CANDIDATE FOR C4SO'S DIOCESAN BISHOP

John Haralson

Rector, Grace Church Seattle
Husband to Linn
Father to Maggie, Bekah, Trey, and Katie



SEASONED CONGREGATIONAL PASTOR

VISIONARY LEADER IN POST-CHRISTIAN CONTEXTS

FATHER TO LEADERS

COLD PLUNGER

"I love the people and the mission of C4SO. It has been a tremendous home to our congregation and me personally. I am deeply honored to have been nominated. I want the diocese to continue to grow, mature and flourish."

graceseattle.org

instagram.com/johnkharalson

JOHN HARALSON

Rector

CONTACT

(206) 313-1767
john@graceeattle.org
2414 E Aloha St, Seattle, WA
www.graceseattle.org

PROFILE SUMMARY

Seasoned missional leader with over two decades of faithful and fruitful ministry in a post-Christian context. Attentive to the Spirit over the years, led congregations to deeply understand and love the Scriptures, embrace contemplative prayer, pursue racial justice, serve the poor and marginalized, and joyfully receive the pastoral and leadership gifts of women.

EDUCATION

1984-1989
U.S. AIR FORCE ACADEMY

- Bachelor of Science, Civil Engineering

1994-1999
COVENANT THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

- Master of Divinity

SKILLS

- Preacher, teacher, and lover of the Scriptures
- Missional leadership at an urban kingdom outpost
- Coach and leader of leaders
- Cultivator of beauty and life on the cultural margins
- Strategic thinker and intuiter of spiritual trends
- Catalyzer and leader of healthy change

WORK EXPERIENCE

Grace Church Seattle 2004 - PRESENT
Rector/Senior Pastor

- Came to serve a bruised and broken congregation of Christians. Faithfully served with integrity and patience, nursing the church back to health and onward to flourishing and effective mission.
- Tireless advocate of "centered set" missiology, continuing to keep Christ and his mission at the forefront of our congregation's worship and life while thoughtfully navigating challenging cultural, political, and theological issues like sexuality, COVID-19 response, denominational connection, and women in ministry leadership.

Covenant Theological Seminary 2010 - 2020
Board of Directors

- Provided institutional leadership and oversight for denominational seminary, seeking to effectively and faithfully train pastoral leaders for a lifetime of ministry.
- Managed denominational politics, donor relations, student morale and rapidly changing higher educational landscape.
- Appointed to Executive Board (2014-2020) and Presidential Search Committee (2019-2020).

Pacific Northwest Presbytery 2004-2022
Ministers & Churches Committee
Northwest Church Planting Network

- Worked with clergy, church governing boards, and congregations in times of crisis, moral failure, and relational breakdown.
- Assisted with selection, screening, fundraising, and training of church planters in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho.

BIOGRAPHY

From an early age, John knew that his life had something to do with God, although he didn't really have a firm idea of what that meant. Through his teenage and college years, John also knew that he wasn't ready to give up his autonomy. God patiently and persistently pursued him until he finally surrendered in his early 20s.

John continues to marvel at God's relentless goodness to him. Instead of continuing in a life marked by fear, shame, and anxious performing, he is learning to live in the deep joy of connection with God and others. One of John's greatest longings is for others to experience their own freedom and fullness.

Pastoral ministry is a second career for John. He graduated from the United States Air Force Academy and worked as an environmental engineer for nine years. Prior to coming to Grace in 2004, he served in congregations in New York City and San Francisco.

When he's not pastoring or writing biographies in the third person, John enjoys working out, hiking, discovering new music, and drinking coffee with heavy cream. Although he and Linn are now empty nesters, their house is always full of people and life.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

What story am I co-authoring with God?
I am a heart-centered disciple of Jesus with big dreams and desires who has consistently obeyed God's call into the unknown. I have learned to be attentive to my own soul and story and have profoundly experienced the life-giving transformation of God.

I am a veteran congregational pastor who has honed my craft through nearly 30 years of serving in the post-Christian ministry environments of New York City, San Francisco, and Seattle. In these contexts, I have consistently adopted, contextualized, and implemented a centered set, love-your-neighbor philosophy of ministry.

