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COVER AND ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

The cover and illustrations for our July-August issue were drawn by Mr. Marc Pomerleau, a senior Franciscan student at Siena College, Loudonville, N.Y.

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Our Lady in Red, White, and Blue

ON SUNDAY, JULY 4 the nation celebrated the 200th anniversary of its independence. On Friday of the same week, July 9, the Church honored the Blessed Virgin with the title of Our Lady of the Atonement. Mary has been garbed in red, white, and blue: red for the mantle she wears in honor of the Precious Blood; a blue tunic beneath the cloak, and on her head a white veil. In her arms she holds the Christ Child, who holds a cross in his right hand.

With these colors she is the American Madonna because the title and devotion began here in the United States at the turn of the century, started by Fr. Paul, S.A., and Mother Lurana, S.A., founders of the Society of the Atonement at Graymoor, N.Y. At the time of its origin Our Lady of the Atonement was a feature of the Anglican Church. On October 30, 1909 the small Franciscan group of 17 members was received into the Catholic Church through the permission of St. Pius X.

In becoming Catholics the small band brought their special concern for Christian Unity, their devotion to St. Francis of Assisi, and their love of Our Lady of the Atonement. In October, 1901, Fr. Paul wrote his first essay on Mary as our Atonement Mother. It is celebrated by the Friars and Sisters of the Atonement on July 9. Both communities are still small, but the feast is celebrated not only in the United States and Canada, but in Ireland, London, Rome, Japan, and Brazil. Some people may still refer to her as the American Madonna.

There is a second reason why the name is fitting: the fact that the Christian world is concerned with religious unity or ecumenism. Atonement means At-one-ment and so Our Lady of the Atonement means Unity and reconciliation. Fr. Paul taught this idea from the beginning and said that Mary herself prays the prayer of Jesus for unity: "That they all may be one, as you, Father, in Me and I in You, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that you have sent Me."

The Atonement title for Mary is not extensively known, because it is somewhat limited to the religious communities at Graymoor. But the concept of Mary in her role as Mother of Unity is growing throughout the world. Vatican II points out that one of the difficulties among Christians is the role of Mary in the mystery of salvation, but there are signs of a deepening awareness of her role with Christ and in the Church. Devotion to Mary is surely an element to be considered by all Christians in striving for unity. All the Marian sanctuaries in the world are of special meaning in the life of the Church. Czestochowa in Poland is the heart and soul of that nation; Guadalupe in Mexico

gives energy and courage to the people of that country; Lourdes is a spiritual home for all the world; St. Mary Major in Rome is the source and center of Marian devotion in the West; and our national shrine in Washington is a symbol of the love that came with the first explorers and settlers generations ago.

The German Lutheran theologian, Wolfhart Pannenberg, has written of Mary's role in unity as follows:

Mariology has a central place in ecumenical discussions, or at least should have. The reason is that Mary plays such a large role in the life and piety of the Roman Church, a role which many Protestants believe to be a chief obstacle to realizing Christian unity. Together with the questions of the papacy and of the juridical character of dogma, mariology has high priority on our ecumenical agenda. If we expect Roman Catholics to be flexible and open to change regarding their mariological dogmas, we too must make a much more serious effort to understand structures of thought which seem strange to us. Only in this way can Christians begin to envision a new and truly catholic mariology: a mariology which is neither a foreign imposition upon evangelical thought nor an intolerable break in the continuity of Roman Catholic thought.

Our Lady does not impede or prevent unity; she points the way to it. She facilitates it and promotes it. Pope Leo XIII called her the guardian of unity. Pope Paul has often used a title created by St. Augustine: Mother of Unity. It is the role of a mother to unite the members of her family, to bring the children together even after they have been estranged. Thus in our prayers to Mary we should ask for a deeper understanding of her role in the life and mission of Christ and that of the Church. Mary is inseparable from Jesus; she shared in His mission and continues in that holy work as Mother of the Church. There is a new Mass of Mary Mother of the Church, citing her role at Cana, on Calvary, and at Pentecost. If the Church is meant to make Jesus present and visible in the world, then Mary is also present by her prayers and her love.

Mary must be prominent in the life of our country. We do have a national shrine of the Immaculate Conception; but every Christian heart is meant to be a shrine of love and devotion for the Mother of God. Mary is part of our lives; God has planned it this way. Devotion to her is not a matter of "take it or leave it." It is essential for a true Catholic life: for our families, for religious, priests and bishops; for the preservation of moral values in every phase of human living.

American Catholics have not overlooked July 4 this year. It has been most memorable. They have offered special prayers to Mary on July 9, the feast of Our Lady of the Atonement, for the safety and strength of our country, for the unity of the Christian family and the growth of love in every part of the world, especially in our beloved nation.

If, in the afterglow of the feast, the red, white, and blue makes you think of Mary, that's wonderful. For love of her is a sure way of growing in the love of Christ. But the Atonement Madonna is not just for us in America, or just for 1976. She is the Mother of all the world for all times, and her unceasing prayer is that of Jesus: "that they all may be one" for time and eternity.

Titus Cranny, S.A.

Franciscan Bicentennial Toward 1980

WAYNE HELLMANN, O.F.M. CONV.

FRANCIS, REBUILD MY CHURCH. This was the voice of the Christ whom Francis discovered on the cross in San Damiano. We all know how Francis first interpreted this command. However, as his vision clarified, he became less concerned with brick and mortar and more concerned with the Christ of his contemplation: the Christ of glory and of the earth, of the resurrection and of the cross, and of the Church in her members and in her Eucharist.

Francis, then, rebuilt the Church as he reaffirmed the contemplative vision of God's presence through his Son, Jesus Christ. In all of visible reality, he saw a symbol and an expression of the Son of God. In the face of the Cathari, he reaffirmed the goodness of the material universe.

As the Church of his day decayed in a dying feudalism, and most saw only sin and corruption in the Church, Francis could see only Christ in her, in her Word, her Eucharist, and her ministers. About the unfaithful and worldly priests of his day, Francis would say only, "I refuse to consider their sins, because I can only see the Son of God in them." In short, Francis reaffirmed the Catholic tradition.

According to his plan, Francis rebuilt the Church by transforming her consciousness from shallow surface thinking into the depths of contemplative vision. "I can see the Son of God."¹ In the visible Church he could see the mystery which had been forgotten in the turmoil and pessimistic dualism of his age. With

¹"The Testament" of St. Francis of Assisi.

The American Franciscans of the First, Second, and Third Orders are celebrating not only the bicentennial of America but also the 750th anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi. Francis died on October 3, 1226.

In various centers throughout this country, Franciscans are celebrating both 1226 and 1976 and searching the relationship of these two events. On April 25th in St. Louis, Missouri, nearly 1,000 Franciscans gathered in such a celebration. Father Wayne Hellmann, O.F.M. Conv., addressed the assembly and called for a greater unity among the American Franciscans, that they might collectively speak to the American Church.

Father Wayne is professor of theology at Saint Louis University and is active in the area of Franciscan renewal. Below is the text of the Franciscan Bicentennial address.

his vision of mystery, there was a transformation of consciousness, something happened. There was a new awakening. The old became new. Thomas of Celano tells us about it.

Accordingly, in him and through him there arose throughout the world an unlooked for happiness and a holy newness, and a shoot of the ancient religion suddenly brought a great renewal to those who had grown calloused to the very old. A new spirit was born in the hearts of the elect, and a saving unction was poured out in their midst.²

Francis' vision brought the ancient Church to a new awareness of herself. He could see the Son of God not only in the sinful or unfaithful priest, but in every man and every woman just as he found them. Thus, his contemplative vision is a fraternal vision. That his contemplative vision is fraternal is clear in statements about the Church. In the Rule of 1221, he writes that in the Church he sees Christ, and thus each person is Church, especially children, the poor, and the needy. At their service, the service of the Church, the service of Christ, are the Friars Minor:

We Friars Minor, servants and worthless as we are, humbly beg and implore everyone to persevere in the true faith and in a life of penance; there is no other way to be saved. We beseech the whole world to do this, all those who serve our Lord and God within the holy, catholic and apostolic Church, together with the whole hierarchy, priests, deacons, subdeacons, acolytes, exorcists, lectors, porters, and all clerics and religious, male and female; we beg all children, big and small, the poor and the needy, kings, princes, labourers and farmers,

servants and masters; we beg all virgins and all other women, married or unmarried; we beg all layfolk, men and women, infants and adolescents, young and old, the healthy and the sick, the little and the great, all peoples, tribes, families and languages, all nations and all men everywhere, present and to come; we friars Minor beg them all to persevere in the true faith and in a life of penance.³

Francis calls all to true faith, faith of the Church. His vocation was tied to the Church where he saw the Son of God. He rebuilt it at a moment when it was falling apart. He did this by reaffirming what had slipped away from man's consciousness. The Church had lost the contemplative-fraternal vision. The ancient shoot was dry and brittle. He and his Friars gave it newness of life by tilling and fertilizing the soil in which it was planted. They affirmed the Church in her own true faith and tradition by reaffirming her contemplative dimension of "seeing the Son of God." It was his sense of the primacy of the mystical and appreciation of beauty that led Francis to, and thereby to live and preach, his message of poverty which in its core is his vision of the openness, the unity of God, man, creation in Jesus Christ.

What does this mean for Franciscans in America today? Our vocation is the same. We must rebuild the Church, the Church in America. Our great service to the American Church, and thus to America, is to call the Church to be less American and more Catholic; and this we can best do simply by recapturing first for ourselves, Francis' contemplative vision of seeing the Son of God in the Church.

²Thomas of Celano, *First Life of St. Francis*, n. 89.

³St. Francis of Assisi, "Rule of 1221," ch. 23.

in each man (especially the poor and the sick) and in all the elements of creation. This contemplative vision is fraternal because it reveals God as love and God as Father.

If we can do this, the Franciscan spirit will catch hold and the Church will be reaffirmed in the fullness of her Catholic tradition. The greatest service we can render to the Church in America is to become first ourselves more Franciscan. This means, as we shall see, that we ourselves must become more Catholic and less American. By more Catholic, I mean that we must reaffirm the contemplative-fraternal vision; and by less American, I mean we must shed ourselves, not of civic responsibilities, but of the many ideas, attitudes, and values that have shaped our country and thus our American Church.

I. Our Situation

IT IS NO SECRET that the founders of our country were not Catholics, nor was Catholic thought the influential shaper of our national culture. In fact, the first American enemies were the Catholic French and the Catholic Spanish.

The thought which formed our country was essentially Deistic and Calvinistic, and even though such is contrary to the Catholic tradition Francis affirmed, it came to be accepted and even promoted by the Catholic Church in this country—thus making it less Catholic and too American. Thus, as we Franciscans in this bicentennial year look at America and at the Church, we cannot simply sing to the red, white, and blue. We have some rebuilding to do.

The implications of this are

numerous. First of all, the deism of a Thomas Jefferson or a Benjamin Franklin is not sufficient for us as Franciscans or Catholics. It does not represent the principles upon which Catholicism lies. Deist thinking, which expounds modern French rationalism, speaks of God as Creator, yes—but of a creator god we really don't need. Deism speaks of an impersonal God to which man in his self-reliance need make little deference. Man is fully self-ruled, self-made, and his pursuit of happiness is achieved by overcoming (or avoiding) any pain in body or mind. There is little or no room for a God who calls to conversion. It is rather man who shapes and gives value to God.

Secondly, not only does the element of an impersonal God shape us, but we, as Americans, also formed the concept of impersonal man. Emptied of transcendent relationship with God in his own self-reliance, man in the Calvinistic view of a Jonathan Edwards, has no need for community. He is predestined, and so the community does not aid him in his relationship with God. His brother is not a channel of grace; he must find his God without support. Man does not need his brother to be saved.

Yes, this has formed our American freedom: freedom from interference, be it God or man. This is our American heritage. Identity is found not in the relational, but rather the exaggerated self-will to power. The American may be free, but he is lonely and without vision. His relationships are functional and competitive. Thus our heroes are the lonely cowboys who kill Indians and buffalo, the Moby Dick men driven by



obsessions rather than by relationships. Art and painting are impersonal and abstract. Our native music is not the orchestra, but the Western and Black music reflecting sorrow and loneliness. Our jazz sings of the blues. Americans wonder about God not in relationship but in terms of value or usefulness.⁴

It is no wonder then that we Americans are so success-oriented, individualistic, pragmatic, racist, capitalistic, institutionalized, etc., etc. It is of little wonder that we are so little Franciscan and our Church so estranged from her Catholic tradition. With this as our history, it is no wonder we struggle with our Franciscan heritage in its primacy of the contemplative-fraternal (and thus relational) vision.

