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RE-DISCOVERY OF SCRIPTURE —
BIBLICAL THEOLOGY TODAY

The CORD

June, 1965

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OUR COVER:

The cover for the June issue, drawn by Sister Miriam, O.S.F., of the King Convent, Snyder, N.Y., is a symbolic portrayal of Saint Elizabeth's absolute docility and submissiveness to the initiative of the Holy Spirit (see p. 167).

Editorial

Last month Sister Mary Maristell offered some penetrating observations, in these pages, about love. (Through a proof-reading oversight, Sister Edwardine's name was printed under the title, but the list of contents listed the correct author.)

We consider these reflections on love to be of the utmost importance. Nothing could be more relevant to our present task of renewal than a good, hard look at our failure to appreciate and practice fully the Lord's own commandment. Certainly the enthusiastic, mixed, reaction to Sister Maristell's article show that the points she made call for further discussion and development.

The primary "development" of these points must, however, be carried out in the forums of our own hearts and minds. We often expend so much energy, fray so many tempers, and accomplish so little good, as we argue publicly the merits of a viewpoint we have probably never really thought out. An occasional retreat or withdrawal into the solitude of our inmost selves — a movement so abhorrent to the activist American mentality — is our only hope of regaining what was best in primitive Christianity. Only by such a reflection — a return to self — can we begin again to earn the respect once enjoyed by the early Christians — "see how they love one another!"

It would be the grossest sort of self-delusion, after all, to place the blame for the irrelevance of contemporary Christianity on the shoulders of neo-paganism. Roman pagans saw in the church either a way of salvation (and thus joined it) or powerful threat which had to be contended with (and thus persecuted it). Neo-pagans look at Christianity, if they look at all, only to scoff momentarily before turning to the really important business of life: money or pleasure.

The tide has, of course, begun to turn. Surely there is no one in today's world unaware of what the simple and direct love of Pope John has accomplished. But why are so many of us still content to look at him and exult over the "new look" of Christendom? There is no one greater than John, of whom the evangelist says that he is love.

The God who is love dwells within us. It is to him that we must turn in our sincere yet impotent desire to rekindle the fire of love in a world that has grown cold. The love that counts is not something that we can turn on or develop autonomously, as we see in the world today. It is a gift of the indwelling Spirit — the Spirit of Christ who calls us to build up a truly divine love in us and, through us, in contemporary society.

This — and not the cultivation of a private devotion which makes us feel good as we kneel in chapel or church — is the message conveyed in the feast of the Sacred Heart. It would be a tragedy if we were to celebrate that feast, this month, with our hearts gripped by its call for inward renewal through a revitalized appreciation and practice of love.

May the Lord Bless You . . .

Tarsicio Cervantes, O.F.M.

It would have been difficult indeed for the Seraphic Patriarch to find, in the pages of Holy Scripture, a more beautiful blessing to leave his followers, in the spirit of the dying Jacob, than the one he chose from the sacred Book of Numbers, 6:24-26:

The Lord bless you and keep you!

The Lord let his face shine upon you,

and be gracious to you!

The Lord look upon you kindly and give you peace!

There are only three short verses here, of undeniable poetic beauty and containing an abundance of spiritual doctrine. It is a blessing consisting of everything man could ever desire, either in this life or in the one to come.

What else can a man long for, in fact, if not to live in peace with God in this world and rejoice with him in the hereafter? The treasure of meaning contained in the blessing of St. Francis must not remain hidden; rather let us try to assimilate as deeply as pos-

sible its inexhaustible and vine values, so capable of enriching all of our lives.

We shall, then, study biblical quotation, in an attempt to understand what was in the mind of the sacred author when he penned those sentences. Attention will, of course, have to be given to the original create, and perhaps over the literal sense of the words, only so that we may go on to discover the real spiritual which underlies them and attains permanent value for

The Lord bless you and you! (Num. 6:24)

All blessings arise from a benevolent spirit directing the desires of well-being to a person or thing: the object of benevolence. The well-being desired is whatever corresponds to a well ordered wish. A blessing, like its Latin equivalent *benedictio*, means more than "a few well spoken words" which is the etymological origin of the Latin. It implies a wish of well *wishing*. Let us try to understand what St. Francis meant by "well-wishes" in his blessing

When a man gives his blessing, he desires for another a well-being which he cannot produce because he neither possesses it nor is capable of giving it. God, on the other hand, always grants this well-being when he blesses, because as the source of all goodness, he both possesses it and is capable of giving it. One is said to be blessed by God, then, who presently enjoys his gift of well-being in any given way. Thus the aged Isaac, while blessing his son Jacob, exclaimed: "The fragrance of my son is like the fragrance of a field which the Lord has blessed" (Gen. 27:27). The fields, having received God's blessing, are laid upon; they produce abundant fruit and emit a delightful scent. Anyone who has walked through the valleys of Palestine at vintage time knows what the writer of Genesis meant.

Isaac's blessing continues: "God give you dew from heaven, and fruitfulness of the earth, abundance of grain and wine" (Gen. 27:28). Here the analogy is prolonged and made more explicit. Like the field, Jacob himself is to be fruitful for God can give this fecundity which characterizes his own life). But the analogy is primarily one of attribution, where the fruitfulness of the

cause (the earth and its fruits) is transferred to the effect: the fruitfulness of Jacob himself.

The Lord let his face shine upon you and be gracious to you! (Num. 6:25)

Blessing is born of a benevolent spirit, and this benevolence "illumines" the face of the one blessing. According to the mentality of many older civilizations (and, to a certain extent, modern thinking as well), it suffices, in order to discover another's feelings, simply to look at his face. So it is that benevolence is often discernible in a smile which makes a man's face "shine". In antiquity, for example, a condemned man knew his life would be spared, if only he could detect on his king's face the light of a benevolent smile: "In the cheerfulness of the king's countenance is life (Prov. 16:15).

Inner happiness is likewise revealed in the brightness of a man's face. The Psalmist, exulting over the divine gift of rain by which the earth produces bread and wine, exclaims: "Thou bringest forth grain for cattle and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth bread out of the earth, and wine to cheer the heart of man; that he may make his

face cheerful with oil, and that bread may strengthen the heart of man" (Ps. 103:14-15).

Wrath, sorrow, and frustration appear in a downcast face, as in the case of Cain when his sacrifice was rejected: "The Lord was pleased with Abel and his offerings but for Cain and his offering he had not regard. Cain was very angry and downcast. The Lord said to Cain, Why are you angry and why are you downcast? (Gen. 4:4-6).

Jacob, upon discovering in his father-in-law's face a change of feeling, said to Lia and Rachel: "I see that your father's attitude toward me is not what it was previously..." (Gen. 31:5).¹

Even today the Beduins reveal their good and bad moods by hiding their faces with a clear or a colored cloth (Khefiah) as the circumstances may warrant.

The ancients described God, of course, in human terms and in a thoroughly human manner. God showed, according to them, a serene, happy, or radiant outlook when they were in his favor, but a dark, severe, or frightening aspect when they experienced his punishment.

1. These words seem to be a more correct interpretation of the text: "I see (that) your father's face toward me is not as (yesterday)..."

And the primary concern of every pious Hebrew was to maintain the serenity of his face by observing his commandments. "To seek the face of Yahweh" means to keep his face gracious, serene, and radiant — to that is, for his favor. His divine face did not "shrink" when it appeared severe, then the devout Israelite would try to satisfy God with expiatory sacrifices and thus attain the peace he craved. These sacrifices, however, had to be offered by a sincerely repentant man with genuine sorrow for the offenses inflicted upon God, directly or through other human beings. Otherwise, the Prophet exclaims, the sacrifice would be void: "Offer sacrifice no more in vain..." since "they will turn away my eyes from you..." because "your hands are full of blood"; "Cease to do perversely, learn to do right" (Is. 1:13, 15, 16, 17).

