COVER AND ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

The cover for the April issue of THE CORD was drawn by Mr. John Lennon, a Junior in the Franciscan Formation Program at Siena College. The illustrations were drawn by Sister Mary Regina, P.C.P.A., a contemplative nun at Sancta Clara Monastery, Canton, Ohio, whose art has graced such periodicals as the *Franciscan Herald* and the *Queen of All Hearts*.

the CORD

April, 1973 Vol. XXIII, No. 4

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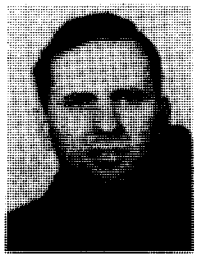
the CORD is a monthly review devoted to Franciscan spirituality and published by the Franciscan Institute of St. Bonaventure University. Editorial Offices: Siena College Friary, Loudonville, N. Y. 12211. Editor: Michael D. Meilach, O.F.M.; Associate Editor: Julian A. Davies, O.F.M. Business and Circulation Office: The Franciscan Institute, St. Bonaventure, N.Y. 14778. Business Manager: Mrs. Joseph Cucchiaro. Second class postage paid at St. Bonaventure, N.Y. 14778, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: $3.00 a year; 30 cents a copy.



EDITORIAL

The Following of Christ

The Jesus people, the Jesus freaks, the devotees of Godspell and Jesus Christ Superstar can't all be wrong. The focus on the Person of Jesus in the contemporary media and therefore the contemporary consciousness is, we contend, a response to a (perhaps unconsciously) felt need—the need for a leader to look to as model of what we ought to be.

We may have well come full circle. For centuries Christians had learned from spiritual writers that the proficient in Christian living became more proficient by trying to imitate Christ in their daily lives. Then much of the spiritual literature of more recent vintage—particularly the 1960's—became more and more anthropocentric in emphasis, and frankly psychological goals were proposed to us.

The following of Christ as a model was thus usurped, evidently, by the call to self-fulfillment—growth, total humanness. Instead of the living, breathing Jesus whom Francis saw so clearly in the Scriptures and in the Church and her sacraments, we ourselves have become the object of our attention. We compare what we find as we view ourselves, with either some abstract pattern of perfection or some projection of our own desires for ourselves.

Perhaps some harm—some loss of interpersonal sensitivity, e.g., due to the legalistic observance of monastic silence—was caused by asking oneself, "Is this the kind of thing Jesus would

do if he were in my shoes?" (In all candor, though, it would seem that the loss involved is due more to a *mis*interpretation of Jesus' hypothetical course of action than to an insightful fidelity to the divine Model.) But the newer norm of asking, "Is this the kind of thing that *I* (being who and what *I* am) ought to do," brings with it its own foolishness—like vanity—and its own harm, like self-centeredness and lack of real religion.

Real religion is loyalty (among other things) and bears on another person—the Person of Christ. We have all met some awfully good persons in religion who were awfully unhappy. Is the unhappiness of the faithful not due in all too many cases to a distorted expectation of goodness as something expected *of themselves,* rather than something expected *by Christ?*

And we have all seen some good people opt out of religious life because they stopped believing that emptying oneself in Jesus' footsteps was what they had promised him. As Bloy has so well put it, "there are regions of the heart that pain alone can give reality to." Being a disciple means being able to endure pain; it means "hurting." Those who have set Christ before their eyes as their pattern know this concretely.

This month we commemorate the glorification of Jesus through his sufferings. The Easter Liturgy centers on Him who must be the center of our consciousness: Jesus Christ risen from the dead—alive and well, if you will—bearing the scars of what he endured. And not only alive and well, but summoning us to *follow* him—to do as he did for his sake. Then we can give a resounding *No* to the pertinent question often used by members of Alcoholics Anonymous: If you had to do it all over again, would you fall in love with yourself?

D. Julian Davies fsc

The Circus Story

A Fairytale for Franciscan Community

Megan McKenna

On a winter's day not too long ago the circus came to town. As they trouped into the city, they looked like any other circus clan. There was the barker, tall and big, with dancing blue eyes, loudly proclaiming the good news of their arrival. He led the way, watching the crowd as avidly as they listened to him. He didn't miss a thing—from the wide-eyed children dreaming of their first visit to the circus and visions of being a part of it all some day to the old children who were once again remembering—and being drawn back to their circus believing days without their even realizing it was happening.

Behind him came the balloon man, his hands full of limp balloons unfilled and waiting for their moment. Above him towered a forest of colors, splotches of fire and sun, and grass and wine against the sky. All bundled together and bumping into each other, the balloons danced their strange unordered steps in the wind, inviting you to learn its rhythms. He was tall too, but not at all like the barker. He was sunshined and yellowy with a candle in his eyes. He didn't shout his wares—he just let them wave and move to and fro in front of your eyes, baiting you to reach for one. You could tell from the way he held the balloons that he was gentle and mindful of the wind and how it played with each of his air-filled balls differently. And he waited for you to come forward and with his eyes asked you if you wanted a balloon.

Next came the trapeze artist. You could tell that was what he was. The way he walked and stood so tall, you knew he was a friend to the sky and high places. He was good at flying from one swinging bar to the other, but he was better at walking a tight-rope and balancing things and juggling many objects all at once. He loved to swing, to move through the air—alone, but with everyone near watching his every move, fearful that he fall, amazed at his daring and smoothness and sometimes envying his daring. People were afraid of him—they weren't used to living with one that spent most of his time in the sky and felt so at ease up there. On the ground he was almost awkward. He seemed too big and ungainly—like a bird that had to walk instead of fly. And he was quiet—he lived in the air and lived like a bird—soaring and coming to rest only to rise again.

The dark-haired fortune teller walked beside him. She almost didn't fit. Like most fortune tellers she was dressed wildly in bright colors that swirled around her. Her hair was tied in ribbons that stretched out behind her in the breeze and kept getting tangled in her hair. She was dark-eyed and searching the faces of all around her as if catching glimpses of their pasts and presents. She knew that many of them would come to her later—looking for their futures and answers to their questions, expecting fearfully to be told what was going to happen to them. She laughed at the people all around her as if she knew a secret they still didn't know. And she waited and watched and every once in a while darted over to the sidewalk to be near someone and to touch them gently. And then just as quickly she moved back into the group of moving people, following along and getting back into step.

Last of all came the clowns, all decked out in their costumes, and painted faces. There was one who was obviously new at the game. He wore no shoes and a bright orange outfit with brown and green ruffles. He had a fuzzy head of hair that hadn't grown wild yet like most clowns.' It was still tame and stayed in place. He talked with his hands, tracing words and signs in the air around him, that lingered like sky writing. Every once in a while he laughed and got caught up in the crowd pointing and reaching out to the group in the street, but usually he was serious and stayed close to the clowns, watching them and trying to see what they did and said. His intensity promised hope for the future, but he was definitely new at this.

