



# FRANCISCAN TIMES

the third order, society of St. Francis, number 27, October, 1979

## *Winter, Christmas and General Convention*

It had been hot in Denver as General Convention opened, but there was snow in the mountains west of the city, appropriately named the Never Summer Mountains, and one morning the air had a chill that said summer was almost over.

That morning as I walked the eight blocks from the Hilton to the convention center through the porno shops, peep shows, topless-bottomless bars, greasy restaurants and flophouses, I passed hundreds and hundreds of "derelects" -- that's what everybody called them.

(A derelect is a ship abandoned on the high seas, a menace to navigation; anything voluntarily abandoned; a person who has sunk below the level of respectable society; a human wreck.)

It was on Fifteenth Street that I passed an old man, a derelect, and there was winter in his eyes. It was as if I could see all the way into his soul, and if there had ever been summer there, it had long ago gone, and there was only winter.

There is a kind of winter I like, with reasonable cold, some snow, and a warm place to go. But the winter in this old man's eyes was the kind in C.S. Lewis' Narnia when the witch was in power: always winter, but never Christmas.

I think God was speaking very strongly to us deputies who passed among those derelects at least twice a day, reminding us that as the winter comes down to Denver from the Never Summer Mountains, winter comes into the souls of people: winter, but never Christmas.

I believe that in Denver God was calling us to be a Church again, and I believe many of us heard him. I believe our Presiding Bishop had already heard him, and when Bishop Allin says anything like "Thus saith the Lord," in the future I'm going to listen.

How do we get back? At the end of a television newscast one night, the reporter on the Denver station signed off with "Take care of each other." That's it, our Lord's commandment.

There are souls in which it's always winter. In our souls, it's always Christmas. We need to get close enough so they can feel the warmth, hear the singing, smell the greenery, and begin to want to come in for bread and wine.

--Robert Horine+ TSF

## Chapter set at Little Portion

The last newsletter mentioned some items that will be discussed at Chapter November 8-10. Most important to all Third Order members is response to Br. Geoffrey's proposal for the 1981 interprovincial Chapter. (This was not in the newsletter, but was mailed to each tertiary from Secretary Helen Webb in June.) Please feel free to express your views to any chapter member or to write or telephone Guardian John Scott. Housing is more limited at Little Portion than it is at the Ranch, but there will be space for guests so if you are able to attend Chapter, check with Little Portion to see if there is still room. Any tertiary may attend Chapter, although only members may vote. Fr. Scott has expressed a particular need for novice counselors to attend Chapter and the two-day counselors' meeting that precedes it.

Among the guests at Chapter will be Benet Fonck, OFM, who will speak on Thursday evening. We also hope to have a first-hand report from one of our several members who attended the Third Order World Congress at Assisi October 6-11.

Two years ago, Br. John Charles, SSF, gave a fine address at Chapter. We have reproduced this a number of times. If you would like a copy, ask Helen Webb.

## "Franciscan Times" explained

When Patti Marxsen read Br. Geoffrey's report in the Summer newsletter, she thought on his statement "These are Franciscan times...." and thought that a good title for the newsletter. Patti is a novice commercial artist and a parishoner at St. Michael's, but not a Tertiary, which increases our debt to her for our new Logo and the art in this issue.

--PS

## In the beginning....

If you know anyone who is interested in the Third Order, be sure to tell them to write to Little Portion first, to get off to a good start.



## St. Franciside, Lexington

Robert Horine blessed a variety of animals ranging from a parakeet, a family of gerbils to many breeds of dogs and cats to a Thorobred horse at the St. Francis Eve Eucharist in Lexington, KY. A black cat named Dragon escaped during the service--decide for yourself if that fact has eschatological significance--but was regained in time to be blessed. There was assorted noise from animals and their children. A flock of birds wheeled overhead in the setting sun throughout the service, dispersing with sunset and the benediction. In the five years Bob has done this service, rain has not yet fallen, even though it is rainy season and this year rain fell all through the day and later that night, but the sky cleared for St. Francis.

