

PRUDENT REBEL

By Sean Dadson

Senior Thesis, Virginia Military Institute, 1993

“One of the most heroic Christian deeds of which I have heard in my entire ministry and career was performed by Jonathan Daniels”

— *Martin Luther King Jr.*¹

JONATHAN DANIELS is not as well remembered as Martin Luther King Jr., but the cause of civil rights was just as important to him. The situation into which Daniels put himself was far more serious than he probably understood; it took control of him and led to his death. Yet Jonathan Daniels's step into this movement was totally consistent with his character. The acts in which he involved himself stemmed from beliefs he held dear to his heart. It was through a prudent form of rebellion, exhibited at critical moments throughout his life, that Jonathan Daniels had his greatest impact.

The road to his martyrdom was long and painful. While growing up, Daniels had developed an interest in the clergy, but his career plan was interrupted at Virginia Military Institute, when he came to question his faith — existential ques-

tioning of church and personal commitment that, for Daniels, was his first real rebellion. The inspiration returned only after his four years at VMI and an attempt at graduate English study at Harvard.

Daniels was born in Keene, New Hampshire, on March 20, 1939. Keene is a very small, typical New England town, with one main street, where most people know each other. Jon's father was a prominent town doctor, and his mother was a local school teacher.² His teen years, while for the most part normal, were marked by a rebellious period during which he hung out with the wrong people, smoked cigarettes, dated the wrong girl, and in high school earned poor grades, which was especially troublesome to his mother, because she was a language teacher.³

These forms of rebellion, normal in most teenagers' lives, were for Daniels the first of many. Most of his rebelliousness came after thinking through the consequences. It seems that the only person this high school rebel was trying to annoy was his mother. She preferred only the type of things that the “good” people did. Maintaining her social position was an important goal. Young Jon could not be allowed to bring a bad name to the whole family.⁴

The turning point for Jon in his high school rebellion was an accident when he was sixteen. He snuck out of the house after midnight to go out with a friend who had a new car. Their goal was to go for a joyride, not to raise hell, and the ride was uneventful. But upon his return, while climbing to his room on the second floor, Daniels slipped on some frost that had settled on the roof shingles and fell to the ground. After his friend helped him into the house, his sister did what she could until their father, awakened by the noise, found Jon in severe pain and took him to the hospital, where he remained for four weeks, recovering from a broken leg and bruises.⁵

The fall could have been fatal and really did change Jon. It was in the hospital that Jon came to terms with his youthful follies, and his rebellion now took on a new, more intellectual nature. His mind, from here, concentrated on life's bigger problems and questions.

Realizing how lucky he was to be alive, he improved his relationship with his mother. The bickering stopped and his attitude turned more positive. His grades improved and his questioning of systems narrowed down to specific issues, not just adolescent pranks. He started to write for his school newspaper. He was particularly interested in music, drama, and literature, and his journalistic efforts consisted mainly of reviews and the intellectual side of life.⁶

This article was Sean Dadson's honors thesis at Virginia Military Institute, researched and written under the supervision of David W. Coffey, instructor in history. Mr. Dadson was graduated in 1994.

It was in the hospital that he wrote a short story for his school literary magazine, “The Shadow” — apparently based on a nightmare he had had — emerging as a very deep story, pondering reality and how the mind works. The story reflected his evolution from common thoughts of high school kids into the very deep and uneasy questions about life.⁷

The next instance of rebellion was one most young adults experience, and it involved his religious convictions. His parents were strict members of the Congregational Church. In his teenage years, Jon started to attend a youth group at St. James Episcopal Church. It was not a conscious effort to irritate his parents; he was merely trying to get into the local Boy Scout troop,⁸ but while attending the meetings, he decided he wanted to join the Episcopal church — a result of his love of ritual and pageantry. The local Episcopal minister, the Rev. J. Edison Pike, helped guide Jon in his transition. Mr. Pike was also a friend of Jon’s family and therefore could counsel and reassure Jon’s parents about their son’s decision. Furthermore, Jon’s mother had come from an Episcopalian family. Once seeing that Episcopalians were, like their friend the Rev. Mr. Pike, basically good people, Jon’s choice could be accepted a little more easily.

