COVER AND ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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the CORD

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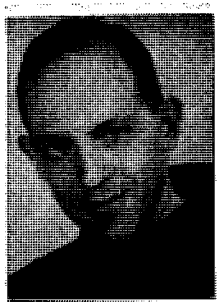

Evolutionary Theology Revisited

In our November, 1966, issue we called attention enthusiastically to two then-new books apparently destined to hasten the adoption by theologians of an evolutionary framework to replace the earlier, static one based on fixed essences. Now, by happy coincidence, we note with equal enthusiasm the simultaneous appearance of sequels by the same two authors.[1]

In *God within Process* Dr. Eulalio Baltazar applies his original philosophical elaboration of Teilhard's evolutionary vision, first published in *Teilhard and the Supernatural* (Helicon, 1966), to several related areas of the "problem of God." Much of the earlier portion of the book is (perhaps inevitably) devoted to a summary of Baltazar's evolutionary categories. His interpretation places great emphasis on the future as the locus of being, truth, and intelligibility in their fullness, and on the self-transcendence of all becoming as creation progresses toward that ultimate future, omega.

There are several new applications of this interpretation of Teilhard's process theology as the book progresses. Theistic faith, e.g., receives an original, fascinating, and cogent explanation as the self-transcendence of reason. God is presented—not, as the title implies, "within process"—as the transcendent Ground which sustains cosmogenesis. Most outstanding of all, perhaps, is Dr. Baltazar's discussion of 'covenant,' according to which not merely the earlier biblical covenants such as those involving Abraham and Noe, but even the creative act itself is seen as continuous with the later Mosaic and Christian covenants. Covenant, then, as a relationship instituted unilaterally by God, supplies a necessary and sufficient foundation for the salvation of even the atheist and the Marxist, with no need for such verbal devices as "anonymous Christianity."

[1] Eulalio R. Baltazar, **God within Process**. Paramus, N.J.: Newman Press, 1970. Pp. v-186. Cloth, $5.95. Robert T. Francoeur, **Evolving World, Converging Man**. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1970. Pp. xiv-222. Cloth, $5.95.

Added light is shed, too, on the contemporary discussion of God's "absence," which has given rise to the (by now discredited) death-of-God "theology." Making good use of the seminal work of Moltmann and others, Baltazar points out within his own consistent framework why it is that God (He who is to come) cannot in the nature of things be unambiguously "present" prior to the fulfillment of the eschaton.

There is much more of value in the book, and its defects are too minor for space to be devoted to them in an editorial. *God within Process* is a book with which the scholar will have to reckon; and, at the same time, especially because of its abundant analogies and lucid explanations, it is a book which the general reader should find fascinating as well as highly instructive.

Evolving World, Converging Man is more of an expansion and updating of Dr. Robert Francoeur's *Perspectives in Evolution* than, strictly speaking, a "new" book or application of the author's principles to wholly new areas. Dr. Francoeur writes as theologian, philosopher, and scientist (he is associate professor of experimental embryology at Fairleigh Dickinson University). Some readers may find his interweaving of speculation from all three areas rather untidy, but the procedure has its merits, especially considered as a reaction to the earlier fragmentation of knowledge stemming particularly from Descartes.

The justification for a new book, which does not really supplement but rather replaces the old, is the needed updating of scientific material on evolution, together with the addition of some new matter from embryology which has been included to give some indication of what may be expected as man continues to take his evolution into his own hands. Perhaps some of the moral implications of all this should have been explored, but an author is in no way obliged to cover every aspect of his subject.

Especially in format, parts of *Evolving World* are practically identical to corresponding parts of its predecessor, as, e.g., that outlining the past course of evolution. Yet here and there one finds important modifications of detail. Also, by and large, the authorities cited are the same as in the earlier book, although the methodology is smoother. At least from the philosophical and theological viewpoints (we cannot judge the scientific side of the book), Dr. Francoeur is less of an innovator than Dr. Baltazar. Still, to say that he has done a fine job of distillation and popularization is not to detract from the importance of his contribution. As popularizations go, this is high-level material indeed.

There are portions of *Evolving World* that show its author to be a gifted story-teller and litterateur. Yet other sections seem more hurriedly

and prosaically written. More thorough revision in the final stages would, in addition to improving the style, have doubtless also have eliminated some unnecessary repetition and overlapping of subject matter.

The foregoing discussion may seem excessively extrinsic, with too little attention devoted to the content of the book. But were one to begin to recount the specifics of evolutionary history, he would find it difficult to make an objective selection. The author has amassed a truly amazing amount of data from science, philosophy, and theology, as he skillfully spins an intriguing tale of our past and an equally engrossing projection of our future. Theologically major attention is devoted to the questions of creation and original sin. In the latter case there is an unfortunate identification of finitude with positive defect, but the rest of the discussion is fine.

One methodological question with which both Dr. Baltazar and Dr. Francoeur leave us is whether it is really necessary any longer to strike out quite so polemically against a now defunct Aristotelian-Thomistic, "static" view of the universe. In many cases that view does not receive fair treatment and is condemned for the wrong reasons. It would seem better, by now, simply to accord it its due historical importance and stop attacking it. In any case, you will find few better contributions to our understanding of the alternative, evolutionary and dynamic framework than *God within Process* and *Evolving World, Converging Man.*

Fr. Michael D. Maiorca, s.j.

Come Alive: Living Convictions — Part II

Mother Mary Francis, P. C. C.

Christ knew that the people were not ready to understand what kind of king he was born to be, what kind of crown and sceptre would distinguish his unique coronation which these enthusiastically shouting people would largely not be there to see by reason of being in hiding behind the shutters of their houses lest they be condemned on the ground of being friends of the Son of God. And so he fled away, himself alone. And he prayed. What did he pray to his Father in secret that night? Was it that the presently good-natured crowd might be able to bear the truth he would speak the next day? At any rate, he was not so "lost" in prayer as to forget the needs and the fears of his little band of heroes-in-embryo.

The apostles had rowed out toward Capharnaum in the dark, and one of those strong winds came up again. So there they were again, teeth chattering, bailing out water, doubtless wondering why the Master had to get the urge to go off and pray at times like this. Bad enough that he could sleep so soundly through storms that seasoned sailors like themselves considered, with all due respect to the Master's dignity and judgment, to be especially ill-chosen times for taking a nap. But at least he had been there. They could, on such an occasion with what seems to us poor sophisticates incredible familiarity, shake him and call him to task. "Don't you care that we are drowning?" (Mt. 8:25). Now he was praying, literally, "God knows where." All pleasant memories of the tasty fish and bread evanesced. In fact, it can be more comfortable to have an empty stomach during a storm at sea. Glum was the word for it. Where was he? Then, suddenly, there he was. Walking on the water again. They, frightened again. And, again, that favorite word of his: "It is I. Don't be afraid" (Jn. 6:20).

Oh, the deliciousness of the ensuing cryptic comment of fisherman John: "They therefore desired to take him into the boat" (v.

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21). We can just bet they did! Even the least imaginative of Scripture readers can surely see the apostles swinging their Lord and Master over the side, clustering around him, now suddenly, casual men of the sea. They probably remarked, "Quite a wind, Rabbi," and if they simulated a half-suppressed yawn to show how well they knew how to handle such affairs of the sea, it would never be gentle Jesus to observe that the effect of this statement was somewhat diminished by the grey-greenness of their faces and the audible nervous clacking of teeth. Christ never despised tact.