There were all the usual people in a circus, the lion tamer, the man who let himself get shot out of a cannon, the bareback riders, the elephant trainers, the peanut sellers and the tent man. The animals pranced about in their cages excited and eager to get to their home for the night. For tomorrow they would be on parade not just for the morning like today, but all day people would come and go, looking at them and trying to figure out why they lived in the circus and wondering what it would be like to be part of the circus troupe and not just a visitor to it on rare occasions.

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The morning after, early, they came looking for the best seats, eager to be reminded of all the other visits to the circus and still expecting it to be new all over again. They came with their children and nieces and nephews and grandmothers and grandfathers, little one and middle-aged one, all looking for the same thing—a day in the midst of wonder and delight being a child once again and delighting in playing games and pretending to be someone else and just soaking up all the myriad of people around them looking for the same things. The audience sparkled and sputtered, alive with all they saw around them. They were hemmed in, packed into a high-rising tent, situated around circles and stuck in-between booths and cages and buckets of water and pockets of people.

And then the band began to march. Then it was that people began to wonder. It had looked like an ordinary circus come to town, but this was different. Instead of sticking to their circles and walking around and around for all to see, they moved out and up into the rows of people and screaming kids, reaching out and pulling people by the hand and leading them down into the rings. Surprised, they followed—some even disappointed that they weren't asked and going down quickly after the others, hoping to be able to get inside the ring too. They got their faces painted and costumes to wear and a chance to choose where they wanted to go. They spread out, scattering to the fortune telling lady, to the lions and elephants, to the ropes that led upward and off to the balloon man to help him give away his gifts.

For a while they forgot it was just a day off, away from the office, that the house needed cleaning and the kids were misbehaving. School was forgotten in the melee of learning how to do a magic trick or soar on the trapeze and fall into the waiting arms of the net below them. The horses pranced with the feel of new riders, and the elephants graciously carried scores of people lazily around the tent. Children rolled in the sawdust, threw confetti in the air, and covered each other with wild, sticky wads of cotton candy. The drums rolled and the balloon man quietly watched while old

ladies and business men in starched stuffed shirts huffed and puffed blowing up his balloons. They danced with the fat lady and took turns at barking and shouting the wonders of the place to each other. They ate hot dogs and peanuts, feeding the shells to the elephants. They stuffed themselves, eating more than they usually did; but then they *did* lots more than they usually did. They played at being clowns, acting silly, tickling one another and outdoing themselves in dreaming up ideas to make people laugh. They forgot time and space and lived in the three-ringed circles with the tent wide open to the sky far above them.

And then night came upon the tent and its people. The darkness started to creep in through the cracks and tears in the tent, casting shadows on the faces and sending cool breezes through the people. It grew late. It was getting on towards darkness, and slowly they drifted off. They thought to themselves that the kids were getting sleepy and tired, and that tomorrow would be difficult because everyone would be grouchy. They remembered their jobs and their problems and all the things they hadn't done that day. They took their children by the hand and started off into the night away from the big tent. By morning only the circus troupe was left.

It was the same group that had walked into the town the day before and watched the jubilant people awaiting them. Now it was another morning, and it was time to move on. They too remembered that men can't take too much of mystery and play. They're not used to dreaming dreams and playing games and holding hands with people they've never touched before. Once again they were together and alone, and it was time to move on to the next town, to tickle the people into laughing and believing in mystery lands again.

And so the barker and the tightrope-walker and the balloon man, and the new clown and the fortune telling lady stood still and watched the tent man bring down the big tent slowly and methodically, as they had watched him do it many times before, and stood silent. They thought of the city and the uncircused people, and the tent-man led them in prayer that some day, when they least expected it, the people would remember the color and the music and the animals and the madmen that came to their town one day to tease them into being part of the circus.

And then they furtively and hopefully looked around to see if anyone watched their ritual. Catching sight of a stranger on the edge of the circle, they reached out to welcome him laughingly into the group. And with another one caught, the troupe moved on to go catching others unawares and surprising them into a new existence—that of being part of the circus, not just for a day, but for all days.

Hidden Realities

She said . . . .
What are those words
I do not know them.
Joy! what is that
or peace
or love?

What do I know about . . . .
Rustling leaves
Gurgling brook
Dappled sunshine . . . .
That is poetry.
I don't want to know!

Mankind! What's that?
Is it my husband . . . .
out of work—a drunkard?
Perhaps it's the landlord
impatient to evict my family?
Or is it the children who beat mine
because they are red and yellow
or black and white?

I'm human and I'm animal
I hate
I despair
I don't know what love is.
They tell me that he knew
What it was to be rejected . . . .
to be ridiculed . . . .
Yet he also knew how to love!

those rustling leaves,
the brook
the sunshine.
He knew their meaning . . .
He called them brother
and sister!

They say
that what he saw
in a leper
can be seen also
in a mountain.
I've never seen a mountain!
Perhaps it can also be seen
in the identical layers
of formidable flats.
I think I have felt it—
though I cannot say
what it is—
in a smile,
a gesture,
a touch . . .
Yes, I have felt it often
in tears.

Look at
this skyscraper
made of paper
layer upon layer
of identical boxes
piercing clouds
reaching heaven

Frustrated man—
confused tongues . . .
Please say
that we
are the ones
that Francis came to!

Sister Emmanuel Plunkett, O.S.F.

Job, My Friend

Sister Mary Seraphim, P.C.P.A.

Violent in your speech, bold in your bitterness, Job, my friend, I reach out my hand to you. Across the span of centuries and covenants your burning questions still flame in the night skies of undeserved pain, unmerited suffering. You challenged the Most High with strokes of genius and the poetry of your lashing tongue haunts the world's secret heart. Why should the innocent suffer and the wicked prosper? Why should the poor man have his cloak taken in pledge and then be sold for a pair of shoes? Should the children suffer for the sins of their fathers or the aged be held accountable for the follies of their sons? Should Viet Nam be reduced to rubble and its children to cripples because of the conflicting ideologies of the rich? Should the citizens of the Third World be perpetually despised and destitute?

Job, on your dung hill you hurled a challenge to God that he prove the purpose for his activity or else accept your verdict of whim and caprice. You would gladly have chosen the lot of the aborted over whom we now lament in unanswerable anguish.

> Had but the womb been the tomb of me, had I died at birth, had no lap ever cherished me, no breast suckled me, all would be rest now, all would be silence. Deeply I would take my repose [Job 3:11-14].

Complacent Sages

Have we yet found the answer why some men are born into misery, live in hopelessness and die in squalor? Should we dare to voice these phantom doubts in our heart, the complacent sages of untested virtue reply:

> Ready to speak should be ready to listen; glibness will not make an innocent man of you. Would he but speak one word in your ear, make you his confidant: would he but reveal to you the secrets of his wisdom, in its ordered variety. Then would you learn that the penalty he is exacting of you is less, far less, than your sins deserve. What, would you search out the ways of God, have knowledge unconfined of his omnipotence; high as heaven is that wisdom, and your reach so small; deep as hell itself, and your thought so shallow [Job 11:2, 6-9].

