



The Franciscan Times

A NEWSLETTER HELPING MEMBERS OF THE THIRD ORDER OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. FRANCIS SHARE THEIR COMMON JOURNEY THROUGH NEWS FROM FELLOWSHIPS AND INDIVIDUALS, REVIEWS OF BOOKS, CDs, DVDs, POETRY, STORIES, ESSAYS, REFLECTIONS, MEDITATIONS, GRAPHICS, AND WHATEVER THE HOLY SPIRIT MIGHT BLOW OUR WAY ■

Advent 2013

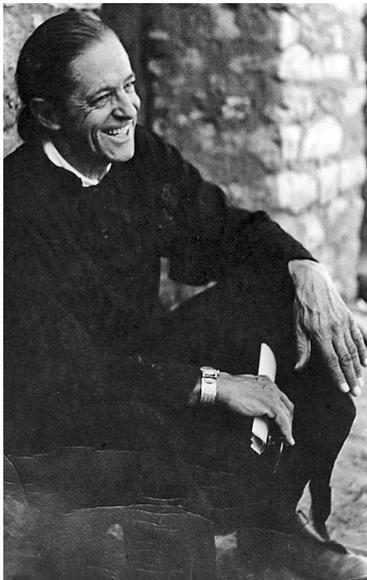
Three New “Saints” To Add to the Revised Devotional Companion?

Researching the story of our Province over the last 100 years (come 2017), I have re-discovered three marvelous members of our Order who deserve to be remembered by all of us through inclusion in the new Calendar of the *Devotional Companion* presently being revised. If you agree once you read of them below, consider creating a petition in your Fellowship to be signed and send it to a member of Chapter so that the case for including H. Baxter Lieber—missioner to the Navajo in the 1940s, 50s and 60s—Desmond Lionel Morse-Boycott of London—who founded a famous choir school for poor children of London slums to help them in the 1920s, 30s, 40s and 50s—and Hugo Muller who served the Cree Indians in Northern Quebec and helped them fight for their land rights in the 1970s—in the Calendar of our revised *Devotional Companion* to be considered at the next meeting of Chapter in 2014. The stories of two of these “saints” is presented below, and Muller’s is on page 34. **Note.** Two of these “saints” were members of our Order when we were TSF (Third Order of St. Francis) and when our TSF Order had a London-area fellowship. [John Brockmann, Minister Provincial]

H. Baxter Liebler

[Editor's Note. In the last issue of the Times we carried the obituary of Henry Bird TSSF, a missionary to the Navajo in the 70s and 80s. His book, Ride the Wind is reviewed elsewhere in this issue by his successor, Carol Tookey, as a TSSF missionary to the Navajo today. However, both Henry Bird and Carol Tookey stand on the shoulders of a TSF'er who pioneered this mission path, H. Baxter Liebler.

(This is an article cobbled together from the Franciscan Times, October 1979, January 1980, Epiphany-tide 1983)



October 1979

Baxter Liebler is retiring a little more from his work at Hat Rock Valley Retreat Center [Utah], 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.

Continued on page 2)

Desmond Lionel Morse-Boycott

[Editor's Note. Our Founder, Fr. Joseph, visited England in 1914 and 1919, and Father Morse-Boycott became very attracted to the Anglo-Catholic aspects of Father Joseph's Third Order. By 1935, there were enough British TSF'ers to create a Custodia (a.k.a. Fellowship) centered in London and led by Father Morse-Boycott. It wasn't until the amalgamation of TSF and SSF in the late 1960s (producing TSSF) that a Fellowship of our TSF Order existed in England.]

The Little Chronicle (December 1930-31)

Our American tertiaries follow with interest any news of the London Custodia under the care of the Rev. Father Morse-Boycott. His plans to develop a choir school in connection with St. Mary's Somers Town, seems to be working out gradually. Every tertiary should give him the support of constant prayer.

Continued on page 3)



H. Baxter Liebler (cont.)

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' parishioners are now an "area mission" with their own bishop, standing committee, etc. Bp. Putnam is on loan from Oklahoma, but expected to stay awhile.

January 1980

In the last newsletter we heard from Baxter Liebler, who said that he was retiring "a little more" from his work at Hat Rock Valley Retreat Center [Utah]. Fr. Liebler has been blessed with many long and fruitful years in the service of Our Lord, but one thing he doesn't seem to be able to do is retire!

After spending 25 years founding and building St. Savior's Church in Old Greenwich, Connecticut, Fr. Liebler came to Utah, where, in 1943, he fulfilled the dream of a lifetime by founding St. Christopher's Mission to the Navajo at Bluff. He established St. Christopher's Mission in a log-constructed cabin, and it became the first medical facility to treat tuberculosis and trachoma among the Navajo in Utah.

Another 25 years later, in 1966, he and three of his staff members retired together to a spot they named Hat Rock Valley Retreat Center saying that they were "retreatants from years of labor."

At Hat Rock Valley Retreat Center, Fr. Liebler has continued his work with the Navajos.

In 1978 he married one of his fellow retreatants, Joan Eskell, thereby providing their respective children and grandchildren with a new and no doubt confusing array of relatives! When asked how he became a Franciscan in the first place, and how it has figured in his life, he sent this reply:



For a person

who has not kept a diary, except for a few straggling weeks at a time, reminiscences are easy enough, but the fixing of dates is a difficult matter. When I am asked when I became a Tertiary of St. Francis, the answer does not come easily.

I do recall a deep devotion to St. Francis, our Blessed Father, from soon after my conversion to Jesus Christ, which was during my first year in college (1907-08). After I had been a priest for six or more years (I was made a priest on St. Francis' Day, 1914, by the Bishop's choice!) I read in some church papers about an effort to set up a Franciscan Order in the Episcopal Church. I noted that the founder was classmate in seminary of a man who had been my classmate and roommate in college, and I asked him what he thought of the venture. I recall his precise words: "Anything that is associated with Claude Crookston is of God; fear it not!" Such words from a classmate are not to be taken lightly!

When I became rector of St. Paul's Church in Riverside, Connecticut, where I had been confirmed in 1908 and married in 1914, I invited Fr. Joseph to the parish to preach a mission, which he gladly did.

While he was staying with us, I asked him about the Third Order. He gave me an outline of the Rule. I asked if he would accept me as a postulant. He immediately said, "I'll enter you as a novice—you don't have to be a postulant"—which he proceeded to do.

Discussing the rule with him, I found that I was already following a self-imposed rule, which, except for the periodic reports, was the Rule for Tertiaries. He was delighted with this, and released me from the necessity of writing the periodic reports except when I felt I needed help.

*Years later, having realized the poverty of my meditations, I asked him for advice. Foremost among his suggestions was to start writing them. This I did, and I still enjoy reading my *Anima Christi, Meditations on the Prayer of St. Ignatius*. It was published in 1925, and a copy is on my bookshelf within easy reach as I type!*

While pastor of two shore lands parishes—Riverside and Sound Beach (now known as Old Greenwich)—I frequently took groups of parishioners to Little Portion, across the Long Island Sound in a borrowed motorboat, to the great edification and enjoyment of the people as well as the Friars!

Those days have gone, but I can still, as I near 90, say the offices of the Seraphic Breviary, and pray especially for all who love and follow our Blessed Father Francis.

Epiphany-tide 1983

The Rev. Harold Baxter Liebler, senior Tertiary, Society of St. Francis, died last fall [November 21, 1982].

The Rev. Harold Baxter Liebler, an Episcopal priest who devoted much of his life to helping Navajo Indians, is dead at 92. He was called by the Navajos 'the one with the long hair who drags his garment.' He discarded the notion that Indians must renounce their traditional beliefs to convert and he tried to interpret Christian religion in terms Indians could use in their life. He baptized 2,000 Navajos in 40 years.

He came to southeastern Utah nearly 40 years ago to establish St. Christopher's Mission, and later started Hat Rock Valley Retreat near Oljeto, where he has lived since 1966. He was known for his work in improving sanitary and health conditions among Navajos in Monument Valley.

Liebler was ordained in 1914 in Brooklyn, NY and served as curate of St. Luke's Church in New York City and rector of St. Paul's Church in Riverside, Conn. In 1918, he founded St. Savior's Church in Old Greenwich, Conn., and served there nearly 25 years. He became interested in the plight of the Indians when he heard a fellow priest discuss Indian missions. He studied the Navajo language and culture and in 1942 took a trip west and rode a horse into southeastern Utah.

"This area had not been evangelized at all, and only touched briefly by travelling Methodist missionaries", he said in a 1975 interview.

In 1943 he resigned from St. Savior's and moved to Bluff.

"I actually spoke very little Navajo when I arrived in Bluff," so he kept his conversations short, he said. He later learned Indians would ask one another, "What sort of white man is this that talks like a Navajo but only says a few words and then won't say anything more?"

Liebler established a school, built a church, conducted a clinic, and established some mission outstations.

For more about Father Liebler, read his printed book, *Boil My Heart for Me* (1969), *Prayer of St. Ignatius* (1925) [available for free online at <http://anglicanhistory.org/usa/hbliebler/anima1925.html>] or a book written about him and his work by Marjorie S. May, *The Highly Adaptable Gospel: A Journey Through the Life of H. Baxter Liebler* (2003)] The Diocese of Central Florida has already voted on a motion to add Father Liebler to *Holy Women and Holy Men*.

Desmond Lionel Morse-Boycott (cont.)

It is to be hoped that all who can do so will buy his new book, *Ten Years in a London Slum...* This details the magnificent work being done there for God."

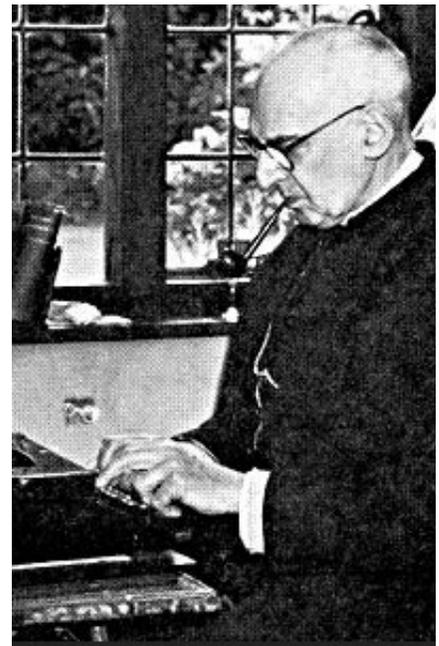
From *Ten Years in a London Slum*

This book is no "official" account of the work of a parish, but a picture of life in and around a slum. I do not seek to convert anybody; I hope I do not preach. I think I shall make you weep at times with laughter and maybe in sorrow. One thing I covet earnestly that you may abandon the idea (if you hold it) that a priest's life is a dull one, and come to see that there is less adventure and romance in flying the Atlantic for the love of applause than in tarrying in the Heart of God.