Contrition of heart, on the other hand, was in itself an acceptable sacrifice before God. "My sacrifice, O God, is a contrite spirit; a contrite and bleeding heart, O God, thou wilt not despise" (Ps. 50:19). If satisfied by penance, the Israelite

received pardon for his sins: "If your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as white as snow; and if they be red as crimson, they shall be white as wool" (Is. 1:18). As a consequence of this reconciliation, the Hebrew would enjoy the fruits of a land blessed by God: "If you be willing, and willarken to me, you shall eat the good things of the land" (Is. 1:19).

The Lord look upon you kindly and give you peace (Num. 6:26)

It is said that whenever the world is at war there is no peace. War and peace are foes; they cannot co-exist; but peace that is derived from God extends the peace the world offers.

God's peace can exist even in war; no temporal misfortune can dispel it from the heart of one who possesses it. The wicked, living in an abundance of earthly goods and in a country unperturbed by the hazards of war, are nevertheless without peace.

Isaias closes his chapters 48 and 57 with these words: "There is no peace to the wicked, saith the Lord."

"Shalom!" is the most beautiful Jewish greeting. It means



"Peace!" and that word *peace* embodies the full sense of well being, health and happiness as a gift of God. When the Prophets announced the messianic peace, they dreamed of a renewed world, a new paradise which the Messiah would restore in his kingdom of peace; then man, through a life of goodness, would be just before God. Even worldly peace, considered as an opposite of war, would derive as a consequence of that messianic peace, because God at that time "shall judge the Gentiles, and rebuke many people; and they shall turn their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into sickles. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither they shall be exercised any more to war" (Is. 2:4).

The "Blessing of St. Francis" ends with these words:

"The Lord look upon you kindly, and give you peace!" The first verb is a translation from the hebrew *Hannah*, which means a benevolent inclination of a superior toward his subject and, by extension, to take another into one's favor, to show oneself favorable, propitious. This is the meaning of the Proverb: "He shall scorn the scorners, and to the meek he will give grace" (Prov. 3:35-LXX).

War and peace are, of course, dichotomous terms; but we learn from the last clause of St. Francis' blessing that the grace and peace that come from God are impervious to temporal difficulties. Singularly apposite, in this connection, is the Pauline greeting of grace and peace (*Xaris kai heirene*) which so pervades his Letters. Grace and peace refer to something essential in the Christian: the spiritual health produced in him by Christ's work of reconciliation: briefly, the salvation of the whole man achieved by the benevolence of God.

Conclusion

All these considerations are summed up in the Blessing of St. Francis by which the Poverello "well-wishes" to his sons everything one can long for in this life and in the one to come.

From the "illumination" divine face and God's volent inclination toward come grace and peace. G the testimony of the div nevolence and of the r of whatever might imp full manifestation: brief the reconciliation of man Creator. Peace is the quence of grace; it is a complete well-being, a perfect that neither w the vicissitudes of the can disturb it. The m possesses this peace ne comes vain or conceited cess; nor is he dishearted adversity.

Peace of heart then forth through the eyes the Lord *look kindly you*") and becomes a external joy that bathes tire body: "The lamp body is the eye. If thy sound, thy whole body full of light" (Mt. 6:22).

The word "sound" "pure, clean, spotless, guile or deceit; it goodness in fundamenta sition to the evil spoke the next verse: "But if be evil, thy whole body full of darkness" (Mt. There is, then, an intim nection between the which the ancients co the seat of man's emoti the eyes, which show c

as the picture tube in a television set does for the inner electrical impulses, the inward notional states of the man. Blessed are the clean of heart, they shall see God" (Mt. 8).

Surely Francis could have found no better words with which to express the legacy he meant to leave to us, his spiritual progeny, and to all who would receive his message of divine love.

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All the Days of Her Life

Mother Mary Francis, P.

PART I

A woman called to religious life will never succeed in being a religious unless she succeeds in being a woman. Oddly, it is sometimes supposed that womanhood is something to be doffed upon donning religious garb. And if evidences of womanhood persist in professed religious life, it is for some a matter of embarrassment and an indication that the prescribed work of psychological stragulation has been improperly performed.

In a play on her life, I have dared to put some words about womanhood on the lips of one of the greatest women history has produced, St. Teresa of Avila. Actually, it was not too boldly daring a thing to do. There was no real risk involved. For her marvelously vibrant personality, expressed both in action and in her easy articulateness make it plain enough what Teresa thought and felt on such vital issues as womanhood. And so I presumed to have the saint respond to St. Francis Borgia's query on the meaning of woman with the conviction that to be a woman is to love and to suffer. She goes on to tell him that to be a nun is to be more a woman, to love and suffer more.

Is it not quite reasonable? A woman caught up into a greater love than the love of a particular

man should obviously be expected to have and to develop her sized powers of loving. A woman must be a specialist in love, the innate qualities of wifehood must be brought to a peak of maturity in a woman who is officially and in a highly specific manner designated by the Church as "spouse of Christ." Similarly, since being espoused to the Father of the human race indicates a special motherhood of the human race, the nun will need to develop her God-implanted talents of motherhood to a degree not required of the mother of one man family unit. What is altogether a pity is to fall into the psychological heresy of thinking that consecrated virginity implies barrenness of heart and sterility of soul. Actually it is a malfunctioning virginity which does generate great tenderness and warmth of affection. One must be a woman to qualify for nunhood. And womanhood is to be enriched by and developed in religious life, not starved out of existence.

Thus, what is the perfection of womanhood in a married woman or a single woman in the world will be the perfection of womanhood in a sister in a convent or a nun in a monastery. It is that the fullness of womanhood will be diversely manifested in each. It will blossom differently

and bear various fruits, but the vitality, the "greenness," will be the same. So when the Book of Proverbs provides us with a classic sketch of the ideal woman, we can transpose these qualities of the married woman, mother of a family, into the key of dedicated religious womanhood with no trouble at all. Let us see what some of these outstanding qualities of the valiant woman are.

"She will render him good and not evil all the days of her life." In this description does Proverbs, 31, point up immediately that constancy which is of the very essence of womanhood. The man will dream, the woman will do. Man plans and envisions, woman executes plans and keeps the vision bright over and even in the very midst of a host of drab details. In her capacity for stubborn loyalty, unswerving fidelity to an ideal, a cause, a love, is one of woman's greatest glories. Her body which is fashioned for the slow process of physical gestation and equipped to nourish and sustain the frail new life she delivers into the world is a kind of very incarnation of her powers of soul. It is for the slow martyrdom of patience that the spirit of woman is particularly fitted. It is for continuous giving of her self that her femininity is designed.

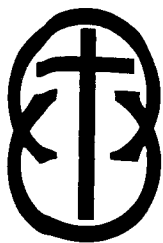
It is, after all, not so great a thing to make a splendid commitment as to keep it. Far less demanding is the wedding day than the days that follow it. St. Teresa wanted a good fast ticket to Heaven when as a youngster she ran away to get herself martyred. Her true greatness was to let herself be martyred unto old age and grey hairs. Thus, for the

nun, the act of professing vows is a superb manifestation of love. But living a professed religious life is the long and unglamorous giving in which a true woman must learn to excel. "She will render him good and not evil all the days of her life." Not at the high tide of emotional exaltation nor in the moment of the magnificent gesture does a woman manifest her greatness, but in her loyal endurance, her unspectacular fidelity.