I have led our congregation to become an "uncloistered monastery" through the intersection of rich biblical teaching, contemplative prayer, vibrant community life, pursuit of emotional health, and active care for the marginalized and hurting in our city.

I am a father, both biologically and spiritually, to many amazing people. As a father, I seek to connect personally with those under my care and root them in the love of God. As a leader of leaders, I call out the gifts of others, equipping and blessing them to join God in his good kingdom work.

"I've got to leave to find my way."—R.E.M.
Growing up in South Carolina, I had never been beyond the Mississippi River, yet the beauty and mythology of the American West spoke deeply to my soul. The day I left home for basic training at the Air Force Academy, I pressed my eyes against the airplane window and took in the grandeur of the Rocky Mountains. I felt at home for the first time and was electrified with joy, anticipation, and more than a little bit of fear. Although I didn't know it then, my desire for adventure and beauty was at its core a longing for God.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

Meeting Jesus
As a cadet at the Air Force Academy, I studied hard and partied harder. Yet even in my less-than-sober moments, I knew my life had something to do with God. Growing up, I had a nominal faith, but I sensed being called to something far more meaningful.

There were two memorable Christians in my squadron—Sara and Rory. They lived their faith openly and honestly. They weren't overbearing or fake, and their lives were deeply alluring to me.

Through their steady and life-giving witness and the somewhat reluctant faithfulness of another Christian friend who I begged to tell me about Jesus, I came to faith in the same year I was commissioned as an Air Force officer.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly."—Apostle Paul
God gave me an immense hunger for his word. Now stationed in Georgia, I began to study the Bible ravenously. I read J.I. Packer's *Knowing God* in a matter of days and pored over commentaries most nights. I recalled from a political philosophy class that John Calvin was a well-known Christian thinker, so I ordered his *Institutes* and read them cover to cover—all 2,000 pages! I began teaching Bible studies to the youth in our church, spending hours every week probing the depths of God's word.

In addition to working with teenagers, I led some adult Bible studies and preached on occasion at my church. I enjoyed the work immensely and people encouraged me to consider a life of vocational ministry.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

An emerging vision
As a new Christian, I had a lot of non-Christian friends—mostly coworkers and rugby teammates. I had no idea how to interact with them as a follower of Jesus without being weird or erasing myself to blend in.

A friend from church used to get Tim Keller's sermon cassettes (it was the early '90s!) from Redeemer in New York City. He would listen and then pass them along to me.

I was mesmerized.

Here was a historically orthodox church in the heart of a large, secular city, seeking to be faithful to the Lord while being loving and intelligible to their neighbors.Their overarching desire was to point people to Jesus while not majoring in minors. Additionally, Redeemer was unique among churches in my circles in that they also placed a high priority on mercy and justice.

This combination of a centered set and kingdom-oriented missiological vision has stayed with me to this day.

"Go to seminary, it won't hurt you."
After a devastating broken engagement, my Air Force commitment was drawing to a close. I felt like God might be calling me into ministry, but I was emotionally gutted. I sought out my pastor for advice, and he spoke those life-giving words to me.

So, in the summer of 1994, I separated from the Air Force and headed to Covenant Theological Seminary in St. Louis. I wasn't exactly sure where my life was headed, but I knew in my bones that this was the next step for me.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

The Refiner's fire
With the seminary community as a wonderful dialog partner, I threw myself headlong into wrestling with some of my intellectual questions about the truthfulness of Christianity. I read Nietzsche, Descartes, the Bhagavad Gita, Kafka, and Dawkins.

In addition, I was still reeling from my failed relationship. Not surprisingly, over the next few years, a question of singular importance began to crystallize in my heart:

Does…God…love…me?

My faith was being tested and purified. God was separating the wheat from the chaff in my life.

"You overwhelm me, but I don't trust myself."
Linn asked me where our relationship was going, and this was my response. We were in that purgatorial space of "Is this dating, or are we just hanging out?" She rightly wanted clarity.

I was in awe of her—her intellect, her being a force of nature, and her deep and profound love of God. She also had amazing dimples and brilliant curly hair!

But it had only been two years since I walked out of the smoking crater of a broken engagement. I didn't want to hurt someone again, and I wasn't sure how to proceed. I had a deep-seated fear that voicing such doubts would lead Linn to bail.