From "Official Chichester Cathedral Website"

Fr. Desmond, as he was known far and wide, served his first curacy at the Church of St. Mary's, Somers Town, which is situated in the King's Cross, Euston, area of London.

In those days there was a terrible amount of real poverty, particularly within the parish in which Fr. Desmond served. He would venture out at night and mingle with young lads on street corners, many of whom he found playing cards and gambling. Often he put himself at physical risk trying to stop the gambling by the young and the more adult members of the population. His intervention worked to varying degrees although this never deterred him. The police in those days had hardly any success in stopping street gambling for there was little else for the men and youngsters to do. Fr. Desmond could be very persistent and persuasive, influencing the young and gaining the respect of the old.



Continued on page 4)

Desmond Lionel Morse-Boycott (cont.)

He encouraged some of the lads to partake of whatever food he could spare at the time. Coming as they did from poor homes where food was at a premium, such an offer was extremely popular. These boys eventually became the foundation of Fr. Desmond's choir and school.

After five years working in the parish, Fr. Desmond decided that the majority of the boys needed educating to a much higher standard. With this in mind, he resigned as curate at St. Mary's in order to found his school and, from then on, his life became one long struggle. He appealed for donations far and wide with some success. His first home was "under the pavement" in Somers Town. This was where the school began and was called the St. Mary of the Angels Song School. Those boys who joined Fr. Desmond's school were given the opportunity to be educated and to be trained to sing in his choir. Because of Fr. Desmond's love of music, the boys were also encouraged to play various instruments under a professional tutor.

"The Boys Who Sang Like Angels"

UKAuthors.com 4/10/2013

What would you do to improve the lives of disadvantaged children from 1920s London?

Truth is much, much stranger than fiction. If you were a priest in a poverty-stricken area of London in the 1920s, how would you improve the lives of young boys living in slums? Father Desmond Morse-Boycott had his own solution.

Start a public school in a cellar. Turn them into choristers.

The priest and his wife had started by running a lad's club, first in their house, and then in a cellar in Somers Town, a poor area in central London. So far, so unremarkable. But then Morse-Boycott, in his account, casually explained that they had begged money to send a number of the boys to public schools.

Why? I doubt the board schools gave anything more than a basic education, but there were grammar schools and other institutions. I think the theory was that the boys would return during the holidays and spread new ideals gleaned on the playing fields of some select establishment.

Not surprisingly, this sometimes failed. It was "a heavy risk." So he took the idea a step further. "Why not turn our underground Centre into a little Public School itself?"

And he did. The St. Mary-of-the-Angels Song School

was founded in 1932, first as a day, and then as a residential, school. Morse-Boycott managed to raise enough money to keep it going, with himself in charge and his gallant wife as Matron. In a more relaxed age the fact that "My knowledge of school-mastering was nil" was not deemed relevant.

I can't help thinking this approach leaves a lot of poor people outside the school doors, such as females and those of us with voices like crows. But Father Desmond seems to have been committed and dedicated, and the school thrived. The boys leaned to sing like angels, and the choir became renowned, performing in cathedrals and churches throughout Britain, and touring Europe.

February 1950 and 1959 (Little Chronicle)

Father Morse-Boycott, by now famous for his founding in 1931 and directing the St. Mary's of the Angels Song School, had to give up his leadership of this Custodia of the American Province. *The Little Chronicle* went on to explain (in the February 1959 edition) that he started this school "to take boys out of the London slums, give them an education, and make them into a well-trained choir which could be called upon at any time to provide proper music for Church services in any place. The school has cared for and helped into life 268 boys, 22 men have been helped into the priesthood, and 3 have become professional musicians. The choir has traveled 106,286 miles in its tours of professional work."

He died August 9, 1979. In addition to the *Ten Years* book, Father Morse-Boycott also wrote many other books including:

The Secret Story of the Oxford Movement; Lead, Kindly Light; Studies of the Saints and Heros of the Oxford Movement; They Shine Like Stars; A Tramping Parsons Message; Thirty-One Practical Sermons; Pilgrimage of Song; The Great Crimes of the Bible; Fields of Yesterday; The Pilgrim's Way; and A Tapestry of Toil

A Pilgrimage of Song

The Times and Chimes of the
St. Mary-of-the-Angels Song School
1917 to 1972

DESMOND MORSE-BOYCOTT

Chapter 2013 Summary

John Brockmann

We had a VERY successful Chapter meeting with lots of “prayer marinade” led by our Bishop Protector, Gordon Scruton. Here are the highlights.

Next Provincial Convocation in 2017, Puerto Rico In the Winter

Our next provincial convocation is to be our Centenary in 2017, in Puerto Rico (PR), sometime between Epiphany and Ash Wednesday. Beverly Hosea has accepted the role of PC Coordinator, and Father Luis Rivera of PR is local arrangements chair. A large impetus for our journeying outside the continental United States is that Father Luis has been telling us about a large growing interest in TSSF in PR; that the Bishop has been greatly encouraging Father Luis in his recruitment efforts; and that a Provincial Convocation in PR would act as a great encouragement to their efforts. (see page 33 for further information)

Fellowship Convener Re-elected; New Provincial Secretary Elected; External Relations Coordinator Created and Approved

Bill Graham was re-elected for his second term as Fellowship Coordinator, and Anita Catron Miner was elected for her first term as Provincial Secretary. She will overlap with our current Provincial Secretary Lynn Herne until December. (Because of the amount of work required of the Secretary, the whole Office of the Provincial Secretary is going to be expanded with at least two assistants.) We also created a new role on Chapter termed the External Relations Coordinator. We are increasingly being invited to attend the meetings of other Orders, interest groups, etc. We need a person to coordinate both who goes to what meeting as well as manage the funds to attend such meetings. Masud ibn Syedullah, a Chapter Member and former Minister Provincial, was authorized by Chapter to function in this role.

New Devotional Companion

Carol Tookey is editing and revising the *Devotional Companion*. This is also why it is the proper time to include H. Baxter Leiber on November 21, and Desmond Lionel Morse-Boycott on August 9 in the Third Order Calendar. Also a new shorter Franciscan Eucharist to be included as an informal alternative to our current Eucharistic setting was tried out at Chapter.

JPIC point person

New Chapter member Joyce Wilding is the JPIC point person, and a point person for young adult programs is being appointed.

Continued on Page 6



Chapter 2013 (Front to back; left to right)

Janine Schenone (Chapter Member), Sr. Jean CSF, Anita Miner (Newly-elected Provincial Secretary), Diane Jones (Chapter Member), Br. Robert Hugh SSF

Anne Mulqueen (OFS Visitor), Bishop Gordon Scruton (Bishop Protector), Brenda Stewart (Chapter Member), Caroline Benjamin (Formation Director), Lynn Herne (Outgoing Provincial Secretary)

John Brockmann (Minister Provincial), Joyce Wilding (Chapter Member), Ken Norian (Minister General), Cynthia Morse (OEF Visitor), Joan Verret (Chapter Member), Julie Goodin (visitor)

Bill Graham (Fellowship Coordinator), Frank Jones (Vocations Coordinator), Tom Johnson (Bursar), Dominic George (Chaplain), Masud Ibn Syedullah (Chapter Member)

Chapter 2013 (cont.)**Formation Syncing with Other Provinces**

Formation is going to be moving more into sync with the other provinces by (a) moving to quarterly reporting during the novitiate (if both the counselor and novice see this as workable), and (b) Chapter will consider approving profession mandates on a quarterly basis with more discussion amongst Chapter via telephone and computer. We also are moving away from just a Yes and No to applications for a profession mandate and including a Not At This Time. A vote of Not At This Time would mean the novice needs some extra time to work on parts of their rule.

Four Marks of Profession

Again bringing us all into line with the other provinces, the marks of profession are four: annual reporting, annual financial contribution to the order, annual renewal of vows, AND saying the Community Obedience which is daily updated on our website under Links and Resources. (Please see the letter from our Minister General, Ken Norian, in regards to this fourth mark of profession.)

On the other hand, we re-affirmed the Statute stating "A professed tertiary who is elderly or infirm and who is unable to keep one or more of the four "marks" of a professed member (pledging, renewing profession vows annually, saying the Community Obedience, and reporting to the area chaplain annually) should be allowed to stay in the Order as a full member until the infirmity has lifted or death has occurred." We also reiterated the role of "Guardian Angels" who would help those professed who continue with three of the marks but have trouble with financially contributing to the Order. The Guardian Angels would personally take care of the person's pledge. Also, Area Chaplains can work with individuals on modified Rules of Life to accommodate age or infirmity in consultation with the Chaplain.

Deaneries Get Going This Year

All Fellowship Conveners and Area Chaplains are going to be heavily encouraged to attend their regional convocations over the next year to create the Fellowship Deaneries and the AC Deaneries. If financial help is needed, the convener or AC can apply for scholarship money to the Fellowship Coordinator or Chaplain. ALL regional convocation program designers should leave about two hours for these groups to meet during the convocation.

Young Adults and Franciscan Earth Corps

We will be working closely with the Franciscan Earth Corps, which is a young adult program with Francis-

can formation component. We will be working with the Roman Catholic OFS on this, and all fellowship are urged to provide resource people and support for their local Earth Corps group.

Brazil

Chapter voted to set aside funds for continued support for the local creation of Fellowships, Formation, Bursar, etc. Here's the report on it from Barbara Baurgarten.

Our 11-13 October retreat here in Brazil was a great success! 13 of us, including Chico Sales from Recife, Bishops Celso and Jubal, and the two SSF brothers from São Paulo among others (see photo) gathered at the Casa de Retiro Padre Anchieta in Rio de Janeiro. Our theme was Renewal: who are we? Why Franciscans? What can we offer to the world today?

