual onlooker might have thought this to be the usual close of an academic year. Only there were no casual onlookers — every one there felt himself or herself to be an active participant in what was about to take place. This was no ordinary gathering of Virginia alumni (if a gathering of Virginia alumni can ever be called ordinary) for Zab's friends covered a wide range of occupations and interests.

In that group standing on the grounds outside the Chapel were members of Zab's class at Groton School such as John Richardson and Dan Willetts and Hugh D. Auchincloss with whom he had been on close personal terms of friendship for over 40 years and whose children and grandchildren rejoiced in his frequent visits; Princeton friends and classmates such as Bill Savage, religious

editor of Scribner's, Dave McAlpin, New York broker, Jim Douglas, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, Henry Butler, Washington attorney, Ed Pulling, Headmaster of Millbrook School and John Harlan, Justice of the Supreme Court; Seminary contemporaries, such as Arch Mitchell, Stubby Stabler, Tuie Kinsolving, Corny Trowbridge, Sam Chilton and Ted Evans; members of a close group of friends in Washington such as Francis Sayre, once Governor General of the Philippines and member of the Security Council of the United Nations, "Rooney" Finckenstaedt, Washington broker and Ted Wedel, Warden of the College of Preachers, (two very intimate friends from Washington, Coleman Jennings and Francis Miller, were in England and could not be present). Representing present and past members of the Board of Trustees, besides Bishops Fred Goodwin and Bob Gibson, both of whom officiated at the service, were such close and devoted friends as Russell Bowie and Churchill Gibson. There was Rabbi Schiff, a refugee from Hitler, who taught Hebrew during Zab's first year as Dean, and younger men and women such as John O'Hear who flew in from Cleveland, John Walker from Detroit, John and Sarah Frizzell and Scott Jones, classmates of George and Phip, and Don Winslow, a classmate of Sandy, who flew down from Maine to be present. There were also many close and dear friends, residents of "the Hill," connected in one way or another with the Seminary and the Parish of Immanuel-on-the-Hill; Mrs. Cosby Bell who befriended Zab, as she did all students, when he first entered the Seminary, local neighbors such as Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Conrad Strong, Pat Calloway, Captain and Mrs. Jaudon and Helen Macondray; many of the immediate Seminary community such as Mr. Cleveland and his successor, the present superintendent of buildings and grounds, Mr. E. D. Tyler, Lola Devers (who has been Mary's helper for 30 years) and her husband, Hunter,

and Charlie Casey whose relation with the Seminary antedates that of almost anyone now living with the possible exception of Mr. Cleveland and John Peters. The list is already long but represents only a fraction of the three or four hundred people who were present that day, and the many others who might have been there had they not been on holiday and unaware, at the time, of Zab's death.

As the time for the service approached people began to pour into the Chapel. In the stalls and choir sat members of the faculty and former students. Zab, who was absent from his accustomed stall, seemed to many the most alive person in the building. There was naturally a note of solemnity about that moment, but with it a strong note of triumph (almost gaiety) as one prepared to sing God's praise and hear His Word in the context of a living Faith.

Lowell Beveridge, who had motored from Maine the previous day, sat at the organ playing, before the service began, such great hymns of Faith as "A Mighty Fortress," "St. Patrick's Breastplate" and "Lord Christ When First Thou Cam'st To Men" (the words of which were written by Dr. Bowie.) The service itself, which as someone wrote to Mary in a letter afterwards "was the loveliest I think I have ever been to — partly because everyone there was of one mind and heart and all interfused with a love for Zab and for what he stood for and was," began with the singing of "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty." To the usual opening sentences was added "A Hymn of Praise" from "Prayers — Old and New." The psalms read were the 27th and the 46th. Jesse Trotter read the lesson from Romans and St. John in a simple but expressive manner that will never be forgotten by those present. Among the prayers offered by Bishop Goodwin was one which he had written himself especially for the occasion. Following the Benediction the casket (borne by

students who had been near enough to come) was carried directly from the Chapel down the hill to the cemetery followed by the entire congregation singing the verses of "Go Forward Christian Soldier," verses which seemed to take on added meaning in the context. The service at the grave over, Mary, Mary Forrest, George, Phip, Sandy, Zab's brother and sister, all mingled with the congregation, their faces glowing with appreciation of the love so evidently poured out upon Zab and themselves in what for all had been a deeply moving experience.