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Thus do the uncaring still answer the anguished heart. All suffering is punishment for sin, whether known or unknown. Yes, like you Job, I must acknowledge that God in his justice will chastise when he will and no one can say to him, 'Stop.' But your impatience surmounted this superficial reply. Your heart had *not* turned aside from his paths. "Well you knew how to teach others, strengthen the drooping hands, give courage to the waverer, support to flagging knees, by counsel of yours (Job. 4:3-5).

No cheap sophistry would satisfy the seething pain in your soul. Let your nearest friends cunningly accuse you of hidden faults, you would have an answer from the Author of your misfortune. Let an enlightened friend suggest:

> Can sentence undeserved come from God? unjust award from the Almighty? What if these children of yours committed some faults, and he allowed justice to take its course? For yourself, you have but to keep early tryst with God, make your plea to his omnipotence. Then, *if* you come before him innocent and upright, he will give you audience betimes; he will establish you in your possessions again, as one that enjoys his favor [Job 8:3-6].

But you, Job, would have none of this:

> No need to teach me that; how should a man win his suit, matched against God? Nay, though I had right on my side, I would not plead against him as an adversary, I would sue to him for mercy as a judge. Still unchanged is the burden of my complaint; innocent and guilty, he sweeps all away. If his scourge must fall, should not a single blow suffice; why does he look on and laugh, when the unoffending, too, must suffer; so the whole world is given up into the power of wrong-doers; he blinds the eyes of justice. He is answerable for it; who else? [Job 9:2, 15, 22-24].

Of Might and Justice

Of God's titanic might there is no doubt; but of his justice? This you bring into question. How many of us, Job, my friend, would dare to express our embittered musings so bluntly? We harbor our doubts in brooding silence and the answer never comes. Locked in shameful fear, we never dare to fully reveal ourselves to ourselves by speaking plainly to our God of the immense problems which our world's complexities force us to acknowledge every day. Recklessly we strive to apply human remedies and human standards to the atrocities wrought by modern warfare, mass starvation, perverted morality which makes a god of pleasure. Each night we retire closing our eyes to the wreckage of our maneuvers and each day we arise grimly determined that *we shall*, on this day, accomplish the peace and happiness of mankind. Shall we?

Are not our dreams haunted

as was that of your unnerved comforter Eliphaz?

> Listen; here is a secret that was made known to me; it was but the breath of a whisper overheard. It was the hour when night visions breed disquiet, as men lie chained by sleep; fear took hold of me, a fit of trembling that thrilled my whole frame, and made every hair bristle. All at once a spirit came beside me and stopped; there it stood, no face I knew, yet I could see the form of it, and catch its voice, light as a rustling breeze. Can man have right on his side, the voice asked, when he is matched with God; can a mortal creature show blameless in its Creator's presence? Nay, in his own retinue God finds loyalty wanting; angels may err. Will not a man die before he learns wisdom? [Job 4:12-18, 21].

The gnawing despair which we struggle to deny allows us no rest. With a courage which, however admirable, is utterly foolish, we strive to right the wrongs of the world by our own methods and devices. Against a God who permits suffering and injustice to abound on our beautiful earth, we rail indignantly. Where is the vindication that should come from the Lord, the retribution that should meet the cruel and selfish and the reward that should enrich the humble and gentle?

Pie in the Sky?

Job, my friend, though you had an intimation of the truth centuries before its full revelation, you refused to accept it, for it did not set well with your own scheme of how God should conduct this universe. You were not willing to accept "pie in the sky when you die" as the final answer. Though at one moment you expressed this as your dearest hope, you were not fully convinced. Neither, it seems, are we. Yet, Job, tell us again how you found it.

> This at least I know, that one lives on who will vindicate me, rising up from the dust when the last doom comes. Once more my skin shall clothe me, and in my flesh I shall have sight of God. I myself, with my own eyes; it will not be something other than myself that sees him. Deep in my heart is this hope reposed [Job 19:25-27].

Very few men in your time reached this height of revelation, and even those who did could not make it an operable principle in their lives. We seem to be no better than they about accepting the fact that for many of God's children, reward and fulfillment shall be found only after death. But if we throw out this solution to the inequality of justice spread about today, we are left with the inescapable conclusion that God is not just, much less a merciful, loving Father. In spite of the scoffers, we must cling to the revealed truth that God will "wipe away every tear" from the eyes of his suffering sons and daughters with such munificence that "the sufferings of this life are not to be compared with the glory that is to come which will be revealed in us" (Rom. 8:18).

Deeper than Reasoning

Deeper than you, Job, can we see into the unfathomable mystery of God's plan for men when we contemplate the scandal of the ages: the Crucifixion of his Son. The ultimate answer to pain and misery will be found on the infamous hill outside the City. There where injustice and cruelty reached the height of a nation's rejection of its Saviour shall we find an answer to the enigma of pain afflicting the innocent.

Job, my friend, unknowingly you were a type and prefigurement of this reviled and persecuted One who enjoyed God's favor as no man, before or since, has ever done. In your person and in the person of those you loved most dearly on earth, you received the stripes of a seemingly wrathful God. For you, in the darkness of your misery, there was no answer but the one unacceptable one. It is your everlasting glory that you chose to endure with no answer rather than to yield to the temptation of blasphemy by accusing the Holy One of unholiness.

Jesus, as the Gospel shows, suffered the anguish of doubt and darkness also. However, his words reveal that a strong sense of the purpose and plan guiding his destiny pervaded him. He *knew* that what he suffered as an innocent man was a part of God's salvific work. It can be conjectured that the full revelation of just *how* all this fitted together and accomplished God's ends was not always clear even to him. For us, then, who like him must endure inexplicable situations and unreasonable sorrows, stands the example of his persevering trust in the lovingness of our God whom we have been taught to call "Abba," "Dear Father."

We find Jesus embracing in

But I Have Called You, Friends (John 15:15)

Mother Mary Francis, P.C.C.

III

We have spent quite a bit of time in examining the things we discover about ourselves in living closely with other people. We've seen a number of dreary things about ourselves, but also a number of good things. If our sisters did not have faults, we would not have any functional area for compassion. We might not even discern this well of compassion in ourselves. But the fact remains that in our plumbings, we have also found a number of things which are not too pleasant to behold. We can discover depths of compassion but also depths of severity, harshness, coldness. We find all the possibilities of virtues and vice. And insofar as we don't live in friendship with other people, we don't discover any of these things. For they are not found on a superficial plane and seldom hit upon by loners.

Why are we going around and around in world affairs right now, trying to find peace? Well, I suppose I could be accused of vast oversimplification if I said that it is because people aren't friends with one another. Yet, if we reduce the present world situation to its basics, what must we conclude? And if we stop and reduce certain situations in religious communities at present to their basics, what will be our findings? I think we shall see that it is idiotic not to be friends with one another, and this idiocy is bedrock to world problems and community problems.