He reasoned that he was not quitting religion, just accepting another faith. Jon’s move shows more direction in his rebellion. It was still rebellion because it seemed unnatural to his parents and would cause discussion around town. The plan was to postpone this step until he went to college.⁹ But in his senior year in high school, he chose to be confirmed and at the same time decided to attend Virginia Military Institute.

That decision to attend VMI was a shock to his friends and a wonder to his family; none of them could understand how such a choice would come about. One reason for Jon would certainly have been the tradition and pageantry at VMI. Another reason was Jon’s own realization that he would benefit from the discipline that comes from a military-style education. Curiously, this fit in with his already developing approach to rebellion: To rebel within a system, one must first see how the system works, and VMI is probably the epitome of systemized schools.

Before Jon had even arrived in Lexington, he had been befriended by one of the best-remembered professors at the institute. That friend, Col. Herbert Nash Dillard, would shape his thoughts and ideas for the four years to come. Jon had apparently made a visit to VMI in the April before he matriculated, in 1957. At that April meeting, Colonel Dillard had asked Jon to show up early in the fall to discuss his Reserve Officer Training Corps options and other school activities.¹⁰

Daniels’s work in the English department at VMI was marked with distinction. His academic adviser reported that Jon had a great command of the Eng-

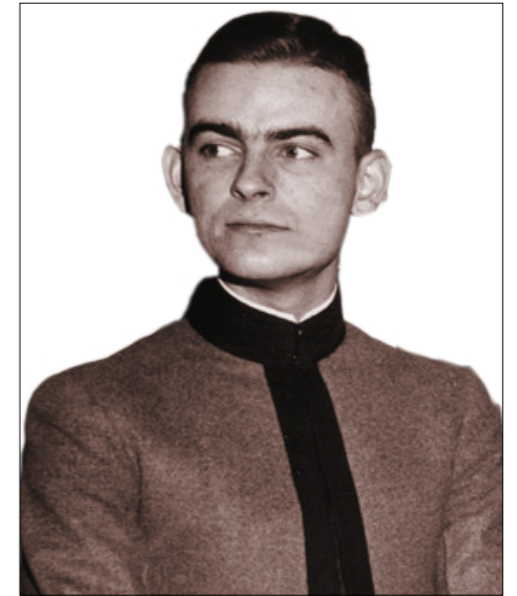
lish language and that his intellectual curiosity established him as a leading student. He would talk with his adviser on many topics, including books, and when Jon was unfamiliar with a book he would read it and come back a couple of days later, able to discuss it sometimes even in greater depth than the professor.¹¹ His vocabulary grew and his curricular interests expanded. One area of intrigue to Daniels was philosophy, especially Albert Camus, André Malraux and Jean Paul Sartre.¹² His senior thesis was on Camus’ idea of existentialism.

Existentialism resonated with Jon. It probably led him to Selma, Alabama. The idea itself had drawn Jon to look for reasons and answers, a struggle that persuaded Jon that personal involvement was crucial.¹³ The study of Camus encouraged his nonconformist mind to grow within a conformist atmosphere. His independence, as well as his prudent-rebellious attitude, never changed; they only strengthened.¹⁴

Jon’s rebellion within the confines of the institute took on many forms. A key debate during his years there centered on church attendance, which at VMI was mandatory. Every cadet had to attend a church service on post or in downtown Lexington weekly. The only excuse for missing a service was being on leave for the weekend. (Some cadets found different ways of circumventing this policy, including attendance at a brief Jewish service in the basement of a fraternity house at adjacent Washington and Lee University.¹⁵)

Jon also had become the editorial editor of the college newspaper, *The Cadet*, a position that invited him to question authority publicly in a legal, safe way. One of his best-remembered editorials was on the compulsory church attendance policy, which, he argued, encouraged hypocrisy and denied individual religious freedom.¹⁶

Jon went beyond his editorial and planned an act of civil disobedience. According to John Fletcher, the rector at R.E. Lee Memorial Episcopal Church in Lexington from 1960 to 1964, he received a phone call from Daniels asking if it would be all right to bring 1,300 cadets to the service on Sunday. The event would protest the mandatory church attendance policy. Dr. Fletcher sympathized with Daniels’s position and indicated his willingness to receive the cadet corps, even though it might cause serious logistical problems. This is a good example of his prudent rebellion: The corps would have been “all right” at the service. Cadets would not be breaking



Jonathan Daniels, VMI cadet.

any rules but could still protest the system. The event never did take place, for the obvious reason: lack of involvement of the cadet corps.¹⁷ Nevertheless, Jonathan's questioning remained a constant issue throughout his cadetship, and his doubts were not resolved until his decision to attend the Episcopal Theological School in 1963, two years after his VMI graduation.