A wife in the embrace of her husband is one loved. A wife who mends her husband's clothes, cooks his meals, tidies his disorder, bears his children, suffers his forgetfulness, his inappreciativeness, his lack of understanding, is one who loves. Just so, the nun who pursues her doggedly faithful way when her prayer life has become a desert and the Lover seems to have forgotten her, when the glorious commitment of her profession is obscured by a hundred irritations, minor frustrations, and seeming futilities, when the shining goal is wrapped in a fog of weariness, is the woman who loves. She is a religious who excels in womanliness and is therefore fitted to excel in nunliness.

Good and not evil is what the valiant woman will render her husband all the days of her life. Little wonder that the Scriptures underline this kind of endurance. For doggedness is not usually equated with glory. Certainly it lacks all glamor. Yet it is this kind of constancy, this unremitting fidelity which is indeed woman's glory. The self-centered woman, the one who balks at continuous giving, who cannot face the relentless invitation to daily

small sacrifices, or the religious who defines her commitment in easy platitudes and restricts it with secret self-indulgence, is the unvaliant woman. Such a religious may render the Bridegroom good on her profession day and in hours of sensible exaltation, but she renders Him many small evils in her hours of depression, pettiness, self-involvement. She is not great enough to render Him good and not evil all the days of her life. And she is not a great religious precisely because she is not a great woman. She will have to learn and become practised in that constancy and fidelity which



characterize the vallant woman before she can hope to realize the full grandeur of her religious oblation. To render the Spouse devotedness not on occasion but day after day and hour upon hour is to have reached down into the depths of one's womanhood and discovered one's greatest potential.

Proverbs tells us again that the valiant woman "opens her arms to the poor and stretches her hands to the needy." The art of motherhood is by no means restricted to the physical mother of children. A woman who gives herself to God in consecrated virginity surrenders her rights to physical motherhood. This is a good and glorious thing for her to do. To surrender

her capacity for spiritual motherhood, however, would be a bad thing for her to do. A woman must be not less a woman, more a woman because of her vocation as a nun. And motherhood is not only one aspect of a tremendous and Divine proposition. A woman is mentally and emotionally and spiritually equipped for motherhood, whether physical motherhood is her vocation or not. She will not be warped for going the physical aspect of motherhood. God indicates a different vocation for her, but she certainly will not be warped if she does not exercise her maternal qualities of spiritual motherhood.

She opens her arms to the poor and stretches her hands to the needy." Who is so poor and needy as a child? To a religious, the souls of all men must be her children, hers to tend, hers to comfort. She cannot retreat into a self-centered spirituality which is no spirituality at all. She opens her arms to the world, she holds it close to her maternal heart. We would cry out against a mother who would not rouse herself to feed her hungry children. She was too apathic to clothe them, drew back from the unpleasantness of their sickness. What of the religious who folds her maternal instincts neatly away as superfluous to her life? There is, in all, no basic difference between the woman too occupied with the bridge or golf or a career to be a mother to her children, and the religious woman too occupied with punctiliousness, self-perfecting projects to be a font of maternal compassion for others.

The poor and needy abound in religious life. They are all of them. The depressed sister is poor.

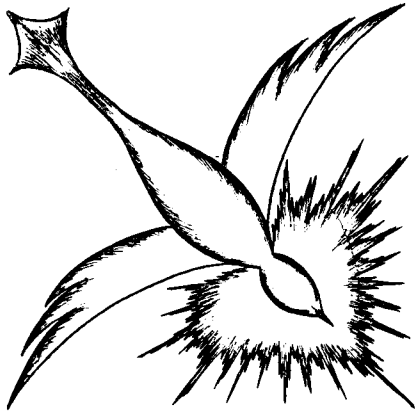
Why and lonely sister is needy. To suffer the burden of inferiority is to be poor. To have lost a sense of purpose is to be needy. A religious will never be a spiritual mother to souls outside her monastery or convent if she is not first a mother to the souls inside. "If a mother love and nurture her daughter according to the flesh, how much the more ought a sister to love and nurture her sister according to the spirit," asks St. Clare in her Rule, pointing out that real sisterly love among religious is the perfection of maternal love.

Unfortunately, a religious can sometimes recognize the poor and needy at a distance, but not those in the same house with her. A nun can be moved by the poverty and want outlined in the magazine article but be oblivious of starvation around her. We are never so poor as in our worst moments, never so needy as when virtue fails and we stand revealed before our companions in all our pathetic weakness and ingloriousness. It is a strange and bitter irony that some religious will not only fail to open their arms to these poor and stretch out their hands to these needy, but will fold their arms over self-righteous hearts and substitute a lifting of eyebrows for a stretching out of hands. Certainly their number is not legion, but it had better be zero.

When a religious will not rise to an occasion, when she flies apart with irritation, when her tongue becomes a two-edged sword of complaints and excuses, then she is poor, then she is needy. If her sisters fail to open the arms of compassion and stretch out the hands of sympathy and understanding to her weakness, it is because they are not adept at motherhood. If they react to her faults and failings with cold withdrawal and politely righteous indications of shock, they reveal themselves for mental and spiritual spinsters. And this no spouse of God can afford to be.

A mother is sensitive to need; she recognizes it before it is expressed. A woman is never more a woman than when she holds out her arms to prodigal children. A nun is never so great a nun as when she opens the spiritual arms of compassionate love to her own. "Show thyself a mother!" we demand of our Lady in the "Ave, Maris Stella" hymn. Is this not what the Bridegroom has a right to demand of his spouse who by her profession has entered into a nuptial union which must be fecund with souls or else founder? "Open your arms to the poor, and stretch out your hands to the needy. Show yourself a mother!" These are the challenges of Christ to a woman whom He has invited to be His spouse, to mother the souls He has died to redeem.

(to be continued)



Monthly Conferen

Jerome A. Kelly, O

FEAR OF THE LORD

"The fear of the Lord is holy, enduring forever and ever" (Prov. 18:10);¹ it is "the beginning of Wisdom" (Prov. 1:7), and "a fountain of life" (Prov. 14:27).

If there is one thing our age abhors, it is fear — to such extent that we have made freedom from fear one of the basic rights of man. Moderns, therefore, may need some education in their attempts to accept fear of the Lord as one of the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

Necessity for Salvation

We must make no mistake about the fact that fear of God is absolutely necessary for the salvation of one's soul. Let us begin with the statement of Moses, God's appointed lawgiver for the Chosen People, who tells in his preface to the decalogue what God demands of his people: "That thou mayst fear the Lord thy God and keep all his commandments and precepts ... that thy days may be prolonged" (Deut. 6:2).

After this insistence upon the necessity of fear, Moses goes on to enunciate the law of love: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul and with thy whole strength" (Deut. 6:5). Far from supporting any modern view that love and fear are incompatible, Moses couples the two so closely that they

1. The Scripture quotations are in the translation of Monsignor Ronald Knox, copyright 1944, 1948, and 1950 Sheed and Ward, Inc., New York. Used with the kind permission of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

...ken of as inseparable. This practice is frequently met in Scripture: the fear of God is the beginning of his love and the beginning of faith is to be fast joined unto it" (Ecclus. 25-16). "And they (as if it were a remarkable discovery) shall know that there is nothing sweeter than the fear of the Lord, and that there is nothing sweeter than to have regard to the commandments of the Lord" (Ecclus. 23:37).