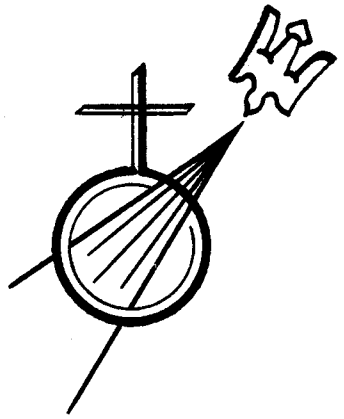
But what has all this got to do with what we were talking about: the living of convictions at cost of personal pain? Well, it was that next day. You remember that next day. When the crowd, in the very best of humor after yesterday's fish and bread prodigy, had rowed over to Capharnaum and questioned him with easy camaraderie: "Rabbi, when did you come here?" (v. 25). Jesus who esteemed tact, also recognized the right moments for blunt frankness. He told them that they were seeking him with such faithful persistency because they had had a good free meal and were in line for more of the same (v. 26). He went on to say that they should not labor for the food that perishes, which idea probably pleased most of them well enough and raised a new chorus of: "Hail, Rabbi!" But then he proceeded to say the strangest thing he had ever said. He spoke of a food that would endure into and through all eternity. And he said that this food was himself.

There was some hedging. The people instructed the Master on the matter of their forefathers having had manna in the desert. One imagines that they did not go into detail in this explanation to Jesus that those same forefathers had made some quite plain references to preferring garlic and cucumbers back in good old slave-labor Egypt to this manna from heaven. And Saint John was too charitable to bring in that strident note at this point of the drama. Jesus went along with them in the same meditative, gently inviting manner in which he goes along with our poor hedging when intuition warns us that God is about to ask something spectacular of our faith. "Truly I tell you, it was not Moses gave you the bread from heaven; my Father gives you the bread from heaven, the true bread. The bread of God is that which comes down from heaven and gives life to the world" (vv. 32-33). So far, so good. "Lord, give us always this bread!" (v. 34). Somehow, though, this line overreaches itself to flip backwards over magnificence and come down with a distinctly earthly thud. It is the "always." It is all too reminiscent of yesterday's free meal, all too enthusiastic for a very restful future. Christ's answer was that he was himself the bread of life, that he came from the Father and to do the will of the Father. And what was the will of the Father? That anyone who believed in his Son, himself, would

have everlasting life and be raised up by that loved Son on the last day (vv. 35-40).

This was not what might be called theology for beginners. The trouble with them, as remains the trouble with us, at least on occasion, was not so much that they missed the point as that they chose to miss it. They did not say: "Would you kindly repeat that, Rabbi?" Nobody asked if he would please break down that theological capsule into its basic components. No one at all said: "We don't quite follow you. Please tell us again and help us to understand." No, with the shabby comedy so common to us all at times, they chose not a life-giving admission of ignorance but a supercilious dismissal of what they could not understand. "Isn't this Jesus?" they asked; "and don't we know his father and mother?" (v. 42). Just our own way of saying: "Who does he think he is? We knew his family from 'way back."

That he spoke the truth, a truth so sublime that only the profoundest humility could scale its heights, did not matter. He was not, after all, a "name" among those who dissected the law, but only one who integrated it with life. It all sounds so drearily, presently familiar. How many dollars do we put down to hear "names" talk theological nonsense. Why cannot we listen to a carpenter if he happens to have the words of eternal life? That, of course, is the reason or at least one of the reasons why we can remain theological beginners all



our lives. Or, more precisely phrased, theological ignoramuses. For actually, to begin is already to have advanced.

Christ had no patience with this kind of thinking. Weakness, yes. Sin, yes. Fear, yes. Manipulation, no. "Stop murmuring," he said. And he repeated even more unequivocally than before: "I am the living bread that has come down from heaven. If anyone eat of this bread, he shall live forever; the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world" (vv. 51-52). More arguments from the audience. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" (v. 53). No more, "Master." He is not "Rabbi" now. This man. All the easy scurrilousness of a mob disturbed by a dignity it cannot bear is in the phrase. But "this man" stands on and speaks from his convictions. He is not interested in adjusting truth to fit the situation. Truth must often be given in an evolving process. Was he himself not to say: "I have many things to tell you, but you cannot bear them

now" (Jn. 16:12)? Truth, however, can never be diluted, adjusted, or manipulated.

And so he proposed his unpopular premise from which, really, all else proceeds. "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you" (Jn. 6:54). They murmured more. The agitation rippled and then churned through the crowd. "This is a hard saying. Who can listen to it?" (v. 62). And from this time, the Scriptures glumly report, many of his disciples turned back and no longer went about with him. The hurt, the disappointment, the terrible anti-climax to the sublime élan of that confidence: "I am the living Bread from heaven!" is so achingly evident in Christ's rejoinder to Peter's affirmation of loyalty.

"Do you also wish to go away?" Christ asked the twelve (v. 68). And that lovable old self-appointed spokesman who certainly must himself have been experiencing no small theological indigestion over what the loved Master had just said, gulped bravely and said — or maybe quavered — "Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of everlasting life and we have come to believe and to know that you are the Christ, the Son of God" (vv. 69-70). "This man" was still "Lord, Christ, Son of God" to poor, puzzled but persistently loyal Peter. However, Jesus' answer displays less pleasure than sadness. He answers strangely, seeming almost not to have heard the stammering affirmation. "Have I not chosen you the twelve, yet one of you is a devil" (vv. 71-72). How clearly the searing hurt of the human heart of the Son of God burns in that strange response which at face value seems almost non-sequential, but at heart value is an unbearably accurate comment on the whole incident.

Nothing could do less honor to the Son of Man than to think that standing firm on his convictions cost him nothing. He showed often enough in the Scriptures that he loved to be loved. Sixteen centuries later he was to confide to an obscure cloistered nun at Paray-le-Monial that whereas he loved men so much, they loved him precious little in return. (A woman cannot help being gratified as well as shattered that such a self-revelation of God was made to a woman, Margaret Mary Alacoque by name).

Peter was paraphrasing the Old Testament, "Unless you believe, you shall not go on to understand" (Is. 7:9), when he said "We have come to believe and to know...." The current generic "we" may have to confess to getting this exactly reversed. We grant that when we can understand, then we shall go on to believe. Once we know, we shall have faith! If spiritual optometry were a branch of Scripture backwards. Like Saint do a rushing business in fitting lenses for spiritual astigmatism afflictees. We read so many words of Scripture backwards. Like Saint Paul's desire to be "all things to all men" (1 Cor. 9:22). It is fairly obvious from this fire-breathing apostle's life that he quite precisely did not mean by that: Shake hands with every heresy cruising by and pat every theological fallacy on its pointed head with benevolent approval. Paul clearly meant that he longed to suffer with everyone who suffered, to rejoice with all who rejoiced, to be outraged with the justly irate, and to be so much all things to all as to have the courage to tell a man who was in error that he was in error. Even to tell a man who thought he had the sum of all knowledge to be known, that he didn't. Even to suggest to a man that the best place to get callouses is on the knees.

Our blessed Lord could have been much more "modern" in his approach. Why did he not explain to the crowd when he saw the shifting from acclamation to defamation: "Theology has not yet explained the meaning of what you just heard me say." Why did he not tone down the hard saying, at least a decibel? No, he stood his ground. And if it was a hard saying he had said to the crowd, it was no less hard ground upon which he remained standing.