Look, dear sisters, what do we have? The psalms say, seventy years "or eighty if we are strong." That isn't much time. When you were fifteen, it may have seemed like quite a bit of time; but now that you are in your twenties, it doesn't seem quite so long, does it? And when you catch up with me and realize that you're already more than half way there, it will not seem very long at all. So, we have seventy or eighty years. And we are put on earth together. For us, there is the specific additional "together" of an enclosed community life as contemplative nuns. And we all hope to enjoy eternal happiness in the vision of God with one another. Shall we then spend these seventy or eighty years making life miserable for one another and, most especially, for ourselves?

Now, I said that it might seem a facile oversimplification to say that if people were friends we would not have any wars, that if nations were friends we would not have to have these sometimes grotesque round table talks on peace which are often parodies on peace. But, you know, in that oversimplification there is this one good element: it's true.

It is surprising, isn't it, what history shows us can be done if we work with elemental truth. Look at what our Father Saint Francis did. This one undersized man with this big idea that you should simply preach the good news that people ought to love one another and that when you greet them you shouldn't have a chip on your shoulder but should say, "Peace and blessing! May the Lord give you His Peace, my friend." Yes, look what he did! If I remember correctly, this one little man changed the course of history in Europe in his time. He turned the whole medieval society upside down, didn't he? —and with this "vast over-simplification"! I think Francis accomplished quite a bit more than the learned men who said, "Now these issues are very complicated; we must study them at length" —which is sometimes another way of saying that we'll just fight about this until we die. And so we do not want to label and dismiss simplification too lightly. This is the truth. As I have often told you about simplicity, unadorned truth is usually a little more than we can take. Simplicity is so overpowering that we like to retreat into complexity and say: this is nonsense, that you can solve all the world's problems with friendship. But actually, this is the only way they will ever be solved. And what we attain at the kind of meetings often held, sincerely intended as they may be, are merely painful truces which may at best establish a little interim until the next war breaks out. It is only friendship that will re-establish what Christ came to establish.

So, what does all this have to do with community life? Well, everything, I think. Because the friendship in which we should excel will somehow affect the world. This is our contribution to world peace, this friendship that we have right here, what we are doing for one another, how we are helping one another to develop.

Now there are some things I just touched on last time and which I said we would go into later. Well, now it's later! There was that idea of affection and that nagging question—How can I "be friends with everyone," when I know that I don't feel the same toward everyone, even that I *can't* feel the same toward everyone. But part of this seeming problem (it is only seeming, you know) is that we do not differentiate between intuition and developing understanding.

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We surely have all had this experience on occasion of meeting persons whom we have immediately loved. This is intuitive friendship. There is no one here who has never had this experience, is there? Good.

One outstanding example of this in my own life is my first meeting with Dr. Andrée Emery. Among hundreds of religious superiors at that one meeting the contemplatives were summoned to attend, I had many very pleasant encounters; but with this great woman, there was something different: an immediate intuition of friendship. Now, you obviously feel this for some persons and you do not feel it for others. And I think that sometimes we make a major mistake in the area of conceptual friendship because of this. Intuitive friendship is a great blessing, and also a very rare one. We must not get the false idea that we have no basis for friendship with those for whom we do not feel this immediate intuitive affection.

Real friendship is a developing, evolving affair. Even a friendship begun with this intuitive affection has to develop. If it doesn't, it will sputter out. And sometimes intuitions do not develop. Sometimes the intuition may even be proved false. And other times the loss of the intuitive *feeling* of affection is no reason at all for not awaiting the development of a very good friendship with this person, growing out of richer soil than mere intuition which may prove to be the root of a perennial or may not.

I said last time that we have to be patient with friendship. There is instant coffee and instant tea, but there is no such thing as instant understanding. Understanding, more often than not, involves a very slow process. The longer we know one another, the longer we are friends with one another, the better do we come to understand one another. Dear sisters, I want you to get this very straight in your minds: nobody is ever going to be perfectly understood. There have been old songs and old jeremiads from time immemorial that "nobody understands me." This is very true. Nobody understands me perfectly and nobody on earth understands any one of you perfectly, except God. For to understand a person perfectly you have, in a sense, to *be* that person—or to have created that person. You see that this is rather obviously restricted to God! However, we do grow in understanding, and we have to allow for slow growth.

Remember how I counselled against lowering your head and charging into one another in a kind of bulldog determination to understand one another? I think this is sometimes the particular hazard for young people. They want very much to understand one another, to be helpful toward one another. In a misguided effort to achieve excellent goals, they try to break through doors and windows in other people. You can't do this.

What you can do is to stay around and wait until the person herself opens a door or a window. See—don't break it, but wait until she opens it. And then, be there, be there to understand her.

And how do you learn to discipline yourself for this waiting? Well, certainly you are right that we have to be driven by a holy discontent; but we cannot be cruel—even to ourselves. We cannot try to act with ourselves as if original sin had never happened, as though we had never weakened ourselves by our own accumulation of faults. There is no surer way to strangle charity, to abort charity in the spiritual or psychological womb if you want to put it that way, than to be too severe with ourselves. So much is cautioned against being too easy with ourselves, and that is certainly an attitude we don't want to espouse. But there is also danger in being too severe, and it is difficult to get a balance here.

You don't want to go to the other extreme and just say, "Well, you know, I'm only human" when you have been short, impatient, unwilling to try to understand. When has humanity, which I grant is a fact, been an excuse against heroism? Usually this kind of thing goes by temperament. Most phlegmatic persons are inclined to say: "I'm only human. What do you expect? I'm doing my best." And the choleric person wants to take herself by the throat and strangle herself when she doesn't think she is making any progress. Both are wrong, of course. You don't want to strangle yourself, but you can give yourself a good spiritual swat once in a while. You don't want to whimper, "I'm only human," but to prod yourself on. And yet, you are content to learn from your mistakes. If we commit a fault, if we see a deficiency in charity and learn from it, then I think we are growing in charity by patience with ourselves which

can be very demanding. It takes a lot of maturity to be both firm and patient with ourselves.

Frustrating lack of success after all your efforts? Well, our Lord never asked us to succeed—lucky us!—he just asked us to keep trying. What about his college of apostles? Look what a consolation they are! Certainly they were meant to be a kind of friendship-seminar incarnate, just as we in our cloister are. And certainly no one ever had a better Person to teach them, to direct discussions, than the apostles had. They had God right there. Yet how unwilling they sometimes were to admit their mistakes, to face reality, to be the real persons they were. They dropped back and were having a good old free-for-all as to who was going to be the head of this assembly. Remember that place in Scripture? And our Lord said (Oh, how I love this part!): "What were you speaking about?" "And they held their peace." You can just bet they did! And these were the persons who became martyrs, who became perfected in charity which is what it is to be a martyr. And they had to learn slowly, even under such tutelage. Look at them at the very Ascension of the Lord. What was their last word to him before our Lord took off into the clouds? "Is this the time that you will establish the kingdom in Israel?" (Acts 1:6). Can you imagine anything more "frustrating," dear sisters, for our Lord? After his Resurrection and even on the Mount of the Ascension, his apostles and disciples still thought their own plans might be going to come off. They were still missing the point, and rather completely. But our Lord did not say, "What's the use?" He ascended into heaven. Is that not a salutary morsel for our reflection?