What is necessary to notice, now, is that the Holy Writers do not speak kindly or tolerantly about fear; they state unequivocally that salvation is impossible without this fear. It is, says Ben Sirach, "the fear of the Lord (that) driveth out sin" (Ecclus. 1:27). And according to Jeremias (2:19): "Thy own wickedness shall reprove thee and thy apostasy shall rebuke thee. Know thou and see that it is an evil and a bitter thing for thee to have left the Lord thy God and that my fear is not with thee, saith the Lord God of Hosts." Lest it be suspected that fear is less essential in the New Testament, St. Paul exhorts us to "purge ourselves clean from every defilement of flesh and of spirit, achieving the work of our sanctification in the fear of God" (2 Cor. 7:1).

At the risk of seeming to prove the proved, I should like to quote the prophet Isaias, not merely to have another witness to the necessity of fear in working out our salvation, but to have a champion of the fact that Fear of the Lord is in fact one of the great and precious gifts which God has bestowed upon creatures. The prophecy concerns Jesus, our Head, who is thus described, ages before his birth in Bethlehem:

And there shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse
And a flower shall rise out of his root.

And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him
the spirit of wisdom and of understanding
the spirit of counsel and of fortitude
the spirit of knowledge and of piety,
And he shall be filled with
the spirit of the fear of the Lord (Is. 11:1-3).

As we discovered in the preceding conference, these Gifts, inasmuch as they were given to Christ, the Head of the Mystical Body, "of whose fullness we have all received," are likewise communicated to us at the time of our justification by baptism when we receive these seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit. It will be useful, at this point, to recall our definition of the Gifts: supernatural habits which give such docility to our faculties that they promptly comply with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

And we may as well note further, in review, that these Gifts are God's divine intentions to remedy the inherent incapacity of the virtues (both theological and moral, which are given to us in baptism) to raise us to the perfection to which we are called. To walk worthily

ly our lofty vocation, we must have the Gifts. They enable us to do what is right in a superhuman way — to bring our conduct in line with the standards God himself has set for them. They enable us to live a human life as God would live a human life as he has in fact lived a human life. Without the Gifts, a complete imitation of, and mystical union with, the Son of Man is impossible. This, in fact, due to the vitalizing and forceful effect of the Gifts upon our soul that we advance in perfection. As Pope Pius XII says in his encyclical on the Holy Spirit: "By means of the gifts the soul is excited and encouraged to seek after and to attain the angelical Beatitudes which like the flowers that come forth in the springtime are the signs and harbingers of eternal beatitude."

The Nature of Fear of the Lord

In light of what has been said it is evident that we must examine the modern and refuse to see how fear can play a part in the Christian religion of love; God says fear plays a part, and we must examine what kind of fear it is that the Holy Spirit gives us.

Experience is the best teacher of what fear is: a painful feeling of impending disaster, danger, trouble or evil that is imminent; anticipation of something disagreeable, woeful, and unwelcome — loss of what we have set our heart on or the failure to obtain what we greatly desire. Our experience is very much like that of Augustine. We too "fear nothing except to lose what we love, possess or not to obtain what we hope for." There is a little difference in the fact that fear and hope seem somehow to be intimately related; we know that God is the object of our hope, because he is that supreme Good that we long to possess and that we fear to lose.

Once we commence to think of the whole matter — not, as moderns do, apart from God — but as a Christian does, in relation to God we begin to recognize that fear may be of various kinds.

There is a servile kind of fear, felt by slaves who live in trembling of their master's anger for work undone or poorly done. This is the kind that one could have in thinking of God as a God of Justice and Might, who will punish sin with an eternal pain in hell.

But there is another kind of fear which is felt not by slaves but by the children of a family. It has two different degrees, that we may call childish and one that we can call mature, or filial.

Childish fear is felt by a little one when it has been disobedient; he is partially afraid of punishment, but also afraid that by his behavior he has lost the affection and love of his father. There is a combination, then, of motives. This is the kind of fear one might have who was sorry for sin because it deserves God's punishment and because it offends God's goodness.

Usually, as children grow to maturity, traces of the servile drop from the fear and reverence — which is, perhaps, a better title for the feeling — with which they consider their parents. There begins to dawn an appreciation of all they owe their parents, and this appreciation induces a fear of hurting them by carelessness, neglect, or disobedience. This is a truly filial fear, the kind that one has who is sorry for sin because of the injury done to God. It is analogous to the perfect contrition of the saints: perfect love tinged with reverence for God and fear of all that would hurt him or separate them from him.

Both these fears are good and God-given: "... the spirit you have now received is not as of old a spirit of slavery to govern you by fear (service fear, that is, the fear of slaves); it is the spirit of adoption, which makes us cry out Abba, Father" (Rom. 8:15). And in that assurance that we are the children of God, our fear of him will be holy, reverent, filial. It will be, in a word, the Gift of Fear of the Lord.

It is very clear, then, that once we see the different kinds of fear, we can recognize that one of them is a selfish fear and the other, unselfish.

Servile fear comes from self-love; it shrinks from evil because of the punishment entailed (I fear hell, e. g., because of the pain it can cause me). That motive will, of course, restrain a person from sin and so is a good fear. But it is not the more perfect kind that is associated with the Gift of Fear.

Filial fear comes, on the other hand, from unselfish love; it shrinks from evil because it hesitates to hurt God — the shocking thing about sin is that it offends God. This is the fear that is poured into our hearts by the Holy Spirit.

If we were to define the Gift of Fear of the Lord in the light of what we have said, we might phrase our definition somewhat as follows: Fear of the Lord is a supernatural gift which inclines our will to a filial respect and reverence for God, prompts us to avoid sins that would be displeasing to him, and strengthens the hope whereby we trust in the power of his Love to unite us with him for all eternity.

Conclusion

We might close our consideration of this Gift of Fear by noting its relation to our own lives, first in what it does for us, and secondly in what we can "do for it" — what we can do, that is, to acquire it.

What it does for us is evident from the foregoing considerations. First, it deepens our reverence for God. We sometimes tend to take God for granted, confusing friendliness and familiarity. There is no compatibility between great reverence, fear, and deep love. Love re-

Diary of a Country Nun

Sister M. Edwardine Horrigan, O.F.M.

members God's goodness and condescension to us; fear remembers his infinite majesty and holiness. The result of cultivating both is carefulness in our conduct and an increased devotion in our prayer. That Fear of the Lord should have this sort of effect proves that it is indeed, as the Psalmist says, "holy"; for it increases our reverence and the intensity of our worship for our almighty Father.

Fear of the Lord, in the second place, serves to detach us from evil certainly, and from things not evil in themselves but possible dangerous to our full love of God. It induces a humility like that which the saints always possessed when they turned their thoughts to God. It induces a detachment from worldly things and so leads to the poverty of spirit praised in the first Beatitude. This effect of Fear of the Lord proves that it is the beginning of Wisdom; it leads us to regulate our lives according to the counsels of perfection given us by Incarnate Wisdom.

Fear of the Lord, finally, serves to perfect the virtue of hope in us. The more detached we become from creatures, the more surely we recognize that God alone is the supreme and only Good. We work harder to attain that Good, and as we work the conviction grows that he himself will not disappoint us but will strengthen us to reach him. This third effect of Fear of the Lord shows that it is a "fountain of life," because it grounds our hope that we shall possess for all eternity the divine life and the divine love of Most Holy Trinity.

