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We received recently for review a copy of Monsignor George A Kelly's book from Doubleday & Co. As we go to press, we've been able to read only half-way through it and are painfully aware of how long it will take to get a review into print. Both your editors had the same reaction on seeing the book, however: "This is the book I've wanted to write for a couple of years now." Don't miss it, whatever you do!

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COVER AND ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

The cover and illustrations for our October issue were drawn by Brother Gregory Zoltowski, O.F.M., a member of Holy Name Province currently pursuing a Master's degree in Fine Arts at the Catholic University of America.



October, 1979

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Mariology Update

CUMENISM SEEMS to be the overriding concern in this interesting and unpretentious, up-to-date treatise on Mariology. Actually, the book is divided into three main parts: "Significant New Developments in the Study of the Blessed Virgin," "Questions on Mary," and "A Selective List of Recommended Readings on the Blessed Virgin Mary." And only the third chapter of Part I is explicitly devoted to "The Blessed Virgin and ecumenism." But the author's concern for the impact of Marian doctrine in Protestant circles pervades the entire book and colors most of what he has to say throughout his exposition.

The other chapters of Part One deal with the Blessed Virgin in Scripture, the liturgical use of "Mary, Model of the Church," and the bond between Mary and the Holy Spirit. Part II is in question-and-answer format, as Father Eamon replies at great length in most cases, briefly in others, to questions posed by Alan Gill, religious editor of the Sydney Morning Herald: questions centering around (1) Ecumenical difficulties and hopes, (2) The Immaculate Conception and Assumption as defined dogmas, (3) Our Lady's Role as Coredemptrix and Mediatrix of All Graces, and (4) Devotional practices, Apparitions, etc. And Part III is a 49-page, helpfully classified reading list on Mary.

Father Eamon has long been furnishing a superb chronicle of Marian developments for the prestigious journal Marian Studies, and the style of the chronist marks most of this book in that, instead of systematic development, most of the exposition consists of "announcements," or "reporting" of what is going on today in doctrinal discussions on our Lady and her role. This "chronicle" style accounts for the very professional, almost journalistic way the author has of citing various theologians with nationality and religious affiliation (and only first initial) in rapid succession. Although this style tends, on occasion, to leave the reader rather breathless, it is a way of conveying a lot of information in a little space.

Father Eamon's obvious ecumenical concern is surely praiseworthy

Understanding the Mother of Jesus. By Eamon R. Carroll, O. Carm. Wilmington, DE: Michael Glazier, Inc., 1979. Pp. 159, including bibliography. Paper, \$2.95.

(and we hope it will bear rich fruit); but it may have led him into a slightly less than ideal approach for some Catholic readers, as when he says (p. 55) that the precise language of Pius IX in defining the Immaculate Conception is not "fundamental," and when he evinces what I would consider a quite unnecessary embarrassment in the question-answer section on the Coredemption and Mediation of our Lady. Others may be less than delighted with his references to "right-wing" organizations within the Catholic Church; but here I think he is right on target.

All in all, this is a quite attractive, gratifyingly inexpensive little book which will be of great help in any reader's endeavor to keep abreast of developments in Mariology. There are only a few noticeable mechanical lapses—e.g., "counted" for "countered" (p. 99), "Isaias" and "Isaiah" (pp. 66-67), and a grammatical flaw (p. 96): "It would be naive to suggest that simply because of a new statement has been made by Rome, it is going to be acceptable to a Reformed Christian." If you are sensitive to the ecumenical dimensions of contemporary Mariology, you can't afford to miss what Father Eamon Carroll has to say in Understanding the Mother of Jesus.

Fr. Michael D. Malad, of

* * *

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Who Are You, Francis?

LEANDER BLUMLEIN, O.F.M.

W HO ARE YOU, Francis? We look at the "true portrait" of Francis at Greccio, at the oldest portrait of Francis at Subiaco, or into the eyes of the famous Ciambue fresco at Assisi as we search for an answer. All we find is the question echoed, the mystery deepened. What so moved that man of business, Bernard of Quintavalle, to give up everything and become one of the first to walk so close beside this young upstart of Assisi? Or, for that matter, what so fascinated Giles, Angelo, Masseo, Rufino that they too joined the small band? Or years later, what made Leo long so intensely for a special sign of Francis's favor, yet forbade him to ask? Surely there is more to the mystery we face today than simply the distance of time. We recall from Celano's account how

the doctor from Rieti came to treat Francis's eyes, and how Francis insisted he be invited to dinner. The brothers blushed at the frugality of their table—some bread, wine, and vegetables when suddenly a woman knocked at the door carrying a basketful of supplies. Amazed at this miracle of abundance, the doctor said, "Brothers, neither you nor we of the world know this man's sanctity as we should." We find ourselves nodding agreement. "Neither you nor we know this man as we should"—to know him would be to know his sanctity. Who are you, Francis of Assisi, we ask again.

Any wedge that might open even a crack more the door to Francis deserves our consideration. Perhaps we can move a step in that direction through

another incident recorded by Celano. Francis, speaking before Pope Honorius and the cardinals at the instigation of his friend Cardinal Hugolino, "spoke with such great fervor of spirit, that, not being able to contain himself for joy, when he spoke the words with his mouth, he moved his feet as though he were dancing" (1 Celano, 73; p. 290). Of what import to us is Celano's description? Very simply, we see here Francis the poet, and that may tell us something about Francis the man.

A poet, we say, and we think immediately of a writer of words arranged into patterns of rhythm and rhyme. No doubt the "Canticle of the Sun" comes to mind, and well it might, for it has deserved its place in early Italian literature. But the language of poetry is not so simple. A poet must use language in a poetically proper way. He does not deal primarily with concepts, and he is not led by logic to conclusions. A poet is rather possessed of and by a vision, an experience, which clarifies itself as he fleshes it out into a form. In poetry taken in a strict sense that form will consist of words. But even words must communicate more than concepts: they must convey also the feelings, the attitudes, the tones, the warmth and cold, even the gestures somehow which constitute that basic experience. Poetry must bring all such elements together into harmonious unity.

Even in daily life words are tricky things. With a pat on my shoulder, someone says to me, "You are really something!" I catch the twinkle in his eye, the smile on his lips, the warmth of his tone, and I know I have received a compliment. Another comes shaking his fist in my face and through clenched teeth snarls, "You are really something!" I feel the chill in his tone, the ice in his stare, and I know I am not in for a friendly chat. The words were the same, but they derived their impact, even their meaning, from tone, gesture, and setting.

But poetry can be understood in a still broader, though just as real, sense, sometimes without words at all. It is not unusual to speak of the poetry in a piece of music-Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, for example; in a dance-the Nutcracker Suite ballet; in a landscape painting-A Gainsborough or a Constable canvas: or even in a landscape itself, in a person, in a beautiful human action. Perhaps we have spoken of such "poetry" ourselves as we sensed harmonious unity. How appropriate it all appeared, as we saw each part fit snugly into the whole!

Drama provides a striking example of such poetry, especially on the contemporary stage, where even the problem of lan-

¹ 2 Celano 44, p. 401. Pagination for Celano's Lives, the Legend of Perugia (LP), the Minor Life by St. Bonaventure (LM) given henceforth in text, is taken from Marion A. Habig, ed., St. Francis of Assisi: Writings and Early Biographies: English Omnibus of the Sources for the life of St. Francis (Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, 1975).