During Jon's junior year at VMI, he suffered a great blow: His father died of kidney failure.¹⁸ Jon managed, however, to continue his studies with the same rigor as before, even taking some biology courses in order to follow his father into the medical profession.¹⁹ The question of whether to become involved in the ministry, or teaching, or even medicine remained on Jon's mind throughout the remainder of his VMI career.²⁰

An outlet for all the tension in his life was found in his love of classical music. He found the Timmins Music Room to be a haven from the rigors of life at VMI.²¹ One story comes from Josiah Bunting, who was a VMI rat [freshman] while Jonathan Daniels was a junior. Bunting, who was later to become a Rhodes Scholar and the president of Hampden-Sydney College [and superintendent of VMI, 1995–2003], told of a time when he was in the music room listening to an orchestral arrangement of the Marine Corps Hymn. Jon walked up to him, called him a barbarian and commanded him to turn off the record. As a rat and duly chastened, Bunting had little choice but to comply. Late that night, Daniels went to Bunting's room in the barracks and apologized for his behavior, a most unusual act for an upperclassmen in dealing with a rat. This led to a friendship between the two that remained close for the rest of Jon's cadetship.²²

In Jon's first-class [senior] year, his diligence and academic excellence were acknowledged by Woodrow Wilson and Danforth Fellowship awards for graduate study.²³ Daniels could not accept the Woodrow Wilson award because the graduate study had to be at the University of Virginia, which he did not plan to attend. The Danforth was awarded to those who held high "religious" principles.

Jon was also elected valedictorian by his class. His address at commencement indicated that he was disturbed by a certain question, "When is the man a man?" He continued, "We have spent four years in preparation for something. What that something is, who we are, we do not know."²⁴ The unknown is what he wants to question. He also said, "Our life as cadets has been puzzling. Perhaps that is to say no more than that VMI has done to the Class of 1961 what it intended to do" — raising the question of the validity of their education in their minds. He spoke of their "four year sleep," which raises the basic question of whether they really received an education. Leaving VMI on this note only confirms his personality.

From here, Jon was to enter graduate school at Harvard in the fall. An outstanding endorsement from Colonel Dillard was in part responsible for his acceptance.²⁵

After working for the summer as a congressional aide in Washington, D.C., Jon Daniels started at Harvard in the fall of 1961. For many, attending Harvard would be the dream of a lifetime, but not for Daniels. Apparently he found the faculty and his fellow students unimpressive.²⁶ Yet he decided that a year of bad teachers and uncongenial fellow students was useful. His "critical" thought process was already sharp, and he felt that it improved during his time at Harvard.²⁷

His failure to adapt to Harvard could be blamed on other problems than his own rebellious attitude toward his associates: He had serious family and personal problems. He suffered from a delayed reaction to his father's death and attended counseling sessions at Harvard for help with this recurrence of depression and his concerns about what his own future course should be.²⁸

Another facet in his personal life that was apparently tearing him apart was the health of his sister, Emily. Over the years, Jon had become quite close to her. During his Christmas vacation that year, his sister was hospitalized for an illness, which extended into the new year. Jon was making trips back and forth to help his sister.²⁹ With the rise in his family's medical costs and the expense of his own education, Jon reached a decision not to return to Harvard the following fall. Before his Harvard year was over, though, a course in seventeenth-century literature raised in him a renewed interest in religion. It was in the very high Episcopal Church of the Advent in Boston that Jon said he had a conversion that led him once again to consider the ministry.³⁰ Jonathan Daniels left graduate school and returned to live at home while he made his decision on what to do with his life.