Now that his life on this earth is done, what have we, his friends, to say concerning the texture — the warp and woof — of this man's life? It has been a not unexpected but clarifying revelation to read the many, many (over 700) letters which Mary and the children have received from all parts of the world. Together they constitute a tribute which few men either receive or deserve. With an occasional explanatory note we shall let the letters speak for themselves. Two of his contemporaries, Bishops in the Church, wrote — "I have never known anyone more selflessly Christlike" and "He is the greatest and most completely dedicated Christian that I have ever known." A young mother whose three children he had recently baptized wrote — "the purposes of God's love and devotion were wonderfully carried to us through him," and a layman, boyhood friend now serving in an important post in the Foreign Service said — "Dr. Zab shall always live in my memory as the exemplification of the qualities of Christ whom he so devotedly followed." A graduate of the class of '54 writing to Mary said — "You and he have touched and enriched the lives of so many of us. . . . His life was the window through which many of us saw God more clearly than ever before — it was an experience of the Holy to be with him."

Zab surely would have been most pleased with the letters, and there were many which included his wife

and family in their tribute, such as this one — “You were always wonderful, dear Mary. He would have been only a portion of what he was, without you. . . . You two were a gorgeous team, and I for one can never thank you enough for what you did for me. You two were two sides of one shining shield,” or this — “One can never think of him without thinking of you, too.” A former secretary wrote — “I don’t believe I have ever worked for a sweeter man than he. He was tops. Zab often talked to me about what a wonderful family he had.” Letter after letter spoke of the evident satisfaction it was for him to have lived to see his three sons ordained, but Zab would have been quick to include Mary Forrest as an equal source of satisfaction!

The qualities most frequently mentioned as characteristic of Zab were those of genuine humility and a sense of humor. “It was many years ago in Pensacola, Florida, while we were training to be aviators that I got to know Zab well and intimately. I think that since then I have seen him only three times, but the memory of his personality remains with me. He was one of the best, with a strong, serious purpose in life but never strict or strait-laced, with a most delightful sense of humor.” “Most of all, wrote one who knew Zab well and had worked with him on committees, “I thank God for his brave, happy, eager spirit.” “Two of his most admirable characteristics,” wrote a recent graduate, “were humility and joy — joy in God’s service as well as joy in God’s creation.” And this from one of his colleagues on the faculty — “So few men anywhere, anytime, have had his cheerful courage, his gaiety, his warmth of human affection. And anyone who was close to him realized that this was more even than a rare gift of human personality. It was the result of the contact of his spirit with the infinite springs. So the gladness in his life was something greater than the passing sunlight on the surface of a river. It was like the deep

current of a steady joy that came straight from his touch with God.” “His life,” wrote another, “was filled with just enough clouds to make a gorgeous sunset.”

The effect of Zab’s life and character upon students past and present and upon the whole Seminary community, is convincingly attested to in almost every letter. Only a few can be quoted here as illustrative of the variety of ways in which his personal influence reached out into the lives of others. A former Chief of Chaplains observed it indirectly in the men who served under him — “The impression Dean Zabriskie made upon the students at Virginia Seminary, who later came to serve as chaplains in the Navy, gave me a picture of what a Seminary Dean and Teacher of Theology should be.” A man who graduated from the Seminary over 20 years ago and who is now headmaster of one of our great Church Schools, wrote — “I have not made a move during all these years without his advice and help. When a Call has come, it was almost instinctive with me to say, ‘What will Zab think of this?’ Always he *did* think of it — and never did he fail to offer in his humble and prayerful way what was in his mind, nor did he simply tell me what I wanted to hear, but rather he said what he thought in the light of his knowledge of me and his knowledge of the needs of the Church and where he felt the servants of the Church should function.” The fact that he could be depended upon to give an honest, straightforward appraisal, plus the fact that he was known to have a deep personal concern for the individual, explains why it was that his advice was sought more than that of almost any man in the Church. Hardly a day went by that he did not write several long, prayerfully conceived and thoughtfully worded letters to men and women who instinctively turned to him for advice. “Zab had the gift,” wrote another, “of making each of us unique, that is separate and distinct as people. He made each one of us feel that