Father Leander Blumlein, O.F.M., taught literature for twenty-three years at Duns Scotus College, Southfield, Michigan. In 1976-1977 he was granted a sabbatical to study at Cambridge University, England, and in 1977-1978 to pursue Franciscan studies at the Collegio de San Bonaventura, Grottaferrata, Italy.



guage itself often becomes the theme. Here we see language as something certainly more than. and beyond, the meaning of the written word. For here communication of meaning, of experience, involves also sound, tone, inflection, pace, and especially all of what we might broadly call "gesture": a smile or a frown, a hurried step, a sudden stop, a finger twitch, the silence of a well placed pause. Context, too, is important, with one scene paralleling another in similarity or contrast, and so suggesting rich ironies to a perceptive audience. What is actually communicated may indeed be quite contrary to the face-meaning of the written word. Yet all are elements of the poetry of the drama which produce a unified whole, completed only as the curtain falls or the stage is plunged into darkness. Surely only one who recognizes all such elements as components of the language of drama can be an effective actor, for only such a one can become eloquent in his total person.

To return now to Francis. He was a poet, but, while certainly granting his Sun Song, we must say not often a poet in words. Francis was not really a man of words; he was a man of poetic action, exceedingly eloquent in gesture, sometimes with no words at all. What need for words as he embraced and kissed the leper? or as, even before his conversion, he exchanged clothes with one of the beggars on the steps of St. Peter's in Rome, then took his place among them? Or as on that same occasion, seeing the niggardliness of some of the pilgrims, he hurled a handful of coins near the altar of the prince of the Apostles (2 Celano, 8; p. 368)?

Memorable, too, through the centuries has been the picture of the young Francis as he was hailed before the Bishop of Assisi by his father. Francis had sold bolts of his father's cloth to finance rebuilding the church of San Damiano. After all, "Rebuild my house" had been the summons of the Lord. Now, irked by his son's behavior and desiring a return of that money, Pietro Bernardone summoned him to iustice. Bernardone had prepared his little drama well, and his purpose was clear. He would impoverish his son, or, as Celano

has it, "so that renouncing all his possessions into his father's hands, Francis might give up everything he had." But Francis upstaged him!

When he was brought before the bishop, he would suffer no delay or hesitation in anything; indeed, he did not wait for any words nor did he speak any, but immediately putting off his clothes and casting them aside, he gave them back to his father. Nor did he even retain his trousers, but stripped himself naked before all [1 Celano, 15; p. 241].

Francis never lost his flair for the poetic and dramatic. We are told that he would but seldom preach to saint Clare and the holy ladies at San Damiano. On one particular occasion, persuaded by his vicar, he consented to do so. The nuns gathered in their choir, eager to hear their father. After a silent prayer, Francis asked that "ashes be brought to him and he made a circle with them around himself on the pavement and sprinkled the rest of them on his head." Anticipation must have risen high as the nuns watched this striking prelude to the precious sermon they had come to hear. But what was happening? Francis "remained standing in the circle in silence . . . then suddenly arose and ... recited the Miserere mei Deus in place of a sermon. When he had finished. he quietly left." Almost unnecessarily Celano adds, "By his ac-

tions he taught them that they should regard themselves as ashes and that there was nothing in his heart concerning them but what was fitting this consideration" (2 Celano, 207; pp. 527-28).

How important were the words themselves, what we might call the "written word" or "script," coming from the mouth of a man like Francis? Was it not rather his presence, his total being, himself in action, which so moved his listeners, as when, for example, before the Pope and cardinals he spoke with such fervor of spirit that "he moved his feet as though he were dancing"? We have explicit testimony of at least one learned doctor that it was so indeed:

While I retain the preaching of others word for word, only the things that Saint Francis speaks elude me. If I commit any of them to memory they do not seem to be the same that dropped from his lips before [2 Celano, 107; p. 450]

With or without words, Francis had always the instinct of poetry, of dramatic and holy gesture, about him. Those close to him recalled how he "would at times pick up a stick from the ground and putting it over his left arm, would draw across it, as across a violin, a little bow bent by means of a string: and going through the motions of playing, he would

sing in French about his Lord" (2 Celano, 127; p. 467). When Bernard of Ouintavalle told Francis he wished to follow his example in serving God, Francis sought counsel from the Lord. But he would not be satisfied with prayerful words alone. Early the next morning he and Bernard entered the church of St. Nicholas in Assisi, offered a prayer, and then "opened the book of the Gospel proposing to follow what counsel should first appear." What appeared were Christ's words to the rich young man: "If you will be perfect, go, sell what you have, and give to the poor." A second and third opening of the Gospel revealed a like message, and Francis had a follower, Brother Bernard (2 Celano, 15; p. 375). Francis taught his brothers that, were they to come within sight of a church even at a distance, they were to prostrate themselves upon the ground and pray: "We adore thee, Christ, here and in all thy churches." Further, Celano tells us, "whenever they saw a crucifix or the mark of a cross, whether upon the ground, or upon a wall, or in trees, or in the hedges along the way, they were to do the same thing" (1 Celano, 45; pp. 265-66).

During one of the frequent periods of sickness in Francis's life he had eaten a bit of chicken. Shortly afterwards, when he had regained his strength, he commanded a brother to tie a rope around his (Francis's) neck and lead him into town like a robber, saying before him: "Behold the glutton who has grown fat on the meat of chicken which he ate without you knowing about it" (1 Celano, 52; p. 273).

At times, as was to be expected. Francis was invited to stay at the home of friends, with the Bishop of Assisi, for example, or with Cardinal Hugolino. On one such occasion as the hour of dinner approached, Francis slipped out to beg scraps of the black bread of the poor, and returning placed them on the bishop's table. Not only that, "he began joyfully to distribute his alms to the bishop's guests." Some ate the black bread, others kept the scraps out of reverence. After the guests had gone Francis assured his friend Hugolino that he had done him an honor, "for I have honored a greater Lord." Hugolino was won over by the gesture. "Son, do whatever seems good in your eyes, for the Lord is with you" (2 Celano, 73; pp. 424-25).

The Greccio hermitage on its stark cliff of rock at a distance from the town was a favorite haunt of Francis and became the scene of several little dramas. Immediately one thinks of the crib, of how Francis invited the townsfolk to the cliffside on Christmas night where he had had prepared for them what we

like to think of as the first Christmas crib. It was a graphic presentation by Francis of the extent of God's love for man, of how God became a helpless infant, one of us, for our salvation. As deacon Francis preached at the Mass that night, and "his mouth was filled more with sweet affection than with words." When he spoke the name of Iesus, "he licked his lips," savoring the sweetness of the word! Words joined with his actions, with his presence, with the setting he had created, so that by the workings of God's grace the Child Jesus, forgotten in the hearts of many, "was brought to life again . . . and stamped upon the fervent memory of the people" (1 Celano, 86; p. 301).

But Greccio saw also another memorable little drama of Francis, perhaps on Easter day. It seems the friars had prepared a special meal and had spread the table with linen cloth and furnished it with glassware. But Francis, in Celano's beautiful phrase, "did not smile at the smiling table." Quietly he slipped away, donned the hat and staff of a pilgrim, and knocked at the friary door. "For the love of God, give an alms to this poor wanderer," he called. Astonished as they were, the friars gave him a dish as he had requested. Francis took it and sat alone in the ashes. "Now I am sitting as a Friar Minor should sit" (2 Celano, 61;



p. 414). Are we not witnessing what might well be a scene from a medieval morality play?