Another important aspect involved here is that we don't suddenly make major choices about our personality—it has, on the contrary, been prepared for by many minor choices. We do not suddenly say to ourselves: "I am not an acceptable person. Look how they act when I say what I really think." And so on, and so on. "So, I quit. I am going to lock the door and decide to be somebody else." No, we don't do that, of course; but we do something much worse, really. Because that kind of monologal hyperbole can be easily turned off. You can see one major wrong decision, and you can undo it. But there are the little choices, small continuing choices that gnaw away at ourselves. The results of erosion are much harder to repair than a clean break is to mend.

What are you supposed to do about adverse reactions? Always try to look for what it is in you or your manner or your tone or whatever that may have elicited a reaction that hurts you. You can learn immensely much from this. And if you can determine to grow in maturity on the occasions when you may be even deeply hurt but force yourself to say: "What in me made her react like that?" then you have found a way to learn about yourself which amounts to a crash course (in the best sense of the term) and which, in the end, is most rewarding.

Even if the other person is really wrong, even if her reaction really has not been charitable, has not been what it should be, you can still learn so much. This is more a duality than an ambivalence: I am not accepted —but how did I present myself? And this goes back and forth, and back and forth—this is the way we learn. No, it is not right that someone seems to reject me. But what was perhaps not right in my presentation that provoked this rejection? If we can gradually establish ourselves on that level of womanly self-questioning (and I underscore *gradually* because we are so foolish if we think we can take one mighty leap and arrive at maturity), we are increasingly better equipped for friendship with God and with our sisters. The reaction of fallen human nature when someone reacts toward us in a way that is unpleasant or unfair is most often the "poor me" attitude. "I'm only trying to be good, and they don't understand me, and so what's the use." And then we are right back to where we started: Nobody understands me.

How do you go about achieving this objective look at yourself and your manner without getting emotionally sucked under? Well, that's a good question. The genuine $64.00 question. You have to face the fact that it *is* difficult. Anyone can do what's easy. We all get so blinded by emotions sometimes; and the more we are emotionally aroused out of bounds, the less clearly we can think on any issue. Now, I wouldn't be human if I weren't hurt or maybe "hot" when I feel my opinions are being rejected, when someone looks displeased at what I've said or someone flashes me a look that indicates rather clearly that she thinks I spoke in the wrong way or that I spoke out of turn. It's very, very difficult not to get lost in an emotional fog then. And as I said, we react according to what type personality we are. Maybe we close in on ourselves so that we won't get hurt like that again. "I'll show them. I just won't say what I think about anything any more. I'll just let *them* talk." Or maybe again, being of a more aggressive psychological complexion, we get indignant to the point that we may be even semi-hostile toward everybody in general. "What's the use! You can't say anything! Free speech! Ha—just let me say something, and see what happens!"

A natural (as distinguished from supernatural) reaction usually runs along one of those tracks or any of the other paths that fallen human nature will take when someone has touched a nerve in us. But such tracks and such paths will detour us from really knowing ourselves and helping us to present to others the real person that they just

didn't see—perhaps because our presentation didn't allow them to see. After all, we wouldn't really set out to be repulsive! I think this is more a natural "talent" we all share on occasion than something we need to strive after. No one deliberately drops a statement just to annoy someone else. And so we ask: "Well, why didn't I come across in what I said?" Was it the manner, the tone, the expression? What was it?

Another question: Do we *have* to be emotionally involved at all? The answer is yes, of course. God equipped us with an emotional apparatus, and it's very good equipment to have. We must never set false goals for ourselves. When I come out with my bright idea and others are less than dazzled, we can't try to fool ourselves that we don't care at all, that we are not emotionally involved, that we should just say: "I'm so detached, I'll offer it all up for missionaries." This is artificial. If we are honest (and we've got only honest people here!) we do want to be accepted, we do like to have our ideas approved. And here's another thing: We need both approval and the revelation of our shortcomings.

This is important: Approval is necessary in order to be able to bear disapproval. It is all too easy, emotionally involved as we are (and remember, if we were not attached to our opinions they would not be our opinions), to turn away disapproval without looking for what is good for us in it. We were reflecting at the beginning of these talks on friendship about our responsibility toward one another, but we also have a responsibility toward ourselves to see into and learn from situations. We can be only too easily tempted to declare that the person who brings some of our shortcomings to our attention or the person who may seem to thwart us or seem to disapprove of us, is wrong. We insist that she is wrong because we are so afraid that she may be at least partly right. I really don't think there's any adverse reaction we can ever get from which we cannot draw some little grain of self-knowledge and, hopefully, self-improvement.

Maybe we discover a great lack of tact in ourselves. And tact, in my opinion, is one of the greatest natural virtues. Never play down tact as though it were for sissies, whereas *we* are frank, honest people who lay it right on the line. Nobody can afford to have everything laid right on the line. Tact is a strong womanly virtue, not a "girlish" virtue. Our dear Lord was extremely tactful.

We can, of course, get lost in the wrong kind of introspection as well as "ultraspection." We do not want to investigate one another's privacy, but we want to understand one another as much as we are allowed. And we want to understand ourselves, as best we can, without disassembling the parts for study and research. That kind of thing is

apt to leave us with one spring left over when we have reassembled the parts. But we want to face ourselves as well as to rejoice in what may just happen to be right in ourselves. Some modern psychologists exaggerate our conditioning by the past. Certainly we are all conditioned by our past, but we cannot blame our present behavior entirely on our past. That is just an alibi. Conditioned by it, yes; but we can't hide behind it. The mere fact that we recognize conditioning factors in our past life already indicates that we have the ability to cope with them and not hide behind them. Get out in front of them and look at them. Let us never inflate unhappy experiences of the past. There is no one who has not had some sorrowful experience, and some have had many and in a marked degree. But from the same sorrowful or even harrowing experiencess, one person will emerge integral and the other will be harmed.

God first loved us, we have reflected, and this made us lovable. But action and result cannot be separated except in sentence structure. They are interknit, woven together into the fabric of living, into the stuff of our humanity. Of course we must love in order to discover the love in the other person, but at the same time she must love me in order to discover my lovableness. And this is acting and reacting and interacting all the time. For both of us it is the mystery of loving and being loved.

So this is what is so marvelous about friendship: It takes two persons to have this action and interaction. You don't have one person loving the other person and understanding her, but you have two persons accepting each other, loving each other, and growing in affection for each other, in mature affection which accepts elements that do not evoke affection. If we try to build a community of friendships, this is always going to be a happy place, this religious community of ours, to live in.

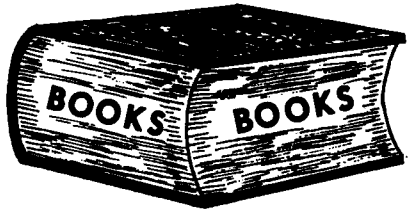
Elementary, My Dear Corinthians

If Christ be not risen from the dead,
Risen, yes, as he truly said,
The flower of faith is dead indeed;
Hope too has gone to seed.