The return to his original calling began where he first received it, at the Episcopal church in Keene, where Jon started teaching Sunday school class in the fall of 1962. That September, he began the admissions process at Episcopal Theological School (ETS) in Cambridge, Massachusetts.³¹ Daniels was accepted to ETS and began his studies there in September 1963.³²

Jon had finally found a place that was right for him. The people were friendly and the atmosphere proved to be one of excitement. The school consisted of about 125 students; as a result, they knew one other well. He gained respect from his peers because of his intellectual abilities, his studiousness, and his extensive discussions with new friends. Daniels's studies were going well and he found the courses he was taking to be greatly satisfying. He told his mother, "I love it and hopefully pray for real growth."³³

Jon's prudent rebelliousness made an appearance here also — in the form of his joy at arguing just for the sake of doing so. The school was known for its "low

church” atmosphere, but Jon was still attracted by the high-church ritual he had encountered at the Church of the Advent. His provocative discussions sometimes offended the other students because of his belief in the value of the high-church liturgy. After class, though, Jon held no grudges.³⁴ Actually changing people’s minds would have been too radical for him; he really enjoyed just the argument.

As part of his work at ETS, he was required to visit other parishes on weekends to learn what would be expected of him if he chose to become a priest. It was this program, while he was on assignment in Providence, Rhode Island, that Jon was first exposed to a racial minority group and the issue of race relations.³⁵

By the spring of 1965, the civil rights movement finally achieved momentum at ETS. Previously, students had no real motivation to do more than they had already done for the cause: pray. In March of 1965, however, Martin Luther King Jr. issued his call for all Christian clergy to join a march from Selma to Montgomery. On March 7, there was a “bloody confrontation” and the march did not succeed. With this, the call was made again — and this time, it was heard at ETS.³⁶ At first, Jonathan Daniels was uninterested in the project; he felt he had done enough by donating money to a group from his school that was already heading down to Alabama. He also did not want to violate the wishes of the bishop of Alabama, who regarded these people as “outside agitators.”

Then an event occurred that changed his mind and life forever. It was at Evening Prayer that Jon had his revelation. A canticle, the Magnificat, had a profound effect on him.³⁷ He described the experience:

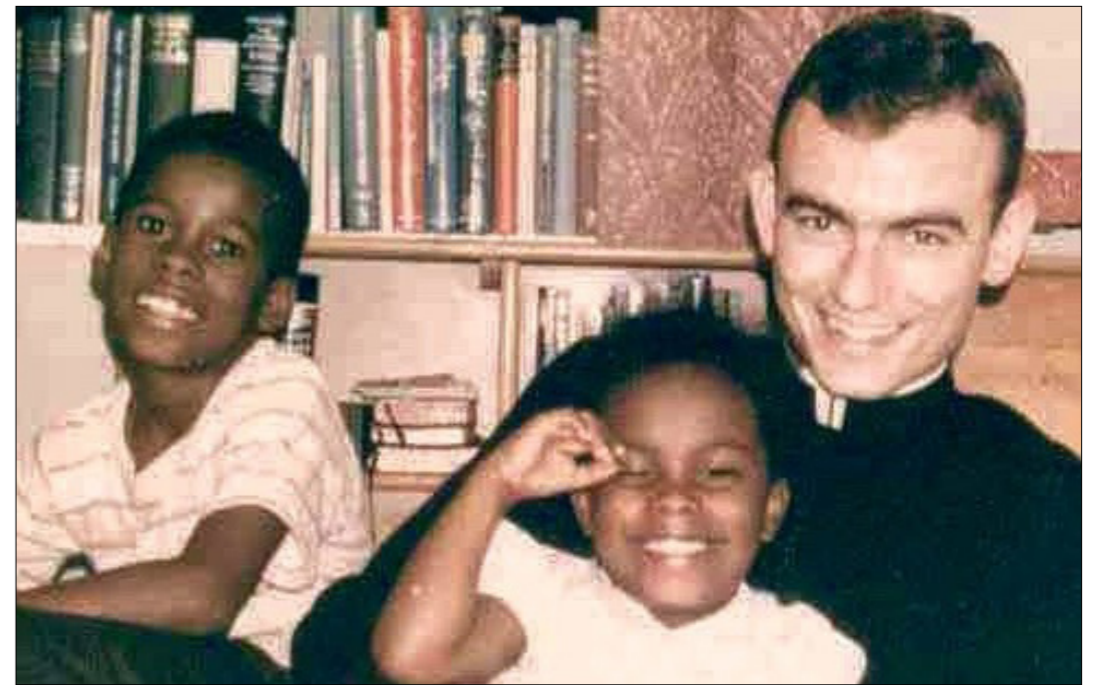
“My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior . . .” I had come to evening prayer as usual that evening, and as usual I was singing the Magnificat with the special love and reverence I have always felt for Mary’s glad song. “He hath showed strength with his arm . . .” As the lovely hymn of the God bearer continued, I found myself peculiarly alert, suddenly straining toward the decisive, luminous, spirit filled Moment that would, in retrospect, remind me of others — particularly of one at Easter three years ago. Then it came, “He . . . hath exalted the humble and the meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things . . .” I knew then that I must go to Selma.³⁸

With this, Jonathan Daniels had made the decision of his lifetime.