In these as in so many other actions of Francis we sense the soul of the poet expressing itself in total language, heavy with gesture. So thrilled was he with Christmas, that he wished even the walls smeared with meat on that day. Seeing a worm along a path he was reminded of Christ, of whom the psalmist had said, "I am a worm and no man." Therefore Francis removed the worm to the bordering grass. On an occasion Francis was informed that a band of robbers was nearby. Now, one might threaten robbers with the law, and so hope to deter them from their evil ways by fear; or one might talk to them and hope to win them by reason. Francis chose rather a gesture. "Call them, and bring them food," he told his brothers; and then, he went on, ask them only a small favor, "that they will not attack people or do them bodily harm" (LP, 90; pp. 1063-64). Next day, invite them again to eat and drink, and make then a further request. In this way Francis won them by a kind gesture, so that several even joined the Order!

What more fitting conclusion to the life of this poet of action than that, in a final gesture, he asks to be laid on the bare ground and to die naked upon the ashes! Only in obedience to his superior did he permit himself to be clothed again in sackcloth, and then only because it became clear that the garments had been but lent him to die in. Indeed, "he had kept faith with Lady Poverty to the end" (2 Celano, 215; pp. 534-35).

like terms Unfortunately dramatic gesture and poetic flair too readily suggest a tinge of insincerity to us, at least an overtone of superficiality. But not as we use them here of Francis. We remember the day that the young Francis in the church of San Damiano heard read the Gospel passage describing how the Lord sent his disciples out to preach without gold or silver or money or scrip or wallet or bread staff. Immediately Francis cried out, "This is what I long for with all my heart" (1 Celano, 22; p. 247). To serve the Lord with all his heart became the mark of his life, to serve him with all his being, with all of himself. Because of that total genuineness, this man of poetic action was so very effective in his total expression. How well Celano, who knew him and had been received into the Order by him, wrote that,

edifying his hearers not less by example than by his word, he made a tongue out of his whole body. For so great was the harmony of his body toward his spirit, so great its obedience, that while his spirit tried to lay hold of all sanctity, his body did not resist, but tried to outrun his spirit ... [1 Celano, 97; p. 312].

Was it not that very harmony of body and spirit which underlay the gesture of Francis preaching before the Roman Curia, when as "he spoke the words with his mouth, he moved his feet as though he were dancing"? Again Celano says so aptly, "By actions, Father, you spoke more sweetly, you persuaded more easily, and you showed the way more certainly" (1 Celano, 173; p. 501).

Closer to our own day, G. K. Chesterton, too, was taken by the poetic and dramatic character he saw in Francis.

There is something about the description of all he said and did which suggests that, even more than most Italians, he turned naturally to a passionate pantomime of gestures... It is truly said that Francis of Assisi was one of the founders of the medieval drama, and therefore of the modern drama. He was the very reverse of a theatrical person in the selfish sense; but for all that he was pre-eminently a dramatic person.²

Now to return again to Francis's "Canticle of the Sun." his great poem in words. Even in this written poem we recall the stanza on peace and forgiveness, and how Francis, in a grand gesture of peacemaking, sent Leo and Angelo to sing the new stanza before the quarreling bishop and podestà of Assisi, and so won peace in fact. The last stanza, too, in praise of Sister Bodily Death, was itself a gesture of the dying Francis. If we see the Canticle as a song praising God through his creatures in which each element of nature praises God by being itself—the sun by shining. the wind by blowing—then we can also see the singer in singing becoming part of his song. For surely, as has so often been observed, here Francis takes his place in the choir of God's creatures, but in his own way: Francis, the man of poetic action, offers his gesture of praise to his Creator. It is indeed fitting for one who made his whole life a poem, its predominant and ruling image Christ, its paradoxes and ironies echoing the Gospel paradoxes and ironies, and all

Later, as Chesterton speaks of elements brought into the harwhat he calls Francis's instinct monious unity of Christ's Gospel for imaginative gesture, he and Cross.

Might we go one step further and say that Francis himself was made into a poem? On La Verna, Christ touched Francis and formed him into a living image of himself crucified, marked with the five wounds of his redemptive death. Francis became, as Gerard Manley Hopkins put it, "his love-scape crucified." Saint Bonaventure observes so beautifully:

It was only right that St. Francis should be decorated with this extraordinary privilege; all his efforts, whether they were known to others or made in secret, were directed towards our Lord's Cross ... What were all the outstanding virtues which made him so like Christ, if not the signs of an ever-increasing likeness to him and a preparation for the reception of the stigmata? . . . At the sight of the majestic Seraph and of the abjection of Christ crucified, he was completely changed into the likeness of what he saw... [LM VI, 9; pp. 825-26].

In that supreme moment, does not Jesus Christ himself become the poet and with his own holy gesture sign Francis into the perfect poem?

Who are you, Francis, we ask again. We find ourselves still plunged deep into mystery, and

Later, as Chesterton speaks of what he calls Francis's instinct for imaginative gesture, he declares, "He taught the world a large part of its lesson by a sort of divine dumb alphabet."

²G. K. Chesterton, St. Francis of Assisi (London: Hodder & Stoughton, n.d.), pp. 97-98.

³Ibid., pp. 109-10.

⁴ Gerard Manley Hopkins, "The Wreck of the Deutschland."

we know that we shall never answer that question completely this side of eternity. But we know that part of the final answer will involve Francis as the poet of gesture and action, one who speaks to us in the most human language of all.



Standing

Tall and alone, this tree stands.

Through winters killing and springs bringing to life:
This tree stands.

Plunging its roots like gnarled hands; clawing and grasping at the earth: This tree stands.

It bears the scars of initials that loved, and lightning that struck; but still this tree stands.

A home for winged things, little boys, and momories, This tree stands.

Marking the seasons, counting the years, This tree stands,

Bearing witness to the good that can be done when in peace and silence, we simply stand.

Ich

John Lynch, O.F.M.

Passio Christi, Conforta Me

MOTHER MARY FFRANCIS, P.C.C.

WE HAVE BEEN reflecting upon consecutive petitions in the time-honored prayer, "Anima Christi"; and we come now to the one of which all the others are part. We pray: "Passio Christi, conforta me," "Passion of Christ, comfort me." Comfort me—yes, but in the very literal etymological sense of that word: "Make me strong." "Passion of Christ, make me strong."

Surely that is a prayer we should like to make our own, for we would rejoice to be very strong in our sufferings out of the strength of the passion of Christ. But often this does not seem to happen. We see all too manifestly that it does not happen. We seem, instead, very weak. Where is that strength from the passion of Christ? Perhaps we need to recall that it is not effected ex opere operato. Our Lord suffered. endured, willingly accepted his passion and death; therefore, we are strong. Strength flows out of him. Well, indeed it does, but not without our effort to receive it. I would like to enter with you into three considerations about making effective the strength which is indeed there

for us in the passion of Christ. The first is, that it is necessary for us to remember the passion of Christ, to focus upon it. The second is, that it is required that we identify with the passion of Christ. And the third consideration is that we must accept the responsibility for the strength with which the passion of Christ empowers us.

SO NOW, THE initial consideration. We need to remember. At first blush, we might avow that this is something we certainly never forget: the passion of Christ. Yet, in effect, we know that we forget it quite easily. We forget it in the way that we tend to forget all things that are familiar to us. We have seen the crucifix all our lives. It hangs in every room of our monastery. It is so familiar that we can all too readily forget what it means. We need effort to remember, to focus. We see this exemplified in other areas of our life as regards the dear familiars. We could recall, for instance, how we know and cherish all that the Mother foundress of our monastery and her companion did for us, all that

Mother Mary Francis, P.C.C., contributor of numerous eloquent and well received conferences and poems to this Review since its inception, is Abbess of the Poor Clare Monastery of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Roswell, New Mexico.

they suffered, all their labors as they strove to provide for us in those poverty-stricken beginning years. But to remember this effectively when we have some hardship set before ourselves, to focus upon this when something difficult is asked of us—ah, that's a different matter. I would like to offer you two examples of remembering. One is Dismas, the good thief. The other is our Sister Aloysia, now gone into eternity.