We the Church—and so we Franciscans—are relatively late-comers to the American scene. Although we can boast of a John Carroll, a few

Maryland families, and some early Friars in Spanish Florida, we are basically 19th-century late-comers. What did we do? We fought for acceptance by uncritically accepting the American creed thinking somehow we were yet preserving the Catholic tradition, by promoting ethnical identity and spirituality. Rather than fostering the authentic Catholic contemplative consciousness of the Church as a mystical union of brothers, we fostered Italian, German, Polish devotions, thinking such is what made us Catholic. No wonder Catholics even though they accepted the individualism, pragmatism, and anti-contemplative attitude of America still did not feel at home, clinging to their ethnic spiritualities while yet accepting the American creed. Catholics became at home in America but strangers to the Catholic tradition.

⁴For further development of these thoughts see the Bicentennial issue of *Spiritual Life* (Winter, 1975, and Spring, 1976). I am deeply indebted here especially to the articles by Anthony Padovano, William McNamara, Kevin Culligan, and Matthew Fox.

II. What Must Be Done?

FIRST OF ALL we must rediscover the contemplative-fraternal (or relational) dimension of the Catholic tradition. This means a critical re-evaluation of some of the basic and formative ideas on which America is built. We have become strangers to the contemplative, the mystical, and in missing this joy of contemplation of truth we have become vulnerable to the manipulation of America's self-reliant ideology. This has shaped the Church so much that even its ministers and rebuilders have been sucked into the whirlwind of no creativity, disdain for the intellectual, having no time to reflect, pray, or study. Only the administrator is the successful churchman.

I am thinking, for example, of a parish here in St. Louis that recently had \$20,000.00 to build a new garage but insufficient funds to rebuild an excellent pipe organ in need of repair. Or even more tragic is the fact that Catholics are ready to accept, for example, abortion as a necessary and useful value, although it is clearly contrary to Catholic tradition. Even more regrettable is the fact that the Supreme Court in its decision could misuse, misquote, mis-cite, such Christian sources as Gratian, Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas without anyone noticing it, not even America's theologians.

Yes, we, like Francis, must invade our age, our bicentennial America, with a transformation of consciousness. We are to come not as problem solvers, but rather as mystery gazers who can "see the Son of God."

We are to reaffirm a vision which has been lost.

We are to reaffirm, for example, that our God is not the distant rational Creator of the Deist, but a God who is, as Francis writes, all good, every delight. Our life is life with Him. He is not simply the one who created all of us equal, but He is also as Francis writes "Our Father: Most holy, our creator and Redeemer, our Savior and our Comforter... Almighty, most high and supreme God, Father, holy and just."⁵ And like Francis, we respond to our God:

...we must love, honor, adore, serve, praise and bless, glorify and acclaim, magnify and thank, the most high, supreme, and eternal God, Three and One, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Creator of all and Savior of those who believe in him, who hope in him, and who love him.⁶

Our God is our fulfillment and dream:

We should wish for nothing else and have no other desire; we should find no pleasure or delight in anything except in our Creator, Redeemer, and Savior; he alone is true God, who is perfect good, all good, every good, the true and supreme good, and he alone is good, loving, and gentle, kind and understanding.⁷

Franciscans are to reaffirm that our salvation is not found in independence from others but in those fraternal relationships, in which we rejoice as Francis did in receiving brothers. Through his brothers he realized that he would be saved. He saw that his freedom was not in the free-enterprise or competition of getting the upper hand or leaving others in isolation, but rather in

making himself a slave to his brothers, serving them in every need, wanting no one to be poorer than himself. His freedom was animated by love for the Son of God whom he could see in each and every man.

Thus he saw the poor—a matter of concern today—not primarily as a problem to be solved, but primarily as a reflection of Christ. He said, for example, to his brothers: "When you see a poor man, Brothers, an image is placed before you of the Lord." No wonder he could never simply look away from them as we can so easily do with our problems.

The Franciscan spirit must reaffirm that the prairies, mountains, and streams of our land are to be revered as the expression of the transcendent beauty of God and all the elements are to be measured in light of His supreme dominion and not only in relation to economic progress. We can no longer go out into the wilderness to conquer a new frontier or to mine and exploit, but we must go out to find solitude, silence, and beauty with God. We can no longer see our work as our own or labor as the way to get ahead, but rather we must see work as the way to share in the creative action of God.

All of these things we must reaffirm because this is the richness of the Catholic tradition which Francis reaffirmed. If we Friars, Franciscans, are to rebuild the Church in America into a more Catholic Church, we must first liberate ourselves from the American illusion of pragmatism, individualism, and Deism. This we do by plunging into our Franciscan sources, where we find over and over again the primacy of the mystical.

In order to rebuild the Church in America today, therefore, we must overcome our anti-intellectual prejudice (which some seem to think is a part of the Franciscan vocation), and we must overcome all that is connected with this—namely our indifference to the arts and our disdain of the beautiful. This is so necessary because without it there is no way we, in the pragmatic environment of our still too functionalized communities, can come like Francis to appreciate that contemplative-fraternal vision. Yes, vital to our fraternal relationships as spiritual brothers are the artists, the intellectuals, the hermits, the poets, and the theologians. They must find a home with us. Otherwise, we are trapped in affluence and the contemplative vision is not ours. The mystic will always remain a stranger in our ranks. The Church in America will never be rebuilt, and thus instead of serving America she will continue to be manipulated by her.

The time is ripe. Even though up to now the Franciscans in America gave given birth to few, if any, outstanding artists, writers, thinkers, theologians, or contemplatives deeply in touch with the Catholic tradition, we must reaffirm the contemplative. The American is yearning to see what Francis saw. Our press may recently have glorified a Howard Hughes, but down deep in all our hearts, all lament a lonely soul—victim of the American dream. Americans are trying to escape this, but even their attempts toward contemplation are self-seeking, commercialized, quick and easy, guaranteed to work. The American needs help to rediscover that one's life is not that of the

⁵St. Francis of Assisi, "Rule of 1221," ch. 23.

⁶Ibid.

⁷Ibid.

selfish individual ego, but of the Spirit of the Lord, one's liberty is not independence, but relational and fraternal, and one's happiness must become joy. America needs to hear proclaimed loud and clear: "I can see the Son of God."

If we Franciscans, like Francis, are to speak clearly, we must strip ourselves of so many American illusions that keep us from contemplating Christ. For this reason, the American Franciscans of 1976 must take a closer look at the builder who in 1226 greeted Sister Death. The solid study of those sources which bring us in touch with him and his Catholic vision must be first on our list of priorities. The Franciscan of 1976 who is called to transform American consciousness must first come into a consciousness of his own that he is Franciscan—not just that he is called one.

III. National Franciscan Congress—1980

TO FACILITATE a greater Franciscan consciousness among ourselves, perhaps we—all of us, all 20,000-30,000 of us First, Second, and Third Orders, ought to call a national or worldwide congress in 1980 to celebrate Francis' birth. The Marxists do this sort of thing. The world is so much wiser than we. No wonder Marxists know more about Marx than Franciscans about Francis.

What would be the goals of such a congress? First of all, it would be a stimulus to help overcome our ignorance of Francis and his vision. Not only that, but it would help us come to realize more the relational and fraternal dimensions of our life.

Franciscans cannot rebuild the Church as individuals or isolated communities, but only as a worldwide movement—brothers and sisters with one mind and heart reaffirming the Catholic insight of Francis and thereby giving a newness and rebirth to the ancient faith. If we were to have such a congress the Church would take notice; America would take notice; and the world could not remain unaffected. There is no other way we can effectively transform in the Spirit the consciousness of this nation and the world so that all may come to "see the Son of God."

Here in America we can do this. This is one reason why America is so beautiful despite her limitations. Here in this land we not only have the freedom to assemble, to speak, to be different; we also have the economic means to accomplish it. Here in America we do not have the accumulations of history weighing us down. America invites us to spontaneity and non-conformity. Yes, America is a good place for Franciscans, and Franciscans are good for America.

Do we lack the will to become prophets of vision reaffirming the ancient faith so that its shoot may bring forth a great renewal, an unexpected happiness, and a fulfilled dream in the America of the 1980's?

This is our vocation. We could all be rebuilders of the American Church in the splendor of her Catholic heritage. We could all be living the contemplative-fraternal vision, if we would only live our Rule—especially its last and most important directive: "And so firmly established in the Catholic Faith, we

Ultimate Reality

My most Beloved—
how can I hope to understand Your Love—
no strength of mine; no knowledge of mine—
has led You to this.

Flames, higher than eye can surmise
scorch my soul;
cleansing there (what needs to be cleansed)
showing plainly that which is concealed.

How can I say what You are!
Distinguish Your love—
separate it from mine!

Once apart—now joined
by an insufferable power—
yearning for return;
enraptured.

Ascend—like blessed incense
to the very seat of His height
and create a new journey
for a prodigal soul—

You tease me too much—
yet— I am here—where You will.

In life's tasks Your Spirit
overpowers my actions—
and—I wait—

upon Your love!

Sister M. Thaddeus Thom, Q.S.F.

may always live according to the our Lord Jesus Christ, as we have
poverty, humility, and the gospel of solemnly promised."⁸

⁸Ibid., ch. 12.

The Place of Scripture in Religious Life

ROBERT J. KARRIS, O.F.M.

SOME WORDS by way of introduction. This paper will be value-laden and not just informational. In a certain sense, then, it will be autobiographical since it will present some of my own values. In terms of the distinctions made in the old speech textbooks, it will be inspirational and informational.

I am not going to treat all of Scripture; I am not going to set this discussion within some grand scheme of salvation history. I have one basic idea to convey, and will be repeating that idea in various ways: viz., The Gospel is the fundamental norm of our lives as religious.

In making my point about the place of Scripture in religious life, I will base my presentation on tradition and the magisterium as contained in the Second Vatican Council's Constitution on Divine Revelation (*Dei Verbum*) and on its Decree on the Appropriate Renewal of the Religious Life (*Perfectae Caritatis*). The points will be four: (I) Vatican II on the place of Scripture in religious life) (II) The Gospel, its values and attitudes; (III) "Substitutes" for the Gospel; and (IV) Practical suggestions about getting at the Gospel, about reading the Scriptures.

I. Vatican II on the Place of Scripture in Religious Life

A. *Perfectae Caritatis*. In two places, paragraphs 2 and 6, the Council Fathers deal with our subject. In §2 we read:

The appropriate renewal of religious life involves two simultaneous processes: (1) a continuous return to the sources of all Christian life and to the original inspiration behind a given community and (2) an adjustment of the community to the changed conditions of the times.

After this statement the Council Fathers lay down five principles for such renewal. I will quote principle one: "Since the fundamental norm of the religious life is a following of Christ as proposed by the gospel, such is to be regarded by all communities as their supreme law."

Paragraph 6 reads:

Those who profess the evangelical counsels love and seek before all else that God who took the initiative in loving us (cf. 1 Jn. 4:10); in every circumstance they aim to develop a life hidden with Christ in God (cf. Col. 3:3). Such dedication gives rise and urgency to the love of one's neighbor for the world's salvation and the upbuilding of the Church. From this love the very practice of the evangelical counsels takes life and direction. Therefore, drawing on the

authentic sources of Christian spirituality, let the members of communities energetically cultivate the spirit of prayer and the practice of it. *In the first place they should take the sacred Scriptures in hand each day by way of attaining "the excelling knowledge of Jesus Christ" (Phil. 3:8) through reading these divine writings and meditating on them [emphasis mine].*

B. *Dei Verbum*. Paragraph 25 is all important for our topic. It reads:

All the clergy must hold fast to the sacred Scriptures through diligent sacred reading and careful study.... This sacred Synod earnestly and specifically urges all the Christian faithful, too, *especially religious*, to learn by frequent reading of the divine Scriptures the "excelling knowledge of Jesus Christ" (Phil. 3:8). "For ignorance of the Scriptures is ignorance of Christ." Therefore, they should gladly put themselves in touch with the sacred text itself, whether it be through the liturgy, rich in the divine word, or through instructions suitable for the purpose and other aids which, in our time, are commendably available everywhere... [emphasis mine].

II. The Gospel; Gospel Values and Attitudes

THE DOCUMENTS just cited from Vatican II talk about the Gospel. What is the Gospel? It's the same type of question we may have as we look at the opening of the Rule of St. Francis: "The rule and life of the friars minor is to live the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." It's the same type of question we may have as we O.F.M. First Order men read the new 1973 General Constitutions (Plan for Franciscan Living) which talk about the Gospel, the spirit of the Gospel, Gospel values.

What is Gospel? Fundamentally, the Gospel is our Lord Jesus Christ;

it is the good news of what God our Father has done for us through the life, death, and resurrection of his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. The Gospels, or better, the Gospel according to Matthew, according to Mark, according to Luke, according to John, bear witness to this Gospel who is Jesus Christ. They describe in word and deed the life of God which was manifested in Jesus Christ. They spell out the meaning of Jesus Christ, God's Word to us.

But it is not only to the Gospels that we turn for the source of the Gospel. We also turn to the rest of the New Testament which stands as a perpetual and divine witness to the significance of Jesus the Christ who is the way, the truth, and the life (cf. *Dei Verbum*, §17). The Old Testament, too, indicates who this Jesus is who is our life and resurrection.