If Christ be not risen from the grave,
True to the promise the Gospel gave,
Then the Vine of Life has withered dead;
The coin of love is as false as lead.

But Christ really rose as he said he would,
Rose from the grave and victorious stood.
Lo! the living Vine is manifest.
Lo! the emply tomb—our treasure chest.

Robert J. Waywood, O.F.M.



The Betrayal of Wisdom. By R. J. Kreyche. Staten Island, N.Y.: Alba House, 1972. Pp. xii-237. Paper, $3.95.

Reviewed by Father Michael D. Meilach, O.F.M., Ph.D. (Philosophy, Fordham University), Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Siena College and Editor of this Review.

Dr. Robert J. Kreyche is known to philosophy instructors as the author of a couple of good—if for the most part routine—textbooks. This latest literary venture bears promise of being something quite different, however, as the author admits to having been working at it for six years (p. ix). He purports to offer in its pages a radical, original prescription for what ails not only philosophers but all of mankind in our day.

What he offers is not a cheap panacea with *ex opere operato* claims, but rather an organic remedy which must be taken steadily and faithfully over a period of time and with which our own full and heartfelt cooperation must conspire if it is to be effective. It is an "integral realism" that Dr. Kreyche summons us to—a "getting ourselves and our world together," in contemporary slang—as well as a "radical empiricism" or openness to the *full* range of experience. If one cannot literarily develop such an invitation without sounding like a clarion call from the middle ages, I for one would insist that the reason is precisely that there was so very much of perennial value in medieval thought. Still, the author is *not* advocating a simple-minded return to the old for its own sake—he obviously wants to be as radically open to what is good in every age as his fine and incontestable principles will allow him to be.

Dr. Kreyche correctly sees philosophy not as an academic game, the purely speculative exercise reserved for the few, but as the guiding force behind people's practical living, whether or not the individual is conscious of the theoretical ideas involved. Given that our age is a sick one, and I cannot see how anyone could contest this axiom, then philosophy's value will be seen to be all the more practical and specifically therapeutic.

The Betrayal of Wisdom is fundamentally, then, a summons to repudiate the death-bearing germs of Cartesian and Kantian subjectivism, even and especially as these germs are found in the half-way houses of Pragmatism and Linguistic Analysis.

This repudiation has its positive counterpart in a whole-hearted embrace of the "simple traditional truths," in a "redeeming contact" with objective reality or "being," and in the assumption of the classical "spectator's" stance at the ancient athletic event, where the merchants were too busy and the athletes too involved, and only the "spectator" could contemplate and enjoy the event taking place.

For a book with so cogent and exciting a message, this latest endeavor of Dr. Robert Kreyche has been extremely ill served from the literary viewpoint both by its author and by its publisher. The book reeks at times with a condescending didacticism, one form of which is the setting up of absurd straw men as one horn of a dilemma so that the author can assure his readers in Lady Macbeth's best style that *he* would be the *last* to hold *that* sort of position. Another form of the same affliction is the constant (at least once per page) dismissal of philosophers, issues, viewpoints, etc., with a "So much for (him, it, etc.)." There is, in addition, far too much generalizing about "modern man." The author tends to be excessively superficial, leaping from topic to topic, sometimes with the scaffolding of his outline painfully in evidence. It is far from clear for whom the book is intended, since on the one hand, Dr. Kreyche is constantly expressing the hope that he will not seem too technical or abstract; and, on the other, he tends to multiply technical (even Latin) expressions and names without any real reason. The oft recurring "Let me make that perfectly clear" would seem to indicate a preoccupation with Speechmaker Nixon. And finally, the use of clarificatory footnotes to make major expository points, together with the failure to correct simple errors in usage such as the continual shift from "I" to "we" and back, sometimes in the same paragraph, makes me wonder just what function the publisher's editorial staff did perform for the hapless Dr. Kreyche.

All Together Now: Parish-Centered, Structured Learning Experiences in Religious Education on the High School Level. By Thomas A. Downs. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press, 1972. Pp. 112. Paper, $1.35.

Strategies and Techniques for Religion Teachers. By Thomas A. Downs. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press, 1972. Pp. 80. Paper, $1.25.

Reviewed by Mrs. Frank (Kim) Eyler, C.C.D. coordinator for St. Elizabeth's Parish, Wyckoff, N. J. Mrs. Eyler, a mother of two, is currently enrolled in the graduate religious education program at Fordham University.

All Together Now is a manual on how to run a COR weekend. (The word *cor* in Latin means heart; the idea of a COR weekend is to help the student find, through a good community experience, the heart of our faith which is the love of God.) Whether or not one agrees in concept with the idea of bringing forty teenagers together for a weekend and "turning them on" to religion, one must be impressed with the enthusiasm which emanates from this book.

The manual is divided into two main parts. The first, dealing with the ins and outs of a COR weekend, is excellent. Seldom does one find a guide as complete as this one. From start to finish Mr. Downs has planned the entire weekend and his thoroughness and practicality would certainly be an invaluable help to a parish planning a COR weekend. Rules and regulations, plans for the best use of available facilities, suggested talks, even menus have been carefully detailed. Teen helpers' and assistants' roles are clearly defined and outlined.

One would have to look far to find a manual as thorough and as chock full of ideas and practical suggestions as *All Together Now*. Required reading for anyone who wants to be part of a COR weekend!

The second part, dealing with missional youth groups, could prove practical guide if a parish were interested in this major an undertaking. Mr. Downs again gives concrete start-to-finish plans and his organization is impressive. Recommended reading for interested songsters.

Strategies and Techniques should prove a real treat for high school teachers both new and experienced. It is a basic book which could prove helpful to just about anyone on the high school scene. One senses throughout the book that Mr. Downs is indeed in touch with the student as well as the teacher. His plans are complete in every way and take into consideration all the aspects of the learning process: content, student interests and needs, teachers' needs and ambitions; and all of them are included.

He gives the teacher a basic step-by-step lesson plan as well as a guide to planning a curriculum. His section on teaching strategies is particularly thorough, creative, and enlightening. The more sure teacher would find the Experiential Unit challenging to work with.

Mr. Downs' flair for organization, creativity, and practicality is again apparent in this new book. It is a must for any high school religion teacher.

CORRIGENDUM

On page 70 of last month's issue, the first paragraph under the heading "Speaking in Tongues" states that Tongues is still "the most talked about phenomenon even within the Classical Pentecostal churches." This paragraph should read: "still is the most talked about phenomenon of the Movement. Furthermore, consideration of it will raise some very basic questions, even though it is becoming more peripheral as a phenomenon even within the Classical Pentecostal churches."

Building Christian Communities: Strategy for Renewing the Church. By Stephen B. Clark. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press, 1972. Pp. 189. Paper, $1.50.

Reviewed by Father Theodore Cavanaugh, O.F.M., formerly active in several areas of religious formation for Holy Name Province and presently an Assistant Pastor at St. Anne's Church, Fair Lawn, New Jersey.