Let us look at Dismas first. We go back in time two thousand years, and we find this thief whom tradition has immortalized as "Saint Dismas, the good thief." We find him there on his cross, sharing the ignominious death of our Lord, and asking Jesus to remember him. We love those words of his: "Lord, remember me when you come into your kingdom" (Lk. 23:42). But, dear sisters, before Dismas could make that prayer to be remembered, he had himself first to remember.

Dismas was hearing some strange words from this Person in that center cross, and he was seeing some very unusual features of this Person there dying. The thief on the third cross heard the same words, saw the same phenomena. Tradition has called him "the bad thief." Certainly he made a bad choice. He chose not to remember. This man, too, heard words such as undoubtedly he had never heard before, heard



things that went far, far beyond the possibility of mere human nobility. He heard that dying Person on the center cross say, for instance: "Father, forgive them. They do not know what they are doing" (Lk. 23:34). And then he forgot what he had heard. The dying Christ was not only uttering the immortal plea for mercy on one's persecutors which saints and martyrs have echoed all the centuries after him, but Christ was also really proclaiming his divinity. He was turning to his Father with assurance, and telling the Father what to do as only an equal could.

The martyrs who through the ages have uttered forgiving words like those of Jesus could not speak them as he did. Christ could say: "They do not know what they are doing," for he really did know what they knew. He knew who he was, and that they did not. He had no such plea for Caiaphas because Caiaphas did know. And so to Caiaphas,

Iesus only replied: "You have said it. I am" (Lk. 22:70). What a different course Caiaphas would have taken if he had chosen to remember the truth he heard instead of theatrically and deceitfully rending his garments. And there is Pilate, poor, craven Pilate, not with Caiaphas's knowledge but with a fearsome glimmering of the truth. "From that moment he sought to release him" (Jn. 19:12). But Pilate as we well know succumbed to his fear of the mob and his fear for his paltry position, and chose not to remember what had struck his soul. Dismas, though, heard and remembered.

Dismas heard the grandeur with which the dying Man delivered his Mother over as a heritage to his beloved disciple, heard the agonizing Person on the center cross giving clear directions about what was to be done and identifying the roles of other persons. This is your son now, go with him. This is your Mother, take her. Father, forgive these people. And Dismas did not turn back upon himself as did the other thief, nor did he cry out as his companion did and as so many others have done in the extreme of human agony in vituperative rage at those who suffer nobly and well—as though that were the final outrage. The other thief turned in upon himself, forgot what he saw, forgot what he heard, and so jeered at

our Lord. But Dismas remembered and gave his own marvelous cry for remembrance.

And so it is with us. We can truly pray, "Passion of Christ, make me strong," only when we have started remembering the passion of Christ. It is not a magic formula, this prayer. I utter it, and something happens. You know, it always annoys me more than a little when well intentioned "devotional writers" say something to the effect that just this little statement of Dismas gained him paradise. Little statement! It was a tremendous response! Dismas allowed God to lift him out of himself into the realms of pure faith. He begins his response to remembering by saying, "Lord!" No one who had not been lifted by God into the realm of faith could possibly have said this. Christ just did not much look like "Lord" then. The messianic psalms come crowding in upon us: "The Lord said to my Lord..." (ps. 110:1). The grandeur! But this bruised. bleeding, spent, helpless Person -to recognize him as "Lord!" This is magnificent. Dismas does not say, "Sir" or "Friend," or "We are in this together." remember "Lord, "Lord!" me." And Jesus knew that Dismas had remembered him "Remember me when you come into your kingdom" (Lk. 23 42). With that plea, dear sisters Dismas reached the heights o

mysticism. Could it look to any other's gaze that this battered Person had a kingdom? That he even belonged in a kingdom? That he could make his way into a kingdom? But Dismas is saying: "It's all yours! It is your kingdom. And when you take over your kingdom, remember me." Marvelous!

Through all the centuries we have had a plethora of exquisite poetry and a plenitude of mystical effusions from chosen souls of whom Dismas was the prototype. All the glorious poetry about Christ robed in royal robes of his blood, Christ triumphant upon the Cross-was not Dismas the first one to say all these things? Dismas spoke of royalty. He is the prototype of all Christian poets of the Cross. His is the first mystic vision of what was happening on the Cross. This is a King. This is the Lord. He is in royal splendor, and when he comes to take over his kingdom. I hope to be remembered. So we, too, have to remember in everyday life. To remember when it is difficult to remember. Dismas could have remembered only his own misery, as did his fellow thief; and he could have sunk to the same despairing depths. But he allowed the strength of what he remembered to let him become, among cather things, the poet laureate of, all those who have sung of the Royal One dying upon the

Cross.

The other incident is much nearer in time to us than Dismas is. It relates to our own Sister Aloysia. We were having a federation chapter, and I was conducting our religious assistant back to the enclosure doors. of course. Sister. being completely deaf, did not hear us coming down the hall. So she appeared in her little work attire, with the famous multi-patched apron, the inevitable gallon can of something or other, and those renowned pink rubber gloves. She took her place just in front of us, and proceeded slowly down the hall. What do you do in a situation like that? Well, I think you just stay in it. So I turned to Father and smiled and said, "She has no idea that we are behind her." We adjusted ourselves to her pace, walked down the hall behind her. And she, totally oblivious that anyone was in her vicinity, much less in her close company, stopped at that crucifix by the liturgical board and made



one of the most beautiful bows I have ever seen. She inclined profoundly to the crucifix, all nobility and grace. She was remembering what she was passing. She was remembering the passion of Christ. And I thought: "Oh, I am so glad that Father saw this." For we had both seen something very beautiful.

SO MUCH THEN for remembering the passion of Christ, focusing upon it. We also have to identify with it. Let me give you an intimate example from my own life. When we made our foundation in Alexandria, there was so much to be done in converting the little convent loaned to us into a temporary monastery. We needed to revamp the place, to convert it into a monastic dwelling. And we needed to do this in the brief two weeks I had with our founding sisters. So we moved very fast to many corners in a strange dwelling. Inevitably there were many bumps and iars. I remembered bumping an arm here, a leg there, something hurting where I had overstretched in reaching. But we were too eagerly busy to stop to investigate the battle scars. It was only when I returned home to Roswell that I found that my lower limbs were covered with bruises. There they were: bruises and bruises, on my arms, my lower limbs. And one most marvelous bruise! I think it was

about four inches long and three inches wide, and in colors gorgeous to behold.

What I wanted to share with you is the joy which I had in seeing those bruises. They reminded me of all I had wanted to do for our sisters, of all that we had done together. They were such beautiful little emblems of our earnest desire to do something beautiful for God. It was only in the past week that the last bruise began to fade, and I felt a real sorrow to see it disappearing. And, of course, that is the way that anyone would react—so glad to have been bruised in trying to work with and help those one so dearly loves. But I went on to reflect that we can never help one another spiritually, either, if we do not wish to be bruised. With an unbruised heart we shall never love.