What are Gospel values and attitudes? Simplistically put, Gospel values and attitudes are those which are based on the Gospel who is Jesus Christ. As their very name implies, the evangelical counsels are Gospel values. Celibacy is for the Kingdom, which is revealed in and through Jesus Christ. Celibacy is chosen, not because the religious devalues marriage. Celibacy is vowed, not because the individual wants to join a community of happy people and since the community happens to be made up of celibates, the individual must choose celibacy. Celibacy is for the Kingdom and its agent, Jesus Christ: "There are eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the sake of the kingdom of heaven" (Mt. 19:20). Poverty for the Kingdom is a Gospel value. Religious poverty is a perennial witness to the truth and power of Jesus' judgment: "You cannot serve God and mam-

Father Robert J. Karris, O.F.M., is a member of the Chicago-St. Louis Province of the Sacred Heart, and Assistant Professor of NT Studies and Chairman of the Department of Biblical Literature and Language, Catholic Theological Union, Chicago. He holds an S.T.L. from Catholic University (1966) and a Th.D. from Harvard Divinity School (1971). This is a slightly revised version of a Public Lecture, given July 3, 1975, at Francis Hall during St. Bonaventure University's summer session.



mon" (Lk. 16:13). Dying to self for the sake of the Kingdom is a Gospel value. "To serve rather than to be served" is another Gospel value.

It is not my task here, however, to spell out all the Gospel values and attitudes, but merely to indicate how the "following of Christ as proposed by the gospel is the fundamental norm of the religious life."

But before I move to my third section, I must make two concluding observations. During my seven summers here at St. Bonaventure's and during the many years I have lived within the Holy Name Province at St. Anthony Shrine in downtown Boston, I have been deeply impressed by the corporate and individual witness given to the Gospel value of hospitality and sharing. I give thanks publicly—not only for the hospitality, but also and especially for teaching me this Gospel value of hospitality and sharing.

My final observation in this section. Sometime ago when I was counselling a religious, I was most favorably impressed with his own development in the appreciation of Gospel values. Most often he would describe his conduct and that of his community in terms of Gospel. For example, I have to stop doing that; that's against the Gospel. I've got to live more like him; he follows the Gospel. Such an attitude and approach to religious life are both laudable and to be followed. How often are our judgments of persons, events, and policies couched in Gospel language?

III. "Substitutes" for the Gospel

DURING the period of renewal of religious life after Vatican II there has been a great emphasis on return to the "original inspiration behind a given community" and an "adjustment of the community to the changed conditions of the times." There no doubt has also been emphasis placed on "return to the sources of all Christian life."

It strikes me at times, however, that there has not been enough emphasis put on a return to the Gospel. At times we religious have had the tendency to substitute for the Gospel. These substitutes are well and good, but when they have the tendency to replace the Gospel as the norm for religious life, then we have problems.

Sometimes the writings of Father Adrian Van Kaam and Ed Farrell are substituted for the Gospel. It may be community-building workshops or Transactional Analysis. Don't get me wrong: spiritual writers and community-building workshops have a vital role in the renewal of religious life. But abuses have been known to occur.

I am reminded of a remark made to me after I gave a retreat to some Sisters about a year ago. One Sister said: "You're the first retreat master in four years who mentioned Jesus Christ and the Gospels." An exaggerated comment? Perhaps. It is reported that people may go through a formation system and be all hip on fighting injustices within society, living and working with the poor; they may extol the merits of a community which shares deeply. But the Gospel is never mentioned; Jesus Christ is rarely mentioned as they articulate what they are about as religious. People who have lived many years in religious life may be inebriated with Tanqueray—the spiritual writer—but are not conversant with the Gospels.

A final note on other "substitutes" for the Gospel. Because of our culture, its values, and its so-called values, all of us are tempted—and succumb to that temptation from time to time—to substitute cultural values for the Gospel. A cultural value may become the norm for our religious life rather than the Gospel. Some examples will clarify what I mean. Our American culture is great on "the good life." This value may creep into our religious lives almost imperceptibly. It runs counter to "You cannot serve God and mammon." It also runs counter to "dying to self for the sake of others."

Our culture inundates us with the message and value "Watch out for Number One!" We must be aware to what extent this value is forming our conduct and our thinking. Are we living for self rather than for Jesus and his people?

The two examples I just mentioned may seem far out. I mention a

third and final one with some hesitation. Our American culture today has a distinct tendency to highly evaluate community; people need to belong. This value has come into religious life with great emphasis this last decade or so. Sometimes what is meant by "community" is loosely defined. My questions would be whether this value, at least in some of its forms, is healthy and whether it is Gospel. Perhaps it will take the passage of time and much discernment to see to what extent this American cultural value of community and belonging accord with the fundamentals of religious life. Again, don't get me wrong: sharing of values and material possessions in community is a prime value. I question, however, whether it may be highlighted in certain circles to the detriment of the individual. I question whether it might mean, "I achieve my self-fulfillment at the expense of the community." I question whether it might mean an abrogation of the individual's right and duty to grow as a gospel person.

In this regard, I recall my novitiate training in 1957-1958. In those ancient days, days perhaps before some of you were even born, there was a great stress on law and order both in religious training and in the culture. The rule was presented as 24 precepts which were binding under pain of mortal sin; we were agitated with such vital questions as these: How many hours could you ride horseback? Could you wear shoes? For how long? This concern for law within religious life was abetted considerably by the American culture of the time. In our cultural situation today a novice master would have great difficulty proposing a law and order approach to religious

life. Some aspects of a law and order approach might be very valid, but would not be very popular because of our American culture.

To summarize. Because it is difficult to ascertain, assimilate, and live out Gospel values, it is a constant temptation to substitute other things for the Gospel. These other things may be very valuable in themselves. Perhaps the most pernicious substitute, pernicious because it comes into our lives almost with the air we breathe, the newspapers and magazines we read, and the TV programs and films we view, in our American cultural values. A great deal of individual and communal testing and discernment are needed relative to our acceptance into religious life of American cultural values.

IV. Practical Suggestions about Reading the Scriptures

IF THE fundamental norm of the religious life is a following of Christ as proposed by the Gospel, what practical suggestions can I offer about getting at the Gospel, about reading the Scriptures?

My first suggestion is a paraphrase of a moral principle which is making the rounds these days. (I don't suppose you'll find this principle mentioned in your moral theology classes.) My paraphrase of the principle is: "If it feels good, do it—but persevere." The Fathers of Vatican II were very much concerned that all of us religious read and meditate on the Scriptures, so that we can comprehend and live the Gospel. But there is no generally valid and acceptable way to achieve that goal. Thus, my adapta-

tion of the current moral principle. Find a way of reading the Scriptures that you are comfortable with, but persevere. It may be a shared prayer group on the Scriptures; it may be reading and meditating on the Scripture passages for the daily Eucharist; it may be fifteen minutes a day on the Gospels. Your practice of reading and meditating on Scripture should be evaluated during the monthly day of recollection and during the annual retreat. Be adaptable, experiment about what feels good in reading Scripture, but persevere.

My second suggestion is to integrate your ministry into your Scripture reading and meditation. Our ministries should reflect our Gospel values; the give and take of our ministries will help us to understand more clearly what the Gospel means. My ministry of teaching and preaching has deepened my understanding and appreciation of the Gospel values of "dying to self for the sake of the Kingdom" and of "celibacy for the sake of the Kingdom"—to mention just two Gospel values. If I were to put my point here into traditional categories, I would say that the active and contemplative sides of our religious lives cannot be divorced from one another. Each one must feed and nurture the other.

My third and final practical suggestion is an advertisement. In 1974 I began to edit a series from Franciscan Herald Press entitled *Read and Pray*. Several booklets are now available on the various New Testament books. (Write to the Franciscan Herald Press at 1434 W. 51 Street, Chicago, Illinois 60609.) Each book-

let provides a comment, reflection, and prayer on specific sections of the scriptural book. Try them; you'll like them.

While I'm on the subject of my relationship with the Franciscan Herald Press, allow me a slight digression. Throughout this paper some of you may have been thinking: "He's plugging Scripture because it's his bread and butter." I began with what the Magisterium says about Scripture's role in our pursuit of the Gospel lest I give the impression that I am talking from the vantage point of a vested interest. Others may have been thinking: "It's fine for him as a Scripture scholar to talk about the fundamental role of Scripture in the religious life. He's on top of all the latest findings. Moreover, he and his ilk have made it more difficult for us ordinary folk to read Scripture, what with their 'literary forms' and 'midrash' and 'historical Jesus.'" My relationship with the Franciscan Herald Press stems from the time in the early 70's when I would give talks to the Third Order of St. Francis about the necessity of providing their novices and fraternities with Gospel teaching rather than mere rules and regulations. Father Mark Hegener, our Provincial Director of the Third Order and Managing Director of the Franciscan Herald Press, chided me: It's fine for you to talk about teaching Gospel values; give us popular, understandable materials on the Scriptures. The two biblical series from Franciscan Herald Press, *Read and Pray* and *Herald Biblical Booklets*, are attempts to bring the best of current biblical scholarship to bear on contemporary American Catholic life. You might say that the two series are amends for some of the rash

and sensationalistic popularization of the Scriptures during the last decade. If members of my biblical clan turned you off or frightened you away from the Scriptures, I'm sorry. Pass the word: the Scriptures are back. Take courage; there are many solid and sound popular aids available.

I would like to conclude penultimately with an observation which is both a challenge and a consolation. To make the following of Christ as proposed by the Gospel the supreme law of our religious life is the work of a lifetime. Put another way, it takes a lifetime to attain to the excelling knowledge of Jesus Christ. This is a challenge; all of us have only just begun. But it is also a consolation; we *have* begun and are on the way. Our task is to get to know the Gospel from within. As our understanding of the Gospel grows from within, we will move away from a proof text, concordance, or biblical dictionary approach to a knowledge of the unsearchable riches of Christ. We will be able to say with St. Paul: "It is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me; and the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me" (Gal. 2:20).

My concluding word is a prayer for both you and myself. I pray in Paul's words: "May he grant you to be strengthened with might through his spirit in the inner man, and may Christ dwell in your hearts through faith; may you, being rooted and grounded in love, have power to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge; and may you be filled with all the fullness of God" (Eph. 3:16-19).

Congratulations to

Father Charles V. Finnegan, Father Alban A. Maguire, and new Definitors

CONGRATULATIONS to Father Charles V. Finnegan, O.F.M., Pastor of Holy Cross Church, Bronx, New York, who was elected Minister Provincial of Holy Name Province at the conclusion of the first week of a two-week Provincial Chapter held at Siena College May 30-June 10, 1976. The Province, one of six in the U.S., has some 900 members and is at present the largest unit of the 768-year-old Franciscan Order. Fr. Finnegan, 44, succeeds Fr. Finian F. Kerwin, O.F.M., a recognized leader in the renewal of American Religious Orders, who had completed nine years of office.

Fr. Finnegan, a native of New York City, was ordained in 1958 and had been a member of the Province's administrative board for the past three years. Apart from a year in pastoral ministry at St. Anthony's Shrine, Boston, and a year teaching at Bishop Timon High School, Buffalo, he spent most of his years as a missionary in Brazil from 1960-1970 and served as Vicar General for the Diocese of Anapolis in the state of Goias for the last three years of that period.

Fr. Alban A. Maguire, a native of Meriden, Conn., and presently Rector of Christ the King Seminary, East Aurora, N.Y., was elected Vicar Provincial

The 88 Chapter delegates also chose a new board of councillors: Fr. Cosmas F. Timlin, O.F.M., originally from Philadelphia and presently Director of Ministries for the Province, reelected to a second



term; Fr. Andrew Giardino, O.F.M., from Geneva, N.Y., now Guardian and Rector of St. Francis Chapel, Providence, R.I.; Fr. Giles Bello, O.F.M., of Long Island City and presently assistant pastor at St. Elizabeth's Church, Wyckoff, N.J.; Fr. John Felice, O.F.M., of Patchogue, N.Y., Superior and Pastor of St. Francis Church, New York City; Fr. Juvenal Lalor, O.F.M., a native of Brooklyn, N.Y., former Director of the Franciscan Institute and now Director of the House of Prayer at Callicoon, N.Y., reelected to a second term; and Fr. Anthony Carrozzo, O.F.M., of Winsted, Conn., Director of Novices at St. Francis Friary, Brookline, Mass.

Holy Name Province, with headquarters at St. Francis Friary, 135 West 31 Street, New York City, encompasses the entire East Coast of the United States. The Franciscans staff parishes in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, Florida, and Connecticut; service chapels in New York City, Boston, Providence, New Bedford, Atlanta, and Colonie, N.Y.; St. Bonaventure University and Siena College; Bishop Timon High School in Buffalo; extensive hospital chaplaincies; missions in Jamaica, Brazil, Bolivia, Peru, and Japan; and publish *THE CORD*, *Friar*, *Anthonian*, and *Franciscan Studies* magazines.