we were important and individual to him. And we loved him." Another recent graduate wrote — "He was our advisor for three years, and he made a terrific impression on us. He was so very humble and so very kind, with all his knowledge and wisdom. I liked that especially about him. We were just young students but he liked to listen to us, not because it was the 'correct technique' to listen, but because he thought we had something to say. He had vast imagination and encouraged us to press on to new ideas and new frontiers. As a history professor I admired him for he saw the glory and excitement of good history. He stimulated me to see further and deeper into history than I had looked before. Above all, however, we loved him for I know he loved us." How often must the following incident, recounted in a letter to Mary, have repeated itself in Zab's contacts with the students — "One day I came over to your house with my mind just about made up to quit. There were too many unanswered questions! Why I came to Zab I cannot remember. But to him I went and in his patient way he straightened me out. . . . But for him I might very possibly have missed the glorious opportunities of the ministry that have given me such a full and happy life for 28 years." The following tribute written by a recent graduate could with equal truth have been the word for word testimony of dozens of others — "Everyone will tell you how wonderful he was — but no one knows it better than I. There was a time when his wisdom and love completely changed my life — there wasn't any time when being with him didn't restore my balance and give me new faith and hope. He made the Seminary an irresistible community, pervaded by the Spirit he worshipped and seemed to know."

Zab made friends easily with people of all ages. A contemporary of Mary Forrest wrote to her as follows — "Although I met him only once he had already become one of my favorite people. He had a quality in his quiet,

gentle way of immediately kindling admiration and affection." A group of young people at Hancock Point where he spent each summer, playing a game consisting of naming ten people of their acquaintance with whom they would choose to be stranded on a desert island, found that they had every one of them included Uncle Zab on their list. There was no question in their mind but that he would wear well and add zest and interest to their island existence.

The effect of Zab's inner life of prayer and meditation is specifically referred to in a number of letters of which it will be sufficient to quote two — "He prayed as no one ever prayed in my experience, intimately, simply, beautifully, with selfless sympathy and adoring absorption." "To hear him pray or talk of the Christian saints (be it William Temple or Francis of Assisi) was to know that this life is not all and that death is only the entrance into an even more exciting pilgrimage beyond." Family prayer strongly undergirded the daily relationship of his whole family.

Zab's concern for foreign missions and the close contact he maintained with young men who, partly because of him, had chosen to serve in that field are well known, but we quote two letters as indicative — "I don't think I would have been in the ministry or in Alaska if it hadn't been for him." "Zab wrote me this January 20th expressing interest in my work here at St. Michael's, and it was a fine letter which I have now before me. I am terribly grateful that he followed my work through my letters and it was a great help to me to know that he and others were praying for me and are doing so now. . . . Zab was always greatly interested in foreign missions and that helped me to decide to come here. I remember a faculty talk he gave one time on the need for some men to defer marriage in order to take jobs which might be diffi-

cult for a man with a family. I won't say that my present single state is the result of that faculty talk, but I've always remembered it and it saved me from rushing madly around trying to find someone who would have me before I got on the boat for Japan. And I am very grateful in many ways that I was single this first term. It's enabled me to tackle the language more single-mindedly and to do a lot of other things I couldn't have done otherwise."

