COVER AND ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

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Pressure Politics and Religion

IN THE SUMMER of last year, the National Association of Women Religious passed a resolution calling for the Cnurch to remove the bars to the ordination of women. This year the same group requested of the National Association of Religious Brothers that they adopt a resolution in favor of the permanent diaconate for women (See *Crux of the News,* April 7, 1975 for the brothers' interesting response that there is no need for such a resolution insofar as the ministries of religious women (as of men) flow from their religious consecration). The National Federation of Priests' Councils has annually published various resolutions (demands?) and the organization of male major superiors has recently done the same.

My own reaction to such resolutions varies (from moderate to total opposition usually), but what I do think noticing, and *stopping* is the implicit attempt to use those resolutions and the consequent publicity which they receive as instruments in the change of Catholic belief. I trace the era for resolutions back to 1968 when a barrage of phone calls and personal contacts got a public protest against *Humanae Vitae* into the media, a protest you recall signed by theologians of varying credentials. Since that time, we have all read articles in Catholic publications frequently proposing views on marriage, the moral law, the Church, which are contrary to Catholic teaching. Because it takes time for authority to reaffirm what is Catholic and condemn what isn't, untold harm has been done to faith. Furthermore, we have all suffered from the maverick views of religious life propounded in books, workshops, seminars, etc. views whose power was one of print, not of truth. (And we have all benefitted from workshops, seminars, etc. too). And even the American bishops have been swayed by the power of print, publicized resolutions, e.g. in the dialogue with Rome over the experimental norms for tribunals (clearly the work of the Canon Law Society's efforts) and the various debates over the translation of the Liturgy into English.

It was Pope Pius XII who pointed out the import and value of public opinion in the Church. But public opinion is hardly public *opinion* if it defines doctrine, or tries to. Policies are debatable; principles of faith are not. Passing resolutions telling the Church what to believe (as distinct from passing resolutions telling the members of ones own congregation or constituency what to *do* or urging a particular practical application of Christian belief, as relief of hunger and poverty in the world) is, in my judgment, a form of pressure politics clearly out of place in the Catholic Church with its well-defined teaching on the nature and role of the magisterium vis a vis Catholic Faith. Recently, I drew some attention to myself at a community meeting when I summed up an undercurrent of thought "We *pray* for peace; we *fight* for justice." The resolution mania now gripping more and more of our organizations, however, seems not a fight for justice, but rather an expression of corporate pushiness of a nature that I that clearly brand as unchristian when I find it in myself.

Gamaliel

Deep-eyed and steeped
In the learning of the
Law
You listened intently,
Keenly to the witness of the
Way.
"The strength of their defense
Is that they made
None,"
You argue, throwing
Your weight of years and
Wisdom
Against the foaming fury
Of your colleagues on the
Bench.
"Let them alone. If this
Be but the design of
Man,
It shall die.
If not . . .
Beware lest we end
(as we began) wrestling with
God!"

SISTER MARY SERAPHIM, P.C.P.A.

Saint Bonaventure—The Teacher

VIANNEY F. VORMWALD, O.F.M.

TO APPROACH A MAN now dead seven hundred years as a model for those of us engaged in the teaching apostolate may at first glance seem preposterous. But we are able to draw inspiration from both the life and the works of Saint Bonaventure. He has not only left us a heritage, but he belongs to the Franciscan tradition. There must be close to eight thousand folio pages of his work, now carefully edited, in which he still speaks to us if we take the trouble to listen. There is also the example of his life. He lived fifty-seven years. He was a Master at the University of Paris when at the age of forty he became the seventh successor of Saint Francis of Assisi. He preached on both sides of the Alps. General of the Order for seventeen years, he was elevated to the Cardinalate, and served at the side of Pope Gregory X planning the Second Council of Lyons. It was at that Council that the Greek and Roman churches were united after a schism which had been brewing nearly a thousand years. It was at that Council that Bonaventure died.

Teacher, preacher, leader. They are synonymous. Bonaventure could not have been a leader had he not been a teacher. He could not have been a preacher had he not been a teacher. The command of Jesus, "Go and teach," was not given to an elite group, but to you and me—a command to participate in his life, teaching as he taught, here and now. No one knew this better than Bonaventure himself.

Paris must have been exciting in the thirteenth century. It was Berkeley of the late sixties, Concordia of today, mixed with the brilliant academe of the Ivy colleges. There was no ivory tower to reside in. Bonaventure had to cross the Alps to La Verna to find the same quiet place Francis had found.

Bonaventure was creating the Franciscan tradition. He took the reins of the Order only a few years after the death of Francis. The whole spirit of Francis was still alive to him and to the followers of the man from Assisi. When we listen to his words, we must understand that he was speaking out of a spirit that was still inflaming the world. He could still see the footprints Francis had left behind him.

The tradition Bonaventure lived in was rooted in Augustine and Hugh of St. Victor, organized in Peter Lombard's *Sentences*, and disturbed by the recent discovery of Aristotle. This was the experience of Bonaventure in whose memory was stored the past continually contrasted with his immediate present as preparation, as anticipation, of the future. The past, the present, and the future were integrated by faith, which Bonaventure would never divorce from philosophy from theology. These three vital activities of man: faith, philosophy, and theology, lead to the gift of knowledge and the light of glory.

To be a teacher, a preacher, a leader, Bonaventure had to be a person who was able to identify his own fears and his own anxieties. With that knowledge he was able to see his own potentialities. Once he saw the potential within him, he was able to transform that potential into an actuality, knowing full well that every time man turns a potential into an actuality, there emerges new potential. Today we would call Saint Bonaventure a self-actualized person.

This is the vision every excellent teacher has got to give. He is not simply giving information but is participating in the creative process God began here in mankind. He is not only informing a mind, but creating a new person who comes to understand his own potential, assured that it is possible to bring that potential, in spite of fears and anxieties, to actuality.

The only reason why a person can become self-actualized is a very deep faith, a conviction that is integrated, that has a unity about it, that comprehends his whole life. Frequently we oversimplify the Franciscan vision of life, basing it on "will" rather than upon "intelligence." Both Francis and Bonaventure tell us that in order to be a self-actualized person, we must be men of desires, as Francis was a man of desires. The only reason man searches for knowledge is that he has the desire to know the sources of things. The only reason that impels man to act is that he has a desire for the good and wishes to avoid evil. And his faith feeds his desires.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of Lights" (Jas. 1:17) might be called the integrating scriptural passage in the mind of Bonaventure. He quotes the passage forty-four times. His faith, his life, and his work were tied to the vision of the unity of all creation and especially created truth. All truth comes from God and returns to God through the incarnate Word who is himself the way, the truth, and the life. This is beautifully summed up in the method of Bonaventure.

A very common scholastic form of teaching, a method of instruction called the *reductio*, is basic to Bonaventure's presentation. It is a retracing back to a principle, back to a source. We are able to trace back all knowledge to theology—to knowledge of God—because within every created truth lies something of the eternal. If we really believe in crea-

Father Vianney F. Vormwald, O.F.M., Chaplain of Siena College, delivered this homily on the occasion of the College's Septicentennial Tribute to the Seraphic Doctor. The First Reading was James 1:17-19: *Every worthwhile gift . . . comes from above, descending from the Father of heavenly luminaries, who cannot change . . .*

tion, then everything we see, everything we know, is created and can be retraced to its source, which is God.

This *reductio* is also a resolution, a complete answer to the questions why there is such unity in truth, why there is such unity in peace, and why there is such unity in the desire of men to be united with God. This resolution is the very center of the activity of men. Bonaventure discovered the middle, the medium of all creation in the person of Jesus Christ. But *medium* means not only the center of creation but the *way* of retracing or resolving and, to Bonaventure, the way to the Source is through Jesus Christ.

How does this fit with our laboratories, our theatre, our orchestras, our libraries, and especially with the classroom and the process of education? All belong to created truth, and Bonaventure retraces them all back to God. The teacher, with the vision of Bonaventure, fits his work into his faith, for he is a man of desires. His faith drives him to the pursuit of knowledge, a desire to know the Source of things, and a desire to accomplish the good.