To acquire this essential Gift, we can, strictly speaking, do nothing by our own efforts. God gives it to us (hence the name, Gift), and we would do well to recall that as long as we are in the state of grace, we possess it. But we can and must pray for its increase and perfection in us. And we must so act that we deserve an increase of it; we must examine our conscience regularly, meditate on God's goodness and generosity, cultivate a sense of his constant presence within us, and foster the habit of explicitly forming a good supernatural intention for our actions. Above all, we should join Francis in his eloquent cry of love and holy fear: "My God and my al-

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III. HONEYMOON FLAT

The upper flat at 45 Mill Street was all papered and painted for the intended bride and groom, but they never got to the altar because of a fight. Thus it was that September, 1952, saw us move into "Honeymoon Flat" as we dubbed it. The kitchen paper intrigued me through many a silent breakfast; it was in tiers of three from the bridal day to the first cake to the first anniversary with its one candle. Anyhow this flat was ours, with the few necessities it contained, bedroom and chapel furniture, a kitchen stove but no table and chairs. Our first meal tasted just as good from the sinkboard.

An invasion of my sister's cellar gave us not only the table and chairs but all sorts of equipment to set us up in housekeeping in our tiny flat, later named the "Shoe Box" by the young clergy. The motley array of furniture we begged, borrowed, or acquired by devious means would never rate space in **Better Homes and Gardens**, but we surely felt happier with our own belongings even if they were second, third, or fourth hand. We could break things with impunity.

It was here I acquired my first distinction: I slept in the parlor on a sofa-bed with the sanctuary lamp behind my head and the TV set at my feet. Is it any wonder then that I developed speed in

dressing every morning? The place had to resemble a parlor as soon as possible because Father came through it for Mass. Sad indeed was the day I overslept; Sister had to ask Father to please wait outside a little while as I was still in bed. It took a while to live that one down.

Our circumstances were more than a bit confusing to the various young priests who came on Wednesday for Mass. They made the mistake of taking the word convent literally. So they went right by the rickety outside stairway which led to our one and only door. When they were eventually redirected, their confusion became confounded, as they saw Monk's cloth hopefully draped to conceal the garbage can and "catch-alls." Then they came into the kitchen. The less adventurous insisted on following me to see where on earth a chapel could be found in such a place. This worked out successfully if Father had brought his own chalice. And if he hadn't, I would go into Sister's bedroom which was likewise our sacristy. The poor Fathers! They surely had studied nothing in the seminary which had prepared them for a bedroom sacristy.

Our morning visit from a priest who usually carried a little black bag fascinated our Methodist landlady. She happened in one day as I was ironing our one and only alb. I hastened to explain that it was part of the vestments Father

wore at Mass. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I never knew that he got dressed up here. I thought he came for a visit and prayer reading; but I always wondered why he carried the little black bag."

No doubt our not so benign neighbors must have concluded that it was some sort of black magic. Especially so since every morning just after Father left I would dash down our crooked steps and pour the abluition water on a pot in the flower bed — even when the snow on it was two feet high.

Our catechetical work took us out early and late regardless of weather. Discovering that our Methodist friends had a schedule which they adhered to as consistently as they carried a Bible, was a great impetus to my zeal. We never stayed home unless schools were closed, or roads impassible. This brought us a spate of Methodist prayers because our Methodist friends prayed for us every day until they saw us return (sure at times I was afraid they'd convert us by their constancy).

Forty-five Mill Street, despite its tininess and deficiencies, brought the first rays of joy and meaning into our meanderings in search of lost souls, who needed instruction and interest in God again.

Mrs. Whitney, our landlady — this title I delighted in using to our Mother General as I was so sure no one but us could seek permission to drive a landlady home — was now our fast friend and wonderful publicity agent. We shared all sorts of things with her, even our TV and trips to Buf-

the old cronies in town who had linked Catholics and wickedness together. Through her we met many together. There is nothing like chatting from an old reed rock to dispel prejudices. We answered questions by the score for the old souls, and they ran the gamut from, "Do all Catholics drink?" "Does the priest preach in Latin?" "Why don't nuns and priests get married?" straight down to how we were supported. Every visit turned into a question session, but it was so good to feel that warmth of smiles, and the sheer music of pleasant greeting that I would have answered anything with patience and affability.

Never did I think I would like to see the day when a bag of onions and beets left on our doorstep would be a thing of beauty to me. The joy of receiving my first gift from eighty-year old Mrs. Voegel thawed much of the ice that had encased my heart since my assignment to do catechetical work. He then began giving me cooking pointers interspersed with his favorite expression, "a mess of rhubarb," a mess of beets, "a mess of onions." Now I knew that we had made it, as Mr. Voegel's acceptance of us paved the way for others.

Soon Albert, the town's handy man, was giving us advance notice of weather changes, straight from his *Farmers' Almanac*. How glad I was of his friendship when we had to shovel our way from the barn, our garage, to the road — no mean feat some stormy days. He would always grab a shovel to assist us.

After a rather rugged winter Albert must have felt we needed

a spark of encouragement, so one evening in late February, a heavy tread we heard on our crooked stairs and there was Albert with a sprig of peach tree with a green shoot on it. He wanted us to know that spring was nigh despite dire weather predictions to the contrary.

Our first official holiday began at 10:00 A. M. one Wednesday when the Delevan-Machias School officially closed. I got so excited over the prospect of a holiday that I miscalculated the driveway at the Apostolate and landed in a ditch. I finally was rescued by a kind passerby with clerical assistance, only to get well stuck getting into our own barn. Never was I so wet and so angry! Imagine spending a free day in and out of ditches. Me for the horse and buggy days.

Saturday afternoons were free for a while: then we were asked to help out on Pratham Road in Sardinia. Our job was to collect children from a few roads and deliver them to Fuller's house, where there were eight children. Sister took her brood into the parlor while I held forth in the dining room, the sole decoration therein being an Esquire calendar. It was a spot of color in the drab room, but more than a bit of distraction, since it was directly in my line of view and kept raising the question how the lady could have come safely through the winter without pneumonia.

One Saturday I was explaining sin and our Lady's Immaculate Conception. I showed the children a picture of our Lady with her foot on the head of the serpent. After due explanation I asked one

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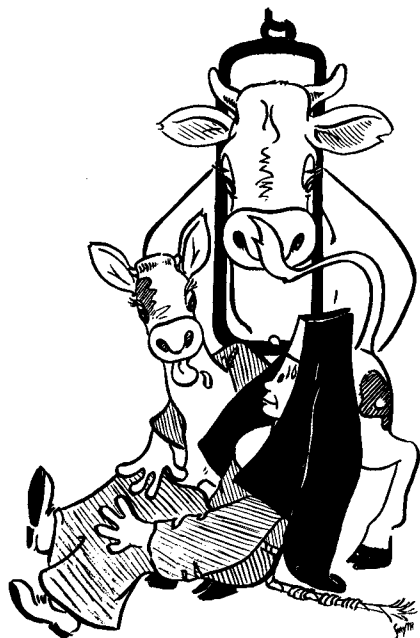
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starryeyed but dirty-faced cherub what the picture meant. He said with utter innocence, "Sister, I guess she's kicking hell out of the devil."

We decided to take pictures of this special class, and we wanted it with distinct rural color. I asked Raymond, my not-so-bright thirteen year old, who couldn't get the Act of Contrition straight and always brought in the Our Father — the only thing he learned in six months — to bring a cow down near the barn. I expected him to get one gentle cow to supply picturesque atmosphere for our group, but when I saw the whole herd descending upon me en masse I took to my heels and put a fence between me and them! We finally got the picture,

after my heart was restored normal.