## No more Manual, Part II

In regard to the list of publications in the summer newsletter, "The Manual, Part II" is no longer in print. All its material is included in other publications. The "Admissions" is now a booklet by itself. Although there is no stated price for materials, donations are welcome. Send checks to Burser Jane Ellen Traugott.



## Hawaii

Herbert Conley died July 31. His strength and enthusiasm for life are expressed in his book Living and Dying Gracefully, which will soon be released by Paulist Press. Remember in your prayers his widow, Eloise.

## Arizona

The Arizona Fellowship, in mid-August, had a party in honor of an Arizonan lady's ordination to the diaconate. She had no one else to celebrate the occasion for her, so they had a dinner and a gift of four stoles handmade by Suki Miller.

There are ten Arizona tertiaries listed in the directory, but including all who are in the process of having Rules approved, there are more like 15.

Their annual Lenten retreat, which is open to all, has brought in a steady trickle of folk interested in the Franciscan life. The trickle is threatening to become a deluge. Actually, it will be pre-Lent this year, February 15-17, 1980.

Br. Robert is visiting, meanwhile, in mid-October, Phoenix, Lake Havasu City, Yuma, Madera Canyon, and Tucson, to bless animals and lead a variety of quiet days as well as preaching and talking with novices. Marie Webner is coordinating this tour.

## New Mexico

Baxter Liebler is retiring a little more from his work at Hat Rock Valley Retreat Center, he reports. While a younger man will take over much of his work, he and his wife will remain there as resource people. The mission needs, among other things, dog collars. Joan Liebler takes stray dogs more than a hundred miles to the nearest vet hoping they will find them homes. But she has nothing but wire with which to tie them--so send her your old, unwanted dog collars.

As most of us may know, the Navajos who are the Lieblers' parishoners are now an "area mission" with their own bishop, standing committee, etc. Bp. Putnam is on loan from Oklahoma, but expected to stay awhile. For more information about these missions, write: The Development Office, San Juan Mission, Box 720, Farmington, NM, 87401 for their newsletter, NAVAJOLAND.

## Philadelphia

Third Order Chaplain "Gooch" Goode led the Philadelphia Fellowship's annual Franciscan retreat September 14-15. About a dozen people attended. During the retreat Gretchen Wood was professed and Catherine Robert was noviced. Two other postulants, Jim and June Costigan, who were present at the retreat, will soon be noviced in Delaware.

## Shoppers Note

The gift shop at St. Mary's Church, Charleroi, PA, is the sole distributor of Our Lady of Walsingham medals, which cost \$5.00 including postage. It also has the final copies of the Fun in the Church series, which was published in the 1950s. There are four books in a set, and they cost 50¢ each.

Keith Ackerman, the rector, thought other tertiaries might be interested in these. The address is 509 Sixth St., Charleroi, PA 15022.

The Poor Clares have a selection of hand-screened Christmas cards, as well as Advent and Church year calendars for sale. If you have not received their price list and are interested, write to them.

# Hygge = love, humility, joy; a foretaste of heaven

One of my chief joys is receiving reports from Area Chaplains. Marie Webner has given me permission to edit and reproduce part of her annual report. Part of the reason for doing so is to share her joy with you. Part of the reason is to give you an example of the creative way she has wrestled with the report form questions "Would you share how...." If that question has ever irritated or inspired you (it was meant to do both) you may blame me for I am its author. -- R.J. Goodet, Chaplain

In many ways, the Episcopal Church has been a cold and bleak experience. I came, after all, from a Danish background, in which hygge is the untranslatable word. To say you have had a hyggelig time is the best possible compliment. Usually, hygge is translated "cosiness," and it contains that element. But the connotations are far more complicated. It seems to mean that blending of minds and spirits that produces a feeling of wholeness: of wholeness and fitness and rightness which together are home. Hygge is a quality of at-home-ness. Not just a relaxation in familiar surroundings, but a fitting and blending that produce a beautiful harmony. When that harmony comes, hygge is present.