It is painful to maintain a tradition, especially if that tradition demands excellence. It takes strength and dedication and continual recommitment to the tradition that we examine today in light of the present and for speculation about the future. It is painful to maintain a vision, unblinded by prejudice, comprehending the dignity of the vocation that belongs to the creative teacher. All too often we can content ourselves with slipping a slice of the apple rather than with trying to form a rib.

The excellence of the teacher is based on his understanding of the great glory man is, of the almost infinite capacity man has, and of the innumerable potentialities man can be. That understanding can develop only from an open acceptance of the student by the teacher and the teacher by the student. It is in intimate relationship that fear is allayed and learning begun. Bonaventure knew this. While he was a student at the University of Paris, a student in the convent of the friars there, his relationship with his Master, the great Franciscan teacher Alexander of Hales, was so intimate that twice he can call him not only Master, but father. That term, father, has no relationship at all to the ordination of Alexander as a priest.

To teach is a gift from the Father of Lights. To Bonaventure teaching is transmission of truth. Because Jesus Christ is the center and the way of truth, the truth that is taught would have to be whole. And the wholeness of the truth would be measured by the excellence with which it is taught, for the teacher is participating in the very work of God.

Possession of the whole truth would lead men to choose between the good and the bad, to choose between those things which are important and those things which are not so important. Excellent teaching leads men to take sides intelligently, for in Jesus Christ, God, once and for all, took sides. We can do no better. In Bonaventure's words, "such is the fruit of all forms of knowledge: in all of them, faith is built up and God is glorified."

Blessed Are You—VI

MOTHER MARY FRANCIS, P.C.C.

Blessed Are the Clean of Heart: They Shall See God

SINCE THERE IS scarcely anything more purgative to the drossedness of the heart than that humble receiving of mercy which makes possible the giving of mercy with the simultaneous new understanding of our need to receive it, it should not be surprising that our blessed Lord immediately after proclaiming the blessedness of the merciful should speak of the clean of heart. The humility indigenous to true mercy, whether given or received, turns out the pockets of the heart with all their accumulated hoardings, and also scales pettiness off our being with a beautifully relentless blade. A new blessedness is revealed. "Blessed are the clean of heart: they shall see God" (Mt. 5:8).

In a different sense than the immediate present fulfillment of the first Beatitude, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs *is* the kingdom of Heaven" (Mt. 5:3), we find in the sixth Beatitude, and in a highly specific way, a future reward brought into the present. Certainly we shall all have to be made clean of heart before we can see God. We recall Yahweh warning Moses that he could not look upon His face and live. "You cannot see my face: for man shall not see me and live" (Exodus, 33:20). And Moses was likely considerably cleaner of heart than many of the other children of Israel then or now. Still, he could be allowed only certain concessions, as it were. "When my glory shall pass, I will set you in a hole in the rock, and protect you with my right hand, till I pass. And I will take away my hand and you shall see my back parts: but my face you cannot see" (Exodus, 33: 22-23). We also recall that after Moses, thus "protected" from the face of God in order to speak with Him, came down to the people, they were unable to support the sight even of such obliquely reflected glory. And perhaps again some of those children of Israel were better equipped to see the filtered radiance of God than we are.

So, yes, there will have to be a totally cleansing process for each of us to suffer before we can see God. Is Christ then saying in this Beatitude, "Blessed are the blessed?"

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Is He reminding us of what must be before we can endure the unveiling of that eternal Beatitude which is the vision of God? Hardly. It would not need a specific Beatitude to announce that basic generic. So, what did He mean? How is that someday beholding of God's face announced in this Beatitude? How is the future brought into the present? In what manner shall the clean of heart discover God upon earth? How does life practise for eternity? And then, who are the clean of heart anyway? What do we mean by that? Whom did Christ mean?

We shall not want to take a restricted view of this Beatitude in which, surely, much more is meant than mere physical integrity. To describe physical purity as "mere" is by no means to imply that chaste stewardship of one's flesh is not a most precious office, but only to remind ourselves that something much larger and profounder is obviously meant here by our Lord. The keeping pure of one's earthen vessel is a part of the whole. It is a beautiful part of this Beatitude, but it is not all of it. There is a virginity of the mind, a cleanness of the spirit. Surely this is the Beatitude of the unworldly.

We might call it the Beatitude of the transfixing gaze which transfigures tragedies and joys, mountains and traffic lanes, roses and stones, men and situations, all of a sometimes lithe and sometimes lumbering creation into its pure and radiant nakedness wherein is discovered the firstborn of all creation, Christ the Lord. (Col. I: 15) It is really only the clean of heart who can love the world. For them there is nothing to be puzzled over in Jesus' invitation to be in the world but not of the world. (John 17: 16) No one is so much at the center of the world as the clean of heart who are not of it. For there are two aspects of world. One is worldliness, the other is reverence and compassion. Again, one is total immersion, and one is stewardship. The clean of heart know which is which.

If it is the total reverence possible only to virginity of the spirit which transfigures all things into their true form, it is the responsibility of stewardship which returns substance to otherwise passing phantoms which alternately lure and bedevil the unclean of heart and always ensnare them. One cannot appreciate the world when one is moored in it. You have to run free and eventually float free. The unworldly are the only ones who have ever been able effectively to suffer with and for the world, to be in travail with it until Christ is brought forth in the new creation (Rom. 8: 22). And certainly the unworldly are the only ones who have ever been qualified to enjoy the world.

There is Saint Francis of Assisi. So clean of heart, he sang out the praises of creation without thinking it necessary to consume creation, without needing either to execrate or to worship it. His was the reverential love of the pure. He saw God, and Him he worshipped. Everything that is belongs to the clean of heart. And so he has no need to be avaricious. Francis might be called frugal in his use of creation to fulfill the needs of his own person, but actually it was for him not so much

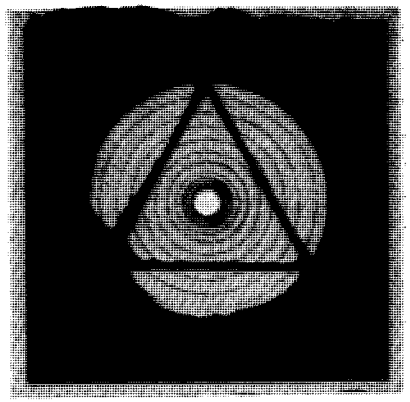
a matter of fasting from feasting as of feasting on his fasting. A little went a long way for Francis because he possessed the whole way and the goal besides. And this because he was so clean of heart.

Again, he did not wear a rough tunic because it was all he had but because it was all he wanted. Nor did he go barefoot in order to curse leather but because he knew that he stood on the holy ground of creation and it was fitting to take the shoes from off his feet. As a matter of fact, no one is capable of foregoing leather unless he appreciates leather. Otherwise he would be only despising it or, if sufficiently mean-souled, merely disliking it. One has to have a very fine appreciation of food to be able to feast on fasting.

Rather in the same manner that the meek possess the land, the clean of heart roam royally free, continually discovering God. Cleanness of heart gives us perspective on persons and things and situations so that we not only see them in a new way but we see what is in them: God. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God. Preserving this virginity of the heart (which takes unrelenting effort), having achieved this purity of spirit (and we want to remember here that recovering it after having lost it is a new achieving of it), the unworldly shall have revealed to them the meaning of the world. They shall see God.

We are usually not comfortable while being cleansed, but only afterward. Allowing God to cleanse one's heart so that one sees not events but God in events, not just persons to like or dislike or puzzle over or dismiss, but God looking out of these persons, — this requires a lifelong striving. Maybe we need to recall more often than we sometimes do that the signs of the times are the signs of eternity expressed in things present. If we simply observe the signs of the times and stop there, we are missing the point; in the deepest sense, we are even missing the signs. For a sign stands for something else. Signs of the times stand for eternity in its present expressions. Anybody can see the signs of the times. The clean of heart see through the signs to the truth the signs proclaim, the direction they give. They see God. The unworldly read Divine directions in the signs of the times.