It was the same with the rich young man. Scripture tells us plainly that Christ loved him with a particularly tender love. "He looked upon him and loved him" (Mk. 10:21). The simple words are better than any three-color illustration: the Master standing there listening to the boy's simple confession that he had done the right thing all his life, but that love was driving him to do more. Shades of Saint Paul's "the love of Christ urges us"! The look of love, the desire to have this innocent boy completely in the service of divine Love. But then, the hard saying again: "Yet one thing is lacking in you: sell everything you have and give it to the poor and you shall have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me" (**ibid.**). This was too much. The Gospel tells us that the young man was "struck sad" at hearing this and "went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions" (v. 23). Saint Luke tells us that Jesus became sorrowful, too, when the young postulant turned away (18: 24). Yet he stood on his convictions and did not adjust them to suit the boy's response.

How easy to have said: "Well, give a generous tithing of your possessions." Or, maybe, "Build one hospital to prove your good will." No, only the hurt comment: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God" (Lk. 18:25). Christ said not a word about enlarging the needle's eye so that camels of imposing girth but reasonable good will and with only limited saddle packs could squeeze through. It was again a case of "That's the way it is." And we are scripturally as well as intuitively sure that it caused pain to the human heart of Christ.

Again, in the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, that "Christ of Umbria" as some of his contemporaries called him, there is this kind of standing one's own ground.

Francis never condemned the quality of others' grounds, but he would not be moved from his own. "Tell me not," he said tartly to some of his more broad-minded sons, "of the way of others. This is the way God has revealed to me." Which is by no means saying or even implying that Francis thought his way was the only way, but only that he knew it was his way.

The Assisian saint understood that to have an appreciative eye whose focus could share the God-given perspectives of others was a different matter from the surrendering of his own God-given perspective. He knew that one could be a sincere listener to the rhythms which other men discovered without disclaiming the rhythm of one's own convictions as they turned and evolved on a single motif. It is very interesting, in studying the life of Saint Francis, to note what things made this gentlest of men impatient. Appeals, cajolery, or coercive measures to get him to change his convictions were best calculated to raise his temperature. "Too many Friars Minor," moaned Saint Francis when some of his sons wanted to adjust his ideals to fit "modern" circumstances: "I wish the world could marvel at their fewness!" He knew that most would find his sayings hard, but he did not change them. "Will you also go away?" Christ asked of those remaining at his side. He did not call after the departees.

We have to be totally promised to our convictions before we can know what may be com-promised, and when. We can meet people half-way only when we are wholly committed to a way and to its terminus. There has to be for each of us a life-star, unchangeable and true, to follow. Only in its light can we see aright many things on the journey. There have to be in each one's life unshakable convictions for which he is willing to suffer human hurt and mortality. As Christ did. As Francis did.

Vocation in Perspective:

I. Living in Salvation Time

Sister M. Jeremias Stinson, O.S.F.

To some people, a vocation is a necessary conclusion of a chronological event. They are born — they grow up — and **then** they are faced with a decision. "What am I going to **do** with my life?" If individuals would respond to the urgings of their existence in terms of an eternal decree, then the elements of chance would perhaps be forced into a somewhat diminished perspective. Their fears of making the wrong choice or of taking on something they might be unable to complete, might perhaps be minimized.

In the mind of God, there is no past, there is no future, there is only the present: the eternal now. In this eternal now, my life is completely synthesized, so that

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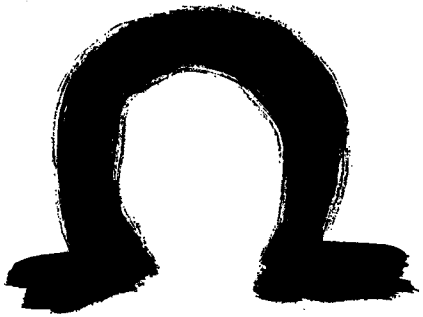
all the potential seeds of my existence are perpetually in season. But not so in our minds. For us there is the past, there is the future; therefore, there is the confusion caused by free will and cosmic circumstances.

I have a body, and I believe that my body has a governing



principle — my soul. But I find it difficult to believe that there is a governing principle of my soul: God's concern for me. Even though I find this difficult, I must succeed in convincing myself that this spiritual power which governs my body is generated by a divine plan — God's will, my vocation.

I never consented to my physical birth; I simply became a cosmic symbol of God's eternal thought. I was placed in a family. The hereditary and environmental factors were successfully combined to permit my survival. If I survived through something that I did not give consent to, because God initiated and carried it through, then it is only reasonable to conclude that my life does have a purpose, that I will have a definite end, because I had a definite beginning.

God created this world and placed man in it. This is the world of man, where the turning of the seasons, the rising and setting of the sun apportion his activities. Man cannot escape from these measured quantitative elements. He unknowingly perceives the initiating principle of his life in a myopic sort of way, and considers it to be an element of cosmic time, rather than salvation time. He insists on enacting the will of God in measured out portions. He proceeds to take the "meat" of his life and to grind it up into meaningless pieces.

Rightly perceived, a vocation is a gift from God. Therefore, it has to be something that is like God. It has to have the characteristics of a godly gift. This means that time, space, cosmic results, and accomplishments are not of ultimate concern.

A vocation exists in suspension between salvation time and cosmic time. The more I can realize my placement and permit myself to be suspended in a state of transcending, the more peace I will have. My life must be the representation of Another, and it must be forever. To accept a vocation, whatever it may be, means to step out of measured time. My body is in time, and experiences time, but my mind is fixed on eternity and is preoccupied with the principles of salvation time. This means that I am satisfied with "being there" — that I belong to and love the Creator without hankering for new or "higher" things.

It is a false notion that insists that if I am a do good-er, an activist, then I am everything God wants me to be. To make the development of creative potentialities one's primary aim, is to set limits which fall short of the ultimate goal. What I do in cosmic time, has to stem from what I believe exists in salvation time. The good I do must be the result of what I believe in. A firm belief in God and eternity results in the conviction that I am from that element. That I am not of this earth. I live here, in this material creation only that I may some day pass on into oneness with this Creator.

Picture a circle bisected horizontally. The line across the middle separates our world of cosmic time from God's world of an everlasting now. Placing myself in a given field, I am anchored in the cosmic but searching for the eternal. As the conditions which constitute my environment become more mundanely realistic, the line tends to over-shadow the eternal, squeezing out every element available which could enable me to transcend this world of cosmic fantasy. Still, these two worlds **must** be united if I am to live in peace. Can this be done?

As I reflect on the products of God's creativity, the reality of the two principles of my life (body and soul) becomes evident. And this evidence profoundly influences my attitude toward the life-in-the-world that I have received together with the call to make contact with another world. The first principle of my life (body) constitutes my material existence. The other (soul) is spontaneously operative in a world of unmeasured, unnumbered, limitless elements. Both principles must remain true to the essence the Creator has given them. If the essence is confused, the effects will be confused. If I am to live in peace, I must succeed in establishing a state of delicate harmony between these two principles.

The source of this harmony is faith. When faith is lacking, only tension remains. This absence of faith forces me to view my life in terms of negative extension. When faith is present, I see my life as something beautiful: an "expression of time" during which small droplets of God's life come into mine. With my cooperation, these droplets will continue to come my way. Eventually, they will unite to form an over-powering body of water which will "wash" me onto the shores of the "Eternal Jerusalem." This is the purpose of my life. But for it to be accomplished, I must first **choose** to let these waves of faith overpower me.