The Episcopal Church has, in general, very little hygge. Hygge is easier where there is homogeneity. I spring from long lines of blue-eyed Vikings marching through the centuries, each thrilling to the sound of waves on the beach, to the muted scent and springy touch of heather, to the glory of bright, red apples and the soft sweetness beneath the tough exterior of gooseberries, to the feel and smell of crisp frost, of penetrating dampness, and of clear, bright days with salt in the air. And however rarely one talks of these things, they are the undercurrent of common experience that provides the foundation of hygge among Danes.

The Lutheran Church, which I left more than 30 years ago, was more hyggelig than the Episcopal Church. Full of Germanic and Scandinavian types with similar traditions and similar experiences, it provided a cosy familiarity. I loved it and cried when I left. Why did I leave? Sure, I was engaged to a candidate for Holy Orders in the Episcopal Church, but I had an odd streak of obstinacy and that fact alone would not have been sufficient. I was struck--smitten--by the praying and prayerful people in the parish. They seemed to know something about relationship with Almighty God that had escaped me because it had never been a part of my Lutheran experience. Then I experienced our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, which put an end to all doubt.

It is enough to say that the Episcopal Church fed and nurtured me, and the Franciscan family (even largely in absentia) was a source of strength. I found a great deal of Godliness, but little hygge, either in the Church or in my marriage.

Maybe, though, since I am reporting on my journey in the Franciscan way, I do need to say that, with the beginning of fellowships and a real sense of community in the Third Order in the sixties, hygge became a possibility. As I came to know those brothers and sisters who are now closest to me and with whom I share so much, I came more often suddenly and joyfully to experience that essential at-home-ness, that beautiful har-

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mony of mind and spirit, which is the Christian and grace-filled hygge.

How it gladdens the heart to discover Christian hygge in unexpected places--a meeting of minds and hearts in harmonious family likeness within the Body of Christ!

...this is a long report because I have tried to answer that disturbing question at the end of the report form: "Would you share how your way of life helped you grow in humility, love and joy, and respect for God's creation?". I have been professed for 26 years, and it has often been a wearisome, dry, painful, dusty, unrewarding pilgrimage. I don't expect it to get any easier, but God has suddenly given me blessings so great and beautiful that my heart is filled with gratitude. I could express his gifts in terms of love, humility, and joy; I have chosen to call them hygge. I hope humility is implicit in that expression.

Humility is the right relationship with God and our fellows--and I have never been more aware of my debt and my obligations to God and my brothers and sisters. The debt and the obligation, the support given and received, the enriching beauties and strengthening disappointments, all these are a harmony and an at-home-ness that are a foretaste of heaven.

Marie L. Webner

## FORUM: opinion on eating meat

Peg Shull is still agonizing over Br. Geoffrey's ban on eating meat, in his letter sent out to all tertiaries (which she has lost or misplaced and so can not quote accurately). He is probably correct in thinking other forms of protein are more economical and better ecologically than meat, and agrees to cut back on meat-eating to some degree. But is the slaughter of animals for food cruel? She writes:

"I have visited slaughterhouses. I especially recall the humorous experience of photographing a kosher slaughterhouse in Brooklyn when I was pregnant and fighting morning sickness. Even then, I recall thinking how humane the slaughter was. One quick stroke of a knife. Few of us die so quickly or easily. I think many everyday cruelties between humans, even Christians are more cruel than the quick killing of an animal for meat. I would rather focus my attention on changing these evils than what I see as much less of one--if any.

"Were I to kill my own meat, and having been reared on a farm I have no doubt I could do it, I would ask the animal's pardon, and God's before killing it. But if the animal spoke up

and said 'I will not forgive you,' I would probably kill and eat it anyway.

"Perhaps I am wrong. No doubt I am conditioned by being a lifelong carnivore. I would like to hear others' thoughts on this issue."