In conclusion we quote from three letters, the first from a very well known and highly respected Bishop of our Church (Edward Parsons) — "He has made a great contribution to the life of the Church and we greatly need what he gave." The second comes from a layman and a close personal friend (Coleman Jennings) — "He did not have the remotest idea that he was one of the truly great religious influences of his generation." The third and last is a letter from the Presiding Bishop of our Church which with his permission we quote in full —

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDING BISHOP

281 Fourth Avenue

New York (10) N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Zabriskie:

I have just returned from South Dakota and am shocked to hear from John Bentley of Zab's death. Only last Friday I had such a good talk with him at Seabury House. His was a radiant and an inspiring life. His concern for the Mission of the Church, his genuine love of others, his great contribution to so many, are a constant source of inspiration to us all. No one in our Church has been more respected and beloved. He has been truly a light in his day and generation and his influence will long continue.

With full heart I send to you and yours, Mrs. Sherrill's and my deep and understanding sympathy

with the prayer that God will give you every strength and comfort.

Faithfully yours,

Henry Sherrill

Tuesday

No words can convey my deep feeling.



## MORE THAN CONQUERORS

(Preached by A. C. Zabriskie in the University Chapel, Princeton, at the Service of Remembrance, June 19, 1955.)

ROMANS 8:35-39. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him Who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor things present nor things to come, nor powers nor height nor depth nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord!"

This is the Christian shout of triumph. It trumpets victory over everything that robs people's lives — your life and mine — of any final significance; "We are more than conquerors through Him Who loved us."

The one inescapable episode of life is death. The ranks of my class, and of other classes too, are perceptibly thinner than they were. We are aware that the days left to us on earth are relatively few. We ask ourselves with some poignancy, how shall we think of this great fact of death? Do you believe that it has been conquered?

### I

*In the first place, we all know that our attitude toward death, yours and mine too, is a matter of faith, not of demonstrable fact.*

Men have generally adopted one of three attitudes towards death. 1) Some have *defied* it and concentrated on vindicating the dignity of human life. Thus did the Stoics of old, Warner Fite used to tell us, and thus do their modern counterparts. 2) Some have tried to ignore it; both the play-boys who sought to have a roaring good time

as long as they lived, and moderns who deny the reality of death, pain and sin. 3) Others have accepted the stark fact but triumphed over its threat to the meaningfulness of their lives. They accept the obvious fact that death is real and sin is real and pain is real. But they insist that these episodes are not the last word. The last word is life and love and joy. By faith they are "more than conquerors."

Whichever attitude you and I take toward death is a matter of faith; of the "soul's invincible surmise," in Santayana's phrase. There is no proof — no knowledge susceptible of investigation and validation — of what lies beyond the grave. Bertrand Russell's view is as much a matter of faith as St. Paul's. Which faith do you — and you — and you, vote for? I vote with St. Paul.

### II

*In the second place, the Christian faith concerning death is summed up in St. Paul's word, "We are more than conquerors through Him who loved us, . . . for nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Christian faith trusts that God gives His children victory over death.*

Christianity makes tremendous affirmations. It affirms that God — our Father — Ultimate Reality — is as able to bring us into another life, as He was to bring us into this one through the agency of our parents. It affirms that His love yearns for our trust and obedience and companionship now and beyond the grave. It affirms that to know Him is eternal life, life beyond time. To be aware of His impact on one's self as one is aware of the impact of another personality is to realize that one's existence is of infinite significance and transcends time. These affirmations combine to say that "we are more than conquerors — for *nothing* will be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Obviously all Christianity's great affirmations spring from its primary intuition that God loves mankind. God's affirmation is "I believe in Man and I care for him infinitely."

How do you show your love for others? For one thing,

by writing them letters: so, God sent messages to men, and the cream of them were gathered up in what came to be called the Bible. In theological speech we say that God revealed Himself to men, and men wrote down their *apprehensions* of Him, and later men gathered these writings together. If you love people you send them presents. So God gave us this world stored with all manners of resources that men have learned how to use — resources of food and drink, of minerals and waterpower, of the lush beauty of spring and the austere beauty of autumn. If you care for people, you visit them — perhaps for ten minutes, perhaps for an evening, perhaps for a week end, perhaps for a month. The length of your stay is a measure of the amount you care for them. So God came to earth in Jesus to visit the human race and Jesus shut Himself up in our world permanently. He cared enough to visit us forever. If you went to stay with somebody permanently, you would probably take some weapon to defend yourself in case the other family went berserk. God showed the measure of His love by coming to earth without any protection at all. Because men could not stand the unqualified Truth He spoke, and the demands His love made on their consciences, they killed Him. The Cross is the measure of God's love. The Resurrection is the sign of God's victory over evil and death, and the clue to our victory. The Cross and Resurrection are the key symbols of Christianity's faith concerning death.