In 1963, the organization known as the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, SNCC, was beginning to lead voter registration drives on behalf of blacks in Selma, Alabama, and, through educational projects, attempting to increase black literacy and awareness.³⁹

SNCC had been founded in April of 1960 at Shaw University in North Carolina. The organization grew out of the “sit in” form of protest that had emerged in the

Daniels in
Selma.



early part of 1960.⁴⁰ The group had focused on the integration of local diners and stores until 1961. Now SNCC turned to voting rights as a primary focus.

The arrival in Alabama of the seminarians and other northern whites did not elicit a warm reception. Their original intent was to march to Montgomery, but local whites and the bus that they were riding on were not allowed into the area, and the bus had to turn around and drop the students off outside the town. The students then walked into the town of Selma, all the while being glared down upon until they joined a small protest already under way.⁴¹ The march to Montgomery was not to occur for several days.

Several futile attempts were made to begin the march. The delay was taking its toll on those who had come only to participate in the march, which at times seemed unlikely to happen at all.

Soon enough, Jon and a fellow seminarian, Judy Upham, were among the few who still remained. During the wait, they had encountered a group of local blacks who wanted to worship at the local Episcopal church but had not been allowed to. Before he had to return to Cambridge, Jon was able to help only with this one unsuccessful attempt to integrate the church.⁴²

Before their departure for Cambridge, Jon and Judy Upham stayed in Selma one last night. There they talked with the Rev. Morris Samuel, who urged them to stay to help the local black community in the fight against segregation. Jon and Judy discussed the proposal and decided that they would return to Selma to offer their assistance in any way they could.⁴³

After they arrived back in Cambridge, they asked for permission to return to Selma. The acting ETS dean, Henry M. Shires, gave his endorsement and forwarded the request to the faculty, which gave its permission, on the condition that they keep up with their studies while in Selma.⁴⁴ This compromise also shows another sign of his prudent rebellion: Jon wanted to return to Selma to fight for the cause, but did not want to give up his studies to do so.

When they reached Selma, the march to Montgomery was already under way. The two did not join in for two days, but on joining it for the last five miles, they began to feel the happiness of being a part of something of that magnitude.⁴⁵

Now they were to settle in on the other problem that they had left behind in Selma: St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Every Sunday Jon, Judy and a group attempted to join the service but were received with hostility. In response, Bishop Charles Colcock Jones Carpenter of the Alabama Episcopal Diocese issued a statement indicating that ushers could seat people where they saw fit. The blacks were not denied entrance, but were to be seated in the back of the church.⁴⁶

The seminarians took the bishop's statement as support of racial segregation in a church whose national councils advocated equality in the eyes of the Lord. Daniels, Upham, and three priests sent a letter to all Episcopal dioceses, telling what had happened, about being seated in the back, on that Easter. They would thus be the last to receive communion.⁴⁷ The letter furthermore denounced Bishop Carpenter for undercutting canon law by telling the vestry that its members could seat the worshippers wherever they wanted to.⁴⁸ This form of rebellion was again evidence of Jon's caution. The cause was one of great spiritual importance, and to Jon the only response that could be given by a Christian organization was one of support. Jon's spirit rose as he saw his cause furthered. While he was in Selma, he had made a stop at the local post office. He was wearing an "Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity" button.⁴⁹ He was referred to in the post office as a "white niggah."⁵⁰ Jon indicated that this had produced within him "an affirmation and a tenderness and a Joy that wanted to shout, 'Yes!'"⁵¹ It also meant "that he was furthering his point, that he was indeed being seen, at least by white men, as a brother of those with whom he now lived."⁵²

Jon had to return to Cambridge in May to take his final exams. It was made clear to him that he did not have the wholehearted support of many in the North on the issues he had taken up in the South. He also saw his mother's concern over his involvement in the movement.⁵³ It was the last time that Jon saw his mother.