About six months after that conversation, we got married. Although we barely knew each other, we followed God together into our future.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

"Come to me, all who are weary and burdened. And I will give you rest."—Jesus
About a year into our marriage, Linn and I attended a "Sonship" weekend. Sonship was a course developed for missionaries and pastors who weren't really experiencing God's love. In other words, it was tailor-made for people like me.

It was during this weekend that I finally started believing that: God...actually...loved...me.

I was finally free from guilt, shame, and condemnation. I exhaled and held my head high for the first time in years.

"The Hagar days"
Through some relational connections, I landed an internship at Redeemer Church in New York City. For me, it was a dream come true. Funny thing though—my dreams aren't necessarily Linn's dreams. However, I wouldn't take no for an answer. I grieve deeply as I write this now, but I even threw in a couple of Bible verses about men being the heads of families to justify the unilateral decision to move to New York.

I was walking in the footsteps of Abraham and Sarah when they enlisted the help of Hagar. Like them, I had a true calling from God. Yet, I was also unwilling to wait on the Lord for his calling to be fulfilled in his time. I took matters into my own hands, wounding my wife deeply in the process.

Our two years in New York were a hard season of having my sins exposed and uprooted. Yet, I was slowly learning how to love Linn more than I loved my calling.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

“Jesus wouldn’t have gotten 95% of the vote here.”
After four years in San Francisco serving as an associate pastor helping a thriving church plant become a self-governing congregation, I began to sense a call to become a senior pastor. That ultimately led me to Grace Seattle.

After the pastoral search committee vetting process, the congregation had to vote to extend me a call. At the time, they were still traumatized from a pastoral termination and a devastating church split.

Conventional wisdom says that you want the vote to be at least 95% in your favor before you accept a call.

I got 83%.

While Linn and I were praying about what to do, one of the church’s staff members chimed in with the memorable statement above.

Strangely to many close to us, we felt called by God to come to Seattle. And on New Year's Day, 2004, we drove north on I-5 to start the next chapter.

“But what they never really tell you / When they tell you it's so hard / Is that it's hard”—The Welcome Wagon
The early years at Grace were a slog. We had three children under the age of four. And, on top of our “fixer-upper” church, we bought a “fixer-upper” house. I was learning how to be a senior pastor and finish drywall at the same time.

Two years in, we were at our wit's end. I told Linn that we could walk away, move into her parents’ basement in Nashville, and sort it out from there.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

A few weeks later, Linn had a vision while praying in our living room. Jesus told her that he loved her. He also told her that he wanted us to stay in Seattle.

Jesus' words to Linn formed a bedrock for us both.

God was faithful through the difficulties, and continued to shape and form the church—and us—in beautiful ways.

"It is in solitude that this inner freedom can grow."—Henri Nouwen
In 2013, our long-time associate pastor moved to Brooklyn to plant a church. When it came time to replace him, I intuitively felt that we needed to pivot. Specifically, I sensed that God wanted all of us—myself included—to grow in new and different ways in our relationships with him.

The Lord brought a woman to our staff who was a spiritual director. She brought the riches of the contemplative tradition to our congregation. I wasn't sure I knew what the contemplative tradition was, but I knew she could help lead us to where we needed to go.

It was like discovering electricity.

Through resources like lectio divina, the Ignatian Spiritual Exercises, and therapy, I and many others began to be healed by the Lord in life-giving ways. We were learning how to walk with Jesus and one another, and it profoundly transformed our church.

The uncloistered monastery
Non-Christians in Seattle don't tend to ask the question, "How do I get right with God?" Instead, they are focusing on building lives filled with meaning, connectedness, and beauty. Theologically speaking,

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

Seattleites aren't asking questions of justification. Instead, they are much more interested in sanctification, formation, and communion. Couple this reality with the heartbreaking and very public tragedy that was Mars Hill, and it is easy to understand why skepticism towards the Church abounds here.

Against this backdrop, our congregation has become a community where people are being slowly—but deeply and profoundly—spiritually formed. We are learning how to abide with God, bringing all of our lives before the Lord. And, our rich communion with God gives us the ability to connect deeply and honestly with one another.

