



the Franciscan Times

Lord, Make Me an Instrument of thy Peace

A quarterly newsletter, whose purpose is helping members of the Third Order of the Society of St. Francis share a common journey through news from fellowships and individuals, reviews of books and tapes, poetry, and whatever the Holy Spirit might blow our way.

Lent, 1993

from the editor:

For those of you who regularly read The Living Church, the weekly publication "serving Episcopalians since 1878," you may have noticed a classified ad (under "Organizations") for The Third Order, Society of St. Francis (American Province). The ad was to be running throughout Lent of this year.

The decision to place this ad was made at Chapter this past fall and was not intended to move into a heavy "recruiting" phase, but to make our TSSF light more visible in the region we serve, especially to those who are seeking that light.

Fellowships have also been encouraged to use their Diocesan newspapers to make light of their local Franciscan activity and contact person, so that potential aspirants might visit, meet, and discuss the possibility of a Franciscan vocation with those already on the path. Inside this issue can be found a sample press release and other suggestions along this line.

Anyone evoking a serious interest in the Third Order should be encouraged to take the first step by writing Bob Teudesman TSSF, P.O. Box 399, Mt. Sinai, NY 11766.

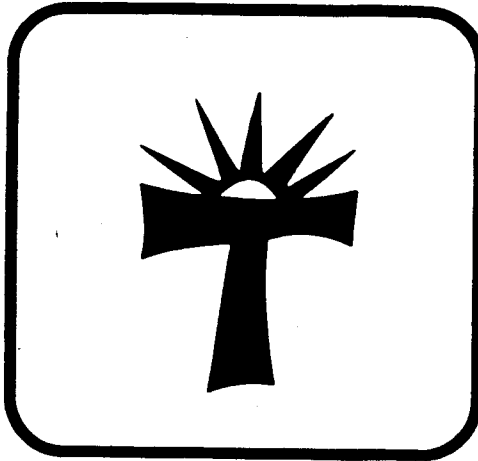
Interested non-Episcopalians or Anglicans should make their first inquiry to the Order of Ecumenical Franciscans, c/o the Rev. Dale Trana, 724 N. 8th St., Wahpeton, ND 58075.

CHANGES OF NOTE

In order to be closer to work, worship, and Franciscan fellowship, your editor has made a move from the beach to the mountain on the Hawaiian Island of Maui.

Please take note, fellowship and convocation conveners especially, of the new address where all contributions and communications for The Franciscan Times should be sent from now on:

Robert Durand TSSF
The Franciscan Times
R.R. #1, Box 513
Kula, HI 96790



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A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE . . .

This year of 1993 is being celebrated as the 800th birthday of St. Clare, and it would be appropriate for the next issue of The Franciscan Times to pay homage to her. Stories, news, reviews, poems, and other contributions about her life and spirituality would be welcome.

The deadline will be May 15, 1993.

In the meantime, may each of you, your families and communities, enjoy a meaningful and holy Lent, followed by a joyous resurrection in Christ and a renewal of the Holy Spirit in your lives.

Pax et Bonum,
Robert Durand TSSF

The Chaplain's Journal

A RETROSPECTIVE

Forty years ago, on February 14, 1953, I made my profession in the Third Order of St. Francis at the pro-cathedral in Regina, Saskatchewan. Dean Noel received my vow and pledge on behalf of the Order. I don't remember anyone else being there. My firstborn, Mary, was kicking lustily in the womb - but she would not be born for another six weeks.

It was a lonely business being a Franciscan back then.

I had started my postulancy and novitiate in Washington, D.C. where the only tertiary I knew was the rector of St. James' Episcopal Church on Capitol Hill. Father Planck was an Anglo-Catholic of the old school; I never had any doubt that his life was prayer.

“It was a lonely business being a Franciscan back then.”

I met my first friar when Brother Charles SSF visited the Diocese of Qu'Appelle (southern Saskatchewan). He stayed with us at the vicarage and was enchanted with Mary, who even at the age of two years delighted in fun and laughter. She was equally at home with a Franciscan friar, the Bishop of Durham (who happened to grace the vicarage living room for an hour one day), the farmers, and the mechanics. Inside the womb or out, she had caught something of the Franciscan spirit. So eventually did her younger brother and sister.

In the 1960s, when I lived in Washington, D.C., I started making yearly retreats with the Poor Clares. From the beginning, I always felt welcome and at home with them. By that time, I had three children and no husband. Retreats were a foretaste of heaven. A silent breakfast was a far greater privilege than a banquet could possibly have been.

On my very first retreat, Sister Mary Catherine arranged for me to meet Father Joseph OSF, the founder of the American Franciscan orders. I climbed the hill to the friary somewhat nervously and was ushered into the little parlor to the right of the main entrance. Fr. Joseph was cordial and obviously relieved to find I was not going to be tearful or hysterical. I recognized and enjoyed his relief. It was true that my husband had left me and that I had suddenly become a single parent, but hysterical I was not. We walked a bit on the grounds and talked about my husband. Fr. Joseph was the only person I knew who took for granted my continuing concern for my husband. I loved him for that.

Once when I was staying at the Poor Clares' guesthouse, three brothers walked by on the road while a group of us were playing croquet. They were invited to join us but responded (very seriously), "We are not allowed to play games with young ladies."

The Chaplain's Journal (continued)

In the meanwhile, Brother Robert SSF had stormed Franciscan Washington with characteristic energy and charm to get a fellowship started there. I met local tertiaries for the first time – Helen Webb was among them – but I was the only professed in the group and automatically became convener. Much the same thing happened again in Arizona in the 1970s. It was real delight to have regular fellowship with brothers and sisters in the Franciscan family.

In the late 1960s, OSF and SSF, and Anglican Franciscans throughout the world became the Society of St. Francis. It was after this merger that Third Order Chapter convened for the first time, and there I met John Scott, Peter Funk, and Robert Goode (Gooch). I owe much to each of them.

We were privileged to be in on all the "firsts" in terms of statutes, formation program, and fellowship guidelines. Much has changed for the better over the years – but oh! it was exhilarating to lay the first bricks in the Third Order structure.

In 1971, I moved to Tucson, Arizona. At first, I was teaching at Tuller School, where Fr. Joseph was staying in a cottage on the grounds. It was a privilege to visit with him but an even greater privilege to conspire with Mary Ann Jackman and Brother Luke to get him back to the Order he had founded. The last time I saw Fr. Joseph was at Little Portion, where he died in the heart of community.

I started counseling novices under Peter Funk's direction. I also served as an area chaplain, fellowship coordinator, and assistant chaplain. In the meanwhile, I had a career in publishing, which will end in August when I retire as managing editor of the University of Arizona Press. In 1989, I was ordained to the Diaconate.

Would I have aspired to the diaconate without the encouragement of Gooch, whose replies to my reports offered counsel, humor, and support? I doubt it. Probably, Gooch does not realize his contribution. So much goes on routinely in the life of our community that has results we never realize. And that's how it should be among our brothers and sisters. Ordination opened new ministries to me, both in pastoral care and in preaching. I am grateful for these opportunities to serve.

In 1983, I had the joy of receiving the profession vow of my daughter Clare. Her life has changed radically since then, and she now lives miles away from Franciscan community and from an Episcopal church. Even if she decides that she cannot maintain a vocation in these circumstances, I rejoice in what she has given us and in what we have given her.

**“Much
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