Knowing the Triune God

JOYCE HAJDUKOVIC

ROY LARSON, in commenting on the "sickly theology" of our day in an article appearing in the *Sun-Times* for May 24, 1975, says that the prescription for our frail approach to theology is this: Theologians should spend less time in ivory towers and more in the community of faith; they should rediscover the core of their own tradition. By identification with the powerless, poor ones of this world, theologians should free their discipline from patriarchal and hierarchical patterns so prevalent in Western thought; they should marinate in being. In short, Roy Larson is saying that theology today must adopt a contemplative stance if it is to survive. It must be genuine, getting at core issues, rather than wasting time in intellectual argumentation over trivia. We have all heard the observation many times over, in a similar vein, that much time has been wasted in argumentation over trinitarian concepts which could be more fruitfully used to make this mystery more meaningful to the average person. It is my hope that this brief article will be at least a fruitful attempt to do that. Theology must be so real that the ordinary person can understand it as it is explained and lived out by those of us who aspire to take it up as our profession.

The mystery of the Trinity is the core of our Christian faith. If there is any truth Christians should let their minds "swim around in," it is this mystery. Knowledge of the Trinity is not impossible for us to have in this life, nor is it reserved for a few rare saints. I wish to take the opposite stance from these familiar ideas which paralyze our growth in spirituality: "We may know in this life, that God is, but not what He is." "We may love God in this life, but know Him never." The human mind simply does not love that which it does not know. It does not go on believing and shaping its life according to a mystery which somehow has never touched it. We need to know that God permits Himself to be within our reach and that because He loves us He will let us know Him even in this life. Knowing God is the most practical matter in our Christian life of faith.

Our call to Christianity is basically and essentially a call to and from the inner Life of God, which without losing any of its inner dynamism pours itself out among men and invites us to enter, that we may have something of lasting value to abide in and share with one another. Gerald Sloyan says that if the Christian does not know the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit at a level of

intimacy, his "faith" is not faith. It is knowledge of the Trinity which results in faithful deeds of love. All else is commentary.¹

The presence of the Trinity within us is not merely an idea, nor is it a creature made by God. Robert W. Gleason confirms our feeling in assuring us that grace is the real, ontological presence of the Triune God within us, calling us, even in this life, into an ever deeper awareness of what that means to us.² If this point alone were preached in our churches and made known in an understandable way, it would have an overpowering effect on both moral and social issues. Permanent behavioral changes can never be evoked from a superficial level. We simply must aim at what is deepest in Christianity.

Very early in the history of the Church, the Fathers—especially Cyril and Irenaeus—began to realize this. They thought extensively about man's divinization and call to be recreated in God's image. As the theology of the Trinity developed through a century of conflict, the Church would not as yet have found itself ready for an Augustine, who no longer needed to defend, but was free to rest in the mystery of the Trinity, taking for granted that his readers accept the formula of one Nature in three Persons. Bonaventure likewise combines an intense love for the triune God with his philosophical approach. Both take for granted the fact that Christians are

willing to make room in their lives to grow in awareness of the three divine Persons. While neither Augustine (*De Trinitate*) nor Bonaventure (*Itinerarium Mentis in Deum*) is any better able than the Cappadocian Fathers to make the unity of the divine Substance in three Persons intelligible, both tell us how we can grow, in this life, in the consciousness of the triune God. This awareness is proposed for our consideration on three levels: knowing God in creation, in the mind, and above the mind. While it becomes obvious from a serious reading of both authors that their knowledge partakes of a heavenly wisdom, Bonaventure in particular points out that all three levels of knowing God must be employed—that He may be and must be loved with the whole heart, the whole soul, and the whole mind.

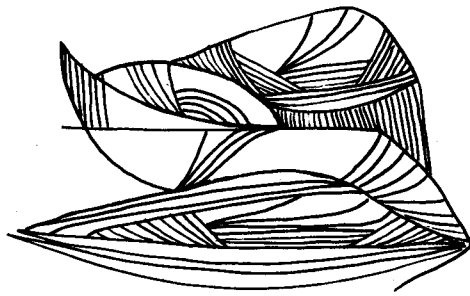
Franciscanism has been particularly and effectively preoccupied with knowing God in creation; but a deeper probing into the interior life of Francis reveals that total pattern of the "journey" characterized by Bonaventure as that of the "Poor man in the desert." It becomes necessary to appreciate the whole deepening approach as honestly and as simply as possible.³

Bonaventure and Augustine see not only where we are now in our knowledge of God, but where we can be as we grow in our awareness of the mystery. They are so excited about what they know that they can-

¹Gerald Sloyan, *The Three Persons in One God* (Washington: Catholic University Press, 1963), pp. 4-5.

²Robert W. Gleason, *Grace* (New York: Sheed & Ward, 1962), p. 144.

³Invaluable as an aid to meditation on this subject is Fr. Sergius Wroblewski's small book, *Bonaventurian Theology of Prayer* (Pulaski, Wis.: Franciscan Publishers, 1967).



not help giving us little glimpses of it all along. We become assured that just as love is a mystery we know something about, so too God is such a Mystery. We not only can know Him, but we must do so to be happy. St. Thomas affirms that anything falling short of first hand information in our knowledge of God will not suffice; this desire to know Him must be an embrace of the living God Himself.⁴

We begin, then, with the journey of the poor man toward God as he approaches Him in creation. Bonaventure presents Jesus as a ladder: His three-fold substance, being corporeal, spiritual, and divine, presents us with an outline for our consideration on the knowledge of God. Through the exercise of our sensitivity the external world presents us with a medium for knowing something of Him. Here we know Him in His traces or footsteps, as if God had passed through this world leaving behind some evidence of His passing through. Both Augustine and Bonaventure use the term *vestigis* to designate these traces of God in the material world. Bonaventure is careful to point out, however, that there is another way of knowing

God in creation, and this is the way of the transformed Christian, who knows in the light of the "noonday sun" that He is present by His power, essence, and presence.

The comparison is made that the three ways of knowing can be thought of as seeing in the evening, the morning, or with the light of the noonday sun, which is had in knowing with the knowledge of Wisdom, above the mind. But let us first consider the knowledge of God *in* the mind, which more clearly than anything else labels Him "Trinity." The human mind, formed in the image of God, resembles Him so remarkably that Augustine feels impelled to remind us:

Now this trinity of the mind is God's image, not because it remembers, understands, and loves itself; but because it has the power also to remember, understand, and love its Maker. And it is in so doing that it attains Wisdom. If it does not so, the memory, understanding, and love of itself is no more than folly.

Let the mind, then, remember its God, in whose image it was made, let it understand Him and love Him. In a word, let it worship the Uncreated God, who created it with the capacity for Himself, and in whom it is able to be made partaker. For this

cause it is written: Behold the worship of God is Wisdom. Wisdom will be the mind's not by its own illumination, but by partaking in that supreme Light.⁵

Augustine insists that man is never more like God than when he, too, is caught up in the divine activity of remembering, knowing, and loving Him after the manner and by that same substantive activity by which He knows Himself.

Bonaventure also speaks of the mind as one whose frame of reference goes beyond itself. He says that the divine image shines forth in the mind in such a way that each reflection of the memory and the intellect leads to that perfect knowledge in which God is known in in His own Substance. The memory, which represents God the Father, has present a light within itself which enables it to recall changeless Truth. Therefore, the mind recalls through the memory that it is the image of God and that He is present to it. This makes it capable of grasping Him and makes it capable of possessing Him and becoming a sharer in Him.

The intellect, which represents God the Son, understands in the Light which is the true light, enlightening every man who comes into the world. This Light is the Word of God, who was with Him since the beginning and is now really, ontologically, in the soul with the other two Persons, revealing Himself with a certainty above the intellect.

From the memory and the intelligence is breathed forth love as

the bond of both. These three: the generating Mind, the Word, the Love exist in the soul as memory, understanding, and will, which are co-equal, consubstantial, and interpenetrating.⁶ At a certain point of readiness, as is necessary for all knowledge, the substance of the human mind, by virtue of its union with the divine Substance, is gradually prepared for that knowing of the triune God which, though not perfect, partakes of His own manner of knowing rather than its own. This it does in this life through infused contemplation, and it passes easily toward that permanent state of knowing, the beatific vision through the "light of glory." That Christians may know something by means of this divine Wisdom poured forth in and among them, Bonaventure prays:

O Trinity, essence above all essence, and Deity above all deity, supremely best Guardian of the divine wisdom of Christians, direct us to the supremely unknown, superluminous, and most sublime height of mystical knowledge, there [to know] new mysteries—absolute and changeless mysteries of theology.⁷

There to know You—we might continue in the same vein—as the unchanging Essence at the center of all that is: pure Being giving all that is the power to be; there to know that real Presence which is our life of grace, enabling us as Christians to be for ourselves and each other in the three divine Persons what You intended us to be: brothers, born and generated of the same divine Substance, through which we can come

⁵St. Augustine, *De Trinitate*, in Stephen McKenna (trans.), *The Fathers of the Church*, vol. 45 (Book XIV, ch. 12; pp. 432-33).

⁶St. Bonaventure, *Itinerarium Mentis in Deum* (St. Bonaventure, N.Y.: The Franciscan Institute, 1956), p. 69.

⁷*Ibid.*, p. 99.

⁴Cf. the discussion on this in the introduction to the McGraw-Hill edition of St. Thomas's *Summa Theologiae* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1964), vol. 3, p. xix.

to know You, ourselves, and one another in You forever.

"Being one spirit with Him," Augustine explains succinctly, "the mind is raised to the participation of His being, truth, and bliss."⁸ No one, however, explains personally and experientially how this happens better than St. Teresa. The blessed Trinity reveals Itself in all three Persons, she maintains:

First of all the spirit becomes enkindled and is illumined, as it were, by a cloud of the greatest brightness. It sees these three Persons, individually, and yet, by a wonderful knowledge which is given to it, the soul realizes that most certainly and truly all these three Persons are one Substance and one Power and one Knowledge and one God alone; so that what we hold by faith the soul may be said to grasp by sight, although nothing is seen by the eyes, either of the body or of the soul . . . Here all three Persons communicate Themselves to the soul and speak to the soul and explain to it those words which the Gospel attributes to the Lord—namely, that He and the Father and the Holy Spirit will come to dwell with the soul which loves Him and keeps His commandments . . . What a difference there is between hearing and believing these words and being led in this way to realize how true they are! Each day this soul wonders more, for she feels that They have never left her, and perceives quite clearly, in the way I have described, that They are in the interior of her heart . . . She has great confidence that God will not leave her, and that having granted this favor, it will not be lost . . . This presence is not of course always realized so fully—as it is when it first comes . . . but although the light which ac-

companies it may not be so clear, the soul is always aware that it is experiencing this companionship.⁹

Now it seems necessary to carry this analogy a step farther, by explaining how this person knows the Trinity, not only as if having "seen" the three divine Persons in a room, but also by the participation which takes place in the experience.

Perhaps it is our more recent knowledge of interpersonal relationship which adds a new dimension to this original analogy.

Once having the shutters of the mind open and having been permitted consciousness of our participation in the divine Life of the three Persons, we find that it is their interaction that becomes the conscious Reality of our Christian life. Without loss of our own identity we become caught up in this mystery, this interaction of the three Persons which Augustine and Bonaventure place over and above the mind but in which the mind can by the light of infused contemplation participate even during this life.

Here God is known best, aside from the beatific vision which is a permanent and intensified experience of the same state of knowing. Here He reveals Himself simply and clearly in the direct intuition of the mind as one God, one Substance, one Essence; but here also He is known as Three. This Love is not the love of the mind for the Good it perceives. It is more than that. The mind is caught up in the Love of the three divine Persons for

one another. This happens, not of the mind's own merit, but because the mind, too, is generated from the Father in the Word and therefore, when it sets aside the obstacles to such knowing, can know Him by participation in His own divine Life.

Thus it knows Him by the experience of His own abiding Love, which theologians call "circuminsession," as well as by the experience of His dynamic Love, which they call "circumincession" or "perichoresis." The inner abiding and dynamic Life of the triune God becomes the whole framework, or better still the Essence, from which the Christian operates. Even as the three Persons abide in one another, they abide in the Christian and he in other Christians.

It must not be thought that such a field of operation is rare for the Christian life; and yet it is not common enough. It is necessary to put this availability of the triune God more and more prominently into our ordinary teaching and conversation. We must begin to open ourselves to the Mystery wherever we can, in creation and in the mind; and this must be done with the seriousness and the intensity which prepare the sensitivity of the senses and the clarity of the mind for so great a Light. Only then, knowing something experientially of the triune God, can we say with Jesus about our mission as Christians in the world: "He who sees me, sees the Father." "The Father and I are one." "These things I do because the Father sent me."

Today, sun-warmed and breeze-blown,
I watched the blossomed branches
dance in and out
of one another's shadow

and thought

the Lord of the Dance
choreographs each slide and stretch,
dip and rise

and smiled, trustingly.

He knows my next step
and will teach it to me.