We opened Friday evening by sharing our hopes for the retreat. During the first half of Saturday morning we shared what our current passion is, which was followed by a guest speaker, Reimont Otoni, who happened to talk to us about what Francis was passionate about—the manger, Eucharist, and the cross. The congruent themes let us know right then that the Spirit was working with us. In the afternoon, we took a look at the structure of the TSSF before spending time in meditation. Finally, the group discussed what was emerging from our sessions. After dinner and Sunday morning, we got to work and came up with what David called "deliverables," or something concrete to take forward.

Boy, it was fantastic! The group showed a deep commitment that has been forged over the years, including stepping up with leadership and a commitment to pledge time and money to improve communication and the TSSF life here in Brazil. I came out of the retreat more encouraged than ever, and sensing that these past 10 years have born some good solid fruit.

We committed ourselves to following Jesus in the simple way of Francis; to living in the world as witnesses of our faith by building bridges not barriers; to love others without judgment; to respect creation because all is from God. We intend to reach out to old members as well as to invite new ones; to strengthen our community through communication and prayer; and to develop our formation program to better understand our common rule of life. We desire to be effective participants in the life of our church in Brazil.

To this end, within the retreat, we conducted our first Chapter meeting and elected officers. They are: Chico Sales from Recife, Secretary; Mara Dutra from Rio, Bursar; Dom Celso from Rio, Fellowship Coordinator; and me as the Regional Minister. On Sunday, we all renewed or took promises and vows at our Eucharist and we took up a significant monetary.

Thank you, brothers and sisters of the Province, for your ongoing support and prayers.

Please see accompanying photo on page 29.

Letter from our Minister General

Ken Norian

I am writing this at Francistide—an appropriate time to share about the reflections, conversations and some decisions made at the recent Ministers Provincial meeting.

Every two years, the Minister General convenes a meeting of the Ministers Provincial from the five TSSF provinces around the world. The Third Order functions amidst an incredible diversity of geopolitical, theological and socioeconomic circumstances. By the grace of God we follow the same Rule of Life and, as we discover when we gather, share the same Franciscan spirituality and ethos. As we shared, we explored how to accommodate our diversity and still respect that which binds us together as a community of Anglican Franciscan Christians.

We met in Simons Town, South Africa and enjoyed spending time with local Tertiaries and experiencing local culture. Amidst different names for some positions, different Statutes, and slightly different procedures we find ourselves living out our rule in remarkably similar ways.

We also discussed:

- The process of profession in different provinces and regions within provinces
- Communications between provinces, and how to enhance it. (Facebook users are encouraged to “Like” www.facebook.com/pages/Third-Order-Society-of-Saint-Francis and www.facebook.com/TSSFMinisterGeneral)
- Ministers Provincial Development Fund – a means to support emerging regions, fund specific projects and satisfy emergency appeals
- TSSF Central Fund – provincial contributions to this fund support the interprovincial work of the Third Order
- Titles and roles of Formation related functions among the provinces
- Reporting, renewal and release – norms and procedures among the provinces
- Associates/Companions – who has them, who doesn’t, what’s similar and what’s different
- Comprehensive discussion of initial and ongoing formation, with a goal of having an interprovincial formators conference.

The quality of initial formation is so important to development of Franciscan spirituality. The provinces will be working collaboratively to share ideas, insights and experiences with the goal of enhancing each of our respective formation programs. We shared similar experiences of the need for post-profession ongoing

formation, and will work on this in parallel with the traditional formation process to provide a continuum of growth and maturity in the Franciscan way.

I have been able to directly participate in the life of three of our five provinces and have been blessed to meet several Tertiaries from the other two provinces. I hope to visit the other two within the next couple of years. I am in awe of the foundation that has been laid over the years to ensure consistency of essentials. This is obviously apparent when meeting other Tertiaries from other parts of the planet and feeling a sense of connectedness and... community!

With the goal of continuing to reinforce the idea of community, we discussed the marks of profession, and the following was unanimously affirmed by all of the Ministers present, and commended for communication and implementation among all of the provinces:

The Ministers Provincial of the Third Order, meeting in Simons Town, South Africa, re-emphasize the importance of praying daily the Community Obedience and affirm that it is one of the marks of profession together with reporting, renewal and a financial offering. Particular reflection on the Principle of Day and praying for the order including Provincial and worldwide intercessions is of primary importance.

This Community Obedience has been commended to Tertiaries for many years, but has never been asserted as being one of the marks of profession. It is to be incorporated into all in pre-profession formation as a part of the Postulant’s or Novice’s discipline.

In addition to the printed materials that the various provinces may prepare, and apps for smartphones that individual provinces may produce, all can access the Community Obedience at: <http://www.tssf.org/obedience.shtml>. Intercessions for each province will be from the respective province’s intercession list or Directory.

The Community Obedience may be prayed as a standalone rite. Those who pray the Daily Office may integrate it into the office as follows:

- Introduction and reading of the Principle of the day at the beginning of the office.
- Intercessions for the worldwide community and individuals from the respective province at the point in the office where there is free prayer and general intercessions followed by the prayer and the collect for the day.

It is our hope that the discipline of the Community Obedience will truly “knit us together in community and prayer”

May God continue to bless you as you win others to God’s love after the example of Saint Francis.

Ronald R. Lausch Dies at Altar on Pentecost

Professed for 39 years, The Rev. Ronald R. Lausch, rector of Stephen's Episcopal Church and Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Shamokin, Pennsylvania died at the altar Sunday morning while presiding at the Eucharist. The Rev. Deacon Richard Hazzard, who was assisting Lausch, said he suffered a massive heart attack while singing the "Gloria" during the early stages of worship.

"He started singing and then I saw him fall onto the altar before collapsing onto me," Hazzard recalled. "I believe he was dead and in another world before he hit the floor. It was instantaneous."

Booming voice

Hazzard described Lausch as "very spiritual and community oriented." "He had a booming and beautiful voice and always looked forward to singing and proclaiming the gospel," he said. Missy Fletcher has fond memories of her priest at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Mount Carmel. She said Father Ronald Lausch was known for his booming voice.

"Listening to him sing I would get the goosebumps," Fletcher said. She will not hear her beloved priest sing anymore. Father Lausch died at the altar on Sunday while conducting mass. "He was the most amazing person. He's what a priest should be. It's just so hard to put into words what he is and what he meant."

Helped feed the hungry

Hazzard said Lausch established the St. Stephen's Center for Ministry in the former Palumbo building, caddy-corner from the church, in 2005. Various church functions, including Saturday suppers, are held there each month. The priest also coordinated Saturday suppers at his Shamokin church. "Cooking was his passion," Hazzard said.

Dormer said Lausch was instrumental in starting a food pantry for needy people in Mount Carmel. He said the Shepherd's Pantry was held at the St. Stephen's Center from 2005 until 2010 before switching locations last year.

"He was very personable and easy to work with," Dormer said. "Pastor Ron was very dependable and helped a lot of people in Mount Carmel and Shamokin."

Hazzard, who has served the Episcopalian churches in the local area for more than 20 years, said Lausch also was a dedicated member of the Lutheran, Anglican and Roman Catholic (LARC) ministry and always looked forward to proclaiming the gospel at its annual gift-giving service on the first Sunday of Advent.

CENTRAL PA: Tiny parish nourishes Mount Carmel community

By Lisa B. Hamilton, April 21, 2009

[Episcopal News Service] It's understandable the citizens of Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania "used to think there was no Episcopal church" in their community, says the Rev. Ronald R. Lausch. After all, the only one in town, St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, has an average Sunday attendance of 10-12. That perception has been put to rest, however, by The St. Stephen Center for Ministry, an Episcopal Jubilee Center whose vibrant ministries belie the size of the sponsoring parish.

Twice a month, the center offers "Saturday Supper," attended by as many as 77 people. The hearty meal – casseroles, potatoes, stews and donated cheesecakes are favorites – is followed by an invitation to Holy Eucharist, which is usually attended by 24-30 people. The same table where dinner was served becomes the altar.

"Our purpose is to minister to people. When they walk through the door, it's Jesus himself taking his place at the table," said Lausch, St. Stephen's part-time rector.

Instead of being asked to give money at Eucharist, guests are asked to donate soup can labels, box tops and soda can pull tabs, all of which are used to raise funds for the local elementary school. In return, the guests receive a sense of contributing to their community, Lausch said.

Senior warden Faith Kirchhoff said the largest reward for her has been watching guests grow into a community. "We thought we'd feed these people, and we've watched a community form. It's more than a meal now; these folks look out for each other, bring their grandchildren, pray for each other, give each other rides."

Although parishioners envisioned serving families with small children, "most dinner guests are in their late 50s to 60s, with some considerably older," said



Lausch. Invitations are issued at the food pantry housed in the center. A couple that regularly attends came dressed up on a recent Saturday night to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. Another woman puts her leftovers in a clean soup can she keeps in her purse.

Lausch said he frequently hears, "I was hurt very badly by the church and now I'm finding my way back." One family has joined the parish because of their participation in the Saturday suppers at the center.

The center also offers a yearly Halloween party, and provides space for Alcoholics Anonymous, parent support groups, Brownie meetings, and the Shepherd's Pantry.

The St. Stephen Center is one of the few places serving the community of Mt. Carmel, a former coal-mining town where many of the 6,000 residents now work in light manufacturing.

Shortly after news broke that two-thirds of children in the Mt. Carmel School District qualify for free school lunches, "the Holy Spirit got in on the act," said Lausch. That was in 2003, and soon thereafter, returns from a legacy left by a parishioner in the mid-1990s and wisely invested by another had grown to a point that the congregation was discerning a use for the funds. They decided to provide meals for the needy, "despite having no parish house, no kitchen, not a fork or a spoon," said Lausch.

Today, parishioners believe a series of miracles enabled them to "look outward," Lausch said.

A semi-retired restaurateur helped the parish get started, teaching parishioners to cook for large groups, and providing his kitchen, restaurant and supplies free of charge. A waitress pitched in as well.

The next miracle was across the street from the restaurant, and just down the street from the church: an empty building owned by a local bank. When Lausch and parish leaders met with the banker, he asked, "Do I have this straight? You want to buy this building and then give it back to the community?" Lausch recalled. When they answered "yes," the banker made it possible for the church to buy the building in 2004, even though necessary diligence from church authorities meant he could have sold it to another interested buyer sooner.

For Kirchhoff, the Saturday Supper initiative is "the most humbling experience you could ever want to have ... Some nights you leave with a lump in your throat."

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A Guyanese Sister and A Brother Die

Marjorie White

Remembrance by Desiree Archer-Pellew on behalf of the Guyana Fellowship.