*God made us. God loves us. God offers us eternal life.* He will give us this eternal life in communion with Him and in companionship with His other children, whom He loves exactly as He loves us, unless we utterly and finally resist His advances. And no one can put limits on God's ability to win us from our obduracy. "*Nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.*"

### III

*In the third place, if one accepts the Christian attitude toward death, it is decisive for one's conduct during the remainder of this life.*

On the one hand, nothing can separate our neighbors

and associates from the love of God. Regardless of what we think of that neighbor, God loves him exactly as He loves us. Therefore, we have got to learn to live with that neighbor as with another member of God's household, and the sooner we begin to practice this attitude toward him the better for us. God does not discriminate between people on the basis of their race, nationality, color, creed or social position any more than Jesus did. Nothing can separate any of them from Him. The longer you and I postpone developing some of His unbounded concern for all people, the more unpleasant we shall find God's company.

Archbishop Temple once said that God's aim is to develop "ever widening fellowship on ever deepening levels"; that is to say, friendships which increasingly surmount the barriers which ordinarily keep people apart, friendships which deepen from superficial amiability to intimate discussions of basic convictions and experiences. "Widening fellowships on ever deepening levels" involve sharing the values which mean most to us with all who will receive them. Christian love is God's love pouring through one person or group to another person or group, making those through whom it pours more than conquerors over narrow self-centeredness. It is Agape or Caritas. It is the cause for the Christians' desire to share with all who will receive it what they have learned about God and about the possibilities of life. It is the underlying cause of the Point Four Program and of all missionary enterprise.

The acceptance of the Christian attitude toward death is decisive for our conduct during the rest of our lives in yet another way. Nothing can separate from the love of God our friends and relatives who pass through the adventure men call death. When they die we shall be sorry that we shall not again see the beloved face or hear the voice we delighted in. But we shall not be lugubrious; we are not as men without hope for them; we shall not think that they have met some utterly final and irremediable catastrophe. Nothing can separate *them* from the love of God. He gives *them* victory over death. We stand by the open grave, and by faith we too are more than conquerors over death.

## PRAYERS

*(Written and used by Rt. Rev. Frederick D. Goodwin,  
Bishop of Virginia, at the Burial Service of  
Alexander C. Zabriskie, June 26, 1956.)*

O Almighty God, who hast ever given unto the ministers of Thy Church grace, according to the measure of the gift of Christ, we thank Thee for the full measure of this grace bestowed upon Thy servant whom we now remember before Thee.

As Thou didst give him the vision to see and the grace to strive for the fulfillment of Thy Son's prayer that Thy Church might be one, so may we more earnestly pray and work for that godly union and concord among all Thy children which is according to Thy will.

As Thou didst implant in his heart a burning desire that Thy Gospel be preached in all the world, so keep ever alive in this Seminary the glory and strength of its missionary heritage.

As Thou didst lead him to give his life to the training of men for the sacred ministry, keep ever with us, we beseech Thee, good and faithful stewards of Thy mysteries to carry forward this work in this School and in all Thy Church.

For the loving and pastoral care he gave to all who sought him and those whom he sought as a true minister of Christ; for the inspiration of his daily life, lived in such close and glowing fellowship with the living Lord; and especially for the gift of his sons who are following in his steps as ministers in Thy Church, we give Thee grateful and joyful praise.

Open now unto him, we beseech Thee, the way of ever larger service in Thy eternal and everlasting Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



PHILIP, MARY FORREST, SANDY, ZAB, MRS. ZAB, GEORGE