My life does not have to be a life of accomplishments. God already mastered everything. I simply have to represent his external accomplishments here in cosmic time. My earthly existence is an extended dramatization of God's accomplishments in the Garden. My responsibility here in this world is simply to make his good-

ness relevant to other men's existence. This is my vocation. As I carry out this responsibility, I must constantly make ready to relinquish my placement in time so that I may respond when God calls me to enter into another "mansion" within his Tather's house. That mansion in which I will be ready to take up my abode, will receive me because I have patiently stayed my time in creation.

But for the present, I must be satisfied simply to believe: to believe that there is a Christ who is capable of connecting these two worlds. I have to believe that there is One who is all good and all holy. This is my hope, because I believe in other Christians and their taking form or becoming a reality with every good person I meet. I believe in persons, and that they will attain their goal because there is a Christ who has the power to make all this a reality. I can look at him in my presence, and by objective evaluation, legitimately transcend the barriers of time and space and confront him who exists in salvation time yet prefers for this short time that I accept what I see in that person and believe that some day it will be he, Christ, whom I have accepted.

I believe in the Father because I have lived with the Son. Calvary is forever. That Christ was born because of a mission, indicates the Father's establishment of a vocation. Christ was born to fulfill the Father's plan; and so was I. My life is important, as was Christ's, because it completes and fills the vacancies of God's converging scenes of creation. This is my peace. This peace I will have always — if I am able to attain the pre-established equilibrium existing among the elements.

The more efficient I become at blending time, the freer I will be to reject the standards of measurement that enslave the days of my life. These are the elements of transition which steal my peace. They come "in the night" and entice me to build my life on transitory things. My peace is lost when I carelessly choose to live a life of transition rather than suspension. I try to quiet my restlessness by shouting that my life is unfulfilled. The truth is that I have freely chosen not to be fulfilled, because I have decided to live my vocation by means of yardstick techniques. The frustration comes because I refuse to see that there is more to life than Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

The only answer which satisfies the situation seems to lie in my ability to recognize the all-holy God — in the person of my neighbor — and to transcend the shackles of cosmic circumstances. By this means will I come to know God, to strengthen my trust, and to deepen my faith. These are my lifelines to eternity, by means of which I will enter more fully into God's life and God will remain in mine.

II. Provocations

Robert J. Waywood, O. F. M.

Today there is much talk of "vocation crisis." The crisis I address myself to here is not the shortage of vocations all around, admittedly a problem and one that baffles me, but the current controversy over the validity of vocation itself. Methodical doubts about, and queasy questioning of, the grounds of the religious life may be a new phenomenon in the Church; but I have long lived with qualms about the validity of my own vocation. I hate to sound like a Sunday morning quarterback, but many years ago I took issue with what may be called vocational theology. There were, and are, four questionable areas in particular.

First, I find the summons to leave kith and kin disconcerting. Long ago, reflecting on the gleaming, unglamorous good example of my parents and the warm companionship of my brother and sister, I wrote a private poem to our Lord taking him to task for counseling his followers to "forsake" house and home. Any step away from the hardy family life that germinated my vocation — any step away from potential relationships, intimate and at times agonizing, with other members of the

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human family — seems to me a step backwards in personal growth. I know the maturing and stabilizing good effects of the domestic drama, wherein there's no room for posturing, where everyone lets it "all hang out." In short, I love family life. I've just returned from a weekend with the Waywoods and feel keenly refreshed for my experience, full of vim and vigor for the apostolate.

Second, I have always had a healthy — so I think — suspicion that the urge to lead a penitential life was a morose temptation. Only later did I hear of Freud's Death-Wish and learn that self-hatred drives thousands to the psychiatrist's divan. As a young religious I felt in my bones there was something fishy about calculated abnegation and routine mortification. I remember wincing when I saw a fellow novice shuffling about the monastery corridors with a book entitled **Humility** prominently in hand. I've always wondered about the salutary effects of those welts I raised on my back with the novitiate "discipline cord." To this day the phrase "striving for perfection" brings me a twinge of embarrassment. Life's hard knocks, it seems to me, are penance enough for any mortal. Programmed mortification is a morbid luxury.

Third, as a dyed-in-the-wool humanist who dotes on song and literature, I've long felt that otherworldliness is apt to be highly exaggerated. At least this **idée fixe** of eternity goes against a principle I tell my students: study **pro vita**, not **pro schola**. The students should savor their courses for their intrinsic value, pursue them with avidity and satisfaction for their own sake; they should not go through the forms perfunctorily, having their eyes focussed on some ever-receding goal like graduation, a position, a Swiss chalet, or a yacht off Bimini. H. L. Mencken's caricature of the Puritan, I think, fits the religious tinged with Gaelic melancholy or Gallic Jansenism: "a fellow in a long black coat and a tall stove hat who has the sneaking suspicion that somehow, somewhere, someone is enjoying himself." Overemphasis of the doctrine of eternal merit comes dangerously close to Lenin's jibe of pie in the sky when you die. It's sick to postpone living till the afterlife.

Finally, I cordially concur with a watchword of the day — a slogan, mind you, that can be misconstrued as a **carte blanche** for all sorts of deviltry: "Do your own thing." Now, I take this maxim not as an invitation to work your own will come hell or high water, but as an injunction to fulfill your own destiny, to realize your potential, to make your personalized mark on this bent, old world. It is a galvanizing call to work — but to tailor-made, self-demanding, self-satisfying work. And somehow (I can't properly articulate this misgiving), doing your own thing seems to militate against merely filling the bill, even the divine bill, as implied by a widely current acceptance of the term **vocation.**

These misgivings notwithstanding, in all honesty I can still admit the validity of at least my vocation. Christ didn't beckon me from family and friends to have me hibernate from people or insulate myself from the maturing agonies and recompenses of social intimacy. According to Mark, for one, Jesus mentioned something to the effect that his apostles would, understandably, in some sublimated way — acquire dozens of families, be initiated into hundreds of human relations, and become all sorts of relatives in all kinds of clans. Far from transforming me into a desert eremite, my vocation would license me to be friend-at-large, bachelor brother-in-law, visiting soul-physician to all men Providence would run me into. And these relationships need not be fleeting and professional, though they are transitory and apostolic. In a sense Christ's apostle is a spiritual Lone Ranger. Now, the Lone Ranger, however briefly, gets "involved" with people. He may only be passing through Deadgulch, but he does reach out and he does give a damn — otherwise there could be no adventures of the Lone Ranger. But also understand this: there could be no continuing episodes of the Masked Rider of the plain if ever he exchanged Silver for a lap dog.