Marjorie White died June 30, 2012, at the age of 81 peacefully at her home surrounded by her family at Pln Cottage, West Coast Berbice. Guyana, South America.

She was a devoted member of the Anglican Faith and dedicated to the Church, home and family and all those whom she came in contact. She was the mother of five sons (one deceased), fifteen grand children and four great grand children. She was an active member of the Diocesan Anglican Church Mothers' Union Organization and sang in the Church choir and participated in the activities of the church and gave of her service to the community. Her funeral service was at St Jude Anglican Church, and she was interred in the yard of the

church she attended and served for many years.

Her late husband, Carlton White, preceded her in death many years ago.

She was the oldest of three brothers and a sister. Prior to her illness, she had enjoyed travelling to London on several occasions to be with her brothers, sister, her sons and their families, and was known for her devotion to friends and family.

She was professed and lived by the Christian faith that led her to the call to be a Franciscan.



The Rev. Matthew David Boyan

(in his own words) *From The Franciscan Times Summer 2007*

I am an Arawak (one of the tribes of indigenous peoples of the Caribbean), and since I was ordained a priest in 1985, I have been serving five churches: three in the Pomeroon and two in the Moruca River: St James and St Nicholas in the tributary Manowarin.

In these churches, I conduct Holy Eucharist, Marriages, Bap-

Time in the Chapel During a Convocation in Trinidad: Lystra Barclay is to the Front; Mathew David is in the Middle on the Left

tisms, Sunday School, and Burial Services whenever I have such cases. These churches are 62 miles apart and visits can only be made by water, sharing a part of the Atlantic Ocean.

On two occasions I was on the edge of drowning when I sank three miles off shore because of an unreliable outboard engine. I recalled then that only God could save my life. After floating on the rough seas for two and a half hours, I was rescued by fishermen. Nevertheless I knew this happened for a cause.



Bishop in Procession of September Funeral for Matthew David Boyan (Clarence Narain, TSSF is second from right front)

Farming, fishing and hunting are my appropriate way of maintaining my indigenous life. Fish and wild meat are scarce now because of lumbering being done, leaving our forest, as it is now, an empty shell.

I, as a member of the Society of St. Francis, am always praying, asking St. Francis to pray for me, that my eyes always be open to see the path that leads to Christ and to serve him all the days of my life.

(David was professed in 2005; see also his reports of devastating rains on his parishes in the *Times* Winter 2009)

Email from David Burgdorf, former Provincial Chaplain:

He was a native priest in Guyana, living way back in the jungle away from the coast. I met him at a Trinidad Convocation I attended when I was Chaplain. It was the first time anyone from Guyana had attended a Convocation I think. He regaled us with stories of getting from parish to parish



in a dugout canoe, having once had to sleep in the canoe while it was raining only to find out, on waking up, that there was a deadly poisonous snake in the dugout with him, also taking refuge from the rain. I remember him as a gentle, devout Christian man and an energetic storyteller.



Kathryn George Interment of Ashes in Little Portion Cemetary During Chapter

During Chapter, we were privileged to receive and inter the ashes of our sister, Catherine George. John Brockmann, Minister Provincial, presided wearing the heirloom TSSF cope. Masud ibn Syedullah carried the cross while Carolyn processed holding Little Portion's statue of Elizabeth of Hungary and Bill Graham processed with LP's statue of St. Louis. Br. Robert Hugh is to the left, and Deacon Joan Verret assisted.



The Rev. James Garnett Wolf Died of Cancer in July

Marcus Peter Rempel

I've been joining the Red River Fellowship of TSSF for the past year now. It's a tentative and exploratory connection; I'm having a hard time staying Anglican these days. I'm really a liturgical Mennonite, I think. For the purpose of the article, I was Jim's friend and parishioner. I live and write on the banks of the Brokenhead River, Manitoba, at Ploughshares Community Farm, an agrarian Christian community.

Jim's Lemons

The Reverend James Garnett Wolf died of cancer on Sunday July 14, 2013. A pacifist Anglican priest who emigrated to Canada to avoid participation in the Vietnam War, Jim finally found his "tribe" in TSSF only recently. He had taken vows as a novice.

I was saying goodnight after evening prayers at Jim's one night not long after his diagnosis, and on my way out Jim asked if I could use any lemons.

He opened up his fridge door and there was a crate full of lemons.

And I thought, Oh, Jim. Does everything with you have to be a metaphor?

If ever I have known a man whom life handed a crate full of lemons, it was Jim Wolf. And I'm not even talking yet about the cars he drove. Never have I had a pastor who called his parishioners for rides to church on such a regular basis. No, I'm talking about the lem-

ons of hardship and heartache. Life handed Jim a lot of those.

And if ever I have known a man who knew how to make barrelsful of lemonade out of those lemons, to share with all his friends, it was Jim Wolf.

Jim, more than anyone else I have known, was a person who could deal openly with pain without getting stuck there. Most of us go one of two ways when it comes to dealing with pain. We either pretend we have no pain, or we express our pain in ways that makes a mess, that spills negative energy over onto the people around us. Hurt people hurt people, as the saying goes. Jim was a hurt person who healed people.

Jim bore many wounds, many griefs, out of which he empathized and ministered to others with similar stories of pain. The loss of his beloved wife and soulmate, Joan, left him to live his last years in real loneliness. The freak accident that killed his daughter Angie broke his heart. But Jim's broken heart was a heart broken open, a sacred heart.

Jim's greatest wound was the wound of childhood sexual abuse. And out of this wound grew his greatest gift of ministry. The unfinished work that pained Jim the most was a ministry for sexual abuse survivors in the parish of Scantebury, a support group Jim had just recently started up in the wake of a rash of suicides in the community, related to sexual abuse. The acceptance, the tears and the wisdom Jim shared with survivors came from a very deep place of solidarity.

(continued on page 12)

James Garnett Wolf (cont.)

The night we had been visiting together, the night of the lemons, Jim had been reflecting on his cancer as a metaphor for the scandal of sexual abuse in the church. Jim's cancer probably dated back to 2007. That's when the pain began and never went away. First misdiagnosed as a lingering back injury from a car accident, then as arthritis, then as diabetic neuropathy, by the time the cancer was finally diagnosed, it was the size of a soccer ball in his abdomen. "How did it stay hidden so long? How did it get so big?" Those were Jim's questions about the cancer and about the specter of sexual abuse committed and covered up by church authorities. The struggle to expose and expel the cancer from his priestly body became for him a metaphor for this painful healing journey of the church, what may well be a struggle for our very survival.

Jim's greatest regret was over having missed the signs of abuse of children and youth in his own care.

His most fervent hope was that these could experience what he had: that healing was possible. That injury was not identity, that the history of abuse did not have to define you, that you really can be free again, to love and be loved, naturally, normally, without harm.

Jim taught about going through pain, together. Not running away from it, not denying it, pushing it under, not escaping into addiction behaviors, but going through pain, and really and truly coming out the other side of it.

I believe that Jim's approach to healing was a direct result of spending a lifetime of eating the bread and drinking the cup of Jesus – sometimes a cup of celebration, often a cup of suffering, always a shared cup.

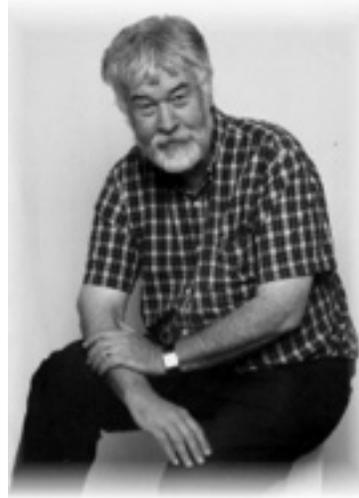
For Jim, eucharist was everything. It was the love feast where all were welcome and beloved. It was direct and mysterious participation in Jesus alive among us, where all our cares entered into Jesus and all Jesus' cares became ours; where all our joys became Jesus' joys, and all of Jesus' joy became ours. Where Jesus' body entered our bodies and our bodies entered into Jesus body, broken and blessed: the bread, the church, the banquet feast. Everyone welcome, everyone invited, embraced, affirmed, even as the most halting of steps are made towards Holy Host.

Like Jesus, his Lord, and like Francis, his spiritual hero, Jim was unashamedly poor. The sum by which we kept him as our parish priest was a paltry one. And that was true before he donated a good chunk of it back to the church. But he knew how to be poor well. He was a scrounger and a fixer-upper. He loved reclaiming what other people regarded as castaways. This was as true of the many buildings he hauled out to Hacienda Guada-

lupe as it was of the many friends he invited to stay in them with him. He was a regular at the foodbank, picking up Winnipeg's food surplus to redistribute among refugee families and other low-income folks, but also to stock up his own spare pantry. That's where those lemons were from.

Jim was a wonderful mix of grassroots and high church. He was all about bringing the polished brass and the big candles at the altar, and he was all about bringing the food bank leftovers casserole for lunch in the parish hall. He loved smells and bells, and he loved potluck and coffee. There was no break between the two for him. It was all the love feast of Jesus.

Jesus told us to remember him whenever we drink wine. If I may, I'd like to suggest that from today on, to all of you who loved him, whenever you drink a glass of lemonade, remember Jim Wolf. Remember his silliness; remember the puppet shows; remember the frog suit and the smiling crinkly eyes; remember the corny puns; remember the singing together, the laughter you shared and the sobbing tears of release.



And by the grace of God, whenever you drink a glass of lemonade, for as many days as you have left to walk this broken and blessed earth, through its pain and through its beauty, remember Jim's undying love for you.

A Microcosm of Who We Are?

Reflections in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Ed Schneider

Rick and I left our hotel early yesterday and walked from the Luxor to the farthest edge of the Venetian, and then back again to the Luxor. Lineally we walked about 5 miles, but because we explored most of the hotels, their casinos and their shopping malls, we figure we actually walked eight or nine miles.

We walked into the cool interiors of each hotel and marveled at their marble inlaid floors, their crystal chandeliers, their painted decorations, statues, fountains and aquariums, and their shops where expensive accoutrements and baubles delight the eyes and tempt the purse.

Restaurants and food courts, ice cream parlors and confectionaries whetted our appetites. A multitude of bars invited us to imbibe exotic cocktails, and oxygen bars promised us better health.

The constant beat of contemporary music filled the background like white noise, oppressively seeking to blot all thoughts but this one from our minds: buy this, spend here.