Yes, dear sisters, it is inevitable that when we really love, we shall get bruised. And while we are often reminded that our Lord has his glorified wounds in heaven and that he shows them to the Father as pleading on our behalf "(Ostende vulnera tua ad Patrem, we sing), I think it is a matter not only of the offering of those wounds on our behalf, but also—I dare to say it—our Lord rejoicing in his own glorified wounds. This is not fantasy, for do we not have the Scriptures telling us in one of my own most favorite lines from all of Holy

Writ. "Oh, should not Christ have suffered all this, and so enter into his glory?" (Lk. 24:26). It is as though Christ brushes aside all of his passion and says, "Oh, a mere nothing! I love these people. I wanted to save them. It was nothing at all. Ought not Christ to have suffered this " Well, then, does he not rejoice in his glorified wounds? Are they not a continual reminder to him, those emblems, of how much he loved us? It is part of our Franciscan Scotistic theology that Christ came not only because of our need as a fallen race to be redeemed, but as the Firstborn of of all creation to teach us how to live. And one cannot teach life except by getting a wounded heart, a wounded spirit, not without being bruised.

We see the parable of the bruises, if I may call it that, readily enough on the physical plane. Surely no one would say: "Look at all those bruises I got helping those people. Someone had the nerve!" No, one is just so happy that one served and has memorials of the service. But it is not quite so obvious to us on the emotional level and still less on the spiritual plane—upon the skin of the heart and the spirit. We must study to learn how to identify the bruises of the heart and the spirit as well with the passion of Christ who did not love us without getting bruised in the process. We have those soulshaking lines from Holy Scripture which are almost too exquisitely acute to bear: "By his wounds we are healed" (Is. 53:5). His wounds have not healed us of our need of being wounded but of the wound of our self-centeredness. His wounds have called us to come out of self, to be made strong in suffering. This is to identify with the passion of Christ.

THE THIRD and final consideration, then, is the responsibility which the passion of Christ enjoins upon us. We dare not underestimate the strength we have because of being redeemed in love by Jesus. When we make vows, we cannot disavow the power put into us to observe them faithfully. When we are given any charge to do in obedience, we are also given the power and the strength to do it. So, when remembering and focusing in identification on the passion of Christ, we need also to make active his own mandate through the inspired word of his apostle, that "we fill up in ourselves what is wanting in the passion of Christ' (Col. 1:24). What is wanting to Christ's passion in me? It is my own bruises of body, of heart, of spirit, bruises of disappointment, bruises frustration, bruises of misunderstanding, bruises of ingratitude, bruises perhaps of rejection. Aware of this, remembering,

focused, identified, we can truly pray, "Passion of Christ, make me strong!" We dare not pray it unless we are prepared to accept the responsibility of having the strength of the passion of Jesus given to us.

When Dismas made his petition and his exalted act of faith and homage, does not the very instinct for truth tell us that Christ responded as God, that the dving hand lifted? How could he have replied as he did with his beautiful, suffering, bloody, battered head sunk upon his chest? We know that he answered as a King. He used royal words and began his statement as he began all his other statements of great authority and solemnity: "Amen, I say to you." A king is speaking. "This day." Authority. There is no doubt about it. He knows the time and the hour. "This day you shall be with me in paradise" (Lk. 23-43). After that, no doubt, the dying head dropped again. But Dismas had received the strength that was given; and even as we must, he had to accept the responsibility for what he had been given.

We know how St. Paul loved to enumerate all the things he had done and suffered for Christ. Certainly he is not boasting: "Look at Paul: what a great fellow he is!" No, he is marvelling at what Christ's passion did in him when he allowed it. In this way, he says, "I was flogged this

many times, I was shipwrecked, I endured this, that I came through, this I suffered"—a whole list of things (2 Cor. 11:24ff.). But this is the same man who said: "Take this temptation away; it's too much." We know that Christ said: "No. Be strong in infirmity. "My grace is sufficient for you" (2 Cor. 12:9). And Saint Paul let himself be made strong in infirmity. That is why he can say: Listen to this!

All of us can look back on our own little lives and search out instances in which we have allowed God to let us surpass ourourselves. Because we are redeemed by Christ's obedience in his passion and death, we no longer have the right to say: I can't do it. Strength has been given. So now we pray: "Passion of Christ, make me strong," knowing that first of all we must remember it, then focus upon it, then identify our own little bruises as making up in us what is wanting in that passion of his. We begin to join our own hesitant refrain to his great theme: "Ought I not have suffered this?" Ought I not suffer for all the world? Ought I not suffer for benefactors who befriend us and for those others who think our life a waste? "Passion of Christ, make me strong." Again, it is a dangerous prayer. For if I ask to be made strong in this way, I will be made strong and have to abdicate any further right to say, "I can't."

In this prayer I deliver up to Christ my former right to say, "I cannot do it."



In The Cave

Sold cloth and horse to buy the stone whose weight he feels crouching near the church in disrepair burrows deep terrain tear-stain-musty with sorted sordid scents doubled and recessed his ribs, folded reeds, like an accordion exhaling hollowed stomach whispers "hollowed heart" " " "hollowed heart" " " treble back other walls Stalagmite's silhouette through the transitory shadows as a far light filters the aphelion -hears angry voices and cowers lower petrified youth rolls open empty yearning to inexplicable weight till Francis becomes cage and from the black aperture of a motionless mouth fly forth in choral formation lark after lark

Hugoline A. Sabatino, O.F.M.

My Franciscan Pilgrimage to Assisi

July 8 - August 6, 1978

I flew to Rome ready with pen and notebook to jot down quickly all I saw and experienced, but the call "Avanti!" kept me on the go so much that my notebook was blank and it was time to go on to the Rieti Valley.

Greccio, Fonte Columbo, La Foresta, Poggio Bustone—Look, listen, learn—and still my notebook was blank.

"Avanti!" and on to Assisi.

Down at the bottom, St. Mary of the Angels enshrining the Portiuncula.

Up at the top La Rocca and even higher up—
The Carceri.

To the east, Santa Chiara and to the west, San Francesco and all around, San Rufino, San Damiano, Rivo Torto, San Stefano, the Chiesa Nuova, the Piazza del Commune and the narrow streets of Assisi.

All this so alive with the spirit of Francis and Clare.

No time to write!

Too much to feel and absorb; and always the call of "Avanti!" for there is so much to see, to grasp.

By now, my body—especially my feet—knows the physical aspect of being pilgrim. My mind is swirling.
My heart is swelling.
My notebook is blank.

And then on purpose, the cry "Avanti!" is no longer spoken. The physical pace is slowed down so that the meaning, the basis, the purpose of Francis's life can be felt much deeper than my mind, or my heart, or my feet. But there is still that attentive listening, watching, searching both in the places so filled with the Franciscan spirit and also within myself; for surely I have become more aware of what brought Francis up to the many hill caves, always seeking that quiet, that solitude, that freedom to be alone with God. And still my notebook is blank. For no words can truly capture

what was felt on Mount LaVerna,

the place of Francis's stigmata.

Then it was time to be at my own hermitage—
three days high above the Rieti Valley
at Poggio Bustone,
to say humbly to God
"Here I am, Lord. I am one
of the many who has attempted
to follow Your Gospel as
Your beloved Francis did.

Touch me, teach me, tell me how to follow more closely."

Yes, during those days there was time—But, Oh! no, there are no words in my notebook. He has written them deep in my heart, and now that I have come down—very reluctantly—from that mountain, the only way I can ever express what I saw, grasped, felt, absorbed, is to live the Franciscan way of life to the fullest.

And now, looking out at the Allegany hills, I know my notebook will remain blank, hoping that my life will express what I experienced so deeply of the love of God Through the spirit of Francis.

Sister Eva M. Di Camillo, O.S.F.