It was on this visit that he realized he really did have a call to the South. Now it was only a matter of time before he was to prove the importance of his life.

Upon returning to Selma in May, Jon had a new idea of what he was going to do: not so much demonstrating as working to integrate the black and white communities. St. Paul's Church was to be a part of his project. While in Selma, Jon also met up with Eugene Pritchett, a member of SNCC. They were to work on resources available to the people of the community as well as residents' safety.

Jon took the job of encouraging people to register as voters in Lowndes County, to the east.⁵⁴ Stokely Carmichael, of SNCC, said: "Jon was known in Lowndes for several reasons. . . . He spent his time talking to the people in Lowndes County, so that they knew him, and he knew them."⁵⁵ This is significant because the people of the area were looking for someone who was also socially involved.

Lowndes County, known as "Bloody Lowndes," situated between Selma and Montgomery, was home to much controversy during the civil rights movement. This county was part of Alabama's so-called black belt: Blacks were about 80 percent of the population; the other 20 percent were white southern plantation owners and some poor whites.⁵⁶ As one news account reported, "the white establishment wanted no changes, least of all interference by do-gooder Northern whites."⁵⁷ One white civil rights activist, Viola Liuzzo, had been killed in the county. From then on bumper stickers appeared, saying, "OPEN SEASON." For these reasons, Daniels had rented a Plymouth Fury, replacing an easily identifiable, sporty red Volkswagen convertible, in order to be able to outrun the local vigilantes. Jon was not there to "prove himself" but because it was "what he was supposed to do," said the Rev. C. Blayney Colemore, a classmate of Jon's.⁵⁸

It was also during this time that he had attended a meeting of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, where he became friends with a Roman Catholic priest from Chicago, the Rev. Richard Morrisroe. It was the last solid friendship that Jonathan Daniels made on his mission in Alabama.⁵⁹

His final mission involved helping to organize a protest rather than taking part in it.⁶⁰ He travelled with Morrisroe to Fort Deposit, south of Montgomery, where a group of young blacks intended to lead the first demonstration ever in the downtown area, in hopes of provoking their parents to join the fight for voter registration. SNCC was involved mainly to keep the youths nonviolent in the face of the attacks that would probably be made on them.

Jon, who was mainly there to take pictures and to keep the event organized, was told that many of SNCC's new recruits were not going to take part in this demonstration, whereupon Jon decided to take an active role in the event himself — especially after he saw the marchers were "pathetically few in numbers."⁶¹ The group was arrested around 11:30 on that Saturday morning, August 14, 1965, and taken to the Fort Deposit jail to be processed. They remained there until they were ordered into



Ruby Sales.

the back of a garbage truck to be taken to the larger jail in Hayneville, the county seat.⁶²

The jail cells there were as wretched as could be. The group was crammed into three cells, and bail was set at \$100 for each of them. Jon was able to pay his bail but chose to stay with his companions. They remained there for six days.⁶³

The protesters were finally let go, but puzzled over why their release had come so suddenly. They tried to remain on the grounds of the jail because it was public property and they would be safer there, but police said otherwise. They were ordered to leave the safe area and walk to wherever they had to go to meet their rides.⁶⁴

Jon Daniels and three others in his group set off into the town for something to drink. The two black girls in the group knew of a place that would sell to blacks. Upon arriving at the store, Ruby Sales was the first in the group to climb the steps. A part-time acting deputy sheriff, Thomas Coleman, appeared there with a shotgun pointing directly at the group. He said, "Get off this god-damned property. I'm going to blow your damned brains out. And I mean get off."⁶⁵

A shotgun blast followed, which lodged in Jonathan Daniels's mid-section, killing him instantly. He was at that time pushing young Ruby Sales away from the blast. The second of the two shots was fired at the other young black girl, Joyce Bailey, whom Father Morrisroe managed to push out of the way, instead being wounded by the blast himself.