And all these delights revolved around great temples to Fortuna, where her devotees sacrifice all day and night at machines whose bright, twinkling lights are reminiscent of Christmas lights with all the hopes of gifts and joys that come with that season.

As we left each cool palace of delights, we walked into the harsh desert sunlight of reality with its oppressive heat and parched air.

And outside each pleasure dome sat many homeless men, some scouring trashcans for food, while thousands of tourists shuffled by them with little notice as though these men were detritus, much like the gum wrappers and cigarette butts on the sidewalk.

And I thought, surely in a city devoted to money, how can there be poverty? And how can so many who have so much that they can waste it on a slot machine or pay \$25 for a trinket ignore the poor at their feet?

Is this truly a microcosm of who we are? Or is this merely an aberration? I fear to know the answer.

Touched by God: Reflections on a Franciscan Quest

Peter Funk (1st Men's Formation Director, Writer of TSSF 1st Formation Letters)

Spring 1999, Franciscan Time

In one way or another, we are touched by God; through associations with people, through our readings, seeing, hearing, interior listening, and by our feelings. Often I reflect in astonishment that, through God's graciousness, I am where I am, from being an agnostic, perhaps even a deist. As a combat Marine in World War II in the South Pacific, I came home troubled and melancholy. In the war I lost not only a brother whom I loved, but also many friends.

Settled in civilian life, Mary and I believed in the importance of setting an example for our children. Consequently, I went to church and served in various capacities. God touched me. An important event for me happened when I met Paul Moore, the future Bishop of New York and future Bishop Protector of the Society of St. Francis. A group of us from our church went to the torn-apart inner city of Jersey City to help refurbish

the young priest's rectory and church. Paul had been a combat marine. We had something important in common.

Through Paul, I met Fr. Joseph, an Anglican Franciscan and founder of the American Greyfriars. My first session with Fr. Joseph intrigued me. I knew only a bit about St. Francis and was totally unaware of a Franciscan Order in the Episcopal Church. The headquarters, Little Portion Friary and the convent of the Poor Clares, were located on twenty acres donated by Br. Stephen's family in Mount Sinai, Long Island.

Through Paul I also met a young priest, Kim Myers. At one point he and Paul courageously stepped between two violent gangs, preventing a bloody battle. I wrote an article about this for *Faith Today*. Later Kim became Bishop of California and Regional Protector of the Society of St. Francis.

God touched me either in depth or fleetingly through innumerable people and through my studies. In the 1950s I founded and published *Faith Today* magazine. A pioneering effort, it became one of the first truly ecumenical publications and the only religious magazine sold at major newsstands. We had superb international writers. Due to lack of financing, I stopped *Faith Today*. With seven children to support, I took a job as a sales manager of a mutual fund, while writing novels in whatever time was left over.

During this period I experienced a growing yearning to "know" God. My weekly church activities did not fulfill me with whatever I sensed I lacked. An interior odyssey developed into a search for the heart of God—a desire that's difficult to express for it comes from a source deeper than words. It is an instinctive longing to merge your life with God so totally that you

will be made "one body with Christ"
Peter in the TSF Habit teaching a Formation Class. Veiled lady with her back to the camera was a TSF'er wearing the women's habit.



(continued on page 14)

Peter Funk: Touched by God (cont.)

that he may dwell in us and we in him." So often such words slip past us, and we really do not understand their possibilities. I didn't know that I was in search of the Society of St. Francis. In 1961 I mulled over a possible story that might be written around Little Portion. I called Fr. Joseph and arranged a weekend visit. Following a business luncheon in New York—my luncheon companion thought my adventure sounded weird—I drove to Long Island.



Peter in the TSF Habit at the altar rail with three other TSFers. The veiled woman in the picture is Anna Hoffman who was the first Provincial Secretary of the TSF

As I drove, somehow... somehow I sensed a sharpening awareness that this weekend would have a profound, life-changing effect. In what way? I didn't know. I worried. Felt a chill. Then it seemed as if a strange magnetic force began misdirecting me. Inexplicably I made wrong turns. Became lost. Finally arrived in Port Jefferson, a few minutes drive from Little Portion. Expected at the monastery by 5:30, I decided they wouldn't miss me, and so I ate supper in town. I recall driving into the circular

driveway. Lengthening evening shadows mystically encircled the white building and the railed bell tower with the tall cross. The time was a little after seven. Parking the car, I sighed. Climbing the steps to the front door, I pulled at the bell.

The door opened. A slender brother in a gray habit greeted me. "I'm Vladimir. I'm the Guest Master. We waited for you for supper." No sense of reproof lay in his words, only a kind of sadness and wondering. Franciscan courtesy highlighted my discourtesy. How thoughtless of me! Consumed by my own anxiety. I'd given no thought to their schedule and my obligation to be on time. I made profuse apologies.

"Father Joseph would like to talk to you. He's injured his leg and so he stays in his office where he listens to the services." Vladimir led the way. Impressions: A sturdy figure lying in bed. White hair and thick white eyebrows. Strongly handsome face with prominent finely shaped nose. Brown eyes search me, not severely but wanting to know me. I found humor and kindness reflected in them.

Father Joseph was a scholar of the Anglican Church and may have influenced the revision of the Prayer

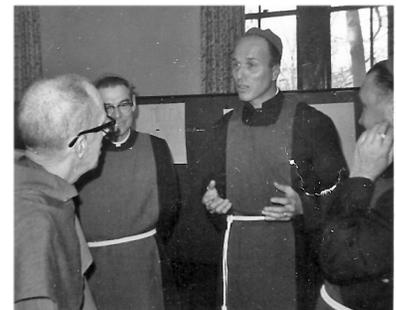
Book we use today. Singlehandedly he created the *Anglican Breviary* and *The People's Missal*, both based on similar Roman Catholic texts. It was an enormous and magnificent undertaking. As Father Joseph explained, the Prayer Book Offices cannot be celebrated if one stuck to the '29 *Book of Common Prayer* in the sense of doing no more than what is ordered. "In other words, the Prayer Book Rite must be treated as an apocated (shortened) liturgy, for that is precisely what it is." The Breviary and the Missal fulfilled this need.

He dismissed my apologies for my rudeness with a gracious wave of his hand. We reviewed our first meeting and he questioned what I had in mind. After talking a while, he suggested that Vladimir show me to my room. At nine o'clock I'd attend Compline. Vladimir would be with me. At the time I didn't know that office, as it's not in the '29 *Book of Common Prayer*. That evening, Br. Vladimir accompanied me to the Visitor's Gallery. Below us, the brothers faced one another, their quiet voices filling the chapel. I felt a sense of peace. When the office ended, the room was darkened abruptly and the brothers pulled the hoods of their habits over their heads. "Put out the light," Vladimir whispered urgently. Since this was my first time, I had no idea of the customary practice, and in my zeal I nearly yanked the cord from the ceiling. The "Great Silence" began.

My room was a narrow cell. A bed with a cross over it, desk, bureau, and chair comprised the furnishings. That night I dreamt I'd died and could see myself in the coffin. Suddenly I sprang out of it. It was such a wondrous dream of new birth, I knew that all would be well, even the huge debt I'd incurred with *Faith Today*.

The following day I met many of the brothers Mary and I learned to treasure as friends. Those who were there at the time included: Stephen, Leo, Dunstan, Mark Francis, Luke, Lawrence, and Paul. I also came to know the redoubtable Reverend Mother Mary Catherine of the Poor Clares.

I used the library, asked questions and cherished the periods of silence throughout the day and during meals. We celebrated the traditional seven offices of Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None combined with Vespers, and finally Compline. Generally silence was kept until about 10 a. m. (Today at the friary the



Peter in the TSF habit arguing with Brother Paul with his back to us.

routine is different and simplified. For example, silence is kept after Compline until breakfast is completed and four offices from the prayer book are offered.)

Emerging from the overarching quiet of the monastery into my loving, rollicking, noisy family of seven children was like plunging into the wild maelstrom of the New York subway at commuting time. I felt immediately guilty knowing how much Mary would have enjoyed my experience. This would come later. I kept in touch, learned about the Third Order. Without joining, I experimented with its Rule-of-Life. During this period I came under heavy stress. With the demanding job as a mutual fund sales manager I traveled half of my time around the country as well as trying to be a full-time writer, getting to bed late and up at 4 a.m. plus running a kind of farm. I felt dissatisfied in my work for I wanted more time to write. Even though I began to be successful, I didn't feel confident enough to go full time. Writing is a hazardous way for most people to earn a living, especially when supporting a large family.

The apparently safe approach became the hazardous one. In 1965 I was diagnosed with terminal intestinal cancer, following which I'd acquired a violent case of hepatitis C from a transfusion. God had to give me a hard push to get me back on my path of life. The mutual fund company summarily fired me when it learned of my illness. Mary said "Good...! Now you can get to your writing."

I became a postulant in the Third Order, reporting to Fr. Stephen who was in charge of the Third Order, and I was professed in 1967. At that time New Jersey had a fellowship with about seven or eight of us including Ed Warner who now lives in Georgia and Claudia Gammon who is still in New Jersey. Later we met with John Scott's lively group in Philadelphia.

As hard as it is to believe now, in those days we Tertiaries took religious names. Ed Warner, for example, was Fr. Polycarp John. I was Peter Bernard: Peter for the disciple and Bernard for Bernard of Clairvaux whom I admired. Underneath our clothing we all wore small scapulars and, when we put them on each morning, we recited Francis's prayer, "Here O Lord in this church..."

At our New Jersey meetings we wore a black cassock, a large gray scapula over the cassock and a gray yarmulka. However, as some people began "playing games" at being religious, these unnecessary outer symbols were quite correctly dumped. In 1968 the American Grayfriars merged with the world-wide Anglican Society of St. Francis with its roots in India. We became the American Province. Now whether priest, deacon or lay brother, all were called Brother or



Sister. To help restructure our province, a group of First Order brothers and Third Order members gathered. The invaluable John Scott and others represented the Tertiaries. In contrast to the Roman Church, the Third Order would eventually grow to have its own Minister Provincial and Novice Directors (later Formation Directors) rather than be under the aegis of the First Order.

At that time Br. Paul, the first Minister Provincial, suggested I become the Novice Director. As Director I wrote 30 formation letters outlining the different elements of the Franciscan life of a tertiary. These letters would be given to the postulants and novices each month during the 30 months of regular reporting to a counselor.