The Community of the Beloved Disciple: The Life, Loves, and Hates of an Individual Church in New Testament Times. By Raymond E. Brown, S.S. New York: Paulist Press. 1979. Pp. 204, including indices. Paper, \$3.95.

Reviewed by Father Cassian F. Corcoran, O.F.M., L.S.S., S.T.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture at the Washington (D.C.) Theological Union.

This is a fascinating study of the history of the Johannine community as it is reflected in the Gospel and in the Epistles of John. A careful and reflective consideration is bound to enrich one's appreciation and understanding of Johannine theology. Father Brown reconstructs the history of the Johannine community and its theology in four phases: (1) the origin of the Johannine community. (2) the time when the Gospel was written, (3) the time when the Epistles were written, and (4) the Johannine dissolution after the writing of the Epistles. Summary charts clarify his construction, and two appendices conclude the book. The first is a critical analysis of the reconstruction of the Johannine community and its theology as it is proposed by five contemporary scholars, and the second discusses the general position of women in the Johannine community.

Two aspects of this work merit special compliments. In the first place, phase three, on the date of the Epistles' composition, stands out. This part of the book underscores the author's masterful control and understanding of Johannine thought. It examines and explains those issues that polarized the Johannine community: viz., Christology, ethics, eschatology, and the Spirit. It deals with them in such a way that it brings out the relationship between the Gospel and the Epistles. The approach the author takes in the consideration of these issues shows how theology develops and is affected by the thinking of the time. In the second place, Father Brown argues that the Beloved Disciple is not to be identified with John, the son of Zebedee. Furthermore, the Beloved Disciple began to follow Iesus in Iudea when Iesus himself was in close proximity to the Baptist and in time became a great authority to the Johannine community.

In the preface to his work, the author modestly points out that his reconstruction of the history of the Johannine community and its theology is at most probable (p. 7). Anyone interested in the formation of the New Testament and the circumstances that led to the writing of its documents will find the work of this first-rate American Johannine scholar insightful and packed full of firstcentury Church history and Johannine theology. It is well written. scholarly, yet "intelligible to any educated person" (p. 7), and it manifests sound critical judgment. This book is a positive contribution to understanding the Johannine community and its theology. I recommend it highly.

In the Shadow of His Wings: A History of the Franciscan Siters. By Sister Mary Assumpta Ahles, O.S.F. St. Paul, MN: The North Central Publishing Co., 1977. Pp. xxviii-555, including index. Cloth, \$12.50.

Reviewed by Sister M. Thaddeus Thom, O.S.C., Monastery of St. Clare, Lowell, MA, a frequent contributor to our pages and co-author of Two Prayers for Two Stones, a collection of poetry about St. Francis published by the Franciscan Herald Press in 1976.

Never have I found it so difficult to review a book as I did In the Shadow of His Wings! I found the lengthy account of Mother Ignatius Hayes and her three foundations packed with interesting adventures, human problems with which we can all identify, and a style which kept one reading—and I found myself wanting to comment on everything! Since that is impossible, please accept my choice of some outstanding events, persons, places in the life of Mother Ignatius and her communities.

"The greatest miracle is I, myself—the fact that I have not given up" (p. 48). These words are indicative of the state of mind of Mother Ignatius after experiencing the failure of plan after plan—seeing a plan fall through or never see birth because of some human frailty or interference. God's grace in her had not been wanting

nor unused as she passed through her early life in the Anglican Church, then her rebirth to Catholicism, and finally her founding of a thriving Franciscan way of life in Rome (Italy), Little Falls, Minnesota; and Rock Island, Illinois—each of which had its own specific work for the Church.

Sister Assumpta has divided the work into four parts: missionary dream; its fulfillment; its growth and expansion; the breakthrough after Vatican II. The extensive table of contents, the index, the notes, and the numerous illustrations all add to the life and genuineness of the author's labors.

Part I takes the reader through the early years of Elizabeth Hayes as teacher in the Anglican Sisterhood through which she became awakened by the call to the Church of Rome. Her undaunted zeal for mission work is several times averted, but her hope, her trust, and her enthusiasm carry her on. Through her trials she learned "complete detachment—that utter indifference to success and honor—which she, as a Foundress in the Franciscan family would need to help her through hard times to come" (p. 50).

Part II, "The Lure of the Westward Trail," briefly discusses the possibility that Mother Ignatius and the Indians were on somewhat friendly terms. She may have handed food through her cabin window to a "now-and-then stray Indian." Her arrival, however, was at a good time, when scalping raids were no longer popular.

The reader will rejoice with Mother Ignatius when she finally establishes her first girls' school (of which, it seems, the boys were a bit envious) in Belle Prairie. \$55.00 tuition and board for five months no heat-food at a minimum-and cleaning charges—but the education was the finest anywhere. The school was a combination religious educational, and industrial institution. This was quite an accomplishment, considering the fact that there were only two Sisters to staff the school, Bills mounted up as the Sisters' charity toward all grew out of bounds. Financially the school became threatened. Through it all the girls apparently had a great time, for the Academy's alumnae manifest a respect and admiration for the Sisters -"all summed up in a magnificent statement by an aged admirer, in a voice filled with awesome respect-'Those were the Sisters!' " (p. 122).

One of the book's best features is that Sister Assumpta brings other persons into the story, such as Father Iunipero Serra in the California missions; Father Buh, pastor and the Sisters' director in Belle Prairie; Father Lemay, dictator and destroyer of Belle Prairie: Mother Maddalena Bentivoglio, Foundress of the Poor Clares in the U.S., and many others, not merely mentioned in connection with Mother Ignatius, but depicted with enough background for the reader to understand these personages and their deep struggles too. This was surely an era of great zeal, great labor, and great men and women in the United States toiling for the sake of the Kingdom.

Desperately in need of more funds to keep the Academy operating, Mother found herself in the California missions. Searching for more seasoned laborers, more priests and funds, she journeyed to Rome. But

there was a strange turn of events in accord with God's inscrutable will, for she returned with no laborers for the school, few funds or priests only two Poor Clares who had been commissioned by the Pope to go with her to Belle Prairie. As they were taking leave of his Holiness, he handed to each of the Poor Clares a medal of Our Lady for help and protection. When Mother Ignatius stepped forward, thinking to receive a medal, his Holiness stated, "But you have nothing to do here." The Cardinal standing nearby was astonished. "Nothing to do here? when she was the promoter of the work?" (p. 104). Whereupon his Holiness presented her also with a medal.

The journey across was filled with enthusiasm as Mother Ignatius thought herself to be blessed by taking the Poor Clares to live in conjunction with her community as a powerhouse of prayer or, as she said, "a veritable powerhouse of blessing." But the delight and enthusiasm were short-lived on both sides. Once in New York the priest who had come with the Poor Clares would go no further without more orders. He advised the Poor Clares to do the same. What could they do? What should they do? They could not speak English; they had had little money; they had nowhere to go! Human foibles, misunderstandings and fears caused Mother Ignatius to travel back to Belle Prairie minus the Poor Clares. But the journey of the Bentivoglio Sisters would be fraught with the same excitement, disillusionment, and frustration as Mother Ignatius's— even though it would be a separate journey.

Among her apostolates one of the

most frustrating and yet the most rewarding was her work among the Negroes in Georgia. The frustrations came, not from the girls, but from lack of food and poor accommodations. A laughable, yet tragic situation is recounted about the acquisition of a cow:

For some reason the animal had taken a dislike to Mother Ignatius... possibly sensing that [she]... was afraid of her... the cow made an onward rush toward the Superior, who alarmed and frightened, ran for safety.... A young colored girl... addressed the cow... "You miserable cow, you! Because you got after Rev. Mother you'll die a miserable death!" The next morning the would-be attacker was found dead; she had strangled herself with the halter rope! [p. 151].