It can be helpful in laboring to become clean of heart to ponder what is characteristic of the clean of heart. Two primary characteristics stand out rather prominently. One of them is educability. Again we think of the meek, the teachable ones. The Beatitudes are not independent entities. It is a lovely word, that Latin *docibilis* out of which we create our "docile" and "docility." And it is a real pity that so rich a word concept should be in such general disfavor with the world. What is its frequent connotation? Someone who is weak. The supine person, the one with no ideas of his own. "She is docile," we say, often enough meaning that you could lead her along on a leash. All on the contrary, the truly docile person is the teachable person; and the indocile, the unteachable one, is actually the mule concerning whose mental



prowess the psalmist set down an observation. "Be not like the horse and the mule that are without understanding" (Ps. 31: 11). There can be for us on certain occasions at least a bit of amusement over the indocility of the mule, but it is really not at all a winsome quality in an adult biped of the human species.

Becoming very first personal, I could fetch up an incident from my school days having to do with a student who knew very little but who was forever challenging the professor who knew a great deal. What Ms. *Indocibilis* produced in the rest of us in that class was embarrassment, a huge embarrassment. I really think she encouraged us to be teachable and clean enough of intellect to absorb some of the vast erudition of our instructor. Alexander Pope remarked quite some years ago that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." A blink of vision through eyes shuttered by unteachableness is another dangerous thing. We may think we are seeing when we are merely squinting. And it takes more than a squint to recognize truth, to see God. There was that summer day when Ms. Unteachable said once too often: "Can you prove it?" to the professor at whose feet the rest of us were extremely comfortable. And I shall recall here for the edification of any possible readers the exercise of stern self-discipline by which I managed that day to forego asking my fellow co-ed in clear, resounding tones: "Would you be so kind as to shut up?"

The greatly learned are, of course, the happy converse, — the docile, the *docibiles*, the ever more teachable. Saint Thomas Aquinas described his tomes on which serious scholars through the centuries have fed as being only "a little straw." One has to know a very great deal to know how little one knows. True scholarship makes for humility and cleanness of heart. Where these qualities seem to be rather notably unpresent, one has reason to be reserved about the depth of the supposed scholarship.

Two classes of persons found Christ at the beginning: the shepherds who knew very little of science but were clean enough of heart to recognize and be taught by an angel; and the wisemen who specialized in scientific research and were clean enough of heart to be taught and led by a star. There is no record of the indocile finding Jesus. Those who know very little and think they know a great deal do not seem to be present. There was Herod, of course. Recordedly unclean of heart, he could not see God in a Child, but only a possible threat to his own unregal kingship. We could make a significant pause here to ponder a

present rather widespread contempt of angels and a diminution of interest in fixing one's gaze on starry heights. In that brief pause, it may be recalled that cleanness of heart is not precisely the outstanding trait of our world society.

If we want it to be our personal trait, the first thing we shall want to do is to face ourselves in truth and discover in what areas of our lives we are not very educable. All of us have them. I doubt any of us would want to stand forth and affirm: "I am completely *docibilis*." The docility characteristic of the clean of heart is something for which we all need to strive. And to strive for it is in a measure already to have achieved it. By the mere act of confessing sincerely that in some areas I show myself not teachable, I am already conditioned to become teachable. I have achieved at least the beginnings of what I lack when I confess that I lack it. I open up.

The honest discovery and admission of a certain closedness, for example, is the beginning of openness. This is so far removed from the glib affirmation, — insistence, really, — on one's complete openness which invariably characterizes the impenetrably closed. Thus, in our times we observe the curious phenomenom of certain apostles of openness whose openness appears to be somewhat restricted. Openness only to oneself or one's attitudinal compatriots would actually seem to qualify one for a rather limited apostleship in this area.

The truly open and educable can be taught by anything. They learn from others, from situations. They can be taught perseverance by the bit of portulaca that comes persevering-ly through the gravel. Maybe it doesn't get any water or any care, but it shows you what perseverance can achieve. This kind of educability was so evident in the saints. They were learning, learning all the time. Because they didn't have little stores of false erudition stacked up in their hearts, they were free to be clean of heart and open to God and men. One who knows little can question with acrimony, and another can answer with gentleness because he is so wise in his educability.

When we are clean of heart, we have flushed out, swept out all this clutter of false erudition so that it is possible for the heart to be clean. Even on the secular plane, no scholar would ever say: "I know all about this." The most eminent heart surgeon in the world will be the last to say: "I know everything about heart surgery. Just ask me anything. I have all the answers." We find in the context of daily life that the educable ones are those who are most clean of heart and that even in the secular consideration they always feel that they have so much to learn. It is self-evident that the more we learn about anything the more we realize how much we still have to learn. A little learning is assuredly a dangerous thing. We cannot rest there. We never graduate intellectually, much less spiritually. This is no way implies that the docile and free of heart are not strong in their convictions, that they do now have ideals that never become obscured. It means only that they are open

enough to learn God from others and from situations. The cluttered heart of the little learning is not open to seeing God whose kingdom comes today.

The cleaner of heart we are, the less dark corners do we cherish in our heart for depositing ideas of which we are extremely fond and on which no other ideas shall be allowed to intrude. These are the dark corners to be illumined so that the light and sight of God can come in. If, when I am corrected, I have a stockpile of reasons to show my benefactor how wrong he is, if I am offered a new perspective and have another stockpile of false erudition for rejecting it, I am simply lost in my own clutter. I don't see God. I am dirty of heart in a deeper and much more dangerous way than in the sense of carnal impurity. What are "dirty thoughts?" Are they not less those engendered by the demands of nature or the insistence of men or the television of imagination than the satisfiedness which makes it impossible to see God? Let us repeat it: our blessed Lord certainly meant physical cleanness of the body and mental cleanness of thought when He proclaimed the blessedness of the clean of heart. But He meant more. The Scriptures expand His thought by many parables.

We remember how the thieves and the prostitutes got into the heavenly banquet, according to our Lord's own forecast, and we recall who got thrown into the outer darkness and were left there to gnash their teeth. Look again at that prodigal son. The Scriptures say in very plain language that he had wasted his whole inheritance on harlots and loose living. Yet, in that exquisite Scriptural vignette which is given us as a symbol of God's forgiveness, the boy was clean of heart. He was so humbled. He was so contrite. He became a penitent whose greatest hope was to be allowed to be a servant in his father's house. And that takes us over into the second shining characteristic of the clean of heart: truthfulness.

The prodigal son was physically unclean. He had been unpure in the physical sense and in just about every other sense as well when he came to his father and said, "I am not fit to be your son; could I be a servant in your house?" At that moment, he was clean of heart. The bedraggled, hungry boy did not condition truthfulness. He did not say: "Well, at least I can be a servant here." He inquired if there was any possibility that he could be a servant. And what did the father who is the figure of God the Father do? He interrupted the self-accusations. You can see the finger of the father on the lips of the son. Really, he stopped the boy with a kiss, and forgave him. And the son was made clean of heart. The proud and complacent are the really dirty of heart, and they do not see God.

There is another familiar Scriptural passage that could be interestingly rewritten in the light of truth. It is the beginning of Genesis. Suppose at the initiation of that sorry tale, the serpent had not lied? The whole story began with untruthfulness. Then, Eve listened to the lie, disobeyed, panicked, and proceeded to do what human nature invariably

seeks to do, — she drew someone else into her predicament. Adam was easily enough drawn. But if the two had been clean of heart in contrition, how would the story run? When Eve said to God, "The serpent deceived me" (Gen. 3: 13), one catches little undertones and overtones of her really blaming God for her whole downfall. Who created the serpent anyhow? Who put him into the garden? "The serpent deceived me." Suppose, instead, she had said: "Oh, God, forgive me! I was ambitious, I was vainglorious, I was so proud. I wanted to be You. I wanted to take over Your role." Suppose she had confessed: "I was so foolish. You gave me everything, and I listened to a snake. Have pity on me." Would Eve then have needed to be cursed?

Then, what of the happy supposition that Adam had said: "Oh, God, forgive me! I was Your first creation in Your own image. I should have been strong to help my mate. Instead of that, in her moment of weakness, I failed her. I am really all at fault. I am the one on whom she should have depended for strength; but I failed her, God, and I failed You." Perhaps the thorns and thistles of Adam's future lot and his bequest to all his progeny would never have appeared. The fallen can always regain cleanness of heart. They need only be truthful and contrite. For all of us, the implication of cleanness of heart is that we have been cleansed. Who shall stand before God and say: "Behold, your unspotted one!"