This rich interior and communal life, however, is not just something we keep to ourselves. Each week, after being fed at the Lord's Table, we are sent out into the world to love our neighbors and work for the common good of our city. Our Serving the City ministry, which helps mobilize our congregation to care for the hurting and marginalized in Seattle, has become a foundational pillar of the life and work of our church.

Wounded healers

When I started going deeper with the Lord into my own heart and story, I began to make some profound discoveries. God had given me big desires and big dreams, and my path to discipleship meant I could joyfully embrace who God made me to be.

I also discovered some pretty shameful things about myself.

Although there have been acts of violence against African Americans for over 400 years in our country, the Mother Emanuel massacre in 2015 woke me up to the ways that I had been complicit in systemic racism.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

It was startling for me. I mean, growing up in South Carolina, I knew real racists, and I thought I wasn't one of them.

Turns out I was wrong.

That event, however, led to my own deepening repentance and altered the course of our church's life.

We began to lean into hard questions of racial justice, educating and challenging our mostly white congregation. We brought an African-American associate pastor to our staff, who I served alongside for five years. It was through his leadership that our congregation learned how to move towards our city's pain and brokenness in new and exciting ways. God was getting bigger to us.

Posture shift

When one of our children was in 9th grade, they came out to us as gay. It was a remarkable act of courage and honesty on their behalf, as they invited us into their journey.

Linn and I were absolutely shattered.

We blamed ourselves, blamed Seattle's progressive culture, and grieved for a long time. Thankfully, God provided a rich community for us as we sought to find the way forward.

As we journeyed with our child, I began to see my own deeply ingrained biases. Though I am settled in my convictions about marriage being between one man and one woman, I have begun to realize how I had singled out the LGBTQ+ community and treated them worse than I had treated many other groups of people and failed to appropriately honor them as image bearers.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

The path we have been on hasn't changed our church's theology. But, it has changed our posture towards our LGBTQ+ friends, neighbors, and family members.

The compass rose and C4SO
As a direct result of our congregation's desire to recognize, bless, and empower women in the church, the walls begin to close in on us in the Presbyterian Church in America (PCA)—a fellowship I still dearly love. Our leadership grew weary of spending our energy defending ourselves and, so 2019, we began to prayerfully consider finding a new denominational home.

As we discerned and sought the Lord, words like "spacious" and "tailwind" began to emerge.

As part of that process, we read Thomas McKenzie's book, *The Anglican Way*. His description of the Anglican compass rose was a mic-drop moment. In that rich image, we saw a clear reflection of our own church, where the varied gifts of the body were held together by Christ.

Could we have found our tribe? Had this congregation of orphaned believers found a family that would give us life?

Furthermore, as we explored different dioceses, the vision, values, and people of C4SO stood out to us as a divinely ordained fit. The more we learned and the more people we met, the more this sense was confirmed. So, in the spring of 2022, we left the PCA and became a C4SO congregation.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

In many ways, this realignment has felt like a homecoming for us and for me. From having the support of our bishops and having fellowship and camaraderie with other clergy, I have finally felt like we have found our people. It has been life-giving to be able to exhale and be ourselves.

Leaning into fatherhood

In the fall of 2022, Bishop Todd ordained me as an Anglican priest. One of my good friends immediately started calling me “Father John.” Fatherhood—biologically and spiritually— is something central to the calling God has placed on my life. As a father, the most significant thing I can do is to help root others in their heavenly Father and the love He has for them.

As a Father, I believe in others and call out the gifts God has given them. I support, build, and lead so that their gifts can be used and they can find their own place in God's mission. I also cheer on and celebrate the people under my care for who they are.

There is a saying in the therapy world: You become who you needed. I didn’t have the support, coaching, and mentoring I needed—so I came into adulthood with a distinct limp. Over the years, I have learned that one of the most life-giving things I can do is to help others tap into the dreams and desires God has for them.

In other words, this big dreamer is learning how to help others dream big.

SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONT.

On being a bishop

I do not know what God has in store for me or C4SO. If I am not elected, I will continue to joyfully serve the Lord as Rector of Grace Church Seattle.

If elected, I have a vision for the kind of bishop I would like to be. A friend of mine came across a Catholic graveyard in Chicago. A bishop's headstone said this:

For you, we are bishops.
With you, we are Christians.