In the animal kingdom I c face dogs and cats with equanimity but beyond that I am absolutely terrified and remarkably stupid. I insisted on displaying this same stupidity by asking foolish questions. Such stupidity has its uses. I found — on our home visits and census calls when I was anxious to establish rapport — a kind that gets beyond the flat and no answers. I found myself in constant trouble over animal information. The farmers declared anyone so stupid must be harmless, so they warmed up considerably even to the point of suggesting a tour through the barn. This was a prelude to trouble for me. That cows were solidly anchored by stanchions was an idea never included in my city education. Mr. Rairdon wanted to see his three-hour old calf, so I ventured out to the barn and by the cats with a playful tap their snooty noses, but when forty-five cows mooded in unison and moved forward, I let out a good healthy scream and grabbed Mr. Rairdon around the neck. I untangled myself he laughing explained about stanchions. I further enmeshed in my simplicity by looking at the s wet calf and saying, "Oh, he can be just born, he's too big." I thought he would be puppy size

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"No One Showed Me"

Regis Marshall, O.F.M.

It is my studied contention that Saint Francis of Assisi trembled not a little at the thought of living the exemplary life. He, the least of all his brothers, was the first to insist that all of his companions in Christ should do, not as he had said or done, but as love and truth warranted. Of none did he expect that they observe the good that was in him but the good which the mercy of God had channeled through him. Therefore, I personally see in the Poverello more of the follower than the leader, and this in spite of the fact that he founded one of the most acceptable institutions of all time. "Lord make me an instrument of peace" was his personally composed prayer and one that fully translated the posture most pleasing to this exceptional man of God.

A minister and servant to all the friars he was, and is, but only because he was primarily an instrument so available to the Holy Spirit. With such subservience he snipped the source of disorder and unrest at their most vulnerable, their roots. The devil will look in vain for the successful temptation to topple the soul of Saint Francis' admission: "No one showed me what I ought to do, but the Most High himself revealed to me that I ought to live according to the form of the holy Gospel."

There can be found quite easily some who cannot see the forest

for the trees, the sunshine for the shadows, the good for the bad. Others there are of the same attitude who cannot properly appreciate and evaluate the glory and victory of the risen Christ for the shame and suffering of the same ridiculed Master. But thanks to Saint Francis' docility to the Holy Spirit, once he had been shown, once he had firmly gripped the handles of the plow, he could not see the discouraging, the despairing, the disgusting, for the hopeful, the joyful, and the beautiful that issued so profusely from the mind, heart, and hand of God. Badness there is, and will be, but none that cannot be banished with the help of God gracefully accepted. Shadows in life there are, and will be, but none that cannot be subdued with the sunshine of hope. The great, optimistic service of Francis towards the salvation of souls was his own selfless service to the Holy Spirit. Whatever the good work he had effected the first credits always went to the Spirit who is love. "No one showed me what I ought to do but the most high revealed to me." And as literal as was the revelation of the Holy Spirit, just so liberal was the response of this humble saint. To take up his cross and follow Christ was more than a playful invitation to engage in the game of "follow the leader." Rather it was the literal sum and substance of Christian living, the most worthy of all pursuits, the only profitable progress possible, the one

argument that consistently "followed," the one challenge that demanded so much liberality of the good will. Francis had the good will. Seeing most the joy and glory in the cross, he freely followed. Since no one showed him but the Most High himself, he was the first to join the Franciscan Order!

He makes the better teacher who is himself a diligent student. The effective general is that man who is likewise an efficient soldier. The holy Mother of God could make bold to urge the waiters, "Whatsoever he shall say to you,



do you" (Jn. 2:5), because herself had done so liberally according to God's Word. Logically then, he deserves to lead who has faithfully followed, and certainly "gets ahead" who has ever before him the fresh footprints of a staggering Saviour. Keep in step with Christ is similar to climbing a staircase. In the effort you advance not only forward but upward. If it be with Christ this is really climbing rungs of a ladder of love with a ringing success.

The life of Francis was such a resounding success for simple this reason. That he initiated movement of joyful and loving dedication and commitment to the ideals of Christ was consequent on his being first of all a joyful lover of the Lord and a life-long lover of the Crucified. We argue at length, and short of justification, whether Francis was a born leader. What is above argument, and is so efficacious is the historical truth that Francis was a follower of Christ the way. In the prosecution of Christ's purpose, as proclaimed in the Gospels, Francis found himself in that happy medium pursuing Christ even while being spurred on by the Holy Spirit. No one has ever become great without being prodded by some purpose, goaded by some goal, inspired by some person. As an adventurer absorbed in the holy purpose of God the Father, as a servant so combustible to the love of the Holy Spirit, as a follower of the Christ who came to minister, Francis had to become great. But whatever the degree of his greatness, whatever the height of his success, Francis was only

as these foundation words were deep, "No one showed me what I ought to do but the Most High himself." And what had to be done was done as few men have ever done it — a child of God the Father, docile even unto desperation, the Holy Spirit really tried and tested, Christ mirrored to perfection.

What appeared to be an overtly superstitious gesture on the day that Francis opened the Book of the Gospels in the church of Saint Nicholas, was inwardly a most profound act of faith. The faltering fingers that parted the pages of the book were guided by the hand of the Holy Spirit. The words that stood so boldly at attention before his eyes, like stilted sentences before their sovereign, were words that in their import throbbed with life, breathed hope, and lectured on love. They shouted out to him in a final and ultimate challenge, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself" (Mt. 16:24). If, as we are told, to serve God is to reign, then listening with a ready ear to the counsels of the Holy Spirit is already speaking the loud and laudable language of the lover. True follower that he was, Francis did go out and gird himself with a simple cord but not until he had tethered all of his plans and purpose to the Holy Spirit. No one showed me what I ought to do." Be it the established authority of the Church, the appointed person of a Cardinal Protector, or the reluctant desires of a hesitant novice, Francis again found himself in that happy medium of being urged on by the Holy Spirit to act in behalf of others but wholly in Christ, serv-

ing others as he himself would wish to be served. Throughout his life Francis always wanted to go by "the book." The Book of the Gospels meant life and where there is life in its richest meaning, there is the Holy Spirit.

When our holy Father decided to re-enact the first Christmas scene on the hillside of Greccio, he requested that the script be followed to the letter. As in Bethlehem, the Christmas story was to be under the direction and production of the Holy Spirit. As in Bethlehem there reposed in the stable God become man, so here on the altar in Sacrament there rested God who died for man. As in Bethlehem it was Christ who came to dwell among men, here in Greccio it was the same Christ who remained with them. But throughout this inspiring sequence of a sacrificial love there remained the guiding, protecting, strengthening hand of the Holy Spirit. Given the direction and protection of the Holy Spirit one could not but conclusively live in truth, with love, and for others. Nearly two thousand years have followed upon the most silent of nights. And yet there is not one good work, be it performed on the most selfless of days, that is not premissed by the perfecting touch of the Holy Spirit.

"Why after you? Why always after you? Why, why, why? You are not good looking or very intelligent or a nobleman. Why then should the whole world rally round you?" These were the persistent, puzzling words of a befuddled Brother Masseo when the crowds were mobbing Francis. Standing half dazed in the midst of a whol-

ly crazed crowd, Masseo should have surmised the reason. As he stood there pressed on all sides, the truth should have dawned: it was what Francis stood for! This was the same Masseo who on another day had said, with a beautiful reflective insight, "Whatever you tell me to do, that I take to have been said by God." But here Masseo was to learn at first hand, and with some discomfort, that Francis was indeed the mirror of Christ and that no one reflects Christ unless he first be mirrored in him. And just as a mirror reflects most directly the noonday sun only if it is adjusted at the proper angle, so too, Francis' popularity was the result of such a direct reflection. But again he would insist that this was so only because he had submitted himself to some angular adjustments of the Holy Spirit. "No one showed me."