Sister Marie Garesché, F.M.M.

⁸Augustine, *op. cit.*, Book XIV, "The Perfection of the Image in the Contemplation of God."

⁹St. Teresa of Avila, *The Interior Castle* (trans. E.A. Peers; Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Image Books, 1961), pp. 209-11.

Francis and Prayer

KIERAN M. KAY, O.F.M. CONV.

“EVERYONE HAS in him something precious that is in no one else.”¹ Martin Buber said that, part of a thought which a friend shared with me in a recent letter. It says something to me about how I feel in approaching the prayer-life of the man whom I call father.

It is with a sense of wonder and awe that I peer into the prayer of Francis. I stand on holy ground. For I am asked to pull aside minutely the veil of mystery that hides a man caught up in the splendor of the Most High God. I am asked to pray with him as he prays, which I can do with some amount of comfort; but if I am asked to experience in my heart what he experienced in his heart as he prayed, then I am plainly setting out to accomplish the impossible. “Everyone has in him something precious that is in no one else.” That “something precious” is nothing less than the inner life of the Trinity, the inner sanctuary of a man which not even he himself can fully touch, much less fathom. And that vision of the God who dwells within, momentary and fleeting as it inevitably must be in the human condition, is uniquely a man’s own, particularly his, and for the most part incommunicable.

So what shall I say about Francis’ prayer? What shall I say after praying his prayers? What shall I say after

reading Thomas of Celano and Bonaventure and more recent biographers and commentators and analyzers—all of them blessed with an insight into and an acquaintance with Francis that far exceeds my own? How shall I presume to say anything significant, anything that has not already been said, and better?

These are questions that make me pause and hesitate. But there is a further question that haunts me, one that cuts into the heart of my life and demands an answer, or at least further questions. The question is this: “What do I experience of him in my ascent to God?” That question has come to me again and again during the period of preparation for this paper—as I have prayed, as I have read, as I have walked miles and miles beneath green trees, in the warm sunlight, and underneath the stars. And, mostly under the stars, I heard the other part of the quotation from Buber that my friend shared with me: “This precious something in a man is revealed to him only if he perceives his strongest feeling, his central wish, that in him which stirs his inmost being.” My central wish is to see something of the Jesus that Francis saw, in the way that the Father wishes me to see Jesus. Nothing consumes me as this does.

But this is frightening. It means

that I must share with you the deepest part of me. Yet, unless I invest that part of me with you—my own struggles and weaknesses and longings—I have shared very little. It does not seem to be enough to marshall an abundance of quotations from writers to show that this or that is the way Francis prayed, this or that is characteristic of his life style. It does not seem to be enough for two reasons: first, you are familiar with Celano and Bonaventure and the other already (or at least you have them readily available to consult); and second, I often get the impression as I read Celano and Bonaventure that, out of their quite understandable zeal to portray the *saint*, they paint a picture that is more (and consequently less) than human. Whether the “padding effect” is their fault in writing or my fault in reading, I know not. I only know that when I am reading them, I often feel that what I am hearing is not entirely real.

Let me make it abundantly clear that I have the deepest reverence for Celano and Bonaventure, and for all the scholars who have labored diligently to make Francis and his way of life known to us. I do not wish to denigrate their efforts in the least; I owe them all deep gratitude, in fact, because much of what I shall say comes—directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously—from them. The only point I wish to make is this: having read a good deal of what others have said about Francis and his prayer, I am still faced with the question: “What do I say? How do I experience him in my ascent to God?” The answer to that question is my own inner truth as I have perceived and experienced it, as it has developed in my own life. Whether

this is a good, or expected, or even legitimate approach to the theme or not, I do not know. I only know that this is the way I have been led to treat it. And I fondly hope that some of you will be able to identify with, and take heart from, what I have to say.

I sense the presence of Jesus in my life a great deal. I sense the presence of Francis in my life a great deal. Often I find it difficult to separate and differentiate the two presences. Often I do not find it necessary to do so. I simply accept, and am grateful for, the grace of the moment.

What I do not confuse is who Jesus and Francis are and what they mean to me. Jesus alone is my Lord, my Savior, my God in whom I trust, the One sent from the Father to bring life in abundance, the One through whom I come to the Father and see the Father. Francis is my father only in the sense of one chosen by God to lead a multitude of brothers and sisters to see and to manifest a distinctive face of Jesus, to the glory of God the Father. As my father, Francis constantly prays for me, as I pray to him, to help me see more clearly the face of Jesus. He is always there in the background, always just below the level of my consciousness, pointing me to Jesus, urging me to deeper surrender, leading me to Him who is the Way, and the only way, to the Father. Francis waits, as it were, in the wings, offstage.

As I view the sweep of Francis’ prayer—which is to say, his life—I see in his youth a sensuous delight in everything: after his conversion, for a short time, a sensuous delight in nothing; in his maturity, a delight in everything, transfigured in Christ,

¹Martin Buber, *The Way of Man* (Secaucus, N.J.: Citadel Press, 1966), p. 16.

Father Kieran M. Kay, O.F.M. Conv., Director of Retreats at Prior Lake, Minnesota, has served as a high school teacher, an associate pastor, and a hospital chaplain. He has also done seminal work at the Kolbe House of Prayer in Auburn, Indiana.

leading to an integrated life. I see Francis experiencing, after his conversion, something of what John of the Cross was later to describe as the dark night of the senses, the dark night of the spirit, and mystical marriage. Other writers were later to speak about spiritual growth in terms of the purgative, the illuminative, and the unitive ways. All of these men of prayer have something important to say: all of them have captured something of the truth (in the case of John of the Cross, a whole lot of the truth). But as I looked at my own life, and the lives of a host of people whom I have directed in retreat, I find that some of this can be very confusing and misleading. The idea that if one reaches a certain plateau, one can only go on and up from there can be discouraging and even destructive. To say, for example, that if one has entered the illuminative way, one forever abandons the purgative way is simply to ignore the dynamic nature of growth. The truth, as I perceive it, is that in all stages of growth there is purgation, a purification of love ("Every branch that does bear fruit, he prunes to make it bear even more"—Jn. 15:2), just as one vacillates between discursive prayer and affective prayer, between meditation and contemplation, as the gift of prayer (and it should be remembered that it is a gift) leads and affects one at any given moment. Robert Raines has spoken well of this dynamism in plain words:

Growth is less a linear matter of starting in the valley and climbing ever further up the mountain, and more a matter of exploring the terrain in which there will be mountains

and valleys and fields and rivers and streams. One doesn't get better and better, but simply learns more and perhaps grows in human understanding and in the capacity, without compromising one's own vision, to understand and accept people in the reality of their failings, their mistakes, their ecstasies, their tragedies—and to understand in a little more depth how amazing the grace of God must be to accept us all as we are.²

The focal point of prayer, then, is *God*, not myself (a basic fact that we all too often lose sight of in theory, and more often in practice). It is infinitely more important to keep my eyes on him than to attempt to see at what stage I am in the "spiritual life." In fact, when I start analyzing where I am on the "spiritual ladder," I have lost the whole point of prayer, which is to achieve union with God. The aim of prayer is to become self-oblivious, to be lost in wonder at the graciousness of the living, transcendent God now immanent, to take him so seriously that I forget myself.

This is a vital point, something that I struggled with for years, beginning as a novice. "Be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," I was told. So when the meditation was on the 39th degree of humility (Job seated on a dunghill), and I saw that I had not yet reached the 39th degree of humility (there were no dunghills around to sit on), I was very discouraged. I was still working on the first degree of humility (I don't remember what that was, but I'm probably still there). No one told me that it was OK to be where I was.

No one told me that God loved me just as I was. No one told me that to be perfect was to allow the Father's love for me to take posses-

sion of me, that his love for everyone is complete and unconditional and never-changing, and that I must be as dedicated to accepting imperfection as the Father is. Meanwhile, I sank in the mud. I withdrew more and more into myself in my prayer, mired in an endless round of self-contempt and breast-beating. There was something rotten in Denmark, and I was it.

The years passed uneventfully, without much joy and under a cloud of fear, and soon it was time to make a decision about solemn profession. I went to my spiritual director—a man of wisdom and patience—and spilled out all my failures and fears. At the end of my sordid story I asked: "Should I go on?" He was quick in his reply: "I see no reason why you should not." I was stunned! With that assurance, I made my final commitment to the Lord, with some measure of peace. About a week after solemn profession, while I was making my bed after breakfast, I had an experience that I shall never forget. As I leaned over the bed to straighten the sheet, I saw—in but a moment, a flick of time—my whole life unfolding, in a rapid-fire series of events that were glued together with pride and selfishness. My whole spiritual edifice came tumbling down in the earthquake, and I fell on the bed in a heap, in a cold sweat. When I had strength enough to rise, I fell to my knees in wordless prayer and remained there a long time. That evening I went to my director and haltingly tried to tell him what had happened. Before he had a chance to say anything, I blurted out: "I think I made a mistake about solemn profession." He was kind

and sympathetic and pointed out that he felt I was misinterpreting the message of this experience, that it was not an act of condemnation but a marvelous grace, a chance for a breakthrough into a new kind of life.

That is, in fact, what it turned out to be. It was my "conversion." From that point on—slowly, imperceptibly at times, during the course of several years—my life took a new turn, a few steps at a time. The people that came into my life, the books that I happened upon, the events that occurred—all these seemed to be pieces of a mosaic that, as I looked back in quiet moments in later years, amazingly were fitting together. There were the usual setbacks, of course, but they were only momentary and did not obstruct a forward thrust. I was no longer lying on the road, waiting for the steamroller.

The focus of my life seemed to change from a morbid introspection to a loving gaze at the loving God. There were two Scripture passages that I pondered over and over, forming the nucleus of a new life. The first was from Romans (5:6-11):

We were still helpless when at his appointed moment Christ died for sinful men. It is not easy to die even for a good man—though of course for someone really worthy, a man might be prepared to die—but what proves that God loves us is that Christ died for us while we were still sinners. Having died to make us righteous, is it likely that he would now fail to save us from God's anger? When we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, we were still enemies; now that we have been reconciled, surely we may count on being saved by the life of his Son? Not merely because we have been reconciled but because we are filled with joyful trust in God, through

²Robert A. Raines, *To Kiss the Joy* (Waco, Texas: Word Books, 1973), Introduction.



our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have already gained our reconciliation.

The second was from the first letter of John (4:9-10, 18-19):

God's love for us was revealed when God sent into the world his only Son so that we could have life through him; this is the love I mean: not our love for God, but God's love for us when he sent his Son to be the sacrifice that takes our sins away... In love there can be no fear, but fear is driven out by perfect love: because to fear is to expect punishment, and anyone who is afraid is still imperfect in love. We are to love, then, because he loved us first.

In the wild and wonderful experience of God's love, I could have prayed with full heart the prayer of Sam Keen if I had known it at the time³:

*God, but I want madness!
I want to tremble,
to be shaken,
to yield to pulsation,
to surrender to the rhythm of music
and sea,
to the seasons of ebb and flow,
to the tidal surge of love.*

*I am tired of being
hard,
tight,*

*controlled,
tensed against the invasion of novelty,
armed against tenderness,
afraid of softness,
I am tired of
directing my world,
making,
doing,
shaping.*

*Surrendering,
giving in to the involuntary is:
madness (idiots tremble),
ecstasy (being out of my skin, what
am I?)
bliss (love is coming together and
parting),
grace (dancing with the whole spirit).*

*God, give me madness
that does not destroy
wisdom,
responsibility,
love.*

What a marvelous discovery, to know that I didn't have to be perfect to merit God's love, that I didn't have to prove a thing to Him or to anyone else that I could simply yield at the center and surrender to his love, and believe in it. This, as I see it, is the most important thing I have ever learned, and no doubt shall ever learn and continue to learn, because it involves a radical change of focus from myself to God. Everything flows from that. I like the way Robert Raines puts it:

When our power is taken from us, we may learn to respect the unfolding nature of events, to let it be, to let ourselves be, to let others be, to respect the fragility of another person enough to let him shape his own life and find his own fashion of rebirth. We may learn not to insist on our own way—like "I want it now, today, yesterday, my way"—but to yield, to let the life process happen. We may learn to begin to trust the process,

not to have to manage or control it, even to believe that it may work out better if many wills work together and somehow God's purpose unfolds through the hidden coordination of it all.⁴

Thomas Merton said the same thing in one pithy sentence, when he was asked to scribble a note for a Sister just before he departed on his fateful journey to Bangkok: "In joy, everything, just as it is, whether 'for' or 'against,' in peace, in universal acceptance, in Christ."⁵

But you say, where does Francis fit into all this? He was there, in the wings. He was pointing to Jesus. He was praying for me. Little by little, through the pain-joy of the paschal opening, I was learning that Franciscan prayer is possible only through seeing and following the unique path that God had laid out for me within the rich value-system that Francis had traced for his brothers. This meant assimilating and interiorizing and *acting on* (which is what faith means) the truth as it was given to me from moment to moment, without attempting to hasten the process or change the timetable that God had set.