If educability and truthfulness are two outstanding characteristics of the clean of heart, there are also two special effects of cleanness of heart. The first is a great lightness of spirit. Like the peace-makers whom we shall next consider, the clean in heart are happy children of God. We see this gaiety very apparent in Francis and Clare of Assisi. They were so light of heart, "always gay" as the nuns testified of Clare at the process of canonization. Gay to be forgiven, light of heart to have met the truth and acknowledged it.

When we are always ready to be taught, are really truthful in confronting ourselves before God, we have a rewarding sense of wonder. We can say to ourselves in Old Testament terms just as Job did, "Yes, you maggot you! you worm, you!" and still know that we are the beloved of God. It is not too attractive a prospect to witness to maggothood or wormdom *per se*, but to be a maggot or worm beloved of God is not uninviting. It is to be a very noble kind of worm. Who could mind being a worm cherished by the Lord? The cleanness of heart that comes of being teachable and truthful brings a reward not of depression or defeatism nor much less of despair, but of joy. In our acknowledged wormliness alone does our butterfly possibility lie.

A second effect of cleanness of heart is freedom. Here again, we see clearly the interlockedness of the Beatitudes in the wholeness of Christ's love. For we have already seen the freedom which is the property of the poor and the meek. When we are not infatuated with our own opinions and judgements, we are prepared to yield them over when

truth shows them up as charlatans. To be sure the yielding up involves pain. Life is full of pain; learning is full of pain. Any learning. There can be a certain drive toward it, a kind of exhilaration; but there is also much labor and perspiration involved, much fatigue for mind and body. If pain is part even of secular learning, we can scarcely be surprised that it is often painful to learn the only thing God told us to learn: to be meek and humble of heart. It should not come as any surprise that there is a lot of work involved in becoming and remaining clean of heart. It is not a snap course.

We have our own opinions, judgements, evaluations. We are ourselves. But we are clean and free when our roots are not in any of these but in God. This seems to be what is meant in the Beatitude, "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." See Him in eternity, yes. But they shall see through to Him right now, too. Of course, let us say it again, this takes more than just a bit of doing. We need to prostrate ourselves before God and ask Him: "Show me where I am unclean of heart. What do You want me to surrender that I may have the great reward of the clean of heart?" And we have to be prepared to let Him answer, and to realize that the freeing and happy rewards of truth come only to the truthful. The prodigal son doubtless had to work on himself so as not to say, accusing his father instead of himself, "Why did you let me go out, young as I was, into a wicked world? It is really all your fault." Poor Eve did the equivalent of that in a somewhat more subtle mode, but to God. "Why did You put the snake there? Things were going along so well before he came slithering along." The boy, truthful, humbled, educable, was immediately cleansed. Eve, less candid and only humiliated, needed long penancing to become clean of heart. No doubt most of us line up alternately with the contrite wanton son and the self-excusing Eve. For them, to be given the first robe of restored innocence, or to be made mother of the human race, it was necessary to be cleansed and to see God. The unworldliness of the clean of heart is not lightly achieved. That bears repeating. The educability and truthfulness that make freedom and lightness of heart possible are never effortless. But the reward is so great. We see God.

(To be continued)

ADDENDUM:

In the announcement of *Where Speech Leaves Off, Song Begins*, on page 149 of theMay issue of THE CORD, it should have been pointed out that the pamphlet can be obtained by writing to the Monastery of Poor Clares, 3501 Rocky River Drive, Cleveland, Ohio 44111.

Mother Marianne— A Sister of Saint Francis

SISTER M. THADDEUS, O.S.F.

V. Where the Trumpets Blare You May Not Expect Much Good

IN SPITE OF ALL HER concern and personal care for the patients, Mother Marianne discovered that they were not always too honest with her. She called them her children and it was because they *did* very often *do* the things *children do*. Mother herself dispensed the medicine to the lepers, and we are told, she was very careful to place the pill into the mouth of each one. One day, however, she found that after taking the pills into their mouths they had gone out and spit them into the gutter—just like children who did not like their medicine. There, in the gutter, lay all the pills she had dispensed.

Low moral standards, the result of a people in despair of their lives, were a constant battle for Mother and the Sisters. The men tried very hard to get into the girls' Home at night after everyone had retired, everyone that is except Mother Marianne who kept watch. Mother had asked for and received some guards to help the situation, only to find that very often the guards were a worse menace than the would-be intruders. Some of the boys became very angry over the situation and decided to kill Mother Marianne and gain entrance into the Home. Mother and the Sisters knew nothing of this plot, but somehow the girls heard about it and, likewise, made plans. That particular night each girl was armed with sticks and clubs to defend not their honor but the lives of Mother and the Sisters. No one knows why the boys changed their plans—but no attempt was made that night. It is possible they heard about the armed guard and were not prepared to battle them.

Mother finally decided that the harrassment had gone on long enough and she formulated some drastic tactics. She armed herself with a baseball bat and gave another Sister a huge flashlight. One of the girls who had been particularly disturbed by night-callers was told to encourage them to come in. The three waited in the dark room until, at last, true to form—the plea to enter was heard. To the great surprise of the men as they climbed into the room, a lovely young woman was not the only one awaiting them. A blinding flash into their eyes and a direct hit on the head of one and the back of the other discouraged the men from remaining. Mother had

Sister M. Thaddeus Thom, O.S.F., is Chairman of the English Department at Assumption Catholic Academy, Syracuse, N.Y.

made two perfect targets. The men departed hurriedly and bruised. The story quickly went around the island and more than once the men were greeted with "oh, my poor head . . . my poor back." Mother's principles had been firmly established that night. She had once again proved her resourcefulness in an almost impossible situation. Many times she would say, "Caring for the lepers, the part that the world admires, is the least part of the job."

This incident, however, had only increased the reverence in which she was held. Even one of the offenders, when confronted with the situation, was heard to say, "Mother was right, I was wrong." And it was not only under this type of circumstance that she was respected. Once when the King was visiting Manulani Hospital he was asked to sign the visitors' book . . . he placed the book before him . . . took up a pen . . . held it a moment . . then said, "I am not *worthy* to write my name in your book." Finally he wrote, "Kalakau Rex."

One of Mother's most outstanding qualities was to work solely for God— without fanfare—thus avoiding the empty praises of men. On the occasion of Bishop Libert's visit to Bishop Home, he was taking pictures of the children and asked Mother to join the group. She did not wish to do so because, "It would be in every magazine in the country."

She frequently remarked that the greatest saints wished to remain hidden, not out of false humility, but they had a right perspective about working for God. A common expression of hers was, "Where the trumpets blare you may not expect much good." This gives a tremendous insight into the direction her life was taking and the value she placed upon her service to the Lord.

Her strong belief in herself as an instrument for good in God's hands allowed her the good sense to defy an order from the highest person in the government if her principles could not permit her to approve of it. Some of the inmates of the Bishop Home wanted to attend the Horse Races, but Mother did not feel this should be permitted and thus did not give her consent. One of the older women went to the Superintendent of the Settlement to get permission, but he would not overrule Mother's decision. Thereupon, she wrote to the President of the Board of Health. He, not knowing Mother's reason for the refusal, wrote her a polite letter stating that he could not see any reason for not allowing them to attend. Mother simply ignored his letter, since he had not inquired about her reasons. The inmates did not attend.

Strangers who came into contact with her were impressed with her quiet poise and dignity of manner. One of the physicians who held her in great esteem stated that he felt like kneeling in her presence—yet—her dignified demeanor and gentle manners did not prevent her from taking part in the roughest and humblest work: washing; digging; planting; bathing, dressing and bandaging the ulcerated wounds of her children; all of these were a part of her daily routine.

