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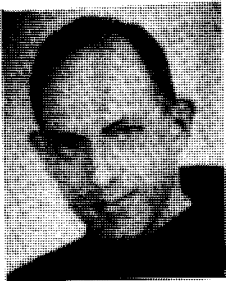
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## COVER AND ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover and illustrations for our January issue were drawn by M. Raphael, O.S.F., Chairman of the Department of Art at Regina College, Syracuse, NY, except for the one on page 31 by Sister Marie Monica, O.S.F., of the Sacred Heart Academy, Falls, OR.

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“Upon This Rock . . .”

FOR THE PAST year or so, a committee of nine (recently expanded to twelve) faculty members here at Siena College have been working to create a new integrated humanities course using several disciplines to help students understand human life in the twentieth century. As we searched for important themes to systematize the plethora of recent developments, we came up with “revolution” after “revolution”: in the fine arts, in literature, in the sciences, and in philosophical and theological thought. As we begin to give the proposed course detailed and concrete shape, we see more and more clearly that we must design it specifically to explain, and help the students cope with, these complex revolutions.

The challenge of evaluating the theological revolution in particular has been greatly facilitated—for me, at least—by my reading of Msgr. George Kelly’s fascinating chronicle of *The Battle for the American Church*.

This is the book we chose to publicize with an advertisement last October, with a promise to get a more detailed account documentation of the numerous rebellions, from the abstractly theological to the concretely disciplinary, which have beset the Church in the United States ever since the decade or so preceding Vatican II. The amount of factual content is truly staggering, with extensive documentation not only from official church documents, but from a vast range of books, periodicals, and newspapers, from *Theological Studies* to *Commonweal*, and *America*, to the religious news services, to the *Ladies’ Home Journal*, to *The New York Times*. Both author and publisher have done our country and our Church an inestimable service, merely by amassing and making easily available in systematic, comprehensive form this huge trove of information. But we must thank them too for the skillful organization of the material, which more often than not is so devastating an indictment of the revolutionaries that it needs (and receives) little or no summation or evaluative comment by the author.

The book is divided into two unequal Parts. The First, “Of Modernism and Modernization,” serves to establish the context with two pertinent background factors: (1) an account of the abuse and manipulation of the Second Vatican Council by revolutionary theologians and pastors to justify

**The Battle for the American Church.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1979. Pp. xi-513, including extensive bibliography and full index. Cloth, \$14.95.

what had never been intended by those who planned it and most of those who participated in it; and (2) an exposition of the work of A. Loisy, the modernist who was in so many ways a precursor of all that has taken place recently, together with that of his contemporary counterpart, Hans Kung.

Part II, which bears the same title as the book itself, chronicles the individual skirmishes that make up the complex war for the American Church. This involves some repetition, since many of the individuals involved have been influential in more than one skirmish. The theologians, in who receive their own extensive treatment in the chapter entitled “The Battle of the Theologians,” are, after all, responsible for much of what has happened in the other battles: those of the Catholic campus, “nuns” (sisters?), priests, parents, and even bishops.

It is obviously impossible even to summarize in this limited space the details of all these conflicts. But before going on to the general conclusion, I would like to do two things. First, if I may be forgiven for singling out the two areas of my own greatest personal concern, I want to express my satisfaction with Msgr. Kelly’s relentless expose of the extensive and persistent sabotage in which Fathers Hesburgh and Greeley have been engaged, as well as with his informative chronicle of what happened to the Immaculate Heart of Mary Congregation and the Franciscan Sisters of Milwaukee. Secondly, I want to express my wholehearted agreement with the traditional viewpoints Msgr. Kelly espouses, implicitly and explicitly, with respect to all these controversies. My only reservation here concerns the author’s recurrent claim that Catholics are somehow bound, *positively*, to have large families. This seems to me an unwarranted transposition of the *negative* obligation barring artificial contraception; and, moreover, in light of today’s economic and demographic problems, it seems to be an invitation to wanton irresponsibility.

In the last chapter of Part II, “The Sack of Rome, or Rome Has Spoken, the Case Is Still Open,” the author actually begins the recapitulation of themes to be brought to a breathtaking finale in the Epilogue. Attention is given to the Lefebvre affair, the Dutch schism, the unenviable role of the Apostolic Delegate to the U.S., Pope Paul’s pontificate, and even the popular loss of faith in Rome itself, apparent from sales records in the city’s religious bookstores. But perhaps the most foreboding theme in this reprise is that of the heterodoxy and laxism likely to be unleashed if the Code of Canon Law is promulgated in the form it took at the time this book was written.

Is all, then, “lost”? The Epilogue opens with a discussion of some hopeful signs that this is not the case. Some forecasts by prominent spokesmen are then cited; and after that Msgr. Kelly synthesizes both the “modern view” and some of the Church’s own statements about its future. The two positions are not, of course, totally contradictory; Msgr. Kelly echoes faithfully the Church’s real sympathy for what is best in the “modern view,” in the charismatic movement, e.g., in ecumenism, and in personalism.

Still, where fundamental ecclesiology is concerned, there remains an irreducible opposition between the two outlooks; and, whatever dark night may lie temporarily in store for the Church, the Catholic worthy of the name dare harbor no doubt that what will emerge from that night will indeed be the Church of Clement and Ignatius, of Peter and Paul.

Lest the reader too hastily write this off as the imperceptive judgment of an unreconstructed conservative who has yet to catch up with Vatican II, let me venture to insert here another personal parenthesis. Readers who have been with me since the mid-sixties will doubtless recall my quick and wanton intoxication by the heady draughts admitted to Peter's barque by Pope John's opening of its portholes. As I like to put it from time to time, I feel that I have "paid my dues" as a radical and have a right to speak. My impression at several junctures in reading *The Battle for the American Church* was that Msgr. Kelly had never undergone that sort of seduction—had never been taken in by the many excesses read by others into what Pope John had intended to be a quite conservative purification and rejuvenation of what the Church was from the beginning. Otherwise, I think he might have shown at least a little more sympathy for the revolutionaries' intentions, at least at the beginning.

At any rate, having taught several times a survey of philosophical influences on Catholic theology from Christianity's beginnings to the present, I am keenly struck by the contemporary revolutionaries' utter lack

of historical perspective. Msgr. Kelly might have gone much further back than Loisy to draw parallels with today's "battle for the Church." Virtually the same battle was fought against the earliest Gnostics, it was fought against the Montanists, it was fought against the Enlightenment theologians, and it was fought against the Hegelians—as well as countless others who sought either to substitute their own "wisdom" for the Lord's "folly" or to set themselves and the rest of Christianity "free" from the yoke that is sweet and the burden that is light.

I am struck, as I say, by the revolutionaries' lack of historical perspective, and yet I am deeply *disconcerted* by that lack of perspective—at a loss to understand it. I cannot for a moment doubt that such distinguished scholars possess a good deal more than I do, of the factual historical knowledge involved. Perhaps there is no other explanation of this sort of phenomenon, ultimately, than that foreboding and frightening indictment rendered by the Lord himself in Is. 6:9 and, e.g., Mt. 13:14-15: "Listen as you will, you shall not understand, look intently as you will, you shall not see. . . ."