About this time, the inimitable Br. Robert Hugh, Novice Director of the First Order, happily burst into Mary's and my life. Either, he visited us on our farm, or I would travel to Little Portion. He was my constant and always loving guide. For us he exemplified the Franciscan way of life.

Eventually overwhelmed by the many formation reports I received, the Order decided to add counselors. Marie Webner became the first one. She was an indefatigably valuable help, having many good ideas. Gradually others were added until we had about ten of us.

The Order Grew.

Many people helped in different ways. What would we

(continued on page 16)

Peter out of his TSF habit having tea. Anna Hoffman out of her veiled habit stands over his shoulder.

Peter Funk: Touched by God (cont.)

have done without Helen Webb, who not only played the piano at our Chapter and other meetings, but also acted as Secretary to the Third Order? In addition, she typed and proofed my letters, offering suggestions. Dee Dobson played an essential role in shaping our Order's destiny. And she's still a mighty force.

Sometimes the friary would send us young First Order brothers not yet professed who needed some motherly love, of which Mary has an abundance. We remember one 18 year-old who spent the weekend in bed reading comics. We had delightful visits with Joel and Jeremy and worried about them when they left the Order. They seemed so vulnerable. Stephen visited us and I put him to work helping to cultivate our Christmas tree farm. I nicknamed him Mighty Magoo, and he'd burst out in stuttering, happy laughter when I'd call out to him: "Hey, Mighty Magoo, are you feeding enough manure to those young trees?"

I remember so well the English Brother Geoffrey and his radiant smile and sound advice. As the Minister General he visited us one weekend with Br. Philip, his secretary, and Robert Hugh when we discussed Third Order matters. He suggested that a person cannot travel when burdened down with things. Mary and I felt overburdened then and we still do. Geoffrey's helpful booklet, *The Way of St Francis*, is still available and given to each new postulant as part of *The Basics*. Yes, the Society of St. Francis has changed. But the change is outward only. Its inner essence remains the same. The Society of St. Francis has done much to help shape Mary's (who also was professed) and my life as we continue to search for God within and without.

(Note. Peter and Mary currently live in Keene, New Hampshire.)

Appreciation of the Original TSSF Formation Letters from Peter Funk

Susan Pitchford

[Editor's Note. In writing the history of our Third Order Province, I noticed that when many people when asked what most influenced them during the early years of the Order they answered the Formation Letters of Peter Funk.]

I suppose most of us in the Third Order are here because at some point we were charmed, or challenged, or changed, by Francis of Assisi. We recognized something of the Divine in him—his passion, his commitment, his joy—and we wanted to bring some of that spirit into our own lives. Unlike Elisha, I don't have the chutzpah to ask for a "double portion" of my mentor's spirit, though I do hope that if I hang around Francis

and Franciscans long enough, some of it will rub off on me. But moving from "charmed" to "changed" is a process, and a challenging one at that. Without a rigorous process of formation, we'd be stuck forever splashing around the birdbath. And I've never seen a birdbath with a deep end.

The formation process is critical, and the "Formation Letters" have been a critical part of that process since the first version was written by Peter Funk, who was professed in 1967 and wrote the Formation Letters between 1968 and 1970. So when John Brockmann invited me to reflect on Peter's original Letters, I leapt at the chance to discover what the earliest version had looked like. I love tracing the origins of things; I love knowing where things come from, and how they've changed. Naturally I assumed my job would be to compare the original Letters to the ones we have now. But John insisted that I write from the point of view of my own book (*Following Francis*, Morehouse 2006), and my experience of working as a formation counselor. While I'm a bit uncertain about the value of that approach, I will nevertheless follow his instructions.

The first thing to be said about the difference between Peter's Letters and my book is that, while they both focus on the disciplines that make up the Third Order Rule, as well as the core values of the Franciscan way, Peter wrote as a mature Franciscan, and I wrote as a newcomer. As a result, Peter's Letters are full of wisdom, and my book is full of—shall we say, "honesty"? I was, and am, grappling with ideas and practices that were new to me, while Peter's is the voice of one in whom they already ran deep. You know those cartoons where some guy is struggling up the side of a cliff, hoping the sage at the top will tell him the meaning of life? In my mind, that sage will forever be Peter Funk.

There's so much that could be said about the twenty-two letters that make up the original document, but I'd like to focus on three things that stand out to me: As I've already suggested, the letters are *wise*, but they're also *passionate*, and they're *challenging*. For each of these characteristics I can only give a couple examples. All the letters are up on tssf.org, so I urge you to check them out for yourself.

Wisdom

The wisdom in Peter's letters is apparent from the very beginning. *Letter 1*, "How to Write a Rule," anticipates the spiritual newbie's tendency to legalism, and cautions against scrupulosity. "You are not to fuss excessively," he says, sounding like an exceptionally wise great aunt. Lapses are normal, and when they occur, they are "only faults, not sins. Don't get bogged down by them." Peter points out the paradox of spiritual dis-

cipline: living under a rule of life is liberating, because it “helps to bring you into God’s presence more consistently.” It’s about deepening one’s spiritual awareness, not setting up a list of obligations, and it’s in that attentive abiding in God that we find freedom.

One place where we find some of Peter’s wisest counsel is *Letter 13*, “The Dry Period,” in which he explains the sources and meanings of spiritual aridity. He acknowledges that spiritual dry spells can come for all kinds of reasons, but emphasizes that they are not necessarily a bad sign: “The dry periods that come from God have a purpose, and if we can understand that they are part of our overall spiritual growth and not simply a hiatus, we can use them creatively.” Thus he manages to say in thirty-four words what took me two hundred pages in *God in the Dark*. Don’t rely on your feelings, he says; feelings can be deceptive. Dry periods are largely about learning to trust in God when you *can’t* feel his presence. We do that by holding fast to the rule, and letting it carry us over the dry parts. Having summarized the teaching of John of the Cross in a couple of paragraphs, Peter concludes that the goal is “understanding the darkness as being light. It is to give up a lesser faith that we may acquire a greater one.” How I wish I could have read that letter fifteen years ago.

Passion

Probably the most striking thing to me about these original Letters is how they communicate Peter Funk’s deep passion for God. Thank God for that; how terrible it would be to be drawn to the Third Order by Francis’ passion, only to be subjected to formation materials that were cold and distant, spiritually frozen over. Peter himself observes in *Letter 5* (“Four Pillars”) that Francis’ free choice of poverty and hardship only makes sense when we see that “Francis was a man truly in love.” A great love redefines sacrifices as natural and joyful, but for many of us, the love of a spiritual giant like Francis can be more intimidating than inspiring. Peter has wisdom for us here, too: Start by loving other people. And *pray* for a deep, wide, consuming love for God. If we follow this advice, we’ll have the two Great Commandments covered. Besides, this is such a great place for prayer to begin. If I had to pick one prayer out of the innumerable requests people make of God as “Most Likely To Be Granted,” the prayer for a greater love would be my choice every time.

It’s in the Letters on prayer that Peter’s own passionate love for God is most evident. Listen to his advice on how to avoid worrying about whether you’re “doing it right”:

[T]oo many people have thought it depended on technique,

that one had to be proficient in some kind of method. How wrong they are. Prayer is not a matter of technique ... Prayer is an exchange of love.

When I read that, I did a little mental fist-pump and thought, *Yes*. It’s not about getting stuff, even spiritual stuff; it’s about allowing God in, allowing God close. Again and again Peter invites us to intimacy with God, and shows that intimacy involves a glorious, almost shocking mutuality. Even our confession is an exchange of love: “[W]e respond to His forgiving love with our penitential love” (*Letter 11*, “Forgive Us Our Sins”). This exchange reaches its pinnacle in the Eucharist: “At the Communion we give ourselves to Christ as he gives himself to us, so that we may go forth in union with him.” Here’s another paradox: In the Eucharist the soul communes intimately with God, and yet “[t]he Eucharist ought never to be thought of as a completely individual act.” We receive the Body of Christ *as* the Body of Christ, and not as little isolated cells.

Challenge

Christians have sometimes tried to evangelize by pretending that following Christ is easy and fun, downplaying that bit about carrying the cross. These Letters do not make that mistake. There’s an entire Letter on “Fasting,” which was so tough to read I had to put it down and make myself a snack. He acknowledges that Francis found pledging himself to a community to be a mixed blessing, and we likely will too:

Community is a risk ... We cannot escape community. We can, however, go through life slithering and sliding in and out of different communities, avoiding responsibility and avoiding the commitment of total dedication.

These are not the words of someone trying to make it look easy. But throughout these letters, there’s a steady tension between challenge and support. You can see this in Peter’s advice on how to “pray without ceasing”: he makes a case for the Jesus Prayer, and then acknowledges that it’s “easy to begin, and easy to forget.” He advises people to begin slowly and realistically, and to be patient with themselves, returning to it anew when they forget. “Keep trying. It’s worth every ounce of effort.”

Peter also takes on a subject I wrestled with in *Following Francis*: “But I’m not poor ... How then can I call myself a follower of St. Francis?” (*Letter 4*, “Poverty”). He admits that family obligations can prevent a person from renouncing their possessions. But whereas I reached that point and called it a day, Peter challenges us to ask ourselves what we’d do if no one were dependent on us; would we be willing to give it all away

(continued on page 18)

Appreciation of Peter Funk Original Formation Letters (cont.)

then? At this point, I'm ready for another snack. Or possibly a drink.

I can't resist one more example of how Peter challenges us. In the Letter on aridity, he quotes Thomas Merton: "The sacrifices that are not chosen are often of greater value than those we select for ourselves." Oh, how willingly I'd carry the cross if only I could design it myself. I'd like a nice light one, maybe Styrofoam, with plenty of padding where it would rest on my shoulder. Whereas the cross I've actually been given is, you could say, a righteous pain in the backside. But the commitment Francis modeled for us takes the cross of God's choosing, not our own. I'm like the spouse who says, "No, I won't get a job and help with the bills. But look, I made you a pie!" Peter is too realistic to downplay the cost of following Christ. But he, too, is a man in love. And because of that, he knows that whatever the price, it will be well worth it.