### Should we keep ACC tertiaries?

Jane Ellen Traugott disagrees with Chaplain "Gooch" Goode's exclusion of Tertiaries who have gone to ACC but want to remain in the Third Order. She writes: "It seems to me that if they are willing to celebrate the Sacraments with us, we should let them stay. I feel that this would be an act of reconciliation.

"And as for scandal, what is more scandalous than God becoming Man and that man accepting the death of a common criminal? And yet what is more reconciling than the love that would go to such lengths to achieve its end?"

Pages

# Our novice in Barranquilla, Colombia

Victor is an architect and builder, who loves his work but also is wondering about a possible vocation in the First Order. He sent with this letter a photograph of smiling young men, the Colombian tertiaries, which I regret I could not reproduce in the newsletter because it was in color--and four-color printing, besides being expensive, doesn't seem Franciscan. He also has asked for letters from anyone who is interested. He is quite isolated in Barranquilla, and longs for the fellowship of the Franciscan family. His syntax is sometimes unusual because he is thinking in Spanish while writing in English. I have taken the liberty of editing a little but generally left his letter as it stood, hoping to let his sincerity and enthusiasm shine through it. --PS

To sisters and brothers of the American Province, from Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A., the experience of a Tertiary:

My vocation as a Franciscan, I have made from Barranquilla. Approximately two years ago, Father Valenzuela gave me his first testimony about the Franciscan life and made the first group of Tertiaries in Colombia. Fr. Valenzuela is living in Bogota, the capital of Colombia, situated about 600 kilometers away from Barranquilla. At Bogota, besides Fr. Valenzuela, there are three tertiaries. In all Colombia, there are five.

My situation as the only Franciscan in Barranquilla is an answer to the evolution the Episcopal Church has initiated here fifteen years ago. The Church in Colombia is a missionary diocese of the American Episcopal Church, and belongs to the Ninth Province. The evolution of the Church here in Colombia has happened through an acute crisis in which the lack of identity of many clergymen caused great stress and some fear of presenting the full life of the Episcopal Church with its excellent Catholic tradition through devotions expressed through its communities and religious Orders.

Because of this, lay people can show great devotional maturity as associates, tertiaries and oblates in the fourteen orders and religious communities of the American Episcopal Church.

The Franciscan life has only been presented here, through Fr. Valenzuela, for two years. Now, we are issuing a magazine of our life here, published with the approval of the Diocese of Colombia.

Here in Barranquilla, there is a new devotion expressed in the reorganization of our parish. We have adopted the name "The Episcopal Church of St. Augustine of Hippo." My sustenance in the Franciscan vocation has been possible thanks to the grace of the Holy Spirit and the Rule of life, with the daily office and St. Augustine's Prayer Book and the experimental translation of the Book of Common Prayer.

Two times a week I pray the Angelus and the Holy Rosary, two devotions which are a rich heritage of our Franciscan tradition. My spiritual director is Br. Dunstan in Trinidad-Tobago. Parallel to this, I participate in the Holy Eucharist.

For a long time, God has put on my heart a violent wish of living radically by the Gospel, and the best example we have of that is undoubtedly through the life of St. Francis of Assisi.

I particularly hope, together with all the Colombian Church, that the consecration of the first native bishop, the Rev. Bernardo Merino, will enable the Colombian Church to mature in the devotional life that the Episcopal Church has cultivated so deeply for building the holy, mystic body of Christ.

Sisters and brothers of the American Province, we need too, fundamentally, your prayers and the intercession of St. Francis, that he gives us daily by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Your brother in Francis,  
Victor Manuel Cruz Blanco  
Barranquilla, Colombia



"I see that all things come to an end, but your commandment has no bounds."  
Ps. 119:96

Psalm 119 celebrates a prayerful, orderly life whose goal is union with God, and the means are study and meditation upon the record of God's commandments in Scripture. Jews and Christians who worship daily have never tired of reciting its many verses. In taking seriously all the texts of Holy Scripture, Jews and many Christians have always recognized that the future will bring new experiences and circumstances previously undreamed of. Neither Bible nor contemporary belief can be abandoned; it is also dangerous to compartmentalize, believing one thing in religion and setting that aside while attending college or going to work.