In reviewing a book that renders so momentous a service in marshalling facts, statistics, and documentation, I feel almost ungracious yet (typically) impelled to mention the several misspellings of proper names, the failure to use parallel grammatical constructions, and the unaccountable use, occasionally, of quotation marks around words that are clearly used in their obvious literal sense. I suppose that for a book

its size, *The Battle for the American Church* does not contain a disproportionate number of mechanical flaws like these; but given the quality and importance of its content, I feel that it deserves somewhat better editorial

care than it has received. Be that as it may, no Christian who is seriously concerned about or involved in the struggle the book so well delineates, can afford not to pore deeply over its sobering message.

Fr. Michael D. Meilach, *ofm*



## The Plunge

Deep, deep, dark waters flowing,  
lit by the inner Son, the One, beckons.

Down past fear and longing, unstayed by  
reminiscent joy and pain, a lover plunges.

And You, Word-bearer, Love-mother,  
long silent-seeking, have gone before.

How dare I go my own waiting way?  
And how find hope to dive?

Yet hearkening to hesed, Promise-borne,  
must my heart make answer.

Alone? Alone. Yet *not* alone.

And there, there in the depths, Son-suffused,  
am I brother-met, sister-souled.

Glory!

Sara Pahl

# Mother Maddalena Bentivoglio, O.S.C. Foundress of the Poor Clares in the United States

SISTERS M. THADDEUS, O.S.C., AND  
M. ELLEN, O.S.C.

## Introduction

**T**HIS SKETCH of Mother Maddalena Bentivoglio is not an attempt at a factual account of her life,<sup>1</sup> but rather a tracing and/or exhibition of her virtuous qualities which guided her on the path of holiness. This tracing should encourage us today, in the face of similar difficulties, to continue under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and to realize that adversity can and is often the mother of great virtue.

What is a contemplative call? Who are the Poor Clares who profess to have such a call from God? What is the value of enclosure? And on and on go the questions which surround one of the most baffling vocations since the beginning of religious life.

For many persons these questions can never be answered adequately; for others the call to contemplation will always be shrouded in a wonderful mystery which they will revere and accept without question; but for those to whom such a call has been given, it is the most exciting journey one could ever undertake. And for the Bentivoglio sisters it was indeed a journey!

If Mother Maddalena and her sister, Mother Constance, were alive today, they would be overwhelmed and delighted at the renewed interest in contemplative prayer, especially in the United States. A real phenomenon has swept across the country infiltrating all ages and all walks of

<sup>1</sup>This is Part I of a series of articles on Mother Maddalena, to appear bi-monthly during 1980. For anyone interested in a factual account of Mother Maddalena's life, there is a small booklet available: *I Will . . . God's Will*, by Mary Alice Zarrella. Write to the Poor Clare Monastery Press, Evansville, IN 47714. Another sketch of her life is available in the December, 1977, issue of the *Franciscan Herald* (copies available from the Franciscan Herald Press, 1434 West 51 Street, Chicago, IL 60609).

*Sisters Mary Thaddeus, O.S.C., and Mary Ellen, O.S.C., are members of the Poor Clare Community at Lowell, Massachusetts.*

life—a phenomenon unheard of when Mother Maddalena arrived to found a monastery of Poor Clares of the Strict Observance. She was told that that kind of life style was completely incompatible with the culture of the country. One wonders if Christ himself would be baffled by the lack of interest that the Bentivoglio sisters encountered—as if Martha had been the one who had “chosen the better part”!

The Constitutions of most religious communities are now more intensely reflecting the new and genuine interest, not only in community prayer, but more especially in the contemplative and/or the solitary response to God's invitation to “come aside and rest awhile.” It is not all on the upward swing as yet, though, for there are still those (even religious men and women) who find a distinct problem with “come aside and rest awhile” in contrast to “do not hide your lamp under a bushel.” The real balance, of course, is the combination of the two as perfectly exemplified in the Lord's own life. Because of human limitations, however, a community stresses one or the other aspect, and its charism in prayer becomes a matter of emphasis.

Perhaps for the first time in the history of religious life in the U.S. do we find active communities really active and contemplative

communities contemplative. We are also witnessing a shift of active Sisters and priests to contemplative orders and vice-versa. It seems that the founders and foundresses of the communities in America all brought European customs along with the Rule chosen for their new community, and these rather rigid customs were adopted by the active and contemplative groups alike. The early training of the young person in the matter of silence, poverty, penance, mortification, obedience, etc., was almost identical in both types of communities. The major difference seemed to be that the contemplative arose at various hours during the night to pray the Divine Office, whereas most active communities prayed during the early morning and in the evening and often used the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Therefore, it is not surprising that after the fresh air of Vatican II helped to define some of the roles of the various groups (the liberation movement has gained impetus, and we have become a more open-to-the-Spirit people), active communities have taken (literally in some cases) to the open road and the poverty areas while the contemplatives have more stringently maintained the rule of papal enclosure (although allowing more consideration for parents and revamping their type of work within the monastery) and a more intense life

of prayer which now includes more time for personal encounter with God.

No longer are convents and monasteries havens of security. The gifts and foods which were once almost lavished upon the active and contemplative alike by generous benefactors, have greatly decreased. Both groups are more consciously aware of their tasks for the Lord than in the days when a rigid schedule and the Superior of the house answered all questions. The early concept of dependence on Divine Providence has once more entered into the lives of religious with a greater thrust and a greater vivacity. The contemplative worked arduously at making altar breads eight to ten hours a day, while the school or nursing Sister gave unstintingly of her time for a meager allowance.

It is not surprising, then, that there be some shift of persons more attracted to a deeper prayer life toward seeking out a contemplative community or of contemplatives, now with more time for personal prayer, who are inclined toward more activity, toward seeking out a community which can suit their needs. (Without this ability to transfer in the time of Saint Francis, we might be without a Saint Anthony of Padua.)

The change in standards has indeed placed the active communities on a scale of greater



responsibility. More funds come in, and more funds go out. Sisters are better educated, more qualified—and they must be so in order to meet state and national standards. The danger lies in becoming secure with funds and less attentive to God's personal care. However, some of the old stand-bys are gradually disappearing. Remember? There will always be Catholic schools! Sisters will never have to worry about jobs! A religious life is a secure life! Perhaps a little insecurity is a good thing.

Francis of Assisi and his counterpart, Clare, knew this only too well. In fact, their Rules were built on insecurity, and in this they clearly followed the example of Jesus Christ. According to Francis the friars should own nothing, be nothing, expect nothing, if they wanted really to become something. Clare, not to be outdone, stated in her Rule that the highest poverty should be lived and meant exactly that!