Once again the girls and Sisters were without milk. But the Christlike atmosphere of the institute did much to offset the rigidity of the boarding school rules and monotonous menus.

Mother Ignatius, while dependent upon Divine Providence, also knew that one had to use one's talents to help oneself, and her business abilities were evidenced by the success of the Annals of Our Lady of the Angels, a short periodical intended to instruct and edify, as well as the founding of the Association of the Clients of St. Anthony, for the promotion of good books. These two works brought in goodly revenues as time passed and were carried on even after her death in 1894.

One Franciscan quality that Mother Ignatius seemed destined to exemplify was that of mobility. Hardly had she settled somewhere, when she was off to raise funds or to recruit girls for the religious life. One

of her major moves was to establish, upon request, a motherhouse and novitiate in Rome, Italy. Even there she had to move from the original quarters to a healthier section with "a beautiful location at the summit of a gentle slope . . . adjoining garden for meditative walks, peaceful rests, recreation, and fresh air." Now all that was needed was a little additional property and a wall to insure privacy. Once more trouble began, for the man whom she trusted duped her three times the sum the property was worth-and it was all done slickly and legally. It is no wonder she took herself to the shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows to seek some consolation—and consolation came in the guise of a young man who saw through the problems with them. An annoving lawsuit followed when she could not pay. Pope Leo XIII encouraged her to act with prudence and with his blessing. When the ugly affair ended, at last, she gave full credit to the Blessed Mother and St. Anthony, who was the man of her house in all her affairs.

Meanwhile in Belle Prairie the Sisters were being subjected to the whims of an ill-intentioned priest who refused them spiritual aid, demanded obedience to him in contradiction of their Constitutions, denounced the Sisters from the pulpit and threatened to go to the Bishop. Much suffering ensued until the misguided priest had his faculties revoked, whereopon he refused to obey the Bishop and continued to exercise his ministry, saying that he had permission from His Holiness. Now his tirades were lashed also against the Bishop, and his followers were not loathe to do vengeful thingssuch as burning the convent and school to the ground. Only by God's grace did all girls and Sisters escape from that inferno.

Now, with no place to go, the Sisters looked to the Georgia mission for help: but that too was under fire and would soon close. While waiting for instruction from Mother Ignatius, all of them went to live in the only building left in Belle Prairie -the barn; but as they said, "it was their barn." Still no response from Rome. How could they know of Mother Ignatius's illness? Perhaps Rome was too far away to govern a community in the U.S. So, with the encouragement of the Bishop, the Sisters filed to become diocesan, and the permission was granted. Autonomy seemed necessary, but the separation was painful. "Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain and suffering has always seemed more real and holy than any other" (Arthur Henry Hallam, p. 247).

Part II continues to explore the expansion of apostolates of the Little Falls community, especially in Minnesota and, finally, their response to a need in the South American missions. Now, while the American community thrived, so too did the Roman; and Mother Ignatius planned another house in Rome. Her planning also included her desire to see her American spiritual children again. So in 1893, "ignoring the weakness and infirmities of her body," she traveled as far as Naples, where she was overcome. True to the pattern of her life, Mother Ignatius did not do what she intended, but rather followed God's directive. Nor did her Franciscan mobility end here: three times her body was transferred to another site until, at last, it rested in the Sisters' St. Michael's Mortuary Chapel.

Post Vatican II years show the community, with the typical Mother Ignatius determination and enthusiasm, adjusting to the changes and changing for the better service of the Church. The list of missions and apostolates is a great credit to the small community which labored so long and hard, first at Belle Prairie and then at Little Falls.

Truly this book is evidence that this Franciscan Congregation is "anchored in trust and rooted in God's love, [that] it may confidently look forward to resting securely In the Shadow of His Wings."

'The Spiritual Combat. By Lawrence Scupoli. Translated by William Lester and Robert Moran. New York: Paulist Press, 1978. Pp. xvi-240. Paper, \$3.45.

The Lord Is Within You. A Book on the Presence of God. By Anselm Moynihan, O.P. Wilmington, DE: Michael Glazier, Inc., 1979. Pp. 137. Paper, \$2.95.

The Practice of the Presence of God.
The Complete Works of Brother
Lawrence of the Resurrection.
Translated by Sister Mary David,
S.S.N.D. New York: Paulist Press,
1978. Pp. 127. Paper, \$2.25

Reviewed by Father Wilfrid A. Hept, O.F.M., Moderator of the Secular Franciscans at Providence, Rhode Island and a member of the staff at St. Francis Chapel there.

Someone once said, "I am too busy to read good books; I have time to read only the best." It seems

several publishing companies are following this principle and are publishing some of the best of the past masterpieces of the spiritual life. Two such recent publications come from the Paulist Press: The Spiritual Combat by Lawrence Scupoli, and The Practice of the Presence of God by Brother Lawrence. Both would have been found on the bookshelf of almost every spiritual director several decades ago. Another such classic is The Lord Is Within You. a fine paperback by Father Anselm Moynihan, O.P., published by Michael Glazier, Inc. It is true that times and literary fashions change, but the essential questions relating to man's quest for God are perennial. It is refreshing to read these new translations and editions adapted to suit new times and circumstances.

The most practical of the three is The Spiritual Combat, first published in Venice in 1589. Saint Francis de Sales called it "the golden book" and carried a copy of it in his pocket for eighteen years. He read some pages from it every day and recommended it to all under his spiritual direction. The book's purpose is clearly stated in the first chapter: it is to lead the soul to the summit of spiritual perfection. The author conceives this journey as beset by obstacles which come from our evil tendencies. By means of constant and courageous struggle against our evil inclinations we will achieve our goal. There are four essential weapons we can use in the struggle: (1) self-distrust, (2) confidence in God, (3) training in spiritual warfare through proper use of our mental and physical powers, and (4) prayer, both short or ejaculatory and prolonged in the form of mental prayer.

The author's method is thorough and precise, and it goes deep into the roots of each of these subjects. Of course the reader must be prepared to cope with the terminology of another era. But as Father Benedict J. Groeschel, O.F.M.Cap., points out in the preface: "The unique contribution of the author of the 'Spiritual Combat' is his readiness to use practical psychological suggestions without apology or disguise and his complete consistency throughout."

While this book concentrates on the means to perfection, a second book describes the presence of God in the soul. Very early in this book, The Lord Is Within You, Father Anselm Moynihan says: "There are ultimately only two kinds of people in the world: those who are aware of God, and those who are not aware of him."

To whichever class you belong, if you read this book, you will become more aware of the God within you. On page 112 the author compares the experience of the presence of God to "something like the way electricity works with us. We cannot see electricity in a wire. And it is very hard to explain its power and action and presence in the wire. However we know it is there by the brightness of the light bulb. God may also give us a kind of taste of his presence.... And it too, cannot be fully understood until we truly experience it." To dispose ourselves for such a taste of the presence of God, the author tells us, we need times of special silence and solitude. To read such chapters as "Aware of God," "Before the Eyes of God," "Rooted

in the Heart of God," and others, gives us an experience of being alone with God.