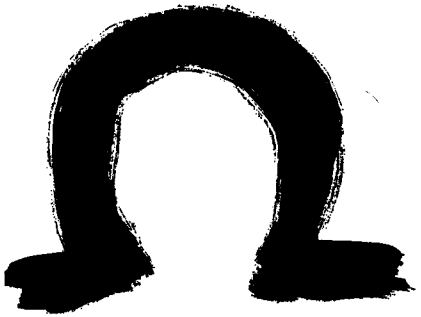
Self-denial does run the risk of camouflaging masochism, I admit. But no Met tenor or Mets pitcher worth his sodium chloride can afford self-indulgence. The most jaded worldling applauds the fruits of discipline and self-control on the part of sports stars and beauty queens. But the relevance of mortification can be glimpsed more clearly from another angle. If you've fallen for a hero, you'll imitate him instinctively — with no ifs, ands, or buts about it. An early follower of Saint Francis used to study his champion so closely that he even synchronized his spitting with the Poverello's. If you're really gone on Jesus, you've got to take him and emulate him — poverty, celibacy, and humility — as he is. If it's going to really be follow-the-leader with Christ, you've got to have a few sips from that Chalice and lump it. Nobody says you've got to like what you taste; after all, even Jesus balked at the prospect of pain and underwent it only with the "joy set before" him.

To quote an old concert-piece, I love life, and I want to live it. Still, in my most exhilarating hours, I know that here we have no lasting city. An atheist, hardly bent on blueberry pie in the blue, even Shelley averred that "our sincerest laughter with some grief is fraught./ We look before and after and pine for what is not." Neither the woman at the well nor the Wife of Bath found matrimonial life all it was cracked up to be. Gunman Roger Touhey was caught in Boston back in the forties with two volumes of Bishop Sheen in his hotel room. The age-old sigh echoes on: "Our hearts, O Lord, were made for Thee and shall not rest until they rest in Thee." Regardless of chrome-plate, lead-free gas, integration, SALT talks,

and T-Groups, we are still strangers and pilgrims in this world. More power to Murine eyewash and Conservation Control: this will always be a valley of tears, I am sure. And the most consoling lines of literature for me, Shakespeare and Simon (of Garfunkle fame) included, is that bit about the New Jerusalem, where "every tear shall be wiped away and there will be no more sighing or groaning, for these former things have passed away." My little humanistic life, I tell you, will not be rounded with a sleep. I press forward. So the religious life is ridden with neurotic pitfalls, so my monastic existence will deal me a few dehumanizing situations, so the apostolate never lets me be completely off duty; so at times I ache for a wifely shoulder or itch to own a Harley Davidson — I know at least that all my yesterdays have not lighted fools the way to dusty death. The life is stressful. Well, stress is the essence of drama; and life is only the early acts of the Divine Comedy. And I sometimes compassionate the lay folk whose most adventurous hours are lit by the supermarket's fluorescent lamps.

As for doing my own thing. What is my own thing? Does anybody know for sure what his manifest destiny is? If there's anyone who knows what my endomorphic frame, passive-aggressive psyche, and quixotic temperament were concocted for, it is God. I'd have to be arrant fool not to see that my own thing coincides with a small patch of the blueprint of the Designer Infinite. And for reasons known only to me, indeed, known only to my heart, I believe that God has chosen me to be a religious and a priest. Saint Paul talks about vocation in terms of being laid hold of (Phil. 3:8-14). I've been laid hold of. So although I might have dozens of grievances against my religious life-style or a brace of misgivings about the three knots in my Franciscan cord, if I'm sure God has called me to religious life in this country and clime and in this day and age, such as it is, I'd be crasy not to obey. To refuse the summons, I'm sure, would not imperil my soul; but I do run the hazard of not really fulfilling my peculiar destiny, such as it is.

My answer to any who caution me to reconsider the basis of my vocation (and to my own sometimes hesitant self) is the riposte tossed down by the rebuilders of the Jerusalem wall. Dismissed from their Babylonian exile and commissioned by King Cyrus to reconstruct the Temple, industrious Israelites daily and doggedly mounted the scaffolds. Beneath, a knot of well-meaning Samaritans played sidewalk superintendents. The by-standers below kept crying up to the masons to take five, have a bite, get out of the sun. The answer boomed back: "We are doing a great work, and we cannot come down." It's a bracing answer. I'm properly braced.



Sponsa Christi

The spouse of Christ for forty years—
A buxom virgin, a doting dame!
Ah, where the dream beneath the heart,
Or beneath the weeds the comely frame?
No lines of toil engrave your face;
No mother's tremors vein your mind.
But you forget those nights you cried,
Your larder of prayers, your obedience blind.

Sweet sister, do not doubt your grace;
Your wimpled face, oh do not despise:
Bespies you through the lattice now
Christ, with ever envious eyes.

Robert J. Waywood, O. F. M.

Ecumenical Reflections on All Saints Day

Charles J. Curtis

"To be a saint does not mean conformity to a stereotyped scheme of canonization, but bearing witness to God's power in one's life and being." This fundamentally evangelical concept of a saint was proposed by Archbishop Nathan Söderblom in his Griefswald lecture of 1925. As ecumenical leader of Protestant - Anglican - Orthodox Christianity in the early part of this century he had become acutely conscious of the degeneration of the Protestant and Roman Catholic understanding of what it meant to be a Christian saint. He knew that an adequate contemporary meaning of sainthood would have to be established in the Protestant and Roman Catholic worlds if there was to be a fruitful dialogue aimed at promoting the cause of Christian unity.

This thought-provoking sermon was delivered by the Reverend Dr. Charles J. Curtis, Pastor of Immanuel Lutheran Church in Chicago, on Sunday, November 2, 1969, in observance of All Saints. Dr. Curtis is also Associate Professor of Theology at Depaul University in Chicago.

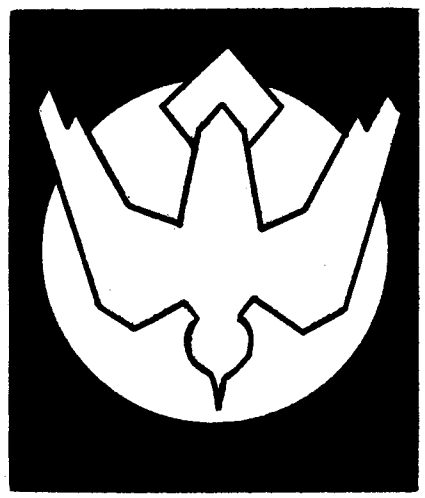
The Roman Catholic concept of a saint, while correct in stressing the extraordinary courage, faith, and love of the saint and correctly recognizing in him a manifestation — indeed, a revelation — of the continued activity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, nevertheless was inadequate, Söderblom believed, insofar as it insisted that no one could be canonized as a saint who did not produce unnatural ("super-natural") miracles. The miraculous as a criterion of the holy power of divine reality occurs, Söderblom pointed out, in all religions; it reflects a rather primitive, externalized Christianity. The power of the living God radiantly disclosed in the life and being of the saint is a truly religious miracle. The miraculous changing of food into roses, or the miraculous healing effected by the relics of a dead saint are marks of a relatively primitive Christianity. When the Roman Catholic Church makes this a necessary condition for officially recognizing a saint, Protestants cannot but justly criticize this practice and urge reform.

Söderblom maintained that Protestants are equally, or even more, wrong when they deny the contemporary religious relevance of the idea of a saint. There are Protestants who even go so far as to refuse to speak of Saint Paul, Saint Augustine, or Saint Thomas because the word **saint** is "Catholic." When pressed, these Protestants and others will often admit that the very term **saint** is meaningless to them. Thus they admit the loss of an important ingredient in Christianity: the appreciation of the Christian ideal of life as represented by a godly person who is godly and holy in thought, word, and deed: i. e., a Christian who is in process of sanctification. The word **process** is important in this connection, lest we think of sainthood as a static state of irreversible perfection undisturbed by change and personal struggle.