The Sisters had an unusual right—the right to refuse gifts—in order to preserve their most valuable gift—poverty. To Clare and her Sisters it was a privilege to choose to live poorly and to use only those things absolutely necessary for one's work and existence. Both Francis and Clare had learned their lessons well from the greatest of Teachers.

It is true that much speculation has gone on as to whether Francis wished Clare and the Poor Ladies to lead enclosed lives or whether they were content with what the Church imposed on them; but speculation is only that! The truth of the matter is that Clare's community became a little church within the big Church and very effectively aided the Church and her people. Their hidden lives, offered to God, left much to be desired as far as personal satisfaction is concerned (even as it does today); but that is where the test of faith lies. Surely anyone who founds a community or ventures forth to a foreign land must be a person of faith.

While Mother Maddalena was industriously covering the U.S. in her attempt to found a Poor Clare Monastery in this foreign country, another heroine had gone from the U.S. to work in another foreign land to aid the

leper on the island of Molokai. Blindly and with faith both these servants of God, Mother Maddalena and Mother Marianne<sup>2</sup> embraced the task which the Spirit had inspired in them. Both women are at present recognized as models of faith and love following in the footsteps of Christ with Francis of Assisi as their guide. Both can be considered as models for us today since their footsteps have not left us too long ago and their trials were very similar to ours.

With her companion and blood sister, Constance, Mother Maddalena was commissioned to introduce the primitive Rule of St. Clare into a country which felt it could solve all its problems through activity.

This was, indeed, a journey—a journey of faith. Abandoned by the priest who had guided them, they followed the guidance of the holy Spirit and the conviction that obedience had sent them to found a monastery. And found one they would! Unknowingly they were following Francis's admonition on the value of mobility. Forced to move from place to place, they surely resembled Christ who had "nowhere to lay his head." Each of these places has since become the home of a group of Poor Clares, as though Mother Maddalena had

<sup>2</sup>For further information regarding Mother Marianne of Molokai contact the Cause of Mother Marianne, 1024 Court Street, Syracuse, NY 13208.

passed through dropping a seed which needed only a little sun, water, and time for it to develop

and spring forth. Did not Clare call herself the "little plant" of Saint Francis?

### Part I: I Was in There

ANNETTA BENTIVOGLIO exhibited a most vivacious and mischievous nature from the moment her little hands, feet, and mind had reached some point of coordination. While her mother had been given an inspiration before the birth of this child that she would someday be a saint, it seemed that Annetta had another spirit at work in her which militated against her mother's hopes and desires.

Along with this strange mixture of mischief and vivacity, Annetta also found herself, at moments, deeply prayerful and thoughtful of others. A puzzle to herself, she tried hard to conquer the forces which caused herself and others so much grief. In years to come this mischievousness would prove itself invaluable, as it emerged into the courage necessary to carry on in a foreign and hostile land; and the vivacity would give her the endurance to bear all trials well.

One of Annetta's earliest recorded pranks took place in a cloistered convent. Learning that the grille was a form of partition to keep people from entering the

nuns' enclosure, Annetta, unnoticed by the others, forced her tiny hands, arms, feet, and legs as far as possible through the openings. When she was discovered, her response was one of triumph: "I was in there!"<sup>3</sup>

That she was compassionate toward all creatures was also evidenced at an early age when, fearlessly and probably unaware of the danger to herself, she stole toward the Tiber to help a poor dog struggling in the current. Luckily she was rescued by a passing officer who happened to notice the intention of the small child.

Resourcefulness and fearlessness went hand in hand in Annetta. In deference to her age and the length of the ceremonies at St. Peter's, Annetta was left home while the family sat as a group in the great basilica. In her inimitable way, Annetta set out for St. Peter's where she quickly located a forgotten ladder leading to the flat roof. Once on the roof, she made her way through a small door and out onto a section overlooking the sanctuary. The

<sup>3</sup>I Will . . . God's Will, p. 1.



family, noticing the small cherub with a very familiar face, tried not to notice her in an obvious manner lest she fall from her heavenly perch. Anxiously they peeked upward as she once again made her way back to the ladder. Hurrying outside, they found a very composed and pleased little girl calmly descending the ladder as if this were the usual procedure for a child in a prominent

family.

Of course she was scolded for this action which might have ended in tragedy. But God had other plans for Annetta, and he used this incident to arouse the sensitivity of her soul. She pondered her last escapade well, and when asked by the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary for her identity she replied: "A big sinner!"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup>I Will . . . God's Will, p. 2.



## To Make a Revolution

COLIN GARVEY, O.F.M.

ONE OF THE greatest pleasures of climbing in hill country is to stop at a good vantage point, and sit and survey the way you have come. Then you can see the course of your journey, the difficulties you have overcome, the places which cost you great effort, and you can take courage from the progress you have made and estimate what yet remains to be done. In our journey in the steps of Saint Francis, too, it is appropriate that we pause to reflect on the way we have come, and look ahead to what lies before us. We need to think about our life, and to try to formulate as clearly as we can the vision that drew us on and the task we undertook when we set out on our journey.

One might say, "What vision and what task are you talking about? We entered on a way of life already in existence long before us. It had a clear content, expressed in a round of duties, responsibilities, and actions: a

whole life style. There is no need for this vision and task stuff!"

It seems to me that this objection is one of the problems we have to cope with. The stagnant mind without imagination or creativity is one of the dangers that threatens every institution. Unless we penetrate beyond the daily round and seek its meaning and purpose, we shall be prisoners of the daily round and become more and more constricted in its accomplishment. We need to ask ourselves what we are trying to do, what we are trying to be. This should give us criteria for evaluating and judging our duties and tasks and enable us to see clearly what developments and changes will be needed. It should, of course, be obvious that an examination of duties is no substitute for fulfilling them.

I want to try to sketch briefly something of the breadth and depth of the vision underlying our way of life. For it seems that all too often we fail to see how large

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*Father Colin Garvey, O.F.M., M.A., Ph.D., is a member of the Irish Franciscan Province. He did his doctoral studies in philosophy at the University of Louvain, and is now a statutory lecturer of the National University of Ireland, teaching in the Department of Philosophy at University College Galway. At present he is working on philosophy of culture, metaphysics, and Franciscana.*

and great it is. Not that I can hope to do justice to it, when others have failed. But I can at least try to articulate its salient points as they appear to me.

I do this because I see a constriction in the interpretation of our way of life current among many friars. I am referring in particular to the view that the role of the friars is to preach, to offer the Eucharistic sacrifice, and to administer the sacraments. Yes, these activities are part of our life, but this life is much larger and deeper.

What, then, are we? What is the vision, what are the tasks? I shall not talk about the individual friar, but about the nature and purpose of the Franciscan movement itself.

### A Living Museum?

FOR SOME it would appear that our role is to preserve as well as possible the memory of the unique life and achievement of Francis Bernardone in those far-off days in Umbria, when it seemed for a time that a new age had come to birth. Is it solely to recall the beauty and fragrance of the little flowers of Saint Francis by our antique style of life and garb, that we exist in the Church? Is it our role merely to preserve in the romantic towers of our medieval abbeys the last enchantments of the middle ages, to live in an atmosphere of regret and nostalgia for a golden age?