I would aspire to be the kind of bishop who could live up to that high calling, and I believe the story God is writing with my life could be preparing me to do that very thing.

ON WOMEN IN HOLY ORDERS

To put it succinctly, I joyfully welcome and receive the gifts and leadership of women at every level in the church—lay leaders, Bible teachers, preachers, deacons, priests, and rectors. And although I am committed to and grateful for the dual-integrity unity we have in the Anglican Church in North America, I would be open to having female bishops.

I spent 30 years in complementarian church spaces. I wasn't a hard core complementarian, but I suppose you might call me a "reluctant complementarian." I had studied the issue a couple of times—once during seminary and then later in ministry, but was never convinced from scripture of the egalitarian viewpoint.

Though I was theologically complementarian at the time, the constraints on women in my former denomination—in my mind—went beyond Scripture. I sought to have women on our pastoral staff (and ones who weren't solely working with women and children), we had women regularly teaching adult Bible classes, and we had women serving as deacons. Feeling the lack of women at the leadership table, we joined our diaconate with our session (i.e., the governing body of all male elders) into a combined leadership group we called the Pastoral Care Team. I would have gladly had women preach at Grace, but that was not possible in our former denomination.

So even though I was pushing the envelope in a certain way, at the end of the day I was still a complementarian.

When we came into C4SO, it was refreshing to be in a dual-integrity diocese. This gave me an opportunity to revisit my theological position in a context where there wasn't a moving van attached to the process.

ON WOMEN IN HOLY ORDERS CONT.

I began to read *Icons of Christ* by William Witt. That book changed my mind and made the Scriptures deeper and more vast to me. Witt allowed me to grasp that a hierarchy based on gender had no place in God's original good creation. In addition, it became front and center in my mind that there is no gender hierarchy in the new heavens and the new earth, either.

Putting these two things together—God's creational intent and eschatological vision— paved the way for me to see that denying our sisters the opportunity to preach, lead, and serve in any capacity of the body of Christ is a capitulation to Genesis 3 and the fall. In addition, such denial is also at cross purposes with our eschatological future. God's good creational—and re-creational—intent is for men and women to joyfully serve alongside each other as full equals.

Our congregation spent all of 2023 prayerfully considering the issue and decided to joyfully receive and embrace women as deacons and priests in the ministry of our church. One of our pastors—Jamie Afshari—was recently ordained as the first female priest in our congregation. We also have women serving on our vestry and one of our co-wardens is a woman. Our church is immensely strengthened by the gifts, voices, and strength of our women.

ON RACIAL DIVERSITY AND JUSTICE

I learn by running into things.

I grew up in South Carolina and its toxic, racist mythology. We had a rebel flag beach towel, and I thought nothing of it.

At the same time, I saw my father push back against the system in small ways. I looked on with fascination at his black and white photos of him serving as an Army paratrooper alongside Ethiopian soldiers in the ’50s. Playing on his factory’s softball team in the early ’70s, he was the roommate of the only non-white member of the team, a Mexican man named Ralph, as none of his other teammates were willing to share living space with him.

So, even as I routinely rode my bicycle back home from the neighborhood swimming pool with my confederate battle flag towel flowing behind me like a cape, I caught occasional glimpses of a different world.

I joined the Air Force at the age of 17. During my 10 years in the military, I served under white, black, and Latino men. I was jarred by the racial slurs I heard when I was back home on leave.

A few years later, I began to read Toni Morrison, James Baldwin, and Richard Wright. I read them because I thought that’s what educated people did. And, to be completely honest, I did not know what they were writing about. While ministering in New York City and San Francisco, I worked alongside Asian American colleagues and congregants. At the end of the day, I no doubt congratulated myself for having risen above my racist roots.

ON RACIAL DIVERSITY AND JUSTICE CONT.

It took me a long time to run into my own racism.

In the summer of 2015, nine African Americans were murdered at Mother Emanuel AME Church in Charleston, South Carolina. Though there have been centuries of racially driven violence towards African Americans in our country, this horrific incident grabbed my heart.

That Sunday, my wife and I worshiped at First AME Church in Seattle to offer solidarity. As I was getting dressed for church, I realized that I had never...ever...worshiped at an African American church. I immediately knew why:

Black churches were invisible to me. They simply did...not...matter.
At the service, I was dumbstruck. I felt like Isaiah during his vision of the heavenly throne room—a man of unclean lips from a people of unclean lips.