In verse 96, the psalmist uses the singular "commandment," somewhat the way that in Jesus' time the debate about "what is the great commandment?" kept coming up. We are all familiar with the answer of the rabbis: "Love the lord your God and your neighbor as yourself (Deut 6:5; Lev. 19:18)." Sometimes Jesus gave this answer himself, as in Mark 12, and sometimes he elicited it from questioners, such as the young ruler in Luke 10. Of course, all of us want to spell it out, to give examples, and derive rules from it, but what is most important is that the use of the singular makes clear that "God's Way, not many ways," to borrow from Isaiah, is to give the general principal universal application. Religious persons often also love derivations and observances which reinforce the principal, but are also in danger of losing the woods for the trees.

I believe that St. Francis was another lover of God and neighbor without bounds. He also knew the encumbrances of property and class, possessions and even family and friends that make false claims. Like Jesus, he never put down the claims: they are real. But he offered the alternative of finding freedom from them. The Third Order may even seem a compromise, though Francis never treated people as second rate because we have to juggle so many claims. The lover of God and neighbor is called, by Jesus' example and Francis' efforts to follow it, to work out the priorities, and to avoid the easy illusion that some things are intrinsically evil and others, good; some people are "of the devil" while others are good; that the primary task is to identify one's friends and repel one's enemies (despite Jesus' admonition in the Sermon on the Mount.)

Franciscan witness calls for us to be clear: it is not race or culture or sex that determines who is our neighbor, but the one in need. Furthermore, the persons in need do not first have to sign on the dotted line or make a confessional statement. After all, the man who fell among thieves was unconscious and the state of his beliefs unknown to the good Samaritan. Francis did not first demand that the leper be cured before he kissed him.

In the age of "Christian" yellow pages, one-issue politics, "who is the greatest" posturing in international affairs, renewed activities of the Klan, the voting down of minority rights in human affairs, and the rush to renew electric chair executions, our witness to the understanding of the Psalmist, our Lord, and St. Francis is critically important. "All things do come to an end." All human institutions and opinions, good and bad, loving and hateful, forgiving and damning alike. Only one thing endures: the love of God which has no bounds. That love may lead us to choose the cross for ourselves on behalf of others, even as that Love led Jesus himself. What is threatening today is the numbers of people, in the name of God and religion, who seem to believe that they will do God a favor by leading others, not themselves, to the cross for the sake of the purity of a society whose terms are defined only on one particular derivation of commandments which exclude those who do not fit the image they have declared.

Jesus was crucified by an establishment, a "moral majority" perhaps, who were sure that God was on their side, and that it was expedient to get rid of this one man Jesus: "that one man die for the sake of the people."

John Scott+ TSF

St. Francis's message from the guardian

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## *Holy dying*

Br. Paul, SSF, who is dying, sent out a letter to his friends in August. Helen Webb sent a paragraph from this letter for the newsletter:

This brings me to that without which I could not be experiencing this gift of my dying alert and comfortable with my pain: the Hospice Movement and the Hospice Mix. I have written before about Sandol Stoddard's boon, The Hospice Movement: A better way of caring for the dying, 1978, Vintage Books, paperback, \$2.50. How wonderful that this "better way" involving the administration of the Hospice Mix regularly around the clock in carefully measured amounts matched to the developing needs of the individual allows me to live my dying in the grace of God in my home and without the heroic methods often associated with hospital care. I do urge you to read Sandol's book, which radiates God's love. I would say most urgently to the whole Society of St. Francis, not least our Third Order brothers and sisters, that this is a particular work that is wonderfully fitting for "little franciscans."

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Please send us reports from your fellowships and your own lives--news and features, as well as photographs. Photos must be black and white and at least as large as they will appear (one or two columns) in the newsletter. The newsletter is only as good as the news you provide.

*Bear one another's  
burdens, and so  
fulfil the law of Christ.*

*Gal. 6:2*

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