No! By no means! We are not antiques. We are not a museum. We are not old soldiers fighting over and over again campaigns long forgotten. We are not traders in solutions to problems that are no longer relevant. If we recall our past, it is not to escape the present, but rather to enlarge our understanding of the present, and to be enlarged by what we can grasp of the achievements, and the failures, of man of the past. Our roots in the past deliver us from the slavery of fashion, the tyranny of the *Zeitgeist*, and the intoxication of Utopianism. The past does not hold us in bondage. It liberates us. It cannot be denied that some do succumb to the enchantment of the past, just as some yield to the intoxication of an ideal future. but these are marginal aberrations, normally overcome by the vitality and sanity of the living Franciscan movement.

What is our role? What is our task? What is the vision that inspires and shapes our action?

I would propose an answer to these questions in one word: *revolution*. This is a word that has captured the imagination of our age. What I want to say is that we are revolutionaries, and that we are involved in a far-reaching and fundamental revolution which affects and can transform all areas and levels of human existence. Francis Bernardone is the inspiration of this revolution, and

his life provides us with the image of what we are seeking, the stimulus for action.

"But surely," someone will say, "you don't want to turn Saint Francis into a revolutionary, an agitator inspired by hatred of the established order of society, dedicated to stirring up turmoil, strife, and class-war, to establish a new society and political regime in which he and his associates will wield power? Francis was a man of peace, of reconciliation, of love. He was no revolutionary."

Clearly, Francis was not that kind of revolutionary. He was a peace-maker and had no desire for power, wealth, or privilege.

Yet he was a revolutionary, but not after the fashion of our own age. The kind of revolutionary we are familiar with is concerned with overthrowing the established order and inaugurating a new order in the name of liberty, justice, equality, and fraternity. Once in power with his associates, he quickly sees to it that liberty and justice disappear in the unending struggle against enemies of the revolution; and as a new power class emerges and consolidates itself, equality and fraternity disappear too. The wheel has revolved full circle.

Francis was an altogether different kind of revolutionary. He was not concerned with the periphery of the wheel, but with the center around which it re-

volves. This concern with the center of all things, with God the Creator and Lord of the universe, God who revealed his glory and provided access to life eternal through the Son who became one of us, this concern gave Francis's life a unique power and scope, and it gives us an understanding of his revolution. Let us survey its phases briefly.

### Environment

LET US start with the world around us, our environment. We are all familiar today with the destruction of the environment by man. In his ruthless and brutal exploitation of nature, man has ripped open the earth, has destroyed its vegetation, its wild life, and its beauty. Man has ripped open, ravaged, and poisoned the earth in his wars and in his Promethean lust for power. He has even polluted the atmosphere and the sea. Nowadays we have become aware of all this, and there is an ecological revolution



going on. We are concerned for our environment. But Francis in his love for landscape and flowers, for beasts and birds—yes, even for the elements, Brother Fire and Sister Water, Brother Sun and Sister Moon—was centuries ahead of us. All things spoke to him and revealed to him the Creator and loving Father of all. He was a forerunner of the ecological revolution.

### Possessions

THE POLITICAL revolutionaries of the modern age have focussed on property and possessions and have made "the expropriation of the expropriators" a battle-cry. Francis saw better than anyone what the lust for possessions does to people, and he renounced all possessions, not in a spirit of nihilism, as if they were unworthy of him, but to acknowledge the rightful Lord and Master of all, to whom all things belong, and who has generously provided them for our use, not for our appropriation. We have the task of spreading this revolution and of breaking the vicious cycle of the struggle for wealth and property, the endless greed and avarice that turn man against man and nation against nation and end by destroying men and nations. Our task is to remind all men that the earth has been created to be shared by all, and that no one class or group is entitled to appropriate

the wealth of the world. There are, of course, places in which this is a highly revolutionary and subversive doctrine, and people are being killed for teaching it. Yet it is a revolution desperately needed by mankind.

We are living in what is often called the age of the worker's revolution. The old social orders based on wealth and privilege reserved to the few have given way to something new in human history, mass societies, which are literate as a result of mass education and possess enormous power and wealth. Conscious of being "the people," and half believing in their omnipotence and infallibility, they are in fact actually assured of these attributes by their politicians and by others. This is really something new, and it calls for reflection and action.

Can Saint Francis really help here? I think that he has indeed given us a lead. He called his followers "minores," identifying them not with the great ones, the "majores," of his time, but with the common people, the lower strata of society, the ones who were rejected and cast off. This is what lies behind his preoccupation with beggars, his desire to identify with them, to feel and think and suffer with them. He belonged himself to a rising class, to the new, energetic and ambitious bourgeoisie who were already seizing power and who were destined in



the course of time to make a revolution and displace the old feudal aristocracy. Francis saw, above all perhaps in his own father, the limitations of the bourgeoisie. He saw the boundless ambition, the worship of success, the shrewd dealing and the ruthless competition which often reduced the losers to beggary. Francis finally rejected it—but we shouldn't forget that he had spent some ten years in the cloth business and was probably very good at it. Peter Bernardone was not the man to indulge a feckless idler. One gets the impression that Francis felt that he had compromised himself badly in those years.

Francis, then, saw the bourgeois revolution in his time—and saw through it. He cast in his lot with the poor and the deprived, the beggars and the outcasts, not because he admired them or felt they had rejected the spurious values of society, or because he was a dropout before his time, but because they belonged to the human family—**God's family**—and desperately needed the recognition and respect and love due to God's children. He knew, as Mother Teresa of Calcutta put it, that "it is the **unwanted** that is the **greatest** need that any human being has in his experience." Thus it was that Francis identified himself with the weak, and poor, and the outcasts. His Order

was notable for its lack of class distinctions and its appeal to the common people. It was very much a people's Order, unlike others which aimed primarily at influencing the upper classes or the intellectuals. (But Francis never forgot that they are people too, of God's family, and they too loved him.)

Can we say that Francis was a forerunner of the proletarian revolution? In answer to this we must say that Francis had no interest at all in that kind of revolution. The slogan "All power to the workers" and the program of expropriating the expropriators would have struck him as expressions of pride, ambition, and greed. The revolution he wanted was in the minds and hearts of men, a revolution which would bring them in touch once more with the springs of living water, which would enlarge and purify and transform individuals and societies. It meant bringing the world back to its true center and spreading the reign of love and joy and peace. It was a revolution which was to take place on all levels and in all places—a silent, secret revolution which would work quietly and peacefully like the leaven in the dough, finding its way in one individual life after another, gradually spreading and transforming lives and societies and making a new kind of life available. He saw the corruption in

every life—even in his own, one of the most singularly pure of all lives. The usual revolutionary sees only the corruption of his enemies, never his own.