At first it might appear that some of the childlike antics of Saint Francis called more for daring than docility. To cover oneself with ashes and consider this a sermon well delivered, to chide the birds for their bothersome twittering and think this a reprimand well taken, to find oneself thrown in a snowdrift and to conclude that this be an act of charity, would off-hand be looked upon as the disposition of a man demented rather than one be-spirited by the Holy Spirit. But Francis knew and experienced both daring and docility. He dared to approach and to kiss the leper; he dared to shed his garments in the town square; he dared the Moslem priests to submit to the ordeal by fire. But once Francis had been shown what

he ought to do, however daring his acts, they were all summarily docile. And this was the great dare of all: to be docile as the Holy Spirit must have us do if his Will through us is to be dispatched.

Faith comes from hearing. Our holy Father attuned his sensitively sensitive ear he came to his own. He heard the voice of the Spirit in the chirping of birds in the vales of Umbria; the lapping of the waves en route to Morocco, in the swirling of wind high on Mount Alvernia; he heard it more distinctly in the pleas of Saint Clare, in the tolling of the leper's bell, in the distant, raspy voices of a multitude kind hungry for happiness, in the rich, resonant tones of the gospel message that promised it. So ten men know the Will of God; speculate on it, meditate on it, fail to speak wholeheartedly or fail to shout witness to it. No one showed me what I ought to do" should be the last word of the Christian and the first word in any apostolate. The world of our generation has had more than its share of daring. What it needs is more of the docile. Too many have forced their wretched wills on too many oppressed; have left strewn behind them the wake of God given and God ordained laws twisted and tangled beyond recognition. The world has failed. Perhaps we, as a person of a community, or a province, have failed, to try and test the Holy Spirit. Mankind has yet to sing a chorus, "No one has showed us what we ought to do." And it does, and as long as the Holy Spirit remains stranger to our problems, spirited animosities

I feel undue stress is put on nailing down the "essence" of Franciscanism. It cannot be categorized beyond the living of the Gospel life. Everyone's personality is different, and the spirit of the Gospel has as many varying degrees as there are friars, and for that matter Christians. It is the gospel life when it is lived that makes Franciscanism, and this certainly extends outside the Order. Many people in the world are true Friars Minor. It is up to each friar to give expression, by being himself, to Christ's personal call to him in the Gospels. No one can spell out this call in a way which everyone else must follow. Francis realized this, for the Rule is a fundamental starting point for giving fuller expression as Christ guides us in our vocation which is at once constant and dynamic. Christ is calling us.

Flannan O'Connor, O.F.M.
in Notes on Franciscanism

animated strife will be its deserved lot. Unless it learns to listen, it will speak the disturbing language of suspicion, hatred, and deceit. On the other hand if it sensitizes its ear to the inspiration and direction of the Holy Spirit, it will have the ready answer to the question to which all of us must give response, "What sayest thou of thyself?" (Jn. 1:22).

Saint Francis was a simpleton who thrived on the simplicity of love. Wherever there was God's love, and it is everywhere, it was there for him. God's love was in Christ, through Christ, and with Christ, always by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and yet simply for Francis. The most simple symbol that can be formed with two ordinary pieces of wood is a cross. On a cross Christ reduced all suffering, sacrifice, and service to the simplicity of love. How simple then was his formula for success! What did it matter what people would say of him even to calling him mad; would do to him even to

throwing of stones; would think about him even to considering his doctrine heresy, as long as the Holy Spirit was showing him what he ought to do. Treat of him as they would, Francis had the ready, simple rebuke, "Love is not loved." Is there any utterance in the cross-section of literature more tragic than this? Any other that admits more of self-application? Any other that is more demanding of an apology to the Holy Spirit? Any other more stimulant of renewal and rededication? Saintly simpletons we are all asked to become. To the extent that we too say, as Francis said, "No one has shown us what we ought to do"; to the extent that we see what ought to be done through the example of our holy Father, through the vehicle of our Rule, and with the help of the Holy Spirit, will we experience the simplicity of love, the success of our apostolates, and the satisfaction of God's pleasure in a Franciscan vocation well lived.

Aggiornamento and the Parish

LIONEL MASSE, O.S.A.

This is the second in a series of short feature articles on the demands being made on pastors and their assistants by the requirements of the modern world. — Ed.

II. THE "NEW" PARISH

Before turning our attention to the new demands which have arisen in the area of pastoral life: in preaching, in the administration of the sacraments, and in the whole life of love, it is important for us to look, at least briefly, at the modern parish itself. We are particularly interested in its "new look"; but to see this accurately, we must also see how it developed and draw from the history of its evolution some basic principles for pastoral activity.

From the sociological viewpoint, at least, today's parish is not what it once was. Its physical make-up has changed. Where it was once a small unit of the diocese, it has now grown to gigantic proportions. Where it was once made up of members of a single social class, of people who fulfilled the same general role in society, it is now a cross-section of several such classes. The whole outlook of our people, too, has undergone a profound change: where religion once pervaded the whole of human life, and life as a whole formed the matter for religion, since there was a homogeneous

character to a man's daily life, our modern society has erected a whole network of compartments. There are divisions now between one's job, one's family, one's leisure, etc., and all this has meant a compartmentalizing of religion as well. Everything used to take place in the same general area, now it is over (in the geographical sense) but now people have become mobile: they work in one place, take their recreation in another, and live in still another. A particularly important development recently along these lines is the growing tendency to study the problems of the parish.

This network of problems requires new approaches and methods in pastoral work. The days of isolationism and individualism are past, and one man can no longer, as in the past, see, feel, and act effectively enough to deal with all the problems that arise.

Some form of co-operation is necessary today. It is necessary first of all, between the priests of the same parish. If each priest insists on going his own way, becoming involved in "his" projects, how can he realistically

expect to further the mission of the Church as he should?

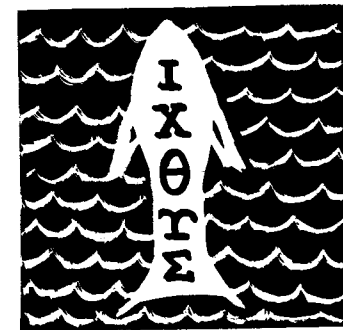
Co-operation is called for, too, between the clergy and the laity. Because of their closer involvement in society, our lay people often see aspects of problems that lie outside the competence of the priest.

There is co-operation needed, finally, between parishes. For the problems of a parish seldom stop at its territorial limits; on the contrary, they have implications too for the other parishes in the same area. Hence the need for frequent meetings or conferences between the pastors of the same region.

Some sort of broad openness is needed, then, on the part of our parish clergy — openness to a world that has changed and is

still in ferment, openness expressed in an acceptance of the modern world as it is, and in a rejection of sterile nostalgia for the past. We must accept our modern world if we want to work with it. This openness will find expression, too, in the desire to gain an ever deeper understanding of, and an ever wider acquaintance with, the newer developments in our society. This means that there should be frequent meetings with our brothers in the ministry and with specialists in various fields, as well as common academic ventures. A new outlook is needed because a new world has been born.

This co-operation and this openness to the modern world will be presupposed in the articles to follow; they form the basic principles for the whole of our pastoral apostolate.





REVIEWS

Instant Inspiration Add Only Good Will. By Albert J. Nimeth, O.F.M. Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, 1965. Pp. 278. Cloth, \$3.95.

Name almost any topic you care to think seriously about and Father Nimeth has been there before you. What is more, he has produced a road map, and for this we are grateful.