One who truly experienced this presence of God within us was Brother Lawrence of the Resurrection. In another paperback book we read of this seventeenth-century lay brother, a Discalced Carmelite. No conceited scholar was Brother Lawrence! Theological and doctrinal debates bored him, if he noticed them at all. His one desire was for communion with God. We find him worshiping more in his kitchen than his cathedral. He could say that the time of business does not with him differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clatter of his kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, he possesses God in as great tranquility as if he were upon his knees before the Blessed Sacrament. This portrait of a man totally absorbed in God comes by way of "A Eulogy of Brother Lawrence" in the first 44 pages, followed by "The Way of Brother Lawrence," both chapters sritten by M. L'Abbé Joseph de Beaufort. The rest of the book is made up of interviews, spiritual maxims, and Lawrence's letters. All in all, then, the value of this book lies in its Christian humility and simplicity.

While the setting may be different for the modern religious or lay person, the life of Brother Lawrence meaks loudly and clearly that the most commonplace and menial tasks be turned into a living hymn to more or all three of these books there insight into the ways of the life. Whether yours is a

Martha-kind of work full of activity and busy service, or a Mary-kind of work full of quiet and peace, these books may be for you.

Celibate Love. By Paul M. Conner, Huntington, IN: Our Sunday Visitor Press, 1979. Pp. 208, including bibliography and index. Cloth, \$9.95.

Celibacy, Prayer and Friendship: A Making-Sense-out-of-Life Approach. By Christopher Kiesling, O.P. Staten Island, NY: Alba House, 1979. Pp. xx-229. Paper, \$5.95.

Reviewed by Father Julian A. Davies, O.F.M., Ph.D. (Philosophy, Fordham), Associate Professor of Philosophy at Siena College and Associate Editor of this Review.

Two new books by Dominican priests help to illumine the important religious subject of celibacy.

The topic of Father Connor's book is "chaste, masculine-feminine love as it relates to divine love" (p. 9. Using an a priori approach from Scripture, theology, and psychological theory, as well as a posteriori evidence from the lives of the saints, the author argues convincingly that male-female friendships among mature, consecrated religious can be helpful and positive in building up the reign of God in each individual as well as in the whole Christian community. This does not mean that everyone in vows should set out to seek a spiritual helpmate, but it does mean that the "cult of safety" should not inhibit one from entering into friendships which do arise and show by their fruits that they are of God.

Ruled out of bounds for the celibate are the complementing love of the sort found in friendships with the married or the single not vowed. Out of bounds too are friendships with vowed people which interfere with prayer life, restrict availability to others, surround themselves with "romantic accoutrements, approach the possessiveness of married love, or-in general-in which God is not truly the First Love of each. Friendships can exist without any of these factors, as they did between Dominic and several women, Catherine of Siena and Raymond of Capus, Saint Francis de Sales and Saint Joan de Chantal, and Teresa of Avila and Father Ierome Gratian.

Among the helpful distinctions found in the work are those (1) between functional love (the real concern, compassion, and affection for the person one is helping) and friendship love (with its mutuality and equality); and (2) between physical love and sensate love, the latter being an emotional love which can go in either a physical or a spiritual direction.

Celibate Love is a book to be mulled over, not a primer of self-help; for religious life, like any life, cannot be lived out of a book. It must be lived in the light and warmth of the Spirit.

Father Christopher Kiesling has successfully integrated faith and human experience in approaching the three topics of his eminently readable book.

With regard to celibacy, one of his best insights involves distinguishing motives for celebacy in general from motives that actually inspire a particular celibate. The latter type of motive changes throughout the course of celibate life—this claim fits my experience as well as the author's.

With regard to prayer, Father Kiesling describes the practice of the presence of God and simple affective communication of feeling. He devotes a chapter to developing Trinitarian prayer.

And he elaborates quite thoroughly upon friendship: in particular, the friendship of the male and the female celibate. Among his important observations in this connection are the need for maturity in such relationships (for some they are just definitely out of the question), the need for prayer, and the need for prudence. A whole chapter, in fact, is devoted to "matters of prudence," and it is carefully worked out so as not to engender in the reader either scrupulosity or laxity.

Two excellent chapters on "Difficulties in Celibate Life" and "The Spirit of Poverty" form the perfect complement for his thoughts on celibacy, prayer, and friendship: thoughts from which all religious can derive profit.

Shorter Book Notices

JULIAN A. DAVIES, O.F.M.

Catholics and Broken Marriage: Pastoral Possibilities of Annulment, Dissolution, the Internal Forum. John Catoir. Notre Dame, IN: Ave Maria Press, 1979. Pp. 69. Paper, \$1.95.

Written by a former tribunal member, this question and answer book is a valuable reference source. Father Catoir sees remedies for many broken marriages as matters of justice, and throughout he emphasizes the principle of justice tempered with mercy. He reconciles adherence to the principle of the indissolubility of marriage with the application of canonical and moral principles to particular marriage cases. Although generally realistic in his assessment of the situations in broken marriages, Father Catoir does not, I think, face the issue of scandal fully, as someone in the Catholic community, sooner or later, must do.

The Pain and the Possibility. By Paula Ripple, F.S.P.A. Notre Dame, IN: Ave Maria Press, 1978. Pp. 143. Paper, \$2.95.

The author, a Franciscan sister, is Executive Director of the North American Conference of Separated and Divorced Catholics. She writes from a wealth of personal experience with those undergoing the trauma of divorce. Her goal is to show that divorce can be the beginning of a new life, even one with God and the church. She wishes to dispose of the stereotyping of divorced people as "bad examples," for her experience reveals them as far from that. (In fact, I had the thought that she was substituting a new stereotype: the Godfearing, God-desiring, mature, familyoriented type). I found her application of the familier stages of dying to the loss of a spouse interesting, and that chapter to be among the best in the book. While I would not call this a primer for the divorced. I think some in that situation—as well as their families—may indeed find it helpful.

God Never Says, "Yes, But..." By Leonard Foley, O.F.M. Cincinnati: St. Anthony Messenger Press, 1979. Pp. vi-74. Paper, \$1.50.

Four important areas of our lives concern guilt, conscience, suffering, and prayer—especially prayer of petition. In rather well developed and popularly written essays, Father Foley addresses the questions that believers raise in these areas and offers his own "answers." "Answers" has to be written in quotation marks, for whenever we enter the realm of faith, then mathematical precision must give way to trust in mystery. I see this little book's greatest service as that of a catalyst for a prayer-scriptural discussion series.

All the Days of Lent. By Colone Recker, O.S.F. Notre Dame, IN: Ave Maria Press, 1979. Pp. 63. Paper, \$2.45.

This little book is a composite of "Scripture, thoughts, and things to do." Arranged so that there is one of each of the three for every day in Lent, the book leads us through chapters 17-19 of the Gospel of John and summons us to be at one with one another and with God. Each page of print is set on a background sketch of words or figures which add to the attractiveness and impact of the book. This may be a bit late for 1979: but Lent will recur; and All the Days of Lent will prove a useful tool for reading and reflection during that sacred season.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Brown, Raphael, *True Joy from Assisi*. Chicago: Franciscan Herald Press, Pp. xlii-268, including appendices, bibliography, & index. Cloth, \$8.95. Girzone, Joseph F. *Kara: The Lonely Falcon*. New York: Vantage Press, 1979. Pp. viii-48. Cloth, \$4.50.

Jones-Prendergast, Kevin, ed., Letters to God from Teenagers. Cincinnati: St. Anthony Messenger Press, 1979. Pp. vii-102. Paper, \$3.50.

Van Hook, John E., O.F.M., Systematic Philosophy: An Overview of Metaphysics. Hicksville, NY: Exposition Press, 1979. Pp. 147, including index. Cloth, \$7.50.