The warm welcome we received at First AME felt like Isaiah getting his lips touched by the hot coal from the altar of God. Something in me was being healed, though it burned deeply. The holiness and love of this congregation were cutting me to my core. I, a very unworthy man in that sanctuary, was being blessed by people who were invisible to me just a week before.

This led to a friendship with their pastor and a growing partnership between our two churches. It also unearthed further layers of how my culture had blinded me to churches like First AME.

ON RACIAL DIVERSITY AND JUSTICE CONT.

I came up in the ’90s and was drawn into the Presbyterian Church in America’s urban church planting movement. We used to routinely say things like, “We are bringing the gospel back to the city.” The fact is, the gospel hadn’t left the city. Only white people had.

First AME has been worshiping and serving in our neighborhood since 1888. Our church was planted 110 years later. Now, I was coming to this sister congregation not as a master or a benefactor, but as an eager student.

I was learning how to walk with God in new ways.

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On the first Sunday, we worshiped there, just four days after the massacre at Mother Emanuel, the congregation sang “Jesus Promised, He’ll Take Care of Me.” I had previously preached to my congregation the importance of holding lament and joy together and being open to both. Perhaps for the first time in my life, I was in a sanctuary full of people doing that very thing.

In addition, First AME has instinctively moved towards the pain of the city in not so much a programmatic way, but rather from an intuitive sense of “Well, this is just who we are and what we are about.” Their congregation, as naturally as many white churches would have a Bible study, feeds the hungry, houses people experiencing homelessness, and seeks to develop economic opportunities for people on the margins.

ON RACIAL DIVERSITY AND JUSTICE CONT.

Ultimately, this had a strong influence on our bringing on an African American man, Jason, who served as our associate pastor for five years. As I look back, I can see how his leadership here shared similar contours as our discipleship under First AME.

Jason led us as a black pastor. As such, there were no bright, clean lines between sacred and secular. It was totally natural for him to bring various aspects of the brokenness in our city—from gun violence to educational inequities, to underfunded medical conditions like sickle cell—to the life of our congregation.

During the pandemic, shelters and other non-profits that fed hungry people were no longer able to prepare and serve food on-site. In addition, most of the restaurants in Seattle had to shut down dining room services, making their economic survival immediately precarious.

Jason brought these two groups of people together, and the church started hiring minority- and female-owned businesses to make food for the shelters. Church volunteers would pick up the food from the restaurants and deliver it to various non-profits across the city. In this way, two disparate groups of people—hungry people and restaurants facing dire operating conditions—were blessed.

This congregational breakthrough ultimately led to the formation of what we today call our “Serving the City” ministry. It is now a critical part of our congregation’s life and accounts for 10% of our annual budget. To be sure, before Jason was one of our pastors, many people in our congregation would have agreed that caring for the poor is something that churches should do. However, we only started doing so in a significant manner under Jason’s leadership. With his guidance, our congregation now better reflects the heart of God.

ON RACIAL DIVERSITY AND JUSTICE CONT.

For the dominant culture people in our church, we had to surrender control, efficiency, and predictability. As the church's senior leader, I had to make room for someone who led in a radically different manner from me and, at times, in ways I didn't fully understand. It also meant I had to "have Jason's back" when there were conflicts and even be willing to let some folks leave our church during this time. And, personally, I was deeply inspired by his example of leading us into new territory even though the challenges of cross cultural leadership weighed heavily on him at times.

My father-in-law, who was in medical leadership for decades, talks about how he finally got to the point as a leader where he was willing to hire people who were more gifted than him. This is the way I feel about working with Jason. He exceeded me in so many ways, and I am grateful for the gift of his friendship, partnership in the gospel, and his leadership of me and our congregation.

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As for the future of C4SO, the phrase that is bubbling up in my heart is "community of repair." Should I become bishop, I would want both the diocese and myself to continue to learn how to become a community of repair as we more deeply embrace the commitment to and practice of justice in our parishes and in the communities we serve. To be completely honest, I do not know exactly what that means or will entail, but I would look forward to walking down this road together.

Learn more about John Haralson at C4SO.org.