That is the kind of revolution we are called to. We must be among the people, working as the leaven, bringing the word of hope and love and truth. We must recognize that all belong to God's family. For us there can be no *Lumpenproletariat* to be liquidated, no class enemies to be destroyed. There are only human beings—including ourselves—corrupt, sinful, yet embraced in the love of Christ. We are not concerned with achieving positions of prominence and prestige; we do not aspire to social eminence or political power. Our work is down in the depths, in the daily contact with ordinary people, in the trials and troubles of the poor and the deprived, in patient listening, quiet consolation, resolute action, encouraging, guiding, warning, protecting, giving recognition, bringing joy and peace and love. It is necessary work, which cannot be done by social workers or by psychiatrists, although they can help a great deal. It is very unglamorous, very humbling, and very exhausting. But that is where the real action is. When it is neglected, then you have the convulsion of society by pride and lust and greed and hatred and envy and resentment.

## Leisure

IT HAS become commonplace now, to talk of the leisure revolution going on around us. It is obvious that ordinary people have much more leisure now than they ever had before. The five-day week is common, and working hours are far shorter than they used to be.

One of the obvious things about this leisure revolution is that a great many people are very badly equipped to avail themselves of it. There is an enormous opportunity here, for achieving integration and harmony in life depends to a large extent on the use made of leisure time.

What can we do about the leisure revolution? We need to recognize the need for fulfillment, the thirst for fullness of life in every human being, and we must show how that need can be met. What we have to offer is life and truth and love, light, peace, joy, wisdom, purity, redemption, forgiveness, renewal, and transformation. These are the great concepts, the great ideas that have dominated the imagination of every age, the words that have won the minds and hearts of men and women. We often give the impression that all we have to offer is worn-out clichés, stale ideas, tawdry rituals and irrelevant rubrics. Small wonder that so many turn away from us. There is an enormous task before

us, to present the truth and the life we have discovered, so that it will find a place in the hearts and minds of the people, and bear fruit. We need to be continually searching for better ways, and more effective methods, of communicating the transforming and redeeming word. We are continually menaced by *rigor mortis*: the tendency to regard whatever means happen to be current as ultimate, to cultivate the useless and irrelevant, to frown on innovation and enthusiasm, and "To quench the spirit." In particular, we need to remember what it is we are trying to do, the end we are trying to accomplish, and to use every resource of intelligence, enthusiasm, and hard work to bring it about. A revolution demands total commitment.

### Relationships

WE ARE ALL of us familiar with the idea that the Christian revelation is centrally and essentially a revelation of love, a love that is absolutely selfless and self-transcending. This love is meant to penetrate and transform all human relationships, to purify, to intensify, to rectify, and to enlarge our thoughts and wills and affections.

There is no need to speak on ~~the place that relationships play in the lives of individuals and societies.~~ It is not an exaggeration to say that an in-

dividual's life mainly consists of the relationships he has with other people—his family relationships as he lives the roles of son, of brother, of husband, and of father; the kinship relationships in which he is involved more or less deeply; the relationships of friendship which he forms; and the relationships of romantic love culminating in marriage which are so central in society. On the way in which we manage these relationships depends our salvation. And there is real need for a revolution in this place of relationships. If anyone says his relationships with other people are perfectly in order, he is a liar and the truth is not in him. He may mean that his relationships are correct in the sense that they are not legally indictable. This, of course, is not without importance. But it is not the measure or standard of a Christian: "This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you."

This is a formidable challenge, and living it amounts to a radical transformation of one's life. It requires a sustained effort to understand other people in the different relationships in which we are involved with them, and an equally thorough effort to understand ourselves. It requires continuous self-discipline, adaptation, learning, and growth. And it requires that we allow the grace of God to work freely. Most of us, unfortunately, do it very badly.

But if it is done well, what a powerful and constructive influence one's life is! Springs of energy and grace are released; situations are transformed; and hope, trust, joy, and confidence abound, even in the most appalling circumstances. One thinks, for instance, of Father Maximilian Kolbe in the bunker at Auschwitz, where he and his companions were being starved to death.

Saint Francis embodies this kind of revolution in his life. No one could meet him and be unmoved. He transformed lives wherever he went, and hearts and minds responded to the joy and vitality which radiated from him. Under his influence, enemies were reconciled, pride was overcome, envy and resentment were dispelled, long choked treasures of compassion and generosity were reopened, and people seemed to come to life again, recognizing that they belonged to one family and were children of the One Father in heaven. That is a revolution worth having.

### An Intellectual Revolution

WE ALL TEND to live in a very narrow world, occupying ourselves with our immediate concerns and paying little attention to fundamental questions. This constriction of vision is very acute in the intellectual world today. Most disciplines have become so

specialized that these who follow them bother very little with ultimate questions about human life and its meaning. One pursues his literary studies, another philology, another archeology, or linguistics, or physics or botany or chemistry. Or it may be astronomy, electronics, economics, politics, or whatever. The upshot is that as regards the basic human question, each relies on ideas and theories floating in the air, or makes wild extrapolations from his own discipline.

One has only to listen in occasionally to radio and TV chat sessions to realize what an immense amount of ignorance and confusion is around in a highly developed, specialized, and sophisticated society. Today, as always, there is a need for truth, for sanity, for intelligent and critical reflection and discussion. The world needs to be brought back to its true center; there is a need for people who will bear witness to the truth, who will not be intimidated by pundits and savants, but will carefully and thoroughly learn the arts of investigation, of reflection, of dialectic, and of communication, so that the path to the center is opened up once again, and the way to truth and life is made plain.

The great need here is not, I believe, on the level of research, but on the level of com-

munication, of mediation, and of presentation. We live in a society which is greatly undernourished intellectually, not because it lacks research institutes and great scholars, but because the middle ground is being lost to advertisers, propagandists, trivializers, and chancers of every description. One thinks of Yeats's line, "Things fall apart, the centre cannot hold." Our place is there in the center, the middle ground, speaking for truth and sanity, for love and redemption, making a dynamic creative center, which will absorb the lunacies to which of social mind is so prone, and incorporate the element of truth that is in them into a full and integrated vision which sees life steady and sees it whole. And this dynamic creative center is not a static body of doctrine, formulated once for all by Saint Thomas, by Duns Scotus, or by anyone else. It is something alive and active in the human tribe, finding expression partly in the common sense of mankind, partly in the work of scholars—of philosophers and theologians above all—partly in the "prophets," and of course in a special way in the teaching body of the Church.

This intellectual revolution is urgently needed. If this were the place for an examination of our contribution, I fear that some blistering remarks might be in order.

### An Aesthetic Revolution

THERE IS A need for this too. We are familiar with the complaints that are often made about modern art, that it seems to have gone crazy. Certainly it is easy to find examples of successful practitioners of the arts who can only be regarded as mountebanks and cranks. But the genuine artists are doubtless also there, working quietly and steadily, perhaps unknown except to a few, and achieving no great popular success.