Treasures New and Old

One of the things John asked me to consider in this review is whether the original letters seemed at all "dated"; how well do they wear their forty-five years? There are the sorts of wrinkles you'd expect, like the gender assumptions: "A busy doctor does his [intercessions] for 15 minutes or so during noon. A mother and housewife finds that in the evening just prior to taking her bath works best for her." (Actually, the oddest thing I find in that statement is not the gender roles, but the assumption that anyone has time for a bath.) Some of the ways in which the Letters show their age are just funny: In *Letter 5* Peter identifies love of God, simplicity of living, humility and trust in God as the "Four Pillars of Prayer," and offers the mnemonic: Lucky Strike Has Tobacco. We might make a different choice today; still, I won't be forgetting that any time soon.

I got other fascinating glimpses into our community's past from Peter's autobiography, which John sent along with the Letters. For example, did you know that Tertiaries used to take religious names? They also had a habit consisting of "a black cassock, a large gray scapula over the cassock and a gray yarmulke," which they wore to meetings. These were "quite correctly dumped" when it became evident that some people were getting more interested in the outer trappings than the substance of Franciscan life. But Peter uses the terms "religious life" and "religious community" frequently in the Letters. He takes the notion of being a religious in the world very seriously, too seriously to want to see it degenerate into a game of dress-up.

When I entered formation in the Third Order twelve years ago, the Formation Letters—along with the sisters and brothers in my fellowship who taught them to me and lived by them—showed me what this life is about. The Letters have been expanded considerably since Peter's original efforts, of course, and some careful subsequent editing has removed the repetition and created a tighter organization. It's important to have those newer chapters about the history and structure of the Order as well as the Three Aims and Ways of Service, the Three Notes, and my special favorites, the chapters on contemplation and action.

But Peter's Letters are the core. Reading them reminded me why I'm here—why, in spite of the long list of reasons why Francis probably wouldn't recognize me as one of his own, I am still hanging onto this community, hoping to be formed by it into something Francis might recognize. Lots of people admire Francis, of course, and are inspired by his life and charism. But it's another thing to *incarnate* that charism. This is what we are called to, and it doesn't come easily, though it is the way of "perfect joy."

So thank you, Peter; my skullcap's off to you. I know you didn't do it alone: I see a lot of Br. Robert Hugh, Thomas Merton and others cited here. But the gift you gave us in these Formation Letters has carried forth the work of Christ and of Francis in ways you can never

A Forthcoming book from Susan Pitchford: THE SACRED GAZE: CONTEMPLATION AND THE HEALING OF THE SELF Release date: March 2014

Eight hundred years ago, Clare of Assisi advised a correspondent to gaze into the mirror of the crucified Christ, and study her own face within it. A hundred years ago, sociologist Charles Horton Cooley said we can know our self only as it is reflected to us by others. Contemplation is the choice to find our reflection in the divine Mirror. In *The Sacred Gaze*, Susan Pitchford explores how a false self is created by distortions in the mirrors around us. Drawing from the mystical and sociological traditions, and with practical suggestions for how to begin, Pitchford shows how gazing into the face of Christ can reveal to us who we really are. When the true self is known, and known as God's beloved, the way is opened to radical freedom and joy.

Editor's Note. *After reading all of Peter's 22 letters, I asked Susan which was her favorite. This is the one, Letter 13, and one that has not migrated it into our current Formation materials.*

The Dry Period (Letter 13)

Peter Funk

"Why hast thou cast me off O Lord;

Why dost thou hide thy face from me?" (Ps. 88:14)

A friend of mine had a profound and unusual mystical experience. Startled, terrified, he awoke in the dark of night seemingly surrounded by flames. It was as if his entire room was on fire. He could feel the intense heat. He knew he was not on fire, and yet the flames were all about him. In his terror, he understood that he was being confronted with the shattering experience of God; involuntarily, he cried out for help. The phenomenon continued, and he had no idea of time.

Suddenly, the flames vanished. He was plunged into deep, dark stillness. What perplexed him was that this darkness—the only word that seemed appropriate—lasted for more than a year. He felt like a spiritual nomad lost in a strange desert. There were no familiar landmarks.

He was in a dry period, a spiritual drought, which technically is called "accidie". Most people know it as being fed up with things, of feeling sterile, being restless, and ill at ease in different ways. However, there is a specific spiritual connotation to the word, which describes a common and frequently painful experience that happens to almost everyone traveling the road of faith. It lasts for varying periods, of time—a few weeks, to months, to years.

Meditations seem flat, dull, gray, uninspired. Nothing much seems to happen in them. They are not well controlled. Neither do we hold to that stillness where, one is emptied of himself, to be filled with God. Nor do we think creatively about the scripture we read. We wander, and we cannot hold to the center of what we try to reach. We are restless in our work. It is a chore to get through the routine of things. Enthusiasm has dried up for causes and we have lost the élan, the spark, the zest for life.

You and I recall other, happier times when there was that sense of being in love. To be in love, and to be swept up by the Holy Spirit, is a similar sensation. There is a similar kind of light and lightness, the feeling of having stepped into a poem of joy; the warmth and patience and sympathy you have for all people. You seem to be more aware of God's presence, not only for yourself, but also for everyone, everything.

Has God then forsaken us? Of course not. God never forsakes anyone. It is only you and I who forsake him. Our prayer should be rather, "My God, why have I forsaken you? Why do I not trust in you, knowing that you have placed me where you want me?" God never changes. It is only I who fluctuate. He brings me to darkness to give me the gift of light. This is the paradox of Christianity.

Dryness isn't always from God. Sometimes we bring it on ourselves because we are going off in the wrong direction. It's an indication we need to redirect ourselves. Abraham H. Maslow comments that, "Theologians used the word *accidie* to describe, the sin of failing 'to do with one's life all that one knows one could do.'" The following is a brief, thumbnail guide that may help to see if this is the case.

If you are new to the spiritual life, you may be erratic in your habits, neglecting prayers and Bible studies, your obligation to be of service to others. In a word, your rule of life has fallen apart. When this happens, inevitably, your inner life begins to dry up. A young woman just back from an inspiring religious conference told me how much she needed that weekend. "I felt so far away from God. I hadn't been praying or reading my Bible. That's is why I was cranky and upset. The world was getting to ice. Now I'm back on the track."

Another situation that brings on the wrong kind of dryness is falling into the pharisaic trap of being overly concerned with the externals of religion: the ritual and details. These things can become an end in themselves. (Mt. 23:1-36)

Many young people argue vehemently whether the Adam and Eve story is literally true, or try to determine precisely when the end of the world will come. These are peripheral to the great message Christ gives us "I have come in order that they may have life; life in all, its fullness." (John 10:10) Christ's teachings are centered on love—love of God, love for all mankind. The overly scrupulous particularize Christianity. Christ offers us a feast, and they are picky eaters, and, of course, their spirit cannot be properly nourished. Sicknesses, consistent hassles, heavy pressures, frenetic concern over daily events, tend to pull us away, affecting our entire outlook. We are off center and out of balance. Our spiritual perspective becomes faulty.

The dry periods that come from God have a purpose, and, if we can understand that they are part of our overall spiritual growth and not simply a hiatus, we can use them creatively.

Thomas Merton gives sharp insights into such junctures. "As we advance on the way of sacrifice, we tend

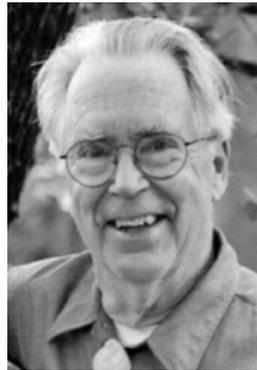
(continued on page 28)

Ride the Wind by Henry L. Bird

Reviewed by Carol Tookey

My favorite memory of Henry was of our New Mexico Fellowship gathering at the Trinity Site – the site of the testing of the first Nuclear Weapon – with processional cross, Henry in cassock and stole, walking around the site, blessing the area, and celebrating the Eucharist as an act of peacemaking and healing. This is the Henry Bird, TSSF described in this brief autobiography. Henry talks about his ordination to the priesthood and the sermon preached by Bill Wolf a former theology teacher on the subject of reconciliation, which he states: “looking back, this has been my basic service.” He further elaborates, “supporting women’s role in church and society, the Civil Rights movement, working with Native Americans, protesting wars, involvement with the Poor People’s Campaign, supporting gays and lesbians, working with the Upward Bound program for low income kids and in many activities bringing all sorts and conditions of people together for peace and justice.” This does indeed describe the ministry of our brother Franciscan.

The book, published by a very small local Maine publisher, was written at the request of Henry’s son, Tad. And, as such, it is a simple memoir intended, I believe, for family and friends. Non-family may find the small details of early life and retirement of less interest. The editing is not the strongest point of the book. But there are rich details of Henry’s life working in the Civil Rights movement—attending the March on Washington, attempting to register black voters, being involved at the ground level. At times the controversy of ministry forced him back into secular employment as a teacher and marine biologist.



I was most interested in his work in Navajoland. He arrived in New Mexico to the tragedies of life in a border town and soon became involved in the racial tensions among the local community. First working with the Navajos in New Mexico, he served two small rural congregations in New Mexico, and then established an Urban Indian mission in Albuquerque.

Henry and his wife, Hilde, opened their home to many including adopted children, people in need of a place to stay during medical treatment, young people in need of a home while away at school. This spirit of openness and hospitality was another characteristic of his life.

Henry also describes his passion for rowing—a sport he picked up as a young person in college, leading winning teams of rowers—and a sport he returned to in retirement when he returned to his home state of Maine. It was a discipline and a joy, keeping him fit until arthritis and other health problems prohibited it.

Throughout the book he demonstrates the radical presence of a follower of St. Francis. While he doesn’t write a great deal about his Franciscan journey in the book, it is obvious that the Franciscan vision directed his life, even before he knew about the Community. This book is a wonderful testimony to a life well-lived in the service of Christ following in the way of Francis.

More Memories of Henry

Andrew Wilkes

I will miss Henry Bird. I wanted to share some memories that are part of Henry’s and our Franciscan legacy.

Years ago, maybe 20, at a Third Order Convocation in New Mexico, Paul Saunders, a long time friend and fellow Franciscan, asked Henry Bird to share ‘all the crazy things he had ever done’.

Henry wasn’t very forthcoming. Paul had to prod him several times, but Henry eventually shared several stories of an extraordinary ministry. The four stories below are just the four I remember.