Writing a book of guidelines for renewing the Church or—to say the same thing—for building Christian communities—is not undertaking a simple "how-to" project. The problems within the Church are far too complex to be resolved within the confines of one book. Yet Stephen Clark has proposed to do just this. He comes with commendable qualifications: a student at Yale, Notre Dame, and Fribourg Universities, coordinator of a Christian community in Ann Arbor, author and editor, and staff member of the National Cursillo Movement.

The introduction to *Building Christian Communities* is provocative. On the face of it, it proposes to renew the Catholic Church from its "confusion," its "loss of morale," and its "paralysis." Clark tells us his approach will be primarily experiential since it is not a problem of issues or institutions or programs that hold hope for renewal; rather, "the basic questions lie in the area of voluntary social organization and in what could be called 'environmental dynamics.' "

Much of the book is devoted to Clark's definition of the environments which enable members to live the Christian life in the terms of structure, size, organization, unity, scope, basic needs of the members. The holistic approach is used; as I see this, the author means that he would set up his goals and work for them rather than let his approach become simply activity and/or problem centered.

This is good general advice, but it would also seem that instructions are needed to accomplish or ensure the end product, that is, the tasks the builder and laborers must perform in order to provide us with the house the architect has proposed. Without the former, the house will not rise, nor will it be remodeled. And to me it is a logical question to ask, Who will concern himself with the activities—never ending—and the problems—time consuming—that are necessary while I, the master architect, sketch and plan the goals to be reached? To effect the end the author proposes, concrete suggestions should dominate. But despite the author's determination to be practical and convincing, one of the book's weaknesses was precisely the theoretical approach taken. The author deals largely in generalities and leaves too little room for objections and specific contradictions to which most controversial books are open.

In many ways Clark's essay is challenging and interesting. He could be considered, at least latently, an anti-institutionalist. He strongly defends a thesis that the renewal of the Church will be accomplished by the formation of organized local "environments" which make it possible for men to live the Christian life. On the other hand, this could be interpreted as an effort to renew the individual Christian rather than the Church. Clark's efforts seem, however, to be clearly directed toward the latter goal.

Despite this basic ambiguity, and despite the title's implicitly overextended claims in relation to what the book actually accomplishes, *Building Christian Communities* is well worth its moderate price. The author sees movements like the Christian Family Movement and the Cursillo Movement as sources of creativity in the renewal process. With this judgment, and with his appraisal that many of the old systems used in the Church leave something to be desired, most of us would surely agree. "A whole new approach is not something in the immediate future," as the author concludes; nor does he pretend to give all the answers. But he does give us ideas to think on and some solid proposals to try.

"I Confess": The Sacrament of Penance Today. By Francis J. Buckley, S.J. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press, 1972. Pp. 94. Paper, $1.25.

Reviewed by Mr. Dennis P. Murphy, a second-year theologian, studying at Christ the King Seminary, St. Bonaventure, New York, for the Diocese of Albany.

To say that the sacrament of Penance has become greatly misunderstood in the minds of the average Catholic in post-conciliar years is to utter a cliche. One need only look at the change in attendance at confession to see that a situation has arisen which pleads for pastoral consideration. *"I Confess"* by Francis Buckley is a step in the right direction.

Father Buckley demonstrates a keen ability to portray the human personality in such a way that the psychological and spiritual are given their proper expression. Especially in analyzing the moral awakening of the child, he illustrates the correspondence between the emotional and psychological states of development and the moral sensitivity. Buckley offers his insights as to the application of the sacrament of Penance in such a manner that the reader is challenged to see where his own moral sense is situated. How many of us are still at the reward-punishment level, for instance? How many of us instill in our children or our students our own personal difficulties with the sacrament and thereby perpetuate the crisis of the confessional? Father Buckley mentions many of the problems resulting from this process.

Readable, intelligently written, and personally beneficial, this inexpensive paperback seems to me to be of much worth. It is easily adaptable to religious education at all levels and is certainly not beyond the competence of young adult or adult Catholics without professional theological training. One difficulty worth mentioning is the absence of an explanation of mortal and venial sin which would have added to the value of an already profitable book. Nevertheless the book offers some insight into the problem of confession and contributes helpful techniques which may alleviate some of the difficulties. In this Father Buckley has performed a much desired service.

The Openness of Being: Natural Theology Today. The Gifford Lectures in the University of Edinburgh, 1970-1971. By Eric L. Mascall. Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1972. Pp. xiii-278. Cloth, $9.75.

Reviewed by Father Michael D. Meilach, O.F.M., Ph.D. (Philosophy, Fordham University), Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Siena College and Editor of this Review.

The justly renowned Anglican theologian Eric Mascall here avails himself of the august forum provided by the Gifford Lectures, to re-survey the field of natural theology and as it were take stock of what has happened since his own earlier contributions to the field. The material from the lectures forms ten chapters, to which are added four appendices with contents published elsewehere but of great value in their own right and good to have accessible here.

This survey is as valuable for its sympathetic yet critical discussion of other philosophers, as for its own sustained defense of the author's position. While admitting the methodological value of linguistic analysis, e. g., Mascall disposes of its spurious claims to ultimacy, in which context it is "little more than a desperate attempt to escape from the mental prison of idealism [which] results in the equally unhappy fate of incarceration in the verbal prison of sentential analysis" (p. 14). The transcendental Thomism of Maréchal and Rahner, Lonergan and Coreth, is sympathetically examined, as is the work of Leslie Dewart and A. N. Whitehead (with somewhat less sympathy), Charles Hartshorne and in passing many others. What is good in all these thinkers is for the most part graciously acknowledged, but the criticisms are extremely incisive —and telling.

Still, it is Mascall's own clear position that shines through all of this, as though making effective use of all the others as foils. Mascall's position, with which I wholly agree as regards God's *existence*, is that while we cannot "demonstrate" it in the classical Aristotelian sense, the intuition of finite being as radically dependent upon God's ever-present conserving power does constitute a genuine cosmological or metaphysical argument—*persuasio*, he might well have called it.

Worthy of particular mention in Mascall's methodological prescription is his insistence that one adopt a clear-cut, preferably minimal, definition of 'God' to work with, and then be very careful in subsequent stages of one's argument, to introduce only such features as are clearly proven to belong to the One whose existence has been shown.

With regard to knowledge of God's *essence*, however (as opposed to knowledge of his existence), I fear that Mascall has somewhat less to offer. He mentions Duméry's neoplotinianism in his introductory discussion of the need for better communication among philosophers; but he never takes it seriously enough, it seems to me, throughout the rest of the book. He espouses unhesitatingly the traditional doctrine of analogy which is really incapable of serving as ultimate epistemological ground for theism. As Robert Neville has shown, the determinate features God certainly possesses in relation to his creatures are themselves the effects of his creative act. One cannot maintain that God is infinite on the one hand; and then, on the other hand, claim that he is *essentially* constituted of finite determinations "analogous" to those of creatures.