The ecumenical movement, Söderblom emphasized, does not simply mean a merely external organizational unity of the hundreds of divided churches, sects, and denominations. Ecumenicity is the call to internal as well as external reform. Our Roman Catholic brethren have aptly called this interior ecumenical conversion "spiritual ecumenism." The process of ecumenical reform during and since Vatican II has demonstrated the remarkable ability of the Roman Catholic Church to reform itself to a degree that shames almost every Protestant denomination, and certainly has far outstripped Protestantism as a whole. Söderblom stresses that an indispensable part of the much needed and long overdue ecumenical reform of Protestantism is a new appreciation of the evangelical concept of a saint. As a preliminary working definition of sainthood he proposed in his lecture of 1925 on "The Evangelical Concept of a Saint" the following: "A saint is one who in his very being and

in his life shows that there is a living God." In addition, Söderblom argued, the deeds of the saint characteristically redound primarily to the praise of God among men, and not to the personal praise of the saint. Here Söderblom's monotheism led him to voice a prophetic protest against the hero-worship and deification of saints in certain instances of popular Catholicism and Protestant "biblical" fundamentalism.

Archbishop Söderblom held that among the canonized saints of the Roman Catholic Church a number could be accepted by Protestants without too much difficulty. He thought of theologians like Saint Augustine, e. g., as becomes clear from his two books on him, **The Young Augustine** and **Augustine's Confessions.** He also recognized as saints those men and women of missionary genius who, like Saint Ansgar, spread the gospel and built the church with patient love,



humble wisdom, and bold courage of faith and hope. In his book entitled **In Ansgar's Footsteps,** Söderblom emphasized these qualities of the saintly Ansgar as elements compatible with any Protestant concept of sainthood. No doubt Archbishop Söderblom also admired the political courage and Christian vision of King Eric of Sweden, and believed that he was justly called "Saint" Eric, the patron saint of Sweden. On the anniversary of the death of Saint Eric it was Söderblom's practice to pause for prayer at the golden casket containing the relics of Saint Eric in Uppsala Cathedral. He prayed that the same spirit of faith, hope, courageous love, and bold selflessness which characterized Saint Eric, might also mark his own life as pastor, professor, and archbishop.

Some Protestants limit themselves to the scriptural saints. Roman Catholics have rightly insisted that saints are not a phenomenon limited to the Bible but continue to emerge in the process of history. There are Protestants who will hail Stephen as a martyr and saint, but will refuse to speak of "Saint" when coming to Francis of Assisi or some of the other great saints of the church. Part of the failure of the Protestant concept of a saint is its inability to affirm post-biblical and contemporary saints with equal conviction and unanimity as biblical saints. If we are to remedy this situation — and the ecumenical reformation really does not leave us any other choice in this

matter — we must therefore be willing to recognize in men like Albert Schweitzer and Nathan Söderblom contemporary saints in the true sense of the word.

As a typically Protestant saint, Söderblom stood in the midst of life. Unprotected by the walls and discipline of a monastery or a hermitage, he was a saint in his family life (he had seven children), his life as professor at Uppsala and Leipsic Universities, and his life as archbishop, Primate of the Church of Sweden, and world leader of ecumenical Protestantism.

Söderblom is one of the best examples of a modern Protestant saint, but he was by no means the only saint in the twentieth century. Men like Dag Hammarskjöld, the late Secretary General of the United Nations, Bishop Charles Brent, or the late Pope John XXIII and many others could be named, with the selective process cutting across all denominational lines. From these examples important inferences can be drawn about the dimensions of a modern Protestant doctrine of sainthood.

This concept of a saint must fulfill at least three conditions of theological adequacy. First, it must be biblical, because the Bible is most universally recognized by Protestants as the norm of the Church's thought and life. The great variety of nuances in the Biblical concept of sainthood permits the evangelical freedom and catholic completeness which a Christian concept of a saint needs for its own health and vitality. The fluidity of forms in the biblical idea of a saint points to process as the unifying theme of its understanding of sanctification. Process means change, functional evolution, "creative advance into novelty" (Whitehead) — never a static state of unchanging perfection, or an ossified form of achieved sanctity. The **communio sanctorum** is **in via,** in process, it is the **communio viatorum** in its empirically discernible aspects. In Holy Scripture that phase of the process of sanctification which Paul Tillich has called "participation in the New Being" means that the saint takes part in the most basic characteristic of all being and reality: change. The saint is freed from being **incurvatus in se** (Saint Augustine) for being, like his Lord, a "man for others" (Bonhöffer) — i. e., a man rescued from the wheel on which he turns in endless circles of selfishness, pride, lust, and self-deception. Far from holding aloof in a holier-than-thou attitude, the saint in the Protestant sense is involved in the process of relatedness with all men and all of reality, feeling God's feelings after him and being "felt" by God in the Whiteheadian sense of "feeling."

Second, a modern Protestant conception of sainthood must be ecumenical because we are living at a time of the ecumenical reformation. Sectarian or nationalistic exclusivism, which would limit the contemporary or past number of saints to its own denomination (following something like the Bap-

tist "trail of blood," if need be) must be avoided. The opposite point of view, which makes the term **saint** synonymous with the word **Christian** — so that the approximately one billion Christians in today's world would be simply identical with one billion saints, more saints than have ever lived on earth at any one time — deserves to be carefully scrutinized and criticized to see if it does not in fact render meaningless the term **saint**, or rob it of its specific and unique significance. The traditional catholic concept of sainthood has always included Moses, the prophets, and other Old Testament figures in the total number of the saints. In our century men like Archbishop Söderblom have reminded us of the other sheep that are not of that flock: viz., the saints in non-Christian religions such as the prophet of Iran, Zarathustra; or King Cyrus, referred to in Scripture as the Lord's Messiah, etc. Thus the identification of saint with Christian is at once too narrow and too broad.

Third, a contemporary Protestant idea of a saint must be relevant and philosophically adequate. Medieval monastic overtones of sainthood such as separation from ordinary human life, celibacy, asceticism, supernatural miracles, etc., must be critically examined as to their contemporary relevance and applicability in relation to the modern secular mind in the churches and in the world. A philosophically adequate concept of a saint must translate the old pre-scientific notions of substance philosophy (upon which traditional concepts of regeneration and sanctification were based) into scientifically relevant modern categories of process and evolution. Process thinkers like Nathan Söderblom, Alfred North Whitehead, and Pierre Teilhard de Chardin have provided methods, criteria, and categories with which this task of theological reconstruction can be successfully carried out. A philosophically relevant doctrine of sainthood must, furthermore, translate the Christian idea of a saint from its traditional supernaturalistic framework into a scientifically and socially relevant contemporary process view of reality. The problem has been raised dramatically by Bishop John A. T. Robinson's book **Honest to God** and by Harvey Cox's study **The Secular City.** The "worldly holiness" of Bishop Robinson, and Cox's idea of "the Church as God's avant garde" in a world of "rapid social change" are important components of a relevant idea of a modern saint. What is still lacking is the systematic integration of these component ideas into a comprehensive vision of ecumenism like that of Archbishop Söderblom. This vision is the most adequate context into which a Protestant doctrine of sainthood could be placed.