Coleman calmly walked over to the courthouse phone directly across the street and called the police. The authorities arrived and arrested Coleman — but in such a way that was seemed not serious. Coleman told the people around him that he was going to be taken downtown because he was a friend of the officers. The two priests were left lying there for at least another hour; no one in the town had any desire to help them.⁶⁶

Jon's body was picked up and sent to White's Chapel Funeral Home. SNCC sent over two doctors to help the men, but when they arrived, the bodies were gone and no one would say where they had been taken. All the local hospitals and funeral homes, including White's Chapel, were called three times, and all disclaimed knowledge of the two victims' whereabouts.

Later Jon's remains were found at the funeral home and Morrisroe was located at a local hospital, which had previously denied having admitted him. Local pilots



resisted requests that Jon's body be flown home, and the task took longer than it would normally have.⁶⁷

Tom Coleman was in a region where people protected their own, and his trial was expected to be a farce. Indeed the all-white jury took only half an hour to acquit him. The defense argued that the white seminarian had come at him with a knife. Morrisroe was recovering in the hospital at the time of the trial and unable to testify against Coleman. None of the civil rights workers who were supposed to testify were even allowed to enter the courtroom.⁶⁸

The death of Jonathan Daniels produced mixed emotions all over the country. Opinion was divided at his alma mater, where many thought his work had not been in keeping with the concept of the "citizen soldier." Some reacted to the death quickly. One of Daniels's classmates wrote to Lt. Gen. Richard R. E. Shell, the superintendent, suggesting that at the beginning of the new academic year, the flags be flown at half mast.⁶⁹ Although this did not happen, General Shell did mention the death of Daniels at the opening faculty meeting that academic year.⁷⁰ A plaque was proposed for the English department area — one of the few departments at VMI that would approve of such an alumnus.

Another set of responses indicated that some alumni neither supported nor understood Daniels. At a meeting of alumni in Detroit, when William Kelly mentioned the VMI English department's plan to create a memorial to Jonathan Daniels, the group went into shock and gasped. One man even commented to Kelly that it was not the type of thing that that particular chapter wished to endorse. Kelly went on as best he could, trying to counter the group's remarks. Only a few were willing to contribute and only after the rest had left.⁷²



Craftsman completing a bust of Daniels at the National Cathedral. Photo courtesy of Washington National Cathedral.

In an article in *American Opinion*, a publication of the John Birch Society, Jere Real became one of the first VMI alumni to express himself publicly on Jonathan Daniels's death. He declared that the white community in Selma saw Jon as a revolutionary, acting not at all within guidelines of Christianity. He referred to Daniels as a "beatnik" and questioned why Daniels was even in Selma while he was supposed to be in school. Real also noted that the seminary had authorized Jonathan Daniels to wear a clerical collar although he was not officially a priest. Real commented on the "communist plot" behind the civil rights movement, accusing one of Jon's teachers at ETS of having converted Daniels from Christianity to Marxism. Real sought to shift the responsibility for creating such a "bad" person from VMI onto the seminary.⁷³

Jon, though, had a purpose: "to serve as an instrument of reconciliation in a troubled area of racial injustice."⁷⁴ A friend, who was also a lawyer, said he saw Jon's death as helping pull the issue out in the open in the Episcopal church.⁷⁵ This is where Jonathan Daniels was a rebel whose sense, within that rebelliousness, was to carry it out with such prudence as he did.

He is remembered today in many ways. An icon at Episcopal Divinity School* portrays him at the center of a group of Episcopal martyrs. VMI established the

Daniels Den for English majors. ETS has a scholarship for him and studies of his life are starting to come in abundance.[†]

† Since this paper was written, commemorative honors have multiplied. Virginia Military Institute established a humanitarian award in Daniels's name, the first recipient of which was former President Jimmy Carter. A VMI courtyard was also named for him. The Episcopal Diocese of Rhode Island opened a home in his name in Providence. Daniels has been memorialized from Keene to Canterbury Cathedral in England and even, widely now, in Alabama.



Daniels icon, by Alexander Gassel, in the chapel at Episcopal Divinity School.

* As ETS became in 1974, the result of a merger with Philadelphia Divinity School.

Jonathan Daniels's prudent form of rebellion was consistent with his way of accomplishing his goals, from his early years in Keene to his years at Harvard and ETS. His cautiousness had a way of keeping Jon within the structure of the way things were to be done, and his prudence also guided him to work for progress, or change, in a way that helped rather than hindered. His prudent rebellion became a solid stepping stone to the accomplishment for which he is remembered.

Notes

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