It is not true, incidentally, that Whitehead fails to pose the cosmological or metaphysical question. There has never been a better (more adequate and more consistent) cosmology in the history of philosophy than Whitehead's. What Mascall meant and should have said (p. 171) is that Whitehead failed to pose the *ontological* question.

The appendices are, as already mentioned, a welcome addition to the text of the lectures. The first is a detailed critique of A. Boyce Gibson's natural theology which sees God's "extensions," as it were, as the signs of his creative presence. The second considers the complementary position of Peter Berger, which sees certain features of finite existence as "indicators" of transcendence. The third is a commentary on some recent studies on grace, the main value of which consists in the fruitful comparison of Orthodox, Catholic, and Protestant views of the "supernatural." (The Gifford Lecturer, as Mascall is always pointing out, has to remain strictly within *philosophical* theology; so it may seem strange to see this material on grace even *appended* to his series. But as the author also points out in his ninth lecture, from which the book's title is taken, it is one thing for the philosopher to show nature's openness to what transcends it, and something else to embrace as normative a doctrine or event which is said to transcend nature. My judgment, at any rate, is that the material does belong in this context, and that it is very fine material indeed.) The final appendix is a brief article on human nature, "Body, Soul, and Creation," which draws support from science, philosophy, and revelation for the traditional Thomistic understanding of man. It contains nothing really new and yet is so well done that it bolsters my own gradually strengthening conviction that St. Thomas' anthropology seems to flourish the more gloriously with each new attempt to transcend or supersede it.

The book is attractively presented, with a good bibliography and a helpful index. I recommend it very highly to anyone interested in a clear, cogent, urbanely written, and solidly contemporary view of natural theology.

Youth: The Hope of the Harvest. By Edmund J. Elbert, Ph.D. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1972. Pp. v-244. Cloth, $6.95.

Reviewed by Janet Ruether, M.S. (State University of New York at Albany), a Certified School Psychologist, Staff Counselor and an Instructor in Psychology at Siena College.

Reflecting upon his years of counseling adolescents, Father Elbert provides information and concrete suggestions to parents, teachers, and counselors for advising youth. His observations and interpretations of youth's discontents are frank and empathetic but not condoning or totally rejecting. By allowing young people to speak and defend their views within his chapters, Father Elbert imparts to his suggestions a more realistic approach than might be met within a guidebook which referred only to youth's hypothetical problems and interpretations. Hence his views toward helping solve many of adolescents' difficulties are essentially reasonable and optimistic.

It is the author's opinion that our young are confused and appear unwilling to listen and to learn from the experiences of others because their philosophy of life is one of relativism, "personalism steeped in skepticism." Instead of evaluating their judgments upon objective norms and standards, they utilize subjective norms that are based on present needs, wishes, motives, and instincts. These personal criteria entail "doing your own thing" with an emphasis upon "freedom without purpose, direction or accountability." Hence, youth lose not only a sense of needing to learn from history but also their identities as human beings. According to the author, if young people are to become responsible,

mature individuals they must be presented the objective meaning of man's nature and his ultimate purpose. With this knowledge, they will gain a sense of responsibility to improve the human condition and look with an eye to the past for guidance.

As an aid to understanding *what man is* and hence *what youth is* and *why* he acts as he does, the author describes the physical and psychological development of man from conception through infancy and childhood to full maturity. Emphasis is placed upon heredity, prenatal and postnatal environmental influences and upon the philosophical orientation in which this development occurs. Within individual chapters, special attention is given to major problem-centers affecting youth today. They include drug abuse, sexual liberalism, and aggression. To each social problem the author has allotted space within the chapter for youth to present candid statements to support their views. Solid advice is then given for handling aberrant behavior stemming from youth's misinterpretation of social situations.

Another chapter is devoted to discussing maturity as the criterion for guiding man to live an appropriately human life. By seeking this standard, the natural purpose of existence, man reaches toward his goal of wholeness. This wholeness, in turn, constitutes his meaning and allows him to achieve "the fullness of his life and the plenitude of his world." Father Elbert emphasizes the importance of attaining this goal of growth, if youths are to advance and carry the torch of worldly progress. "They must be given a view of themselves and the life they live in which maturity is recognized as a goal to be pursued and a truth to be learned."

The author concludes the book with a restatement of the necessity of parents, counselors, and teachers to underscore the importance of man's personal value, i.e., his identity, when educating youth. For through such instruction the young people will find purpose and meaning within their lives and realize their responsibilities and accountability to the human condition.

In summary, *Youth: The Hope of the Harvest* is an informative, practical guidebook for all individuals involved in advising or directing youth. Its chapters on heredity and on physical and psychological development make any reader marvel upon the complexities and *is-ness* of man. They also force adults to consider their own philosophies of life and question whether they are governed by unreasonable norms of absolutism or of relativism which may detrimentally affect youth. Although the book presents a philosophy of life throughout its pages, its discussion is not steeped in a maze of psychological or philosophical jargon. Hence any layman will find this to be a quite readable guidebook.

Likewise, any professional counselor cannot but gain some helpful suggestions from its contents. If nothing else, he will feel refreshed to encounter a book containing such optimism for youth's future. However, as is the plight of any book containing one philosophical viewpoint, there will be readers who do not agree with Father Elbert's strongly psychoanalytic leanings. Cognitive and behavioristic psychologists, e.g., may adamantly disagree with the author's account of self-development (id, ego, and superego), but even they will find many of his practical suggestions to be workable within their own philosophies of man.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CORRIGENDUM

Last month in this space, *Things Lost in Need of Finding*, by Joan Sauro, C.S.J., was listed as published by the Paulist Press. The book was actually published by the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Inc.

Chatham, Josiah G., *In the Midst Stands Jesus: A Pastoral Introduction to the New Testament.* Staten Island, N.Y.: Alba House, 1973. Pp. vi-220. Cloth, $4.95.

Geissler, Eugene S., and Kenneth W. Peters, *Together at Mass* (with 24 Liturgies of the Word). Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press, 1973. Pp. 141. Paper, $2.50.

McCallum, John D., *The Story of Dan Lyons, S.J.* New York: Guild Books, 1973. Pp. xviii-443. Cloth, $7.95.

McLean, George F., O.M.I., ed., *Religion in Contemporary Thought.* Staten Island, N.Y.: Alba House, 1973. Pp. xiv-325. Paper, $4.95.

Mulhern, Philip F., O.P., *Dedicated Poverty: Its History and Theology.* Staten Island, N.Y.: Alba House, 1973. Pp. xiii-246. Cloth, $5.95.

Segundo, Juan Luis, S.J., with the Peter Faber Center of Montevideo, *The Community Called Church* (vol. 1 of *A Theology for Artisans of a New Humanity).* Trans. John Drury; Maryknoll, N.Y.: Orbis Books, 1973. Pp. xi-172. Cloth, $6.95.

Segundo, Juan Luis, S.J., with the Peter Faber Center of Montevideo, *Grace and the Human Condition* (vol. 2 of *A Theology for Artisans of a New Humanity).* Trans. John Drury; Maryknoll, N.Y.: Orbis Books, 1973. Pp. viii-213. Cloth, $6.95.