What I am attempting to say is what Murray Bodo has richly caught as he pictures Francis atop Mount Subasio in the ecstatic moment of a new discovery:

He looked down and saw a tiny jonquil looking up at him. And he forgot the majesty of mountains and valleys in concentrating on the delicate, trembling beauty of this single mountain flower. It stood there

in the freedom of the mountain air glorifying God. Its life, so brief and vulnerable, was an act of praise as every man's life should be. It did not worry about what it would accomplish in life or leave behind. Nor did it fear for its own brief existence. It simply was.

How much more should *man* be a witness to the glory of simply existing? He would live forever. His existence alone was enough, and he was glorious apart from any work he may produce or any life he may engender. But man had to learn that liberating truth by meeting God in his own core. God's love and acceptance of him made possible his own self-love and self-acceptance.

This was the secret and the mystery of the hermitage on Mount Subasio. All was sure and peaceful on that wild and precarious mountainside because everything merely was. No trees had to justify its being there by working harder than the other trees. It simply grew with its own inner life and rhythm and lifted its branches to the sky.

This little flower at Francis' feet felt no jealousy that Francis was taller and could move about at will while it was rooted in that one spot of ground for all its life. Why then did man strive to be what he was not and count his own worth in terms of his success? Francis wished that every man were an inner man, so that he could look at this jonquil and see himself.⁶

This passage says to me, either explicitly or implicitly, most of what Francis knew of life and prayer (which are meant to be *one* not only in the mind but in the experience of living), and all that he wanted his friars to cherish forever. The best that I can do, for the sake of brevity,

⁴Ibid., p. 36.

⁵Sister Ann Chester, I.H.M., *Prayer Now* (Albany, N.Y.: Clarity Press, 1975), p. 48. I highly recommend Sister Ann's chapter entitled "Prayer Renewal as Experience"—her personal journey in prayer largely influenced by discoveries in Zen, pp. 45-53.

⁶Murray Bodo, O.F.M., *Francis: The Journey and the Dream* (Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Anthony Messenger Press, 1972), p. 130.

³Ibid., pp. 104-05. From Keen's book *To a Dancing God*.

is to list these values as I perceive them. I do so, not necessarily in the way that I have come upon them or in the way that they have come upon me (which are two quite different phenomena), but simply in the way that they might logically develop in a person's life (remembering of course that the Spirit doesn't often follow the rules of logic).

Franciscan prayer, then (and again, I am speaking of a prayerful life), means to me:

1. Seeking the solitude that is necessary to sharpen one's vision and undrive oneself.
2. Being willing to be invaded by God at any moment and to be bowled over by his goodness, whether that brings pain or joy.
3. Flowing with the tide of the present touch of grace as an expression of poverty.
4. Seeking the kingdom of God first—giving him prime time, not leftovers, in prayer, and striving to let everything flow from it.
5. Tucking one's head in one's heart to become aware of the ineffable Presence within.
6. Being simple and direct in the expression of one's heart and life.
7. Believing the word that God speaks to the heart, and thanking God that it is now a part of one's life.
8. Giving Jesus the time that he needs to reveal, through his Spirit, the face of the Father.
9. Praying in order to have a good day, and having a good day in order to pray.
10. Asking for a listening heart to be able to discern what is right and proper at the present time.
11. Wasting time creatively and refusing to give in to the compulsions of having to achieve anything.
12. Freeing oneself from the need

to be needed.

13. Waiting for the sent-ness that comes from the *Spirit*.

14. Acting out the center of one's life, not out of the periphery.

15. Expecting everything from everyone, and loving their possibility into actuality.

16. Reverencing the mystery in others and accepting them just as they are.

17. Speaking what is in one's heart as the means of moving from communication to communion and communion to communication.

18. Being dedicated to losing.

19. Being the Gospel in daily living.

20. Being content to be absolutely useless.

21. Finding one's security in the Lord and letting go of all other forms of security.

22. Striving for a community in which brothers come together not out of their power (in whatever form) but out of their need for one another.

23. Being liberal in thanks and appreciation of the Good News that each person is.

24. Believing that every day is a new creation, that Christ is all in all, re-creating and re-newing all things, and praising him for it.

25. Questioning the established order because of the radical call of the Gospel, yet being faithful and loyal to, and loving, the Church, the Body of Christ.

Of all the values that I have listed, I would consider solitude as the most important. It is in solitude—alone with the God who calls me by name (Is. 43:1), and in whose sight I am precious (Is. 43:4), that all the rest is learned. In silence I come to know that the Father is very fond of me; I come to know Jesus Christ, his Son, by the working of the Holy

Spirit; I come to know the deepest kind of love, which is beyond feeling because it is so deep. In silence I begin to understand the shape of my life and the surrender that love constantly demands. In silence I come to grips with my loneliness, face it, confront it, feel it, and break through it into the solitude that refreshes and nourishes and strengthens. In silence I become aware of the never-ending cycle of emptying-filling, the passion-death-resurrection mystery that is at work within me. In silence I learn how to let my masks fall away, how to be comfortable (not compromising) with my weaknesses, realizing that power is brought to perfection in weakness. In silence I begin to hear the Word, and to give the Father the joy of being father to me, the Son the joy of being Savior to me. In silence I am able to open my mind, my will, my memory, and my affections to the healing of the Lord; and to open my senses to his presence—to see in order to see, to hear in order to hear, to touch in order to touch. In silence I sense the deepest part of me as *animus-anima* that needs to be expressed, and I receive the courage to express it because it is me, freeing me from the roles that others want me to play. In silence I learn something of the immensity of Charles de Foucauld's challenge in learning to love my brothers:

To love anyone is to hope in him for always. From the moment at which we begin to judge anyone, to limit our confidence in him, from the moment at which we identify him with what we

know of him and so reduce him to that, we cease to love him and he ceases to be able to become better. We should expect everything of everyone. We must dare to be love in a world that does not know how to love.⁷

As I look back over what I have written, I wonder if I have hit the mark. Conspicuously absent are the words of Francis himself. But I have deliberately avoided that for two reasons: first, you know those words well, perhaps so well that you do not hear them any more, and I wanted to say them in a different way so that you could then go back to them and revere them anew; and second, I had to hear Francis praying in *me* and express that in a way that I could understand. Whether or not I have succeeded in doing that, I do not know. That is yours to decide.

I end as I began, having more questions than answers. I am comforted by the words of Moché: "You will find the true answers only within yourself."⁸ That is a succinct way of putting what Jesus said: "The Advocate, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you everything and remind you of all I have said to you" (Jn. 14:26). I am also comforted by the words of Rainer Maria Rilke:

Be patient towards all that is unsolved in your heart, and try to love the questions themselves—do not seek answers which cannot be given you because you would not be able to live them. And the point is to live everything. Live the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually, without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer.⁹

⁷Peter G. Van Breemen, *As Bread That Is Broken* (Denville, N.J.: Dimension Books, 1974), p. 124. Fr. Van Breemen does not give the source of this quotation.

⁸Chester, p. 53. From Elie Wiesel's book *Night*.

⁹I found these words on a card that someone gave me. I cannot find the source, though I suspect it is *Letters to a Young Poet* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1962).

One Theme—Three Variations

SISTER CLAIRE MARIE WICK, O.S.F.

THEIR AMAZING Host had radiated such welcoming warmth, involved them in such intimate manner, that each of the three, newly arrived, felt he was the only one there. That is, until their Host brought them together for introductions. The white-crowned eldest did little to veil the personal pain he had experienced as he answered his Host's invitation to reveal his background. "Where am I from? Well, they called it the Golden Age Home. About the only part of that name you could call the truth was *age*: it was filled with aged. Had a right good life until I began creaking and goraning a bit getting around trying to make myself useful. Then, nine kids that could borrow my home, my cash, and my car for twenty some odd years found they couldn't spare me a corner to live in when they decided I was too feeble to stay on the farm and sold it. So, I found myself condemned to what's called a nursing home. I say condemned, for I felt it was a living death—death to privacy, death to dignity, living my own—as they called it—lifestyle. Oh, they blamed this on my old age, but it was more selfishness of their young age, not wanting to bother with me. So I went to sit in a crowded home and watch the others die a little every day a-wonderin' when I'd be going through

those same stages myself. I gotta be fair and say all nursing homes aren't like this one, but enough are, and there are too many folks like me who have their own homes and don't need or want to go to such places, right?

All agreed—the Host nodded for the gentleman of eighty-nine to continue.

Wasn't bad enough I was condemned to live, rather die, here—but I got saddled with one of those contraptions called a wheel-chair. I tell you that was a real cross for me. Worse yet, one day I fell asleep in it and fell flat on the floor. Right then and there, they strapped me into it so no more falls. But if I sat too far one way or another, the ties bruised me and sometimes nearly cut me in two. The night I fell, I had a dream my mother so very life-like came to me and said, "Son, bear up: you won't have far to go now, and I'm with you all the way." I woke up calling for my mother so loud as she seemed to walk away from me, they thought I was out of my head and shut my room off so I didn't disturb anyone else.

They gave me a helper—aide, they called him—to dress me, bring my trays, and push my wheel-chair around when I was too slow for them. He didn't do anything for me out of any kindness, I tell you; for he was

mighty rough and cross if he was asked to do any more than just what they told him to do for me.

One day an old friend came by just when I needed one. I dropped my glasses and was trying to get my wheel-chair so I could pick them up. But I got myself boxed into a corner, so I just couldn't get out because the wheels were caught in the door-stop. This good friend helped me when I was in a real sweat, got me loose, dried my face, and helped me into a dry gown. Then I fell over a stool somebody left between our beds, and I was black and blue for a week. Laid there half an hour before the aide found me and picked me up.

Some of my Lodge brothers came to see me. I was glad to see them, but somehow it didn't cheer me up to hear all about their problems: house payments higher, wife sick, young'uns acting up, jobs threatened. No time to hear or care about how bad things were for me. But I thought at least you fellows got a place to call your own. You have your own things around you and your freedom to go and come as you please. So, I let them cry on my shoulder, and when they left, I wept a little for all of us.

I fell out of my bed one night and knocked myself unconscious when they said I was reaching for some water on my stand. Then they stripped me of all my personal belongings, even my own things to wear, and put a short, little old white gown on me, making me feel like a fool with nothing of my own. Now I really did feel like I had lost my identity as a real person, my dignity, well, myself—for everything was missing—not even a little keepsake remained.

That wasn't all. I got such sharp

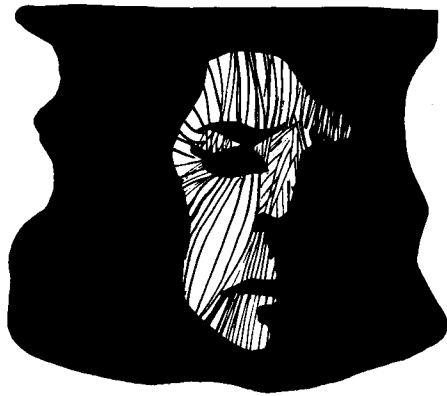
jabs in my side and chest I couldn't breathe, and they called this a coronary, and I did suffer. I burned up with fever, and nobody gave me a cold drink, only the bitter medicine that seemed to do no good. My head, heart, hands, feet had pains so bad they pinned me to the bed so I would cause nobody trouble. I thought I would burst with pain while footsteps of people laughing and going on making fun of things the old people said and did kept passing by. But it was worse when they came in, the rough way they handled a person.

I tell you, I felt deserted by everyone, especially those last few hours before I moved on here. Nobody did a thing to help, but I guess they thought I wouldn't know the difference. I even felt you (turning to Host) deserted me. The family was called in, and I heard someone say they were coming, but somehow those I thought of as my own didn't reach me in time while I was conscious. Then they came and cried and put their arms around me making a big show like they never did when I needed them. They buried me quick as they could in a new lot; for none of them wanted to be there—living or dead—and then they hurried back to their homes and work. Then I was really out of sight and mind until you brought me here.

The other two of this trio of new arrivals, one young, the other middle aged, exchanged knowing glances. The younger, a cripple, said: Change the name of the place you came from, old man, to Hospital for Handicapped, and you just about know my story.

The middle-aged fellow spoke up: Substitute it to Hospital for the Mentally Ill, and change the nine

Sister Claire Marie, who holds a Master's Degree in Music from Wisconsin State University, is one of the few registered Music Therapists. She is founding Director of the Triniteam ministry at Sacred Heart Hospital, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.



kids to six, and you have the same story of the last half of my life. I guess there are others among the elderly, handicapped, and ill that could say AMEN to this story.