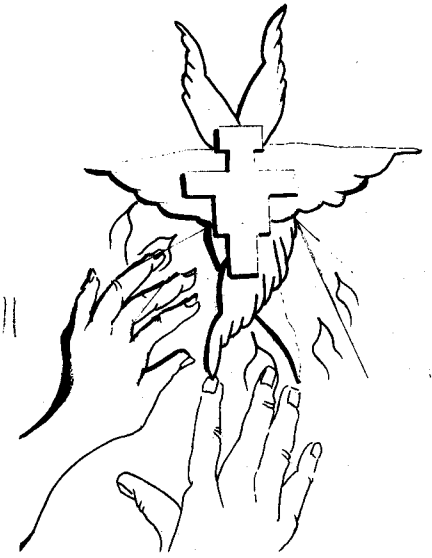
The art world is frequently convulsed by "revolutions," according as new fashions come in. The present century has seen many. But the serious business of art—the interpretation of man's condition and the embodiment of this interpretation is a corpus of serious and powerful works, whether in poetry, drama, novels, music, sculpture, architecture, painting, or film—is not a matter of fashion, and the great achievements of art stand above all fashions and judge them. The paintings of Raphael and the music of Beethoven are not merely expressions of particular movements and fashions in art. They are revelations of the human condition.

Where do we come in here? What contributions have we to make? In the first place, we must proclaim the message of redemption, that the Spirit of the Lord

has filled the whole earth, that man and all his works owe their origin to the spirit of God, and that man fully alive is the glory of God. This message is crucial, if we are to overcome the loss of confidence, the failure of nerve, the nihilism, and the sense of absurdity that threaten our civilization. We have the gospel of hope to give to the world.

In the second place, we must try to give the message that God alone is the fulfillment of man, and that failure to recognize this is the source of despair, self-disgust, and the thousand disorders to which flesh is heir. It is an old message, but it is ever capable of renewing lives and cultures, if it is expressed and embodied in ways that really communicate.

In the third place, we should try to contribute, ourselves, and encourage others to contribute to this process of renewal. Again, it is done, not by repeating old formulas, but by seeking new expressions, new embodiments, arising out of our lived experience and capable of speaking to the man of our time. Many of our confreres have done this in the past, in poetry and drama, in music and painting, in architecture and landscaping, and in all the arts of civilization. Art is the signature of man, and it can make the vision of God present in our world and show forth something of the glory



and the power of the eternal. Our task is, after all, a mediation which renews the vision and apprehending power of man and transforms the world in which he lives. When Shelley wrote that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of mankind," he was certainly exaggerating. But the vision of the writer, the painter, the composer, the architect, and other artists do have an awful lot to do with the way we see the world, the way we endure it, and the way we transform it. At its best, art enlarges our understanding and affections, refines our sensibility, inspires us with courage, and draws us to resolute action. In short, it can help to make us effective revolutionaries, and it can be the means by which we carry the Christian revolution into action.

## A Moral Revolution

THE AREA of morality concerns rights, duties, and responsibilities: the area of good and evil in human actions. The chief issue here is justice, giving to each person and to each body of persons what is due to them. It involves, in particular, the rights of the deprived, the defenseless, the ignorant, and the oppressed. Every society known to man has been afflicted by injustice, oppression, deception, and exploitation. Every society is an ever-changing battlefield in which individuals and classes fight for power and wealth and privileges, for rights and a share of the society's goods, for freedom, for exemptions, for benefits, for domination, and for prestige.

Where do we fit in? It is obvious that there is an enormous task of moral regeneration needed in society. Saint Francis clearly took this task on himself when he strove to make peace in the cities of Italy which he visited, torn and racked as they were by bitter strife between opposing families, factions, and classes.

We sometimes tend rather indiscriminately to praise the "ages of faith," but we should remember that the lot of the poor and the sick, of laboring people and the disabled, of prisoners and of the insane, was very bad indeed, and that our own times,

with the development of welfare and social services, mark a great advance in social moral responsibility. We can with some justice claim that the Christian movement pioneered this development to a very large extent, in the attempts it made, particularly through the efforts of such saints as Vincent de Paul and Camillus de Lellis, to mention only two, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, console the sick and imprisoned and dying. We can rejoice that Saint Francis too has an honored place among this band, in the special care he had for the lepers.

Now that some states at least, including our own, have faced up to the responsibility of looking after those citizens who are in need of special care, what is left to us to do? We should remember that no advances made by a society are definitive. It is always possible to go back on commitments. There are always people to complain about the waste of social welfare and the harm done by encouraging parasites. It is part of our task to create a social ethos of charity, care, and compassion, so that what is gained will not be lost again.

Again, we should always be involved actively in taking care of the deprived. We belong to the ranks of the educated and the privileged. We can cope with

legal and administrative systems; we have contacts with bureaucrats, professional people, and people who help to shape society. Yet we should identify with the poor and the weak, and strive to mediate the benefits of society to them. There are revolutionaries among the people who are trying to develop class consciousness, to encourage class warfare, and to organize revolutions which are likely to leave them worse off than before. We too have to work among the people, and we too have a revolution to make, but our task is to make society revolve around its true center, to make a better society, to spread justice and love and mercy and concern. We must never become mere supporters of the status quo. The moral atmosphere of a society cannot be left to politicians alone, nor to administrators or judges or lawyers or businessmen or bureaucrats. They are sometimes splendid men, but they are caught by pressures from which we are free, not by virtue of any intrinsic superiority of our own, but by reason of our way of life. They are caught in the grip of the social machinery, and they labor under the pressures of maintaining voting appeal, retaining financial backing, developing a career, tolerating colleagues, and so on. They need help and encouragement and sometimes pressure from those who are in a better position to act

as the conscience of the community.

## A Religious Revolution

THIS IS central to our way of life and involves all the other areas we are concerned with. We are striving to make human life revolve around its true center—God. Our message is the message of grace, of hope, and of love that Jesus the Lord brought to us. We are meant to cast fire on the earth. It is the message that human existence is not primarily a process of dying, but a process of being reborn, of coming to life, of beginning eternal life.

Everyone agrees that Saint Francis and the Franciscan movement helped effect a kind of revolution and a rebirth in European society. The Franciscans have been involved in that revolution ever since, sometimes with brilliant success, and sometimes it would appear with very little effect. It is our task to carry on the revolution in the various ways I have mentioned and by all the means at our disposal, until the night ends and darkness is over.

★

I HAVE SPOKEN of what we are engaged in as a revolution. One could also say that what we are trying to do is to enlarge and transform the consciousness of the Christian people, to offer new

ways of seeing and feeling and thinking, to communicate a better self-understanding and a deeper sense of the challenge and the excitement of being a Christian who is coming to birth.

But, you may say, that is a very old message, which we had from the beginning. That is true. But we live in a world which is in the making. "The sun is new each day," and creation never ceases. The world is a process of emergence and of birth. Our task is to ensure that the message of truth and salvation is made present and actual at each moment. There is no task greater or more beneficial to mankind. There is no better use we could make of our lives.