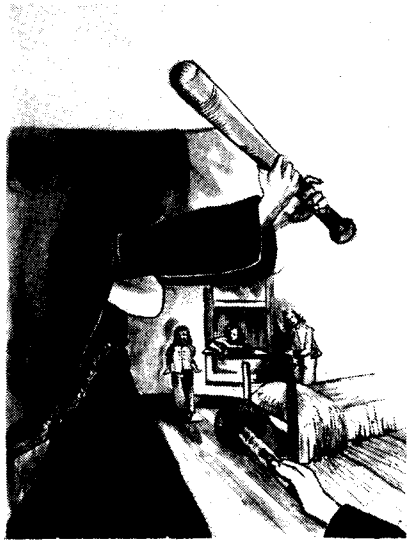
From the very beginning of their work among the lepers, one of the main problems had been provided for them, the patients' quarters were not only *not new* but obviously, had *never* been cleaned. Layers of dirt, years of grease and grime covered the original wood. "The kitchen must come first," Mother remarked. It took real digging to restore some resemblance of a floor and walls. Amazement was the first reaction of the patients to these "clean" (without leprosy) women willingly doing this heavy, filthy work. A few were immediately resentful of the *new regime*. Most of the patients were, however, grateful that someone was showing an interest in them.

Many improvments were needed in thinking and working, but all of these had to be done with tact and finesse. This Mother had. She was fully aware of the sensitive nature of the workers, but she also knew that she must somehow reorganize their methods. One example was clearing the dining room table. The girl whose duty it was, simply dumped a bucket of water over the table, climbed barefoot on top of the table and armed with a broom madly swept dirty water, bread crusts, fish bones, any scraps, into the corners of the room. There the rubbish would lie, a feast for flies, and a boon for any passing rat to carry to his home.

There were many such disheartening visions before the nuns' eyes, but there were also pleasant ones. The gratitude of the patients' having their ulcerous sores dressed properly and the quick response of many of them to the love and compassion in the voices and faces of these dedicated "white fella ladies." And dedication was certainly a requisite in these surroundings.

Mother Marianne had, personally, to battle some of the ills which had crept into the lives of these desperate people. Not all loved and admired her—because she interfered with an "enterprise" labeled gambling, prostitution, and dope, which was permitted by the man who had been in charge before the arrival of these "silly girls"—as he called the Sisters —whom he was determined to be rid of as soon as possible. He feared, in particular, this woman in charge of the others, who seemed to have an indomitable will and a strong determination to make extinct anything which destroyed the spiritual growth of her children.

This man in charge was allowed to remain even after Mother and the Sisters had been officially commissioned by the Board of Health to care for the lepers. It had been his custom to punish unruly patients by placing them in a solitary confinement cell



too small to sit up in. Sister Crescentia tells of the incident of a woman taken in adultery who was placed in this cell much against Sister's wishes—but the man, obviously a follower of the supervisor, was permitted to go free. For this type of injustice the supervisor was beaten by the patients on several occasions, but his retaliation showed no mercy. At last, when his life was threatened, he called upon the Sisters for help, but their ability to control the poor lepers only angered the Supervisor more and he began to plot against the Sisters and to make life extremely difficult for them. One of his favorite tricks was to awaken them after a hard days work, call them to his office, and there discuss some trivial matter that could have waited for morning.

Finally the Sisters were forced to go to the Bishop and the supervisor was removed. This remedied one situation but increased another. The Sisters were now left with two hundred lepers of varied age, sex, temperament, and stage of disease, but no man to care for the men.

The Sisters, however, accepted the situation and increased their labors among the men patients. The patients themselves were grateful and were especially pleased when the Queen, herself visited to see what had been done for her "children." The spotless kitchen and well-stocked linen room and the evidence of loving care given to the lepers quite obviously overjoyed the Queen. She asked to be called upon if ever Mother needed anything at all. It was at this point that Mother asked the Queen to name the hospital and she responded, "I name the hospital Manulani, and I wish dear Mother, that you and all the good Sisters, and everyone who may ever come to the sheltering arms of Manulani Hospital may have the sweet protection of Heaven." These two women were to form a strong bond of love and devotion based upon their self-sacrificing desire to help the "poor children."

No longer would these poor afflicted crouch on the floor, nor sleep on boards, nor be cast into a separate room when certain death was near. No longer would uninfected infants remain with their parents to insure contagion, nor would these children grow up ignorant of their own dignity, for Mother Marianne was determined to guide and train them to live useful lives. And the Queen saw a brave counterpart in this woman from so far away—"I love you. You have left your home and country and come to these faraway Islands to help my poor afflicted children. I shall never forget you. You are my sisters and I will always love you."

A Review Article

The Christian Nonviolence of Lanza del Vasto

ROBERTO O. GONZALEZ, O.F.M.

One of my ambitions in life is to become old and radical. This desire came to me in the late 1960's, when I was an undergraduate at Siena College and was being initiated into the world of protest. During those years I sought the advice and presence of elderly people in the peace movement. However they seemed then as well as today to prefer church buildings, and this saddens me very much.

This makes me wonder about the ultimate meaning of life, the purpose of the church, and the value of radical forms of protest. I ask myself, "Are my actions like picketing with the United Farm Workers mere expressions of my own idealistic and restless passing youth?" Are my ideals of justice and peace worth holding onto for a lifetime?" I do not want to lose the ideals of my youth along with the brown hairs that fall out of my head each day as I grow older. I thus feel the need to see with my eyes that it is possible to be old, idealistic and radical.

The presence of an old person in a protest has always filled me with a special excitement and joy. I marvel at the old man or women who can still hope for Paradise in our midst. For me their presence is a powerful symbol of the Love that is here-not-yet and of the God of the Unknown Future. Old age, giving and spending itself in the radical pursuit of the gifts of salvation, gives me a reason to live.

If you feel like I do, I think you will love Lanza del Vasto and his inspiring trilogy of peace: *Make Straight The Way of the Lord, Gandhi to Vinoba,* and *Warriors of Peace.*

Lanza del Vasto is an old and gentle radical from France. Very much like our own Dorothy Day, he is a radical Christian in the tradition of Jesus the prophet and a radical Ghandian. In 1936 del Vasto travel-

Joseph Jean Lanza del Vasto, *Make Straight the Way of the Lord: An Anthology of the Philosophical Writings.* Trans. Jean Sidgwick; New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1974. Pp. xii-254. Cloth, $7.95.

———. *Gandhi to Vinoba: The New Pilgrimage.* Trans. Philip Leon; New York: Schocken Books, 1974. Pp. 231. Cloth, $7.95.

———. *Warriors of Peace: Writings on the Technique of Nonviolence.* Edited by Michael Random; trans; Jean Sidgwick. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1974. Pp. x-226. Paper, $2.45.

Roberto O. Gonzalez, O.F.M. a second year theologian at Holy Name College, Washington D.C. has been active in peace and social movements since his undergraduate years at Siena College.

led as a pilgrim to the Holy Land and to India to meet Gandhi, and he became one of Mahatma's disciples. Gandhi bestowed upon him the name of Shantidas (Servant of Peace). When he returned to Europe, del Vasto founded in 1948 the first Christian Gandhian Order, the Community of the Ark—"a non sectarian working order of men and women who put nonviolent principles into practice in their lives." Del Vasto has been attempting to do for France what Gandhi tried to do for India: to establish the reign of nonviolence in the hearts of men and women. He has worked constantly for peace in the world and has written twenty-three books of philosophy and related subjects. Today he lives with his wife, Chanterelle, at the Community of the Ark in Southern France.

Make Straight The Way Of The Lord is an excellent introduction to the thought of del Vasto, as it is composed of selections from ten of his books published in France. Part One deals with the search of the self for integrity, love and ultimate meaning. He discusses fasting, meditation, human relations, relaxation, self-possession, sickness, silence, and other pertinent topics. There is here a very beautiful chapter on prayer: "The simplest, most fundamental, and most complete of religious acts" (p. 69). According to del Vasto there are five degrees of prayer: obligation, rogation, lyrical prayer, contemplation, and mental orison. I enjoyed especially his treatment of lyrical prayer, that which is "intimate in essence" and "the living link between the lover and beloved." Del Vasto believes that "prayer will teach us to submit our lives to the rule of rhythm . . . to the rhythm imprinted by the Creator on the universe" (p. 63); a very Bonaventurian approach. In Part Two, "God and Nature," del Vasto deals with the factors (knowledge, energy, creation, good and evil, the Bible, time and eternity) that support his Credo:

> I believe in Thee, God asleep in the stone,
> dreaming in the tree, aspiring in the beast,
> loving in man, and dying for that love,
> piercing the sky with Thy head
> and passing beyond the light.
> [p. 121]

Del Valsto integrates religious thought and wisdom from the East into his own Western and Christian outlook, illustrating well the syncretistic nature of Christianity. Interviewed last year during a visit to the United States, Richard Deats of the Fellowship of Reconciliation asked del Vasto, "What is the relationship of your life as a Christian to Ghandi's teaching—how do you as a Christian relate your faith to his Hindu faith?" Del Vasto replied, that when he went to India he was not searching for Hindu spirituality.