Not that there aren't sheaves of such road maps now on sale. The trouble is that so many of them are directions to places you don't want or ought not go to, or won't like when you get there. Bookstores and newsstands are full of directions on the enjoyment of second-hand sin.

Unless we are content to live as vegetables we must do a good deal of serious thinking, an exercise which in a distracting world becomes increasingly difficult. This small and inviting volume will help to overcome the difficulties.

Even instant coffee takes time to digest and what Father Nimeth has concocted is instant sirloin. There are topics like "God and I," "Debts and Debtors," "Enthusiasm," "Million Dollar Feeling" and over a hundred others to start the mind's wheels turning in the right direction. In the whole package there is no cotton batten, no loose excelsior.

An experienced priest with broad human interests and a knowledge of the human soul has capsuled his

deep thoughts in timely anecdotes for serious readers who have had the opportunity to glean all knowledge on their own. Each is a K ration for sustenance in the field, an insurance against spiritual and mental malnutrition.

A page and a half is parceled out to each of the 132 of them, and each is a wonderful 132 of them, which comes out to less than 3¢ a piece. Where can you do better than that?

— Rudolf Harvey, O.F.M.

Christianity and Social Progress by John F. Cronin, S.S. Baltimore: Helicon, 1965. Pp. 217. Cloth, \$4.95.

The only danger of true greatness being eclipsed lies in the crowding out of further greatness. The late Pope John's first social encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, was hailed at its appearance as a masterful application of the wisdom of ancient fathers to the complex and difficult problems of the modern age. As one writer has said, it "... completes for our generation the Catholic bible on socio-economic affairs." The accompanying interest in this great document, however, was a simultaneous preparation for the world's unprecedented reception of this same second social encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*, issued less than two years later. The two documents are different in their approaches, but both contain ennobling precepts

to insure its permanent value, while together, they cover the spectrum of the current Papal social concern. The unique importance of *Mater et Magistra* therefore is underlined by the publication of Father John Cronin's commentary, *Christianity and Social Progress* (the American title of the encyclical subject of the book). Father Cronin's clarification prevents any possible eclipse by stressing the purpose of the encyclical:

to take up this torch which Our great predecessors lighted, and hand it on with undiminished flame. It is a torch to lighten the pathways of all who would seek appropriate solutions to the many social problems of our times. Our purpose, therefore, is to ... confirm and make more specific the teaching of Our Predecessors, and to determine clearly the mind of the Church on the new and important problems of the day.

The book appeared originally as a series of cover articles in *Our Sunday Visitor*. While the material has been revised, an original and valuable feature of the earlier form of the commentary has been retained in the form of thirty-one brief, topical chapters. This format, together with the discussion questions at the end of each chapter, provide an ideal arrangement for study groups as well as for classroom use. Another excellent feature is the use of the literate Winstone translation, which is so highly regarded by commentators.

Father Cronin, of course, is one of America's most widely respected specialists in papal writings and Catholic social thought. His experience in both areas equip him to write this commentary in such a way as to be both generally clear and particularly insightful. While precisely discussing a specific topic, he pauses to explain or elaborate a point here, to correlate the statements of earlier Popes there, retaining all the while the Johannine spir-

it and applying the Johannine ideas to concrete American situations and problems.

The simplicity of the writing in this volume should not deceive the reader. Basic terms such as "common good" and their implications; the subtle moral issues of rural life, of growing social interdependency, of technology and Christian spirit, and of international interdependence, are deftly explained.

Father Louis J. Putz, C.S.C., observed at a Symposium on *Mater et Magistra* held at Notre Dame university in 1962, that for high school study of the encyclical, it might be best to break down the content. "The Encyclical has to be studied according to areas of important social teachings. That approach will make the study easier." Father Cronin has done precisely that in his commentary, and he has therefore clarified this portion of the legacy of purpose and courage which Pope John left to all of us.

— Luke Power, O.F.M.

How to Live in a Layman's Order. By Daniel O'Rourke, O.F.M. Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, 1965. Pp. 67. Paper, \$1.50.

How to Live in a Layman's Order is a book in the manner of Cardinal Suenens' highly successful *Christian Life Day By Day*. It is light but contains great wisdom, popular but not oversimplified; it is direct as only common sense can be and is filled with pithy, quotable reflections. The techniques of both books are also similar: Cardinal Suenens used a scriptural quotation as an introduction to each of his reflections; Fr. Daniel uses a quotation from the Rule of the Third Order of St. Francis. And, just as *Christian Life Day By Day* is not a commentary on Scripture, neither is *How to Live in a Layman's Order* a commentary on the Third Order Rule. As Fr. Daniel explains, the

Rule is "taken for granted and used as a springboard for a dive into the life-giving waters of Christ's Gospel."

The book is as Franciscan as its author. It explains the Third Order not as an organization but as a family: "St. Francis of Assisi didn't found an order. He fathered a family. He did not intend his followers to be institutionalized in an organization. He wanted them members of one happy household." It treats of penance and fasting in a positive manner: "The purposes of fasting are many. It fosters the spirit of penance and reparation for sin. It encourages self-denial and self-mastery. It leads us in the footsteps of a suffering Christ. It helps to detach us from the pleasures and attractions of earth. It frees our souls for the things of God." And the book stresses union with, rather than adoration of, Christ in the Eucharist: "Since the Last Supper, every Host ever consecrated was meant for a human heart. That is the chief reason why Christ is in the Eucharist. He is not there primarily to be placed in a monstrance, carried in processions, honored with incense, or even to be visited in our tabernacles. Christ is in the Host mainly to be offered to the Father at Mass, and to be received by us in Communion."

Poverty of spirit, chastity, prayer, Christian witness, charity, the examination of conscience, the Mass, sickness, and death are all seen through eyes which have examined and understand the philosophy of the Peace Prayer of St. Francis and the "Canticle of Brother Sun."

How to Live in a Layman's Order is a rewarding book and is highly recommended for all Third Order members. This reviewer suspects, moreover, that the book will become a favorite for Third Order Directors looking for material for their monthly conferences.

— Roy Gasnick, O.F.M.

Christ the Sacrament of the Eucharist with God. By Edward Schillebeeckx, O.P. trans. Paul Barron, O.P., Mark Schoof, O.P., and Clarence Bright, O.P. New York: Seabury Press, 1963. Pp. xvii & 200. Cloth, \$5.00.

It would be hard to estimate much of the progress made by the Second Vatican Council. Much of it is due to Fr. Schillebeeckx's groundwork. Certainly there is no other work written in the present century or even since the middle ages which will have contributed more to the restoration of Christian life than the original work, published in 1958, in which this is a condensation. (It is not to be called a popularization, which demands not only slow and thoughtful reading, but some theological training as well.)

The author's fundamental insight may, perhaps, be summarized: God is in himself totally invisible to the senses, but he has revealed his perfections through a series of "sacramentalization" symbols. The God-man himself, in his human nature, the primordial instance of this self-revelation. But since his ascension he is no longer visible; the Church now claims his presence and reveals it to the world. And what is invisible in her life, is in turn made symbolically perceptible in the Eucharist, the seven Sacraments in the liturgical sense and the sacraments in general. But even apart from the "juridical" life of the Church, the whole of nature, including non-Christian religious phenomena, bears a sort of "sacramental" significance in relation to the Eucharist, the Sacrament of God.

One might wish that Fr. Schillebeeckx had come to grips with the problem of how Christ crucified and risen operates in the Sacraments. Surely it does not suffice to say that these are acts of the Word which are therefore timeless.

— Michael D. Meilach

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