Announcing the

FRANCISCAN SISTERS EDUCATION CONFERENCE

November 27-28, 1970

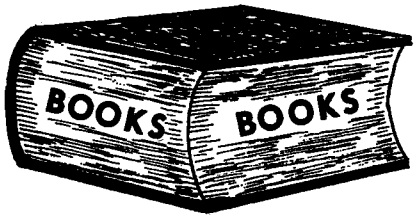
The Franciscan Sisters Educational Conference invites Franciscan Sisters throughout the United States to join in an inspiring program that will enrich their lives as Franciscans and enhance their role as Eucharistic women. This Conference will take place at the Statler Hilton in New York on November 27-28, 1970.

The call to Franciscanism is the call to fraternize the world. Father Stephen Doyle, O.F.M., of Christ House, Lafayette, N.J., in his talk, "Eucharistic Woman and the Revitalization of Franciscan Brotherhood" will sound the keynote for the two-day conference.

Sister Josē Hobday, O.S.F., Milwaukee, Wis., team member of the Coordinating Commission of the Franciscan Federation, will strive to inspire the Franciscan Sisters to grow in the spirit of prayer through her talk on "Personal Prayer in the Life of the Eucharistic Woman" and through her practical demonstrations in communal and personal prayer. An appreciation of the value and depth of their celibate lives will be strengthened by her skillful presentation of "Celibacy and the Relationships of the Eucharistic Women."

The Sisters will have an opportunity to share the liturgy at the two-day Conference, and Father Richard Husted, O.F.M., of Christ House, Lafayette, N.J., will motivate them to a fuller participation in the liturgy by his lecture on "Liturgy in the Life of the Eucharistic Woman."

Sisters, this is a Conference you cannot afford to miss. For information, please write to Sister Shirley M. Siepker, 3380 Windsor Ext., Dubuque, Ia. 52001.



A Short History of the Western Liturgy: An Account and Some Reflections. By Theodor Klauser, Trans. John Halliburton; New York: Oxford University Press, 1969. Pp. 236. Cloth, $8.00.

Reviewed by Father John-Francis M. Claro, Assistant Pastor at St. Anne's Church, Bristol, Va.

For any type of liturgical renewal to be valid, it must be solidly founded on critical scholarship. Theodor Klauser accomplishes precisely such a task in this book. Amazing is the fact that such a critical work originally appeared as a correspondence course for prisoners of war!

As a work of scholarship this volume is indisputable and untouchable, even for one who may disagree with the author in certain areas of study. For the student just becoming involved in liturgical study, Klauser's book is necessary and timely.

Before reading this work, certain thoughts should be borne in mind. Originally the book was written only for a German audience. Some areas may seem dated. But this is because the majority of the work was written before the completion of the Second Vatican Council.

Especially commendable and excellent is Klauser's critique of Dom Odo Casel's mystery theory—although modern philology and scriptural studies may yet prove Casel correct, but on completely different grounds from those on which Casel originally based his study.

For the first time, too, there is to be found an intellectually satisfying theory, explaining very logically the origin and development of the Leonine, Gelasian, and Gregorian sacramentaries. These were formerly subjects of dark mystery and shallow theory.

The author is to be praised for his bravery in undertaking to describe the weakness of the Roman collects. Once considered absolute, inviolable masterpieces, they are now recognized as too intellectualistic and neglectful of the people's powers of feeling and imagination. Klauser himself writes, "In a service which is composed exclusively of such prayers, and in which no other expressions of worship are used to provide a balance, no place is left for those important and powerful forces in the hearts of religious men" (p. 41).

The development of the Franco-German contribution to the Roman liturgy is well explained, but cannot be reason enough for its over-glorification and justification by the author. Klauser is undoubtedly a scholar of the highest kind. Very few can match the quantity of his data and the quality of his research. But given these same data, it is nevertheless possible to disagree with his conclusions about certain liturgical developments of the Franco-German

Church. Ultimately, the question might, in reality of fact, turn out to be a cultural-ethnic one; and if so, it would be good to bear in mind, **De gustibus, non disputandum est.** All in all, superlatives of praise are difficult to find in trying to describe Klauser's book. It is certainly an indispensable necessity for anyone who would want an adequate understanding of the liturgy. One objection: $8.00 might perhaps be a slight too steep a price for an aspiring liturgical scholar to pay.

Process Catechetics. By Leon McKenzie. Paramus, N. J.: Paulist Deus Books, 1970. Pp. v-106. Paper, $1.45.

Reviewed by Father Michael D. Meilach, O.F.M., editor of this review.

Recent catechetical work based on salvation-history has been largely a failure, Father McKenzie maintains, not because it has been properly tried and found wanting, but because it has been neither correctly understood nor, therefore, properly tried at all. Salvation-history has been mistakenly treated as the history of salvific events, whereas it should be seen as a theology of time or history — as an interpretation of the entire cosmic process in which past events are shown to be meaningful for the present and the future, rather than simply in their givenness as past. Some readers will doubtless want to challenge so universal an accusation of misinterpretation, which does in fact seem gratuitous. But the more important point is that to the extent that catechists may have been guilty of relegating the past to the status of dead fact, they have to that extent dimmed the lustre of the Christian message.

The introductory chapter, on man and time, is a theoretical discussion heavily laden with existentialist rhetoric. Although the sloppy and amateurish style does not extend beyond this chapter, it does affect adversely both the appeal and the content of this important chapter, where Father McKenzie should be making his most favorable impression. The insistence on the equal importance of past, present, and future in the temporal continuum (p. 13) is quite properly contradicted by the stress placed on the future in the final chapter. Again, man's temporality, exaggerated practically to the point where the transcendence of spirit is utterly denied (p. 11) is restored to its proper proportions in the chapters which follow. And the dangerously ambivalent statement on original sin (p. 17) is fortunately neutralized on page 59. One wonders where the editor was as the preface and first chapter made their way through the press.

The second and third chapters are devoted to cyclic and linear models of time. Both are excellently written and embody much recent scholarship in an unpretentious and compelling discussion. Three ensuing chapters comprise treatments of the Hebrew anticipation of salvation, its Christian realization, and the need for the institutional Church as sociological mediator of the Spirit. In the concluding chapter on "The Christic Meta-Future," the author outlines an eschatology which is in full continuity and coherence with all that has preceded.

Process Catechetics is not another "how to" book, although there are some good, practical suggestions in the "pedagogical observations" which conclude each chapter. The author sees catechesis as a learning through living and doing rather than through the mastering of theoretical material. He may be mistaken in his implication that this sort of lived catechesis will arouse sufficient curiosity so that the details of theology will be sincerely and avidly sought. But if he is, then it is difficult to see what good would be accomplished by forcing traditional "religious instructions" upon uninterested students. This latter approach will not work anyway, and there is some good evidence that Father McKenzie's does work.

Theology — and hence catechesis — must talk about the world we know from experience and from scientific enquiry. Either God and the salvation he proffers to us are going to be encountered in this "secular" context, or they are not going to be understood, desired, or discovered at all. Given an adequate theological background, the catechist who assimilates Father McKenzie's fine exposition of the theology of history (whether he accepts this specific interpretation, or develops some other variant) is bound to endow his teaching with added cogency, attractiveness, and coherence.

The Future of the Christian Sunday. By Christopher Kiesling, O. P. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1970. Pp. xi-142. Cloth, $4.50.

Reviewed by Father Joseph Keeley, O.F.M., S.T.L. (Catholic University), Instructor in Theology at Siena College, Loudonville, New York.