> I was trying to become Christian, which is not easy. I was going there for spiritual research but very paradoxically for the solution of our problems, of war and peace, especially. . . . Then I met the Hindu spirituality that I didn't search for and it moved me greatly . . . I was struck by the analogies . . .You see a common treasure of tradition, and that struck me. The differences, of course, are important and great. But they give the color—they are something that stimulate your curiosity and your sense of poetry. And so I had no difficulty with Hindu religion. I think that Gandhi was more Christian than many of us . . . And I remember him speaking of Jesus Christ and saying, "To me he is the truth." [A transcript of this interview with del Vasto on December 2, 1974 can be obtained from Richard Deats, F.O.R., Box 271, Nyack, NY 10960; a film of this very fine interview is also available]

This makes del Vasto's spirituality highly attractive for today. The final section of the book concerns itself with social realities, utopia, and the kingdom of heaven. It is apocalyptic in tone. The book closes with a description of the elements of the Community of the Ark. A difficulty I have with the book is its poor hermeneutic with regard to certain themes of Christian theology. For instance, Del Vasto's protology is fundamentalistic, and his anthropology is Platonic. He therefore misinterprets profoundly 1 Corinthians 15, which is rooted solidly in Hebrew anthropology, maintaining the immortality of the soul and not the resurrection of the dead into *new creatures!* [See D. Steindl (ed.), *Immortality and Resurrection*; especially the chapter by O. Cullmann on "Immortality of the Soul Or Resurrection of the Dead."] Aside from these problems, this book is recommended highly. It should be read carefully and critically. Moreover, it deserves a meditative and prayerful reading.

Gandi To Vinoba is about del Vasto's return to India. He made this journey to meet Vinoba Bhave: "the most popular hero of India today, the most loved and venerated, the most sung and celebrated, even in the smallest of her seven thousand villages or so of mud and hovels" (p. 13). He is virtually unknown in the West. When del Vasto met him, Vinoba was a frail man in his sixties, who was recognized (notably by Nehru) as Gandhi's successor. Part One considers the life, thought and work of Vinoba that culminated in the Land Gifts Movement, which sought "to answer the spiritual and material needs of Indian peasents by persuading large landholders to surrender voluntarily land for distribution. To this end, Vinoba organized marches through India," and the second part of this book is a fascinating journal of a march in which the author participated. The

final section is a grouping of sayings and short writings of Vinoba. This volume is a moving story of how del Vasto found India: "a land of horror, grandeur and grace." It is a captivating history of the Gandhian movement in India particularly from the time of Gandhi's assasination in 1948 to that of Vinoba's marches in 1954. It is not however a tale of a march but a call to nonviolence and purity of heart. Thus the book seeks for a "social and spiritual revival both in the West and the East" that is based on "the Gandhian doctrine" (p. 203). In 1961 Schocken Books gave us a volume of Gandhi's writings, *Non-Violent Resistance,* which has become a companion to many American pacifists. I am pleased they have published in 1974 this book on Gandhi's successor. In doing so they continue to further the Gandhian movement in the United States and to meet the growing needs of the American pacifist community.

Warriors of Peace is a collection of del Vasto's writings on the technique of nonviolence. Part One deals with definitions of nonviolence, which is essentially three things: the solution of conflict, the force of justice, and the lever of conversion. Nonviolence is a style of life. It is radical *metanoia, koinonia,* and *agape*, and del Vasto tries to show that these are fundamental human needs; therefore all human beings long in their hearts for the nonviolent life. The second chapter is a helpful discussion on nonviolence and self-defense. During that discussion a war resister tells del Vasto that he finds his notion of nonviolence disappointing. Del Vasto argues wisely,

> Nonviolence is simple and primordial, not half-baked and undiscriminating. If things were as clear as you believe them to be, so many great minds, and saints among them, would not have found them so confusing or been so self-contradictory on the subject. The absolute is what we are striving for, but in human affairs 'for' and 'against' are intertwined and we cannot—I regret—make sweeping statements (p. 34).

Part Two considers tactics of nonviolence that have been used by the Community of the Ark: their campaign and del Vasto's twenty day fast against the atrocities of the Algerian War . . . their efforts against internment camps in 1959-60 for Algerians in France . . . their struggles for the recognition of conscientious objection . . . their efforts, during the Second Vatican Council, to have the Church become more committed to world peace. In response to Pope John's encyclical, *Poenitentiam Agere,* del Vasto travelled to Rome to fast and pray throughout Lent in 1963. He wrote to Pope John, explaining the reasons for his pilgrimage:

> The first is consciousness of sins that make me unfit to address my prayer to heaven.
>
> The second is the prayer itself: that our Pope may be given health, for he has won our affection by trying to change pontifical majesty into fatherly kindness.
>
> The third is our hopeful longing, in the fact of the threat of total war, for the message of peace the world needs today, and bold, absolute, in short, the evangelical word (pp. 165-6).

Pope John responded with *Pacem In Terris* along with some personal gifts. Passages concerning civil disobedience and the arms race (particularly atomic weapons) in *Pacem In Terris* corresponded to sections of del Vasto's letter. During the Council the Community of the Ark also sponsored a ten day total fast of Christian women from Europe, South America, and the United States. Dorothy Day and Eileen Egan went from the U.S. These women made petitions to the Council. In fact sentences and words of their letters to Bishops appear in Chapter V, "The Safeguard of Peace," of *Gaudium et Spes.* The book closes with an extremely interesting but all too brief historical survey of nonviolence in the West. The story of a nonviolent protest in 1857 in Poland is especially moving:

> At that time, Poland was groaning under the boot of Russia. In vain did she entreat the Czar to give her a parliament. The uprising which then took place might well be called the Funeral Rebellion. When the funeral procession of a patriot poet appeared to be endless, the police became uneasy. They ordered the mourners to disperse, but the procession went on. Then the police launched a cavalry attack, but the procession, leaving its dead and wounded on the pavement, formed anew and continued until nightfall. All the dead who had fallen that day were given similar funerals. The whole nation went into mourning for a year. As a result, Poland obtained a parliament from the Czar. Counterproof: three years later, Poland had recourse to armed revolt, and the Russians, who asked for nothing better, crushed it (p. 202).

Alfred A. Knopf has mounted beautifully this book as well as *Make Straight The Way Of The Lord,* and I wish also to praise them for their literary contribution to the cause of Peace.

At the outset of this review, I stated my desire to remain idealistic, despite the ambiguity and complexity of life, when I grow old. To this end Lanza del Vasto has inspired me tremendously. His experience and wisdom have comforted me; his thoughts have challenged me. I hope he does the same for you.

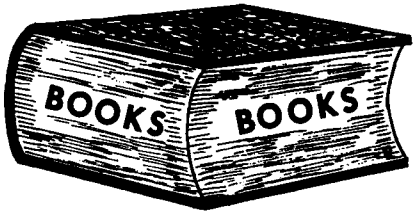
see the day
touch it
feel its warmth
it is speaking
to us
of
eternal wisdom
of
simplicity
of
love

trust
that all
creation
is growing
that there
is
a plan
a reason
a hope

you have
everything
without owning
anything

you have
this
day

DAVID BENZSHAWEL



The Church and I. By Frank Sheed. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1974. Pp. 384. Cloth, $7.95.

Reviewed by Robert Donovan, Ph.D., (Theology, Fordham University), a Franciscan Novice who taught theology for four years at St. Bonaventure University.

It really must be great to be able to spend your life in developing a special talent that not only pays the rent but is also enjoyable. Frank Sheed has had the opportunity. He's been a "street corner preacher" for most of his life. As he details in his latest opus, *The Church and I*, his real "life in the Church" began when he encountered the Catholic Evidence Guild (he even met his wife Maisie Ward there). All that he has done in the last fifty-three years since bears the mark of that encounter. If he had not become a "street corner preacher," Frank Sheed would never have become such a knowledgeable and articulate Catholic, nor would he have become a successful publisher.