The Host embraced them with an understanding smile, saying: You think your story is any different from mine? Maybe you weren't aware of it as you told of your way here, but it was My way of the cross, My fourteen stations of suffering you experienced. Think back—these steps you described—and compare them with the story in Scripture of My Good Friday. I was certainly condemned by those I loved; My wheelchair was a wooden cross to carry; I fell not once but again and again; I had an unwilling helper, Simon; My mother came to encourage me in a live appearance; a friend, Veronica, wiped sweat from My brow, friends came to me on the way, but their needs and their children's needs were more in evidence than mine; I was surely stripped of all; My death bed was a splintery cross; and how roughly they treated Me! My arms, legs, head, and heart suffered pain no person before or after Me could endure. I was deserted, I felt, by my own friends, My Father. I was

grieved over by few and hurriedly buried, not in a family plot, but in a borrowed new grave just as you experienced.

But now to the happy ending. I came to new life again and gave it to you—each of you—in a way that it can never be lessened or taken away from you in this home that is your own—heaven. Another great good that has come of not only My, but also your, sufferings is that there are some persons on earth familiar with our story, and they are trying to do something about our travails. Yes, these persons are getting involved in ministries, politics, in dedicated religious lives, in education and business: volunteers of all kinds who are going all out to respect each person's needs, especially those of the aged, handicapped, and ill. They are trying to bring services especially in My spirit—spiritual-social services to those in need who wish to stay in their own homes, as well as to those who are in nursing homes...

AND THAT IS WHY Triniteam came into being. At the invitation of Father Charles Wolf, Dean, and priests of the Eau Claire-Chippewa Falls Wisconsin deanery, Sister Claire Marie Wick, O.S.F., began and now

directs a growing program to serve the spiritual-social needs of isolated persons in homes, institutions, prisons. This program called Triniteam is a ministry concerned with the mutual growth of active church volunteers in a one-to-one relationship with those who are less active in church life (because of illness, age, handicaps, lack of transportation, interest or motivation) or who are imprisoned. It is a program of spiritual nourishment in the present—focussed on life in the future. This is accomplished by visiting with these individuals to let them know someone cares about them and values their personhood. Triniteam members, all volunteers, read spiritual and comforting literature to them, pray for and with them for personal needs, arrange for them to attend services when possible, help them prepare liturgies, programs, parties, and make gifts for them as well as involving them in hobby and craft activities. If they become critically ill or are dying, Triniteam

arranges for someone to be with them to comfort and reassure them. Calls, letters, outings are all part of the Triniteam program to give living testimony to their philosophy: Nobody has ever been offended at being loved.

Triniteam believes no one ever reaches the stage where he or she does not have need for spiritual growth. Those who have less activity and more time can be a rich source of growth for those who have less time and more activity. Christ went out to search for those who needed Him, and His Church grew as His apostles followed His Way to share themselves with others. So Father Wolf and his colleagues, parish adults and student volunteers of the University, High Schools and Grade Schools are reaching out with Sister Claire Marie Wick, forming Triniteam to touch the lives of others, to bring both those they serve and themselves to the destiny the divine Trinity plans for each of us from all eternity.



Prayer is inseparable from asceticism. You should therefore, know how to respond when you find contempt for and misguided abandonment of traditional ascetical practices and especially of "religious observances" as they are very appropriately called, since they are an important form of the obedience which opens the heart to God and inspires it to love.

POPE PAUL VI

The Testament of Clare

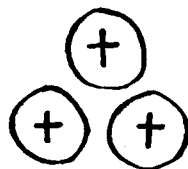
*Sanctus, sanctus
Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth
Pleni sunt caeli et terra
Gloria tua*

Here is the Eucharist I raise
The thanks, the prayer, the praise
More powerful than armies, or the years,
Or any sort of rust or moth.
Here is the Preface and the Rule,
My children, here is your Life
Your meat.

See your vocation day by day
Clarifica cum claritate
More powerful than suffering, Satan's pomps,
Or any sort of falling off.
Plantae minorum, spread your palms.
Strew Him your garments,
Your prancing feet.

Hosanna!

Sister Madonna Joseph Casey, O.S.C.



There Is Only One Thing Necessary

NICHOLAS AYO, C.S.C.

ON A SUMMER evening, too uncomfortable and restless to sleep, anxious about dying because my parents' home and old age reminded me of death, and just having left a close friend whom I would not see again for perhaps many years, I wrestled with a terror that said everything and everyone is totally vulnerable; no one is immortal, the darkness is everywhere. After searching my soul, tracking my fears, and exercising my then tasteless theological rhetoric, I was aware of two phrases settling into my consciousness. There is only *one* death; there is only *one* love. And, like a childhood lullaby, the cross and resurrection of Jesus Christ that surpass all understanding brought peace in the darkness of sleep, which knows that the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ overcame the night and would do so in me.

There is only one death, the Paschal Mystery death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. We who are dying every minute the clock ticks off one second less of our time on earth are so incorporated in Jesus that we die in His death, and He dies in us, the members of His Body. No death exceeds a human dying, and Jesus is God made human. "By virtue of that one single offering,

he has achieved the eternal perfection of all whom he is sanctifying" (Heb. 10:14). No one was absent in the eternal moment that encompassed the one Calvary in 6 "B.C." No one dying is walking into a darkness deeper than the doom of Good Friday. Our path to the grave is lit by the light of the resurrection that slips under the door of the tomb. That light is an eternal flame whose oil is infinite and whose radiance casts a shadow of eternity among the terrors of pitch blackness. Although the star-filled skies speak to some persons of a God who cares, to others it suggests a world ultimately winding down to nothing. Nonetheless, there is only one death, the death of Jesus Christ. The death of our body is His. Death outside of Him, death to His spirit in us — that is the fear of hell. Perfect love, however, drives out all fear, and we can answer to the words of Joan of Arc who, when asked whether she knew herself in the state of grace, answered: "If I am, may the Lord in His mercy keep me; and if I am not, may the Lord in His mercy bring me there."

There is only one love, the incarnate love of Jesus Christ that embodies the infinite compassion of the Father, who is Abba, toward His

Father Nicholas Ayo, C.S.C., who has published poetry as well as religious papers in our pages and elsewhere, is Director of Holy Cross Novitiate in Bennington, Vermont.

children whom He made from nothing but the goodness of His own heart. All that we love is a reflection of this love. Although we are made independent beings, creatures not our Creator or any part thereof, nonetheless all of our goodness and beauty has its source completely in Him who is infinite goodness and whose beauty is radiant in the thousand faces of this mystical Body of Christ that is His rainbow artistry of love. I am the beloved of God, you and me, he or she, us. Beloveds love beloveds, and there is only one beloved "in whom we live and move and have our being." Though we truly love the "other" who is not Jesus Christ, yet we love Jesus Christ alone who is more part of our identity and theirs than we are. He alone knows our name, written on a white stone, to be revealed when all lovers are united in the eternal dance of Father, Son, and Spirit in eternity. No beloved is absent in our life, for they remain present to my Lord. No beloved is vulnerable to death, because beyond the grave they all wait transfigured in the light of the resurrection for the reunion of the Body of mankind, the Body of Jesus Christ, beloved of the Father, lover of all men and women. We remain members of one another, members of His Body, triumphant and glorious, our every wound radiant with victory over dying and lovelessness.

There is only one love, for one Body, the Body of Jesus Christ spreads out in time and space to embrace us all, each individually and all together. A child lays his head on his mother's lap, a lover lays himself on the flesh and bones of his beloved; but there is only one flesh to rest in the Body of Christ that we

take into ourselves when we eat the Bread of Eucharist. "This is My Body. Take and eat it, given up for you." Every lover wants to say that, from the mother giving her breast to her child, to the intercourse that would sow seeds of life deep inside the body of another, so that a new spirit may grow to human form in the image of God to be born for eternal life. There is only one intercourse, the embrace of God who sows the Trinity of His Life in men's hearts, breathing His Spirit into them and giving His flesh in Jesus Christ to be taken as communion with Them. All marriage remains a mirror that reveals the heavenly union of God and man. Paul says: "I arranged for you to marry Christ so that I might give you away as a chaste virgin to this one husband" (2 Cor. 11:2). As Jesus loved His Body, the Church, husbands love your wives. There is only one wound of love, the spear-pierced open side of Jesus Christ, where flow life blood and life water. And when a husband knows his wife, knows the wound of love in him that now can never be healed, knows the wound in the body of his wife where blood and water channel children into life, he knows the faith and love experience of Thomas after the resurrection. Come, Thomas, reach for my heart. There is only one body, Thomas, and it is mine, dead but now alive. There is only one love, mine that gave itself in a dying, which human love reflects a thousand ways. Put your hand into the wound in my side, Thomas, and be not a doubter, but believe. "And blessed are those who have not seen and still believe."

Just as there is only one death, one love, one body, and one Lord, there remains only one prayer and one word, the Word of God embodied

in Jesus Christ. When John wrote the prayer of Jesus at the supper the night before He died, he recapitulated all the prayers of Jesus in a lifetime. There is only one prayer, spoken at only one hour, one day, the one *now* that is the acceptable time.

*May they all be one.
Father, may they be one in us,
as you are in me and I am in you,
so that the world may believe it was
you who sent me.
I have given them the glory you
gave to me,
that they may be one as we are one.
With me in them and you in me,
may they be so completely one
that the world will realise that it
was you who sent me
and that I have loved them as much
as you loved me.*

*I have made your name known to them
and will continue to make it known,
so that the love with which you loved
me may be in them,
and so that I may be in them*

[Jn. 17:21-24, 26]

The colors of the rainbow are all contained in pure white light that is broken down into love, death, body, prayer, and more: each color a share in the one light. There is only one God, only one Infinite, only one infinite God, who made His creatures not from His substance but from His compassion toward nothingness. That much is definitional. If God is not infinite, then He is limited. If He is limited, He is not almighty. If He is not almighty, He may be powerful but He is not God. But if God is truly everything, how can *some* thing be *any* thing outside of God? How does one stand outside of infinity? How can there be a creation of somebodies who are not part of God, as a pantheist would insist that they are?

How can creatures be outside of God, yet totally within His infinity?

Logically, we are either part of God, divine pieces, or we are atomistic fragments in a world without an infinite God. In our experience we are not part of God, and yet in our spirit we sense we are not over and against God as *other*, either. We are called to be friends with God, and yet God remains more part of our identity than we are ourselves. He is one God, and we are many. He is inside us and outside us at the same time. He is one God, who creates everlastingly, and embodies His Son, and sends His spirit into our hearts, so that in time we love Him with the love of God Himself, an adequate compatibility. God pours God into God-imaged creatures who cannot exist beyond Him and yet are not Him. Paul writes: "Still for us there is one God, the Father, from whom all things come and for whom we exist; and there is one Lord, Jesus Christ, through whom all things come and through whom we exist" (1 Cor. 8:6).

Of all the images that embody the mystery of the one and the many, the infinite God and the created world that logically should not be, the dance has a particular beauty and appropriateness. The cosmic dance of stars and earth, of God and men, of Creator and creature, of eternity and time, of the Father, Son, and Spirit in an everlasting exchange, life from another and given to another, that dance reveals a melody and a rhythm that is divine.

Of the many human dances, ballet seems the best paradigm of this universal dance. A woman on her toes, in full reach of her powers of consummate balance that began by learning to crawl, in sympathy with the music that fondles her soul as she responds to her spiritual partner whom she

hears on all sides, now leading, now falling back—therein abides an ecstasy of a spirit-animating-body. The body is transfigured in the dance, made supple and light, so that it lifts like a breeze and drops without gravity. Not grave in spirit, the body spins through the air with the song and motion of a bird, lifting from earth and suggesting for a moment that the ground is no final resting place. Body and soul blend in a unity when the dancer lives the dance and remains conscious of nothing but the overall convergence. The balance and control of Apollo, the shapes and proportions of symmetry, wed the spontaneity of Dionysius whose ecstatic energy runs wild, yet as light and easy on the dance floor as shapes of air would be. The yin and the yang, the male and the female, the sky and the earth, mind and feeling, all reach a balance and a harmony in ballet that unites the eternal vision of Beatrice with the many shapes of this earth.

There is only one dance, the ballet of Jesus Christ, of Nazareth and of Calvary, a man of prayer and a man for others. Two sisters dance a duet, the spirit and the flesh, the soul and the body, the being and the doing, the Mary and the Martha. When the dance goes well, they move in complete harmony, one leading then the other, action lifting contemplation and contemplation exciting action.

There is only one banquet, one wedding feast, set by Martha and drunk by Mary, sisters of the Lord. There is only the one bread. Although we feed one another the bread of this world and the bread of ourselves, it all becomes a meal that nourishes and satisfies only if the table holds the Bread of His body and

the Wine of His Blood, all that we fondle kneadingly and crush violently. No other food takes the one hunger away; no other drink wells up within us as a living spring where one no longer need haul a bucket up.

And so Jesus could say: "Martha, Martha, you are troubled about many things, but only one thing is necessary" (Lk. 10:41): to know and love and be in the Lord Jesus Christ. There is only one Lord, one love, one death, one body, one word, one dance, one bread, both sacrifice dying and banquet enlivening. Paul writes of the mystery of God who "would bring everything together under Christ, as head, everything in the heavens and everything on earth" (Eph. 1:10). And our Eucharist echoes the same union: "Through Him, and with Him, and in Him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, all glory and honor is yours, almighty Father, for ever and ever. Amen."

