

The Rev. Canon Anne Mallonee Biography

Greetings! My name is Anne Mallonee. My husband of 16 years is Tony Furnivall, an Englishman who is a retired cathedral musician, choral director, software engineer and management consultant. We have a 17-month old Airedale terrier named Elgar. I currently serve as the Chief Ecclesiastical Officer for the Church Pension Group.

It is a great honor to participate in your episcopal discernment process.

When I learned that I had been nominated, my heart sang. That was no surprise to anyone who knows me. You see, an intense yearning for Maine set in when I was just four years old, when my family first visited our relatives there. Over the years Maine became my spiritual home, where the love of family and the stunning beauty of God's Creation shaped me.

We returned to Maine a few times together as a family. Once I was old enough to choose for myself where to spend summer vacation, I came back annually. It was a favorite destination for my two sisters and brother as well. Fortunately for us, the Maine relatives welcomed us year after year. In retrospect I can only imagine how disruptive that must have been for them! They had never had children of their own and now found themselves regularly with a house full of teenagers.

In time, my brother and sister in law made a permanent move from Kansas to Maine. A niece and nephew arrived on the scene. My mother ultimately relocated and the Maine connection became stronger than ever. Over the decades, my appreciation for the complexity of life in the State, the economics and the related challenges, became more sophisticated. The wonder and spiritual draw never diminished. In retrospect I see how my identity emerged against the backdrop of time spent in Maine. My internal spiritual landscape was affected dramatically and indelibly there.

My family was active in our Episcopal church in Kansas. I did not feel slighted that girls could not be acolytes. I served on the Jr. Altar Guild. Our parish priest was a gifted teacher who relayed the mystery of the Sacrament so powerfully that I knew I was helping to make something extraordinary happen for God's people. I washed the silver vessels with awe.

I was active in the parish's youth ministry but I also attended a popular Bible Study at a neighboring church. It was while on a retreat with this group, sitting around the fire and singing our favorite songs, that I was overcome with an enormous sense of gratitude. I prayed fervently in thanksgiving for life itself, for all that I was and all that I had. I asked God to show me how to use that gift of life to God's glory, whatever that meant. That became my constant prayer – a prayer of thanksgiving and self-offering. I'd pray that prayer while watching the tide come in and the sun go down over the back shore, an astonishingly beautiful setting where I always felt the presence of God. I was training the ear of my heart to listen so I would be ready when the answer came.

Like a bolt of lightning the call came. It was 1974. The first women were ordained priest in the Episcopal Church. That was my answer. There would be a process of discernment, of course, in the years that followed. I was only 16 and there was high school to complete and college to experience. At the advice of my priest, I worked three years in "the real world" before pursuing ordination (although it might be argued that the Muppets were not as "real" as some jobs might have been). I faithfully pursued the path, prayerfully made my way through the discernment process in the Diocese of New York. In those years, Maine was always home base. It was where I was most grounded, where I felt closest to God and most fully alive.

I expected to be a pastor in a parish similar to the one I had grown up in. In contrast, the responsibilities I have had and the settings I have served have been wildly diverse and would have been unimaginable to the teenager who first sensed the call. I have been a pastor for sure – that is at my core -- but my call is *to build up and to send out*. I see it most clearly in retrospect, in the "new church start" of every fresh academic year at the university; the intentional discipleship development and resulting growth of a suburban parish; building a strong cathedral-diocese relationship and re-establishing a cathedral's civic place; the stewardship of people and resources of Trinity Wall Street both locally and globally; and the critically important mission of the Church Pension Group to support Episcopal clergy and lay employees whose ministry is to spread the Gospel. In this current role, I am afforded a bird's eye view of how the Church is changing and the Spirit is moving in new and exciting ways, especially through the

leadership of Presiding Bishop Michael Curry and his unabashedly enthusiastic evangelism.

The varied roles and ministries of my almost 32 years as a priest have been about equipping the saints to continue Jesus' ministry of bringing the Kingdom of God on earth. With every new call, that original prayer of thanksgiving and self-offering has been my constant refrain.

I again ask God to show me how to use my life, all that I am, and all of my accumulated experiences and all that I have learned, to God's glory. I believe that God is calling me now to help lead the Episcopal branch of the Jesus Movement, and the call is urgent. With the help of discerning friends and family, I see how my unique ministry and leadership background, coupled with my life-long love of Maine, could come together naturally as Bishop of Maine. "It just makes sense," as someone put it.

It would be like coming home.