Indeed, this latest book reads on the one hand like a handbook for corner preaching. In that hatbox atmosphere, memorized platitudes thoughtlessly spewed forth will not stop the ridicule of the non-believer. Nor would the words of theologians written to attract the attention of other theologians be of any avail. To make the story of Jesus and his Church come alive you had to know your audience, and you had to know your faith. In a word, you had to be honest.

As Christians called to make Jesus present, we could all learn a very good lesson from this. We could come to realize that our work, while not entailing "street corner preaching," is that of bodying forth Jesus and his Church. To do this we need not so much to tell "the story" convincingly as to *be* "the story." For Jesus not only told the story of the Father, he was the story. To do this, of course, is a never ending task and necessitates a continued study of the Faith. As Frank Sheed reiterates from his own experience, we Catholics must—like the converts who have contributed so much to the articulation of the Faith—study "the Faith as grownups" (p. 97). In this he shows not only his expertise but a great deal of wisdom. His honest reaction to the horrors of the Inquisition is the best treatment of that aberration I have ever heard. His description of many of the contemporary ecclesial discontents and

movements, such as the Jesus movement, are quite insightful as well.

On the other hand, this book is also a quasi-autobiography. As such, it is filled with the personalities of the great and near great that crossed paths with this colossus of Catholic publishers. It is interesting to hear some anecdotes about Chesterton, Belloc, Ronald Knox, and C.C. Martindale, to name only a few, but this side tends to become rambling and repetitive. I, for one, had not forgotten, for example, that Sheed was a member of the Catholic Evidence Guild a mere thirty pages after its announcement. But this is only a small flaw in an otherwise topical description of the experience of the Church as seen by one of her better "street corner preachers." And he's at it still!

On Taking God out of the Dictionary. By William Hamilton. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1974. Pp. 225. Cloth, $8.95.

Reviewed by Johnemery Konecsni, Ph.D. (New York University), a member of the Dominican Third Order Secular, and Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Caldwell College, Caldwell, N.J.

William Hamilton, of God-is-dead note, has written a book which will *not* inspire the 1965-model jokes like "If God is dead, why isn't William Hamilton?" That is unfortunate, because the jokes were the best part of the media non-event of the mid-sixties theology. However, this is not the place to review the joy of *Angst* in modern theology, and this is especially true since the 1965 Hamilton is only partially present in the latest volume.

The major part of Hamilton '65 is contained in a long, *Playboy*-style self-interview which I assume would not interest Hugh Hefner because Hefner is not interested in old copy. Old copy constitutes the bulk of this book: Hamilton is in the pathetic position of trying to baptize the current fads with a bottle of holy Sangria without realizing that the fads are changing faster than he can. In an attempt to overcome this defect he offers a commentary on Norman Mailer, Joseph Heller ('52 model), and a host of others. Future shock defeats his purposes: his observations read as quaintly as a 17th-century commentary on a 14th-century graffiti.

Is there anything to be gained by reading this volume? Of course there is! As the old proverb goes, one can learn from a fool . . . by avoiding his example. Two examples will help: Hamilton's non-commentary chapters are excursions into the realm of fiction: short stories, TV plays, and a chapter of fragments, none of which will inspire fear in literary competitors (amnesia will but I did not see humor in the poems, nor honesty. They just did not help you to forget *A Man for All Seasons* while you read his chapter about a man named Thomas defending himself by silence against a corrupt establishment; a willing suspension of good taste will help you survive a play about death which confuses thanatology with necrophilia).

A second lesson might be learned by all philosophers and theologians—myself included—who are constantly tempted to go into fields where they are totally inept. One begins to think that the unholy trinity of "meaningfulness, relevance, and significance" can be served only by making these ancient wisdoms into the intellectual beggar which must steal from all because it has nothing of its own.

In short, when you eliminate all that is outdated or obscure in this volume, there remain two questions which this book raised but will not answer. Is Hamilton, by refusing any efficacy to prayer or the Resurrection, aiming at a secular mysticism or a nervous breakdown? What do you do with a book that is too small for a doorstop and too large for non-polluting incineration?

Philosophy of God, and Theology. By Bernard J.F. Lonergan, S.J. Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1973. Pp. xi-74, incl. index. Cloth, $4.50.

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

This slim volume contains the three St. Michael's Lectures delivered by Father Lonergan at Gonzaga University in the Fall of 1972. "Philosophy of God" is clarified in the first lecture through a deft and succinct discussion of the differentiations of consciousness, and in the course of that same lecture Lonergan admits candidly that the pressure of his assignments at the time of writing *Insight* resulted in a failure to rework his objectivist, inadequate approach to philosophical theology.

In the second lecture, the author approaches the other term in his main subject: "Theology." With the same skillful economy evident in the first lecture, he touches lightly but illuminatingly on the whole history of "systematics," or "doctrinal theology," both patristic and medieval.

It is toward the end of that second lecture that Lonergan broaches with real earnestness the main points of this series, to which he had often referred briefly in earlier pages: viz., that the philosophical appraoch to God ought, most emphatically and minimally for the student who studies theology after completing a course in philosophy, to be integrated within the curriculum for systematic theology. From the older viewpoint of "formal" and "material objects" of a science, such a pro-

cedure could lead only to utter confusion and contradiction. But as the reader doubtless knows, Father Lonergan has devoted many years of scholarly effort to the elaboration of a newer view in which dynamic method replaces static logic as the key operational procedure. Logic remains as necessary as ever, but its function is sharply circumscribed, and method becomes the key to a wider and more fruitful unity not only of theology itself, but of all the sciences.

As is also well known, Lonergan proposes that one begin with cognitional theory rather than a naively realistic metaphysics. Reflecting on the data of consciousness inevitably yields the religious question: "We are suffering from an unconditioned, unrestricted love; with whom, then, are we in love?" (p. 53). It is this basic experience of God's gift of his love that both philosophy of God and systematic theology seek to elaborate and build on—to mediate between religion and culture, to facilitate in the individual the various differentiations of consciousness and to bring him to maturity as a person.

I think that Lonergan's outlook is singularly exciting and promising. It may be that these concise lectures, published in attractive form together with the questions and answers that followed the formal lectures, presuppose some knowledge of his basic ideas. But I don't think that too much is, in fact, presupposed—this might very well be a fine way for the general reader to begin his acquaintance with the thought of one of our most original philosopher-theologians.

Forbidden Disappointments. By By James Carroll. Paramus, N.J.: Paulist Press, 1974. Pp. 60. Cloth, $6.95; paper, $2.50.

Reviewed by Father Bruce Riski, O.F.M.Cap., S.T.L. (Catholic University), a veteran of World War II (U.S. Navy) who has contributed numerous works of poetry and prose to various religious periodicals.

Father James Carroll is a Paulist, currently playwright in residence with the Berkshire Theatre Festival. Of the twenty-three poems he presents in this volume, I found thirteen excellent as regards conveying a message or driving home a point. I even laughed at the close of one: the "Resurrection Poem." It contained, moreover, an unusual penetration of death. The poems that I liked most were "Pentagon: A Memory" and "Rain Dance."

I was not at all impressed by two poems: "The Captive Speaking" and "Mom in Your Boots," which I considered either too raw or too crude. This could have been Father Carroll's way of bringing out a point; but I did not see humor in the poems, nor honesty. They just did not smack right. Having been in the Navy (World War II), I saw no need to be reminded of those days, even

though such living was unavoidable and necessary. The fact that we can become immune to these things does not imply that we should, at times, for shock purposes or otherwise, indulge in a "poetic fling." I prefer that *every* poem uplift me either by its beauty of imagery or construction, or its message or power of thought-expression. Undoubtedly the poet had a purpose in mind. Such can be a method of "shocking" the reader to an appreciation of the message's value; though it may have its worth, I don't buy the approach. It's a matter of personal preference, like my preference for classical music over jazz.

Nonetheless, what I consider unnecessary boldness in these two isolated instances should not deter one from reading Father James Carroll's poetry. On the tally sheet, the score is high indeed. Even though I do not prefer the "shock method," this is poetry that generates reaction, imparts lessons, and shapes attitudes. On the whole, I'd say it is worthwhile introduction to the poet's creations. I'm almost a fan of his.