It is time to finish. I have tried in these few words to indicate the nature of the revolution in which we are engaged. It is vast

and many-sided, and it requires and can use all the gifts and energies available to us. No one man could hope to excel in all the fields I have mentioned, but everyone can contribute, and the contribution and cooperation of each is needed for the whole work. Nobody is superfluous, and the task is urgent. If anyone opts out, there are things which must forever remain undone.

Let us then brace ourselves for the task that lies ahead. Let us use every resource of mind and heart. And let us ask the Lord to bless us and strengthen us as we dedicate ourselves once gain to the Christian revolution in the Way of Francis, that we may follow it out to the end of our days.

May the Lord bless us and keep us.



## Son

It's been a while  
I know.  
Take my hand  
And lead me along simple ways.  
These days  
It's so hard to be a kid  
I'm lost without you  
Scared—  
Like the time I got lost in that big store  
And couldn't find you.  
But now there's only you.  
Sing me a song  
For warmth.  
You see, winter draws on  
And I've no shoes  
Nor hearth—  
Hold me close by yours.

*Timothy James Fleming, O.F.M.Conv.*

# Saint Francis and the Seraphs

FLORENCE WEDGE

**W**HY IS Francis of Assisi often called the Seraphic Saint? Because, most of us have long been quite aware, of his burning love for God. That's practically all the relation I saw between Francis and the highest of the nine angelic choirs until very recently. Browsing in the Bible one Sunday afternoon, I caught sight of a tiny footnote that explained the symbolic meaning of the seraphs' three pair of wings.

It was then that I saw a connection with the Seraphic Saint. There is also, I believe, a message for all who claim to be followers of Francis.

The seraphs (the term in Hebrew means "the burning ones") are heavenly spirits ablaze with zeal for the glory of God. They figured prominently in the astounding vision Isaiah had in 742 B.C., and which he reports in his sixth chapter:

In the year King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord seated on a high and lofty throne, with the train of his garment filling the temple.

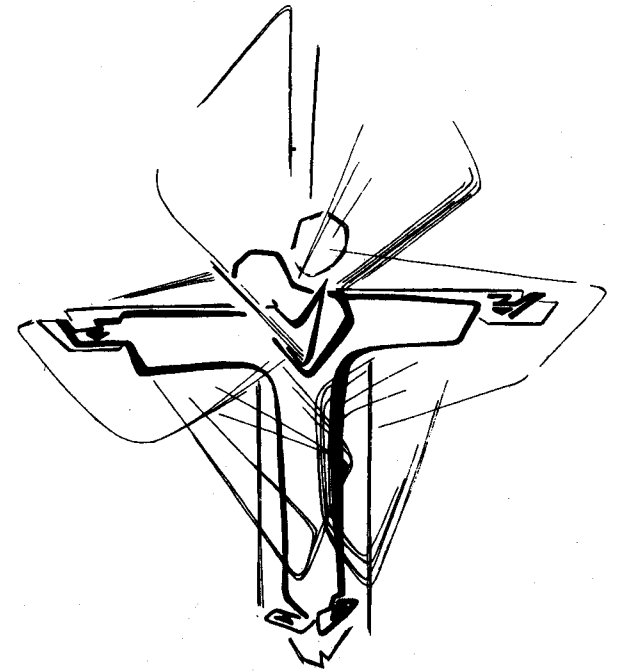
Seraphim were stationed above; each of them had six wings: with two they veiled their faces, with two they veiled their feet, and with two they hovered aloft. "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!" they cried to one another. "All the earth is filled with his glory" [Is. 6:1-3].

Obviously, for a mortal—even if Isaiah be his name and prophecy his charism—to be able to see angelic spirits, these had to take some visible form. One astonishing feature of the seraphs made visible was that each had six wings.

With two wings they veiled their faces. The seraphs are the celestial attendants upon the throne of God. May it not be inferred that they have come the closest to penetrating the mystery of One God in Three Persons? And what is their response? They hide their faces in reverence and adoration, as though blinded by the splendor and brilliance of Uncreated Light.

The seraphs are the pure spirits

*Miss Florence Wedge is well known to our readers for her many contributions to Franciscana. A resident of Victoria, British Columbia, Miss Wedge has published many articles in Friar and The Franciscan Herald. We are grateful to her and to the editors of the latter periodical for permission to reprint this inspiring reflection on the Seraphim.*



of praise, the ones who proclaim God's transcendent holiness, glory, and majesty.

Francis was a "Seraph" of adoring praise. He exulted in the Lord and took delight in uncovering God's autograph in all of his wonderful creation. The closer Francis came to God and the more intimate his relationship with God, the greater and increasingly reverent were his worship and praise. He sometimes spent whole nights repeating the same prayer: "My God and my All!" At other times he ran out of words to say what was in his heart with regard to God, but then his very silence was his act of adora-

tion and praise.

Returning now to the seraphs of Isaiah's vision, we see that they covered their feet with their second pair of wings. A biblical footnote identifies this gesture as a mark of modesty and humility.

In comparison with the infinity of Yahweh God, can the greatest greatness of the seraphs be more than a candle flickering in the noonday sun? In utter humility they conceal their feet as they worship at the heavenly throne and proclaim his holiness and the fullness of his glory on earth.

Now take a look at the humility of Saing Francis, whom Celano has called "the holy lover of

complete humility." Francis was humbled before his superiors, humble among his equals, humble with those beneath him. He was humble in his life style, humble in his attire, and humble in all areas of his life and conduct.

A brother reported to Francis a vision in which he learned that a throne formerly belonging to a fallen angel was reserved for Francis. Asked for a comment, Francis let his sincere and honest-to-God humility show through:

It seems to me that I am the greatest of sinners, for if God had treated any criminal with such great mercy, he would have been ten times more spiritual than I [2 Celano, 123].

Yet it seemed to Francis that he hadn't begun to be humble! He was "afire with a very great desire to return to the first beginnings of humility, Celano tells us, and would say: "Let us begin, brothers, to serve the Lord God, for up to now we have made little or no progress" (1 Celano, 103).

Referring to Scripture once more, we see that the seraphs hovered aloft with their third pair of wings. This indicates their prompt and cheerful obedience to the commands of the Most High. We can imaginatively picture those burning ones, wings poised in preparation for takeoff on a divinely assigned function. Not only are they ready, but cheerfully and immediately so.

There is a word for it: *alacrity*, which denotes glad and instant readiness to respond to any suggestion or order.

Francis was obedient, promptly and glad-heartedly so. Anyone afire with love for God as he was would consequently be burningly eager to do the will of God. Saint Bonaventure paid this tribute to the Saint of Assisi:

Who can express the fervent charity that burned in the heart of Francis, the friend of the Bridegroom? For he seemed to have been absorbed, as a live coal in a furnace, in the flame of divine love.

Francis received the stigmata from a seraph (i.e., a burning and obedient spirit) who carried between his wings the image of the Crucified, the One who became obedient unto death.

On the matter of obedience, Saint Francis once confided to his companions:

Among the other things the kindness of God has generously granted me, it has granted me this grace that I would obey a novice of one hour, if he were given me as my guardian, as carefully as I would obey the oldest and most discreet person.