The Future of the Christian Sunday suffers in the first analysis from its title. A title, like a cover, does not tell us much about the book. One may not think deeply about the future of Christian Sundays — but a book about air pollution would not have made the best-seller list five years ago.

This modestly sized book sets out to make a "modest proposal" — to break down parishes into smaller units which would worship together on big occasions, not necessarily Sundays. It raises the question, "Why does the Christian Sunday fail, in our rapid style of life today, to achieve the purposes for which it was established?" Or (perhaps a better way to put it) "Who needs a Christian Sunday, and why?"

First comes an analysis of the social structure. This section is good, but perhaps not complete in its diagnosis. In the opinion of this reviewer, this is the most unsatisfactory section of the book, not so much because it overstates, but because it fails to develop the problem of why youth is frequently disenchanted by parish life in particular and institutional religion in general. Next the author gives a new glimpse of the Paschal Mystery and its celebration, a view that is found to be solidly grounded in very old traditions.

The last three chapters begin to give a practical method of working out the "modest proposal" to break up a parish into smaller units which are genuine total communities: religious, liturgical, social, and cultural. The possibilities are exciting, and the implications for priesthood, liturgy, and family life are not only illuminating but downright hopeful. For anyone willing to try, Christian Sundays could be a possibility — a real means of fostering a vital Christianity.

Be not afraid of chapters one and two, though they leave much unanswered. Carefully devour the next three chapters. And savor the last three. **The Future of the Christian Sunday** is recommended for priests and parish council members, for religious, for the laity, for all people of good will. Much good, surely, will come from judicious efforts to implement Father Kiesling's suggestions.

The Friendship Game. By Andrew M. Greeley. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, 1970. Pp. 164. Cloth, $4.95.

Reviewed by Father Julian A. Davies, O.F.M., Book Review Editor of THE CORD.

Two readings of this latest of Father Greeley's books convince me it is a first rate work. Insight upon

insight into the experience of friendship — its risks, demands, trials, opportunities, boundaries, imitations — fill each of the seventeen short essays. The description of friendship as a game, it seems to me, means two things in the book. Friendship represents, first of all, an exciting, risky, at times painful endeavor, and a challenge to become fully human. At the same time, in the union which is the paradigm of human friendship, marriage, the partners far too often make a 'game' of friendship, i. e., by putting up the barriers of defense mechanisms which keep them from sharing and communicating with one another. Father Greeley has been an astute observer of these unfortunate couples who have been married without ever becoming friends.

The author scores points by his careful delineation of the confusion between limitation and inadequacy, his slap at the instantaneous attempts to produce friendship by week-end sensitivity sessions, his rejection of phony openness, his portrait of the person who has made a career of losing — the proverbial "martyr." He overdoes, or so it seems to me, the terror aspect of friendship, and he undervelops the play and comedy aspects of it. His cracks at seminary training and the misprints on pp. 13 and 131 rankle a bit.

But in general, **The Friendship Game** is an excellent book. I just don't know which of my friends I want to give it to first!

The Achievement of Bernard Lonergan. By David Tracey. New York: Herder and Herder, 1970. Pp. xv-302. Cloth, $9.50.

Reviewed by Mrs. Margaret Monahan Hogan, M.A. (Phil., Fordham University), a free-lance writer and mother of three who resides in East Windsor, New Jersey.

The Arab read the **Metaphysics** of Aristotle forty times before he could begin to understand it. Tracey's work should give the Avicenna-like reader of Lonergan some relief provided the reader is willing to tolerate the author's occasional attempts to out-Lonergan Lonergan in turgid style and vocabulary.

The purpose of the work is to open up to a general audience, philosophical and/or theological, the development in Lonergan's work and to place that development in historical perspective. Its intent is not critical. However, the seventeen pages of bibliography and copious footnotes (an average of forty per chapter) supply the reader with important sources of critical, explanatory, and developmental information. In the midst of tracing the development of Bernard Lonergan's thought, Tracey's admiration for both the man and his thought is evident.

Early in the work Tracey points out the need on the contemporary theological scene for an adequate interpretation, neither mythical nor romantic, of Christianity. Now an adequate interpretation requires an adequate language, one that is critically grounded and methodically ordered. The needed language may be the theological language and method, horizon analysis, of Bernard Lonergan. However, Tracey maintains that before one can understand what Lonergan has achieved in regards to a method and language for theology it is necessary to consider the "horizon expansion" inherent in Lonergan and to view all his works as moving toward method and language for theology as an end.

The description of Lonergan's earliest period takes account of the two factors: the Maréchal critique of Kant and the extremely creative Thomist revival, which determined the philosophical-theological climate in which Lonergan labored. In this period **Gratia Operans** and the **Verbum** articles were produced. **Gratia Operans** finds the medieval theologian, as best exemplified in Aquinas, assuming the dogmatic and theological horizons of the past and moving in the presence of the newly discovered works of Aristotle toward theory and systematic method. The **Verbum** articles represent an attempt to ascertain in the cognitional theory of Aquinas the psychological and epistemological data from which the metaphysics developed. The emphasis here is on the working of the human mind, a created participation of the divine mind. According to Tracey, the first of these marks the start of Lonergan's search for a method for theology; the second is the occasion of Lonergan's entry into the world of Christian interiority.

Next Tracey describes Lonergan's movement into the modern theoretical world with **Insight.** Here the attempt is made to examine both **insight as activity** and **insight as knowledge.** Thorough critical examination of the activity of understanding in the very act of understanding reveals the unchanging structure of the human mind, the method of the intellect itself. It is this method, the human subject's pure desire to know, which provides the moving viewpoint to ground all knowledge: science, philosophy, theology. The self-affirmation of the knower accomplishes the transition from the activity of insight to the knowledge attained by insight. From what the knower knows of himself, because of his activity as knower, the metaphysics emerges. As the activity changes from knowing to doing the movement to Ethics is initiated. As pure desire to know pushes beyond proportionate being the possibility of transcendent knowledge looms on the horizon. Confronted by the existence of both God and evil, the subject experiences the need for a higher viewpoint: belief, which is a special transcendent knowledge.

In the final section Tracey describes the theological upheaval, questioning the very nature of theology, that followed in the wake of Vatican II. With his forthcoming work, **Method in Theology,** Lonergan enters into that problematic, using the method uncovered and made thematic in **Insight,** to demand of Christian theologians a critical and intellectualist approach to theology. Once again the method is grounded in the invariant structure of human consciousness. The structural and functional relationship of the four levels of consciousness provide a method for a theology with eight functional specialties, four mediating theology and four mediated theology. The pattern of operation, functionally and structurally interrelated, should supply a tool with which the theologian may move critically and progressively toward his goal, and which should allow theologians to collaborate in the articulation and ordering of the Christian position.

Tracey achieves what he set about to achieve in this book — a fairly clear exposition of Lonergan's thought. And this is a good place to start or restart Lonergan. The most interesting chapters are the ones in which Tracey fills in the historical background and influences under which Lonergan's thought developed. In the most difficult chapters: those treating **Insight,** Tracey depends too much on paraphrase. Perhaps this is all that can be done until **Insight** has been intellectually kicked around for another ten years. Still, Tracey's book is a good point of entry into Lonergan's overall thought. On the other hand, it can never be any more than a start; for unless the excruciating examination of the operations of the human intellect is undertaken and the method personally appropriated, all else falls.

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