Hanging in There with Christ. By Robert J. Waywood, O.F.M. Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, 1974. Pp. vii-130. Cloth, $4.95.

Reviewed by Father Daniel A. Hurley, O.F.M., M.A. (Phil.), Dean of Residence Living at St. Bonaventure University.

For the year 1972 Father Robert Waywood, O.F.M., on the English faculty of Siena College, wrote a series of spiritual conferences for THE CORD. These conferences have been put in book form and appear under the title, *Hanging in There with Christ.*

The author has a direct, straightforward approach to the ordinary concerns of those living in religious life. He makes use of his personal experiences to illustrate various principles of the spiritual life affecting the daily responsibilities of those who consecrate themselves to God in religion and/or the priesthood. His background as a college professor of English reveals itself in his clarity and carefulness of expression in his choice of words. Father Waywood states his intention in presenting these conferences to "focus on matters essential, not precious . . . incontrovertible, not tendentious, and . . . timely, not academic" (p. vi). His selection of subject matter shows that he carries out his intention: gratitude, cheerfulness, work, holiness, faith, convert-making, prayer, chastity, the Holy Eucharist, and "the last things."

A positive treatment of these concerns of religious is presented by the author as can be noted from the titles of the various chapters: "The Greatness of Gratitude," "Four Cheers for Cheerfulness," "The Wonderful World of Work," and so on. A particularly interesting and in-

triguing characteristic of the writer's method of presentation is the poem at the end of each chapter. It would appear that the author has a talent for poetry as well as for prose.

This reviewwer finds *Hanging in There with Christ* a very readable book. He believes that the religious who reads it will be challenged time and again to reflect more seriously on the ordinary things of his/her daily life and see them as opportunities for growth toward holiness. He/she will be encouraged to face each day and each challenge with courage and with the greatest optimism to "hang in there" because Christ is always present to us all.

Our Friend, Jacques Maritain: A Personal Memoir. By Julie Kernan. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1975. Pp. 192. Cloth, $7.95. Photographs.

Reviewed by Father Joseph Vann, O.F.M., retired.

Miss Kernan writes sympathetically of the professional and family life of her friends the Maritains (Jacques, his wife Raissa, and her sister Vera Oumansoff, their companion for over half a century). She describes the search for absolutes that led Jacques and Raissa, as students at the skeptic Sarbonne, from suicidal despair to certitude and Catholicism in 1906. Urged by Raissa, Jacques read Aquinas and discovered that he was already a Thomist.

He made his home a center of Thomistic studies, which drew friends of great name in many fields. His application of philosophy to modern problems made him an internationally known neo-Thomist. Miss Kernan gives details of controversies in France that swirled around him in the 20s and 30s.

During World War II Jacques lived in New York; after it, in Rome, as ambassador to the Vatican, and in Princeton. After Raissa's death in 1960 he moved to France to the Little Brothers of Jesus. A few years before his death at ninety he took their vows.

The Maritains were loving friends to many people who as warmly returned their friendship. They achieved a unity in their lives of intense intellectuality and religious devotion. Their Thomistic Circles encouraged study, prayer, meditation, and retreats. Conversions and vocations resulted. The maintained a private chapel in their home. Six years after marriage they made vows of chastity.

Summing up Jacques' work, Miss Kernan points to his hidden influence at Vatican II, where Pope Paul, who called himself "a disciple of Maritain," gave Jacques a place of special honor near him at its solemn close. Seven revealing photographs show Jacques from sixteen to ninety years of age. The two of Raissa (at marriage in 1904, and forty years later), and one of Jacques' plain coffin in the loneliness of the Little Brother' chapel at Toulouse, touch my heart, as does the book.

The Apostolate and the Church. By F. X. Durrwell. Trans. by Edward Quinn. Denville, N.J.: Dimension Books, 1973. Pp. 178. Paper, $4.95.

Reviewed by Father Joseph Abramovic, O.F.M., and alumnus of the Graduate Schools of Philosophy at St. Bonaventure University and Lehigh University, and now Pastor at St. Joseph's Church, Bethlehem, Pa.

F. X. Durrwell's name is not one that you would ordinarily hear during an ecclesiastical preprandial chit-chat. Despite the contrary claim of the publishers of *The Apostolate and the Church*, Durrwell is at best an obscure theological entity to most American readers. Those with retentive memories perhaps remember his book, *The Resurrection*, which was published in English in 1960. It is regrettable, when we look back, that it was not re-issued after Vatican II, for it could have been a guiding light to all those who looked for a convincing summary of the traditional understanding of the subject in the heyday of pop demythologization of the Resurrection.

The Apostolate and the Church is a good book for meditation or spiritual reading, even though that is not its author's principal aim. Theology is his aim. Fundamentally, the theology he provides is kosher in its conclusion—i.e., when judged by the standards of the so-called traditional theology. The author himself seems to hint, in the preface, at the weakness of his product when he says. "Repetitions are inevitable, a risk which has to be taken." In this instance, however, the repetitions indicate a paucity of solid theological argument, despite an extravaganza of footnotes, biblical quotations, and analyses.

The apostolate about which the author writes is mainly that of the priest and the religious. Only by inference and in passing is lay apostolate mentioned. The only kind of authentic apostolate is that which reflects the holiness of Christ. Durrwell makes a strenuous effort to prove that the evangelical counsels are not counsels at all but gospel absolutes. He is aware, of course, that even Vatican II clung to the centuries-old idea of counsels. He juxtaposes Mt. 19:21 and Mt. 16:25-26 and sees that both are expressed in a conditional form. The traditional exegesis ceontains a dose of arbitrariness: the first text expresses a gospel counsel; the second, a gospel absolute. For Durrwell both texts are gospel absolutes. Such a conclusion, it seems to me, places him in a position from which it is theoretically impossible to distinguish from one another the priesthood, the religious life, and the lay Christian life. The religious life, in particular, is left standing only on juridicism.

Durrwell takes great pains to elucidate the distinction between the priesthood of the laity and the ordained priesthood. The latter is "the bond of unity in the Church; it is fundamental." The ordained priesthood is what the "apostolic group" was in the early Church: in it are concentrated "Church's whole misssion and all her powers of evangelization." A priest is "at the head of the community .... More than other Christians and prior to them he has the duty and right of teaching .... He possesses the authority of the gospel. This primacy lies in universal service, placing the priest at the heart of the people of God .... More than the rest in their ministry, the priest as Christian is explicitly, publicly, the man of Christ and of the kingdom in the World .... The priesthood ... is meant to be a sacrament of charity" (pp. 58-62, *passim*).

While making these statements, the author was almost painfully aware of 1 Pet. 2:9. As a protective crutch for Petrine theology of the priesthood, he mellows his statements with a "laity too" refrain. The only statement, apparently, that lacks wthe "laity too" is this one: "Without him [the priest], Eucharist does not come to be" (p. 60).

Concerning hyphenated priesthood Durrwell writes, "For a priest to practice a profession mainly for its own sake would not be normal solution and could be justified only in exceptional circumstances. A profession practiced for its own sake is part of the reality of this world, while the apostolate is an eschatological reality" (p. 76). The seepage of secularism into clerical minds has led some to think that the priest should have another, "real," profession. For Durrwell, the priestly "consecration" is a supernatural reality which ordinarily needs full-time attention in this world.

Durrwell has quite unashamedly fallen in love with the word "virginization," which he makes to stand for all those things that make a Christian holy. "No one becomes a Christian," he writes, "or lives as a Christian except in the crucible of virginization which is Christ in his glorifying death .... All the Church's sacraments are sacraments of virginity .... Marriage is legitimate for a Christian, because it is also a sacrament of virginization" (p. 86). That may seem as pansexualization in reverse. But if Peter Berger is right in his estimate that our age has made the problem of bigger and more frequent orgasms its most important concern, then Durrwell's "virginization" might be a linguistic therapy for exorcizing the Trojan horse of sex as exterior sign of interior grace that has intruded not only into the life of John Updike's Rev. Thomas Marshfield, but into the minds of a goodly number of psychologizing Catholic celibates, ordained and consecrated. "Virginization" is eschatological.

Durrwell's book is a hymn to the priesthood and the religious life. He has looked at the best in both, and he is overjoyed at what he has seen.

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