(Read that quotation three times to get the full impact of it.)

The saint's obedience to Church authorities was exemplary and constant. We have all read about his submissive and respect-

ful obedience to Popes and prelates and clergy. Again and again he sought Church approval for his projects, as though reluctant to proceed without the blessing of the hierarchy. As soon as he had eleven brothers about him, he turned Rome-ward for the approbation of the Supreme Pontiff. He even went to ask the Pope's permission to set up a Nativity display at Greccio for Christmas of 1223.

In the mind of Francis, the supreme act of obedience—one in which flesh and blood had no share—was the act of going by divine inspiration among our believers.

In Isaiah's vision, a seraph touched the prophet's mouth with an ember taken with tongs from the altar, and the man's wickedness was removed and his sin purged. (At least, that was what the seraph said to him) When the Lord asked whom He should send, the prophet promptly offered to go: "Here I am, Lord, Send me."

A similar attitude of obedience and surrender marked Francis

from the day of what he termed his "conversion." He was always ready to go where the Lord wanted him to go; to do and say what the Lord wanted him to do and say.

With the Holy Spirit of God as his Teacher, Francis learned the hard lessons of obedience. He became an ever more docile learner, ready to go with alacrity to the Nazareth of humdrum duties; to the Galilee of ministry for others; to the Gethsemani of inner trial and anguish; to the Calvary of conformity to his crucified Lord and Savior.

What a model and inspiration for us all! Although we don't belong to the angelic creation, the Lord can put something "seraphic" into our hearts and souls. He can—if we ask him and then give him a free hand—give us a burning love for him. Then our adoring praise and reverence, our humility in his service, and our cheerful promptness to do his holy will would surely fill with his glory that little spot of earth we occupy.

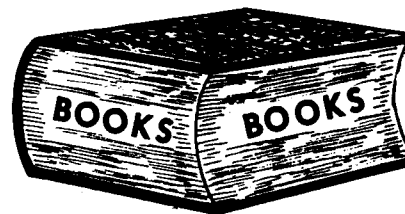


## Nazareth Prelude

Evening at Nazareth—a Child stood watching His world as it went to rest. Shadows were lengthening over the hills, the sun was low in the crimson west, and He saw how a drowsy mother-hen gathered her little ones to her breast.

One by one they were gathered in safe and warm for the night, and then quick tears rose to the Child's eyes as He stood on the door step watching them. "So would I also have gathered you,—  
—Jerusalem,— Jerusalem."

*Mother Mary Clare of Jesus, P.C.C.*



*Elegy of Innocence.* By Richard Shaw. Huntington, IN: Our Sunday Visitor Press, 1979. Pp. 413. Cloth, \$11.95.

*Reviewed by Father Peter A. Fiore, O.F.M., Ph.D. (University of London), Head of the English Department at Siena College.*

This is a novel about a very confused, guilt-ridden man who becomes a Catholic priest. It's all here: the Irish-Catholic background (for some strange reason the author repeatedly reminds us of this), the rather unchallenging high school and college experience, the turbulent seminary days of the sixties, the first assignment with an alcoholic pastor (the pastor's brother and housekeeper drink too!), the growing disillusionment with a priesthood that does not keep abreast with Vatican II, a tacky affair with a nurse, the frustration of parochial work in various parishes, the leaving the priesthood, and the final return to the fold to "turn a neutral guilelessness into an innocence . . ." (Please!).

I hate to be hard on this book because Shaw is such a gifted writer, a fine talent with a good deal of promise. But this latest effort falls a good deal short of his potential.

I recall a short story of his that appeared some years ago in *Critic*, which was a gem; clever without being cute, witty in a classical sense, and genuinely humorous. But the attempts at humor here, aside from a hilarious scene during a baptismal service, are all pretty abortive. The prayer manual business in the seminary, the bucket of water thrown in the face of a seminary priest, the housekeeper with a thumb in the soup (such a dated old story!)—all, instead of being funny, only serve to convince the reader that the world and the Church were far more in need of a Vatican II than one had suspected.

The major weakness of this book, it seems to me, stems from Shaw's casting his narrative in the first-person point of view. This angle of narration can have significant results. Aside from the danger of an inexperienced reader interpreting much of the narrative as autobiography (and I certainly refuse to see any relationship between the protagonist of this fiction and Shaw), the primary result of the use of the "I" narrator (*and* central figure) is that throughout the story the reader is limited only to what the narrator can know, learn, and experience. In short, the reader sees the story entirely through the experience and consciousness of the "I" narrator. And here the "I" narrator is Father Dennis Hogan, a pretty confused, dull man who simply cannot fit into the human race. The kind old bishop, wonderfully characterized by Shaw, really bends over backward to help



his man find himself. But wherever Hogan goes, be it with his cousin, a fellow priest who seems pretty sensible and whom Hogan admires, or in a youth club where a true "new breed" priest (what a stale title!) would really connect, he simply does not fit. Tolerance of alternate views on life and the human condition is not one of Father Hogan's virtues. A case in point is Hogan's trauma over a Father Mulqueen in the seminary. Many priests in the sixties were exposed to Mulqueens, that is, clergymen in authority who mouthed the glories of Vatican II, the need for change, the wonders of collegiality, and didn't really believe a damn word of it when it came right down to the fundamental business of implementing the changes recommended by the Council. But most priests rode with the punches. If not, at least they did not become pathological about it. There are Mulqueens in all walks of life, not just the Church; and the sooner one learns to see them for what they are, and to live above them, the better one will be able to sleep at night. And speaking of sleeping, another case in point is Hogan's affair with a nurse. The jacket of this book addresses her as "an amoral nurse." Nurses who have affairs with priests are not particularly amoral—stupid, maybe, and certainly bankrupt of taste, but surely not amoral. She appears to be a hard-working woman, conscientious about her patients in the hospital, genu-

inely concerned for the minorities of the sixties who were very much a part of our national consciousness, and rather unselfish with herself when Hogan had a need for her. That's certainly a good deal more than can be said for Hogan who seems far more caught up in navel gazing. In the fifties, Brando scratched his navel; in the sixties, Hogan just gazed at his.

One could almost in charity find some sympathy for a Father Hogan. After all, misfits are a pretty common sort these days in and out of the priesthood, and they should command some of our attention and compassion. But what is quite intolerable about this Father Hogan is the fact that if he did find his niche in life (which simply means that the whole of humankind must conform to his and only his viewpoint), he would have rejected it anyway because for him it is far more fashionable to be the outcast, the alienated. It worked for Byron; it falls flat with Hogan. I'm afraid Father Dennis Hogan "with copper red hair and blue eyes" (cutesy, cutesy) is just a man who refuses to face up to the fact that middle aged men (priests to boot) who refuse to let go of their cut-offs are a pretty depressing sight.

For those who want a nostalgia trip through the sixties, this book will be welcomed. Most readers, fortunately, prefer to look forward to the eighties.

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