There is only one sin, not to believe one is loved by God, and therefore not to return love for love. To give life, to foster life, to nurture life, to care for another, to wish him well, embodies love. Not to love is to take life away, to wish another no good, and ultimately to kill. Often the killing is slow, and one does not necessarily strike for the heartbeat. Perhaps the injury is only neglect, but a neglect that is the beginnings of a road that kills emotionally, spiritually, socially, and sometimes physically. When the rich man stepped over Lazarus, he did not need to put a knife into the hungry man. When Adam and Eve took their own happiness into their own hands and tried to save themselves by themselves from death, they struck at the roots of God's tree of life. Cain killed his brother. John the Evangel-

ist writes: "If you refuse to love, you must remain dead; to hate your brother is to be a murderer, and murderers, as you know, do not have eternal life in them" (1 Jn. 3:15). Judas' sin was to provide for himself rather than to love Jesus well. Eventually Judas could not avoid the wages of sin; he betrayed Jesus to death for thirty pieces of silver. There remains only one sin, to kill the life given to us by God. Whenever we fail to love as we must, we take a small step in that direction. As Augustine baldly puts it: "There is only love of self to the hatred of God, or the love of God to the hatred of self." One's choice is stark and yet quite simple: "I set before you two choices, to live or to die." Or, as the Gospel phrases it: "For anyone who wants to save his life will lose it; but anyone who loses his life for My sake will find it."

There is only one task, one service, one foot to be washed, that of Jesus Christ who lives in His members, whose dusty and sometimes bleeding feet tread the million paths of our earth, both garden and rubble heap. Love circulates in the Body of Christ, and what I do for someone else will also be done for me, perhaps by another now unknown to me and years hence. Nevertheless, love given is love reciprocated somewhere in the one Body. Wherever I serve, I wash the feet of the one Jesus. If I am separated from a friend or a beloved in this life, whether by time or space or even by the barrier of death, I wash his feet when I serve the person in front of me, whom I may not know at all. The love I give to one is given to all, and the love given to all is given to the ones I particularly hold in my heart, and ultimately to my Lord,

source of all love. Only accidental circumstances keep me from focusing my service directly on those in my family, or those I particularly love in the mystery of the gift of human encounters. Still, love given to anyone anywhere is love given to them. And they shall receive it, if not from me, then from another who loves them in my place. No drop is wasted; no tear is lost. No desire goes unanswered. "Ask, and you shall receive." All foot washing is to pour oneself out upon the Body of the Lord, and "there are no more distinctions between Jew and Greek, slave and free, male and female, but all of you are one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28). The poor you have always with you, and Jesus' feet can be washed and bathed in tears anywhere on this earth in His mystical Body. He had compassion on the multitudes, and we are His gentle hands with a thousand voices that show the face of Christ, "lovely in limbs, playing before the Father." "Do you recognize what I have done for you?" "They took the body of Jesus and wrapped it with the spices in linen cloths, following the Jewish burial custom." "Then they told their story of what had happened on the road and how they had recognized him at the breaking of the bread." But Jesus "had vanished from their sight."

There is only one baptism into one Body, one Church, one people and one hope, and that is the baptism Jesus spoke of when he predicted His death on the cross and His surrender to the mysterious love and freedom of His Father: "Can you drink the cup that I must drink, or be baptized with the baptism with which I must be baptized?" (Mk. 10:38). Baptism of water introduces a person to the new life of the resur-

rected Jesus in the Church Body that experiences in a spread-out time and space the one death on the cross in the one everlasting covenant, becoming the resurrection of the whole Christ. Baptism of fire embodies just such a faith in the duress of life and death choices. The Son of May came to "bring fire to the earth, and how I wish it were blazing already! There is a baptism I must still receive, and how great is my distress till it is over!" (Lk. 12:49). There is only one fire, that fire that can prompt a man or woman to lay down his or her life for a friend, because even in death one remains alive in the Father's care for all eternity. And perfect love casts out fear. Baptism of the Spirit is the grace of God that descends upon the waters of Baptism and then dwells in our hearts, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter

and Strengtheners, who descends in tongues of fire upon the Body of Christ assembled in prayer until the praise of God breaks forth on everyone's tongue. "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us on the road and explained the scriptures to us?" (Lk. 24:32). There is only one baptism, one grace, one faith, howsoever expressed. "There is one Body, one Spirit, just as you were all called into one and the same hope when you were called. There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and one God who is Father of us all, through all and within all" (Eph. 4:4-6). There is only one God, and one infinite and almighty God of love; creative, compassionate, intimate; source, offspring, and bond; Father, Son, and Spirit. God is Jesus, and Jesus is Lord God.

"I See Right Through You!"

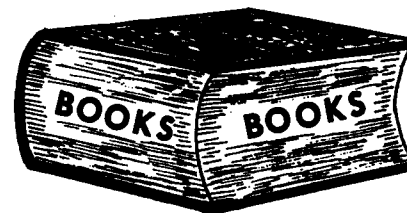
There is an expression that goes: "I see right through you!" — referring to the true motivation of another.

We should be able to use that same expression in our relationship with God. We should be able to say: "O God, we see right through You! For we live in Your Being like a goldfish in a bowl." As St. Paul put it: "In God we move and live and have our being." Let us, then, see our neighbor through God's own very Eyes. It will enable us to love our neighbor with God's all-consuming love. *This* Jesus commanded: "Love one another as I have loved you."

United in God's love, we love with God's own love; we love with a love of friendship. Did not Jesus say: "I will call you no longer servants, but friends"?

Yes, the basic reason we must see through God is to live united to His love in order to love our neighbor with a love of friendship.

Bruce Riski, O.F.M. Cap.



Christ House Sings: On the Road to the Kingdom. Songs by Pat Leyko. Disc, \$6.00; Cassette, \$7.00; Music Book, \$3.00. Available from Christ House, Lafayette, N.J.: 07848.

Reviewed by Brother Dennis E. Tamburello, O.F.M., a recently professed member of Holy Name Province whose study of the Incarnation and Mystical Experience appeared in our April issue.

Christ House is a community of friars, sisters, and lay persons located in Lafayette, New Jersey, which offers a variety of retreats and other programs. Central to all of the programs is vibrant and creative celebration of liturgy. *On the Road to the Kingdom* is a collection of liturgical and meditative music composed almost exclusively by (Miss) Pat Leyko, a resident lay member of the community.

Pat's music is outstanding in its unique blending of simplicity and beauty. It is performed well on the album, with spirited singing (including some excellent vocal harmonies) and smooth, professional instrumentation.

Roughly half of the songs in the collection are written for congregational singing. Of these, a few deserve special mention. "Holy Holy Lord," for example, is catchy and spirited—as are the Acclamation and Amen that go with it. All three are easy to learn and thus work well even in large groups. "Come, Lord," is a quiet but powerful hymn which is especially appropriate for evening prayer services.

"The Kingdom of Jesus," written by Rich Daingerfield (the only song not composed by Pat) is a rousing celebration of Christian unity and faith in the reality of the Kingdom. It works best as an entrance song. Appropriately, it is the most elaborate and exciting selection on the album, with its use of trumpet, drums, and the full Christ House choir. One criticism must be leveled here: Rich Daingerfield is not credited as the composer except in the Music Book.

The other half of the album is more accurately described as "meditation" music. Pat's meditative songs are all very beautiful and are performed with feeling and conviction. Some of these are scripturally based ("Be Still," "Your Love Reaches to the Heavens," "Listen and Hear"); others have completely original lyrics by Pat. The scriptural songs stand out as the best here, although the others have a lyrical and musical innocence that makes them refreshing and prayerful: "You Are the Joy of Jesus," "You're Always at Home," "Simple Joys," "Jesus I Am Yours,"

"To Be Alive." One other song, "Away," is a beautiful piece of music and is one of the best produced on the album with excellent piano and percussion parts; but its decidedly secular flair would seem to make it less appropriate for use in prayerful settings.

Concerning the actual production of the album, it certainly is on a par with other recordings of its kind, and better in some instances, as noted above. The album is eminently suited for use as a source of recorded meditation music; and unlike many other recordings of its kind, is also enjoyable listening in itself.

On the Road to the Kingdom is available on disc or cassette. The cassette version includes two songs that are not on the disc: "Your Love Reaches to the Heavens" and "Simple Joys." There is also a music book (which Christ House was gracious enough to send along with the recording for this review). It contains music, lyrics, and simple chord arrangements for all of the recorded songs plus additional selections by Fr. Richard Husted, O.F.M., leader of song at Christ House. These include "Hear, O Israel" (based on Matthew 22:37-39), a Doxology, a Baptismal Acclamation, and alternate lyrics for "Battle Hymn of the Republic" (adapted into a Gloria) and "Hail Thee, Festival Day" (adapted into a Christian witness song entitled "With the Blessing of God"). All are appropriate for liturgical use, with the "Doxology" and "With the Blessing of God" standing out as the strongest.

All in all, *On the Road to the Kingdom* is an outstanding collection of religious music and a worthwhile addition to one's liturgical repertoire. It can be obtained by sending \$6.00

for the disc, \$7.00 for the cassette, and \$3.00 for the Music Book to *On the Road to the Kingdom*, Christ House, Lafayette, N.J. 07848.

The Scale of Perfection. By Walter Hilton. Abridged and presented by Illtyd Trethowan. St. Meinrad, Ind.: Abbey Press, 1976. Pp. 158. Paper, \$3.95.

Reviewed by Father Richard Leo Heppler, O.F.M., Chaplain at Holy Family Residence, West Paterson, New Jersey.

As the title indicates, this book is a guide to the spiritual life. The author sets out to direct anyone interested in undertaking the journey through the stages of prayer to the peak of contemplation. The basic requisite is an ardent desire for Jesus, such a desire as will grow into an all pervasive force in one's life.

This growth begins with a somewhat faltering awareness of God's presence. Jesus is now near and beckoning, now far and waiting. The process is likened to travelling through periods of darkness and light. The beginner is unaware of the darknesses he must encounter because he is living in the false light of worldly values. The darknesses, while painful, purify and perfect.

Walter Hilton, a Canon Regular of St. Augustine, was a 14th century English devotional writer. *The Scale of Perfection*, we are told in the Introduction, is his best known work. The book is made easily readable by the translation by Leo Sherley-Price.

The author feels that only a few of those called to deep union with Jesus actually acquire it. He tells us why:

"I think that one reason why people are so seldom reformed in feeling is that many who have been reformed in faith do not make a whole-hearted effort to grow in grace or to lead better lives by means of earnest prayer and meditation and other spiritual and bodily exercises" (p. 64).

The one who would aspire to greater union with Jesus must practise true humility and love. His Jesus Prayer must be, "I am nothing; I have nothing; I desire nothing but the love of Jesus" (pp. 72, 75, 77).

The opening sentence of this abridged edition is, "Jesus is united to a man's soul by good will and a deep desire to possess him alone and to see him spiritually in his glory" (p. 37). The closing sentence is "For a soul that is pure, and moved by grace to engage in this spiritual activity of contemplation, may learn more in an hour than could be written in a long book" (p. 148). Between these two sentences lies a treasury of spiritual direction.

The Gospel without Compromise.

By Catherine de Hueck Doherty. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press, 1976. Pp. 150. Paper, \$2.45.

Reviewed by Father Daniel A. Hurley, O.F.M., M.A., of the Alumni Office of St. Bonaventure University.

In the fourth chapter of this small book of reflections, Catherine de Hueck Doherty explains the title of the work. She writes: "Humanity today is a man who must touch the wounds of Christ to believe, to be converted . . . The only way to show these wounds of Christ to others is to live the gospel without compromise" (p. 34). She states the plan of her

book in the Introduction: "I will try to present to my readers, from a hundred different directions, the Good News. The Good News is God's love for us, and his great commandment is to love" (p. 14).

This book contains writings which Mrs. Doherty composed over a period of many years. Throughout them all is the single theme: God's love—His love for us and His longing for our love. In seven chapters the author groups her reflections under various titles. They deal with her thoughts on the Church, the Good News of the Gospel, the Second Vatican Council, the living of the Gospel, and the Council's teachings applied to today's secular-minded society.

For more than forty years the author has devoted herself to giving genuine witness to poverty, first in the founding of Friendship House in Toronto and in Harlem; then, since 1941, in the establishment of Madonna House in Combermere, Ontario. Through her example many others joined her community, and this book contains some of her thoughts as put in writing over the years for the benefit of her community. Now, in this volume, she makes these thoughts available to all who wish to read them.

This is an excellent book to pick up and read a few pages at a time. Each chapter, or rather, each small section, suggests some matter for spiritual reflection. The words are directed not only to those living together in community, but also to those living "in the world." They are directed to the individual to be reflected upon and to be put into practice. Everyone striving to live a truly Christian life can benefit from *The Gospel without Compromise*.

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