One of the most extraordinary acts of ministry Henry accomplished was to celebrate Eucharist at Trinity Site. Trinity Site is the name of the location of the first explosion of an atomic bomb. It is in New Mexico, in the White Sands Missile Range. Henry didn’t say what drew him to this particular cause. I believe he was in part offended by the use of ‘trinity’ in the name of that site. Henry thought nuclear weapons were an abomination. He kept asking if he could celebrate there, and eventually the people in charge said ‘yes’.

Henry was the parish priest at a church in a college town in southern New Mexico a very long time before there was an LGBT civil rights movement. Several gay students wanted to create a gay student union at the college. One particular fundamentalist preacher was adamantly opposed to the gay student union. Henry proposed a panel discussion with Henry, the preacher and several other interested people. In this discussion, Henry demolished the fundamentalist’s biblical and personal points of view. The gay student union was formed.

Northern Arizona contains the largest American Indian population in the United States on the Navajo Indian Reservation. Navajo Nation law does not allow alcohol to be sold or consumed on the reservation. Indians who want to drink leave the reservation for towns that are nearby but are not on the reservation. I myself have seen a street several blocks long with about three hundred people lying side by side passed out on the sidewalk. The good church going people in this town ignored this alcoholic desolation. When Henry retired from his active ministry he started the first treatment center on the street.

These stories were told by Henry Bird, with a lot of prompting from Paul Saunders. As the stories continued to be told, Henry got more and more uncomfortable until he didn’t want to share any more. At this point, Paul asked Henry how he ran the vestry meetings at his church. Henry acted like he didn’t know what Paul was talking about. Paul then told us that Henry would only approve a decision by the vestry if it was a unanimous decision. This idea gave significant pause to the assembled TO members. Most of us had served on a vestry.

How Do You Say The Daily Office?

Diane C Jones

How do you say the Daily Office? Are there challenges for you (such as where to find the readings, collects,

etc.)? Or are you like one priest I know who once said, "You can say it in the shower." I'm still shaking my head over that one.

For many years before we became Franciscans, my husband and I said Compline every night, but it was not until we enquired about joining TSSF that we started to say Morning Prayer outside of church. With this obligation, we had to find the readings and had no idea where they might be. It took longer to research the readings than it did to say the Office.

Then one day I happened upon a wonderful website: <http://www.missionstclare.com>. Perhaps you know it. There it is, all laid out for us, the order of service and the full lectionary for the day. It's easy to listen or sing along with hymns. It even has stories and collects for the saint of the day, and prayers for special occasions.

In addition to Morning and Evening Prayers, this website also offers daily devotions for morning, noon, afternoon, evening and night, as well as Compline. It's worth checking out for other devotions, too, such as a candle to light when you can't use a real one. You can send the Mission prayer requests, follow the chanted psalms, vary your routine with Evening Prayer from the BBC or from Grace Cathedral, San Francisco. If you don't want the hymns suggested for the day, there's a hymnal where you can choose your own and sing along with the choir on the video. Some of the services are offered in Spanish.

I'm still not sure how to say Morning Prayer in the shower, but it seems that almost anywhere you go, you can find Mission St. Clare to help you. If you look at their index on their home page, you'll find that there's an app even for that.

P.S. (From John Brockmann)

While you are considering apps etc. to help you with the Daily Office, you might want to add the Principles Day by Day. Click on <http://www.tssf.org/obedience.shtml>, and, if you have an iPhone or iPad using Safari, you can actually make a bookmark to this page and have it appear like an app on the home page. Thus you just touch the Obedience app and up pop the Principles and Collect of the day.

AND, if you have an e-copy of the Directory in .pdf, you can put it into your Kindle app or your Adobe Reader app and so the names and intentions of each day of the month can also pop up right on your mobile device.

NOW I just wonder if you can get SIRI to read it aloud in your car as you drive to work?

From the Bursar

Tom Johnson,

This is the time of year when money is very much on the mind of us all. Churches are conducting their stewardship campaigns; we are all beginning to plan for Christmas shopping; the expenses of special meals at Thanksgiving and Christmas add to the burden on our check-books.



Thankfully, I am not writing you now to ask for money. Our fiscal year is not concurrent with the calendar year, so we are not locked into year-end fundraising.

However, I will be contacting you after the first of the year to provide a statement of your giving in 2013 and give you an opportunity to pledge your support for 2014. With that in mind, there is some information I want to share with you as you begin thinking about your commitment for next year.

Contribution/pledge income to TSSF in our last fiscal year (ending 9/30/2013) was exceptionally below expectations and significantly below prior years' experience. I suspect that the economic situation had something to do with that. I also suspect that many of us felt the need to cut back in order to travel to and attend Provincial Convocation.

The result is that in preparing the budget for the current fiscal year, it was necessary for Chapter to cut back significantly on our commitment to outreach ministries. We hope and pray this is a one year action, and that support will return to normal and we'll be able to support outreach ministries at our usual level next year. Keep this in your prayers as we move through the Christmas season and consider our commitments for 2014.

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Kairos vs Chronos in the Formation Experience

John Brockmann

Dear Sister [who is worried about someone in Formation not getting to profession quick enough],

I sympathize with your distress regarding those in your area and fellowship who have not proceeded along the path of Formation according to the calendar time that they expected: six months for postulancy and 24 months for novitiate. It is hard when they fail to be noviced or fail to be professed according to calendar time. It's embarrassing as if they did something wrong.

But just as it is silly to hear Garrison Keillor on the *Prairie Home Companion* always end his schtick with the phrase:

"Welcome to Lake Wobegon, where ALL the women are strong, ALL the men are good-looking, and ALL the children are above average."

ALL the women cannot be strong nor can ALL the men be good-looking. And certainly, ALL the children cannot be above average.

And so it is in Formation--the ideal is that it will normally take a postulant six months to be noviced; and the novice 18 months to be professed--but most of us are not average!

We are above or below the line--and thus spiritually we must have recourse to *kairos* not *chronos*.

Kairos as I learned many years ago in Cursillo and then in Kairos (the in prison version of Cursillo with inmates), is a sense of time that is "God's just right timing"—*kairos*—and such timing has nothing to do with the calendar or the clock—*chronos*. God acts; God sends grace; worlds move and minds change at "just the right time" according to God and not us.

So I ask you as a leader of the Order to give the Formation team—who have been tried, trained, and experienced—the chance to use God's time (*kairos*) rather than the human sense of timing (*chronos*). Some of us are not good at writing reports; some (both counselors as well as novices or postulants have family emergencies that interrupt the spiritual flow of Formation; and sometimes life intervenes (i.e., one of my early counselors was a brother who died and all my papers got mislaid).

Living in a world of *kairos* means that we attain to much more Franciscan virtues such as patience, obedience, and humility...and trust in words such as those of Julian of Norwich (who should have been a Franciscan): "All shall be well, and all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well." We also learn to overcome in very concrete ways what we ask God to forgive in our Litany of Penitence on Ash Wednesday:

We confess to you, Lord, all our past unfaithfulness: the pride, hypocrisy, and impatience of our lives...

So Sister, as a leader in our Order, I ask you to continue to sympathize and comfort those upset at their *chronos* expectations of Formation not being met, but also pray that God will move them to *kairos* and to let go of the attachments of *chronos*.

Peace and all good,

John Brockmann

Josephine Louise Baker, RIP Professed 1988

by Joyce Lane Morrow, (Josephine's Niece)

Today in private service, I mourned my beloved friend, mentor and Aunt. I witnessed my family, her closest friends and Soldiers in action, the gathering and celebration beyond what words would formulate.

I want to express to each of you my gratitude and appreciation for your presence in my life and the comfort expressed to my family; you are cherished beyond what I might ever speak.

Each one of you has showed up as 'hope' in your own unique blend of service to a unified purpose of one Creator with many rivers to this Destination. Reverend Baker's final word was "Love".

With respect and gratitude,

Joyce

Valley Forge Military Academy & College mourns the loss of Rev. Dr. Josephine Louisa Redenius Baker, COL USA (Ret.), who passed away on Wednesday, November 20, 2013.

As the former Josephine L. Redenius, Dr. Baker came to Valley Forge Military Academy & College in 1967 as the Director of Public Relations and Development. She had recently retired as a Lieutenant Colonel after serving 24 years in the Women's Army Corps (WACS). She was one of the first of 200 commissioned women in the Regular Army. Her career in the Army took her around the world. She visited 16 countries in Africa, and 13 in Asia. She joked that the only two places on Earth that she had not visited were the North and South Poles. Her military career took her from serving in the Manhattan District Counter-Intelligence Corps, to being lexicographer for the first volume of atomic terms; Secretary General Staff in Armed Forces, Far East; Public Information Officer in the Pentagon; Chief of WAC Recruiting; and Information Liaison Officer for the U.S. Army also in the Pentagon. In 1967 when she retired, she had become the second highest ranking woman officer in the U.S. Army.

Dr. Baker received her first MA from American University in 1963 and her second MA in Religious Studies from St. Charles Borromeo Seminary in 1981. Her M Div followed in 1984 from Eastern Baptist Theological School, and finally in 1990 the Reverend Dr. Josephine



At the September Meeting of the Br. Juniper Fellowship, we celebrated two anniversaries of professions: (lt) Joan Powers on her 52nd and (rt) Alice White on her 25th



Louise Redenius Baker received her Doctor of Ministry from Eastern Baptist Theological School.

In a 2005 interview with Dr. Baker, she remarked that Lieutenant General Milton Baker was the most dynamic individual she had ever met - a real power broker. The living testimony to that statement is the very existence of Valley Forge itself. In the 1960s, LTG Baker and LTC Josephine Louise Redenius, and an organization of WACS were part of an effort to push a resolution passed Congress making women eligible for the same ranks in the military as men. They were successful. On December 5, 1970, they married.

Following the 1976 passing of Lieutenant General Milton H. Baker, USA (Ret.), TAPS, Dr. Baker lived for many years in the Tower House where she worked in her garden, painted, played the piano, and fashioned the beautiful stained glass windows that are still displayed today.

William R. Floyd, Jr. Chairman of the Board of Trustees commented on the passing of Dr. Baker, "It is with great sadness that we mourn the passing of our founder's wife, our thoughts and prayers go out to her family at this time."

Dr. Baker is survived by Joyce Morrow, niece; John Morrow, nephew; Joanne Vereneck, niece; Cheryl Legler, niece; Ron Redenius; nephew; Theodore Redenius; brother; and Emma Morrow, sister.

The private funeral service for Dr. Josephine Louisa Redenius Baker, COL USA (Ret.), '94H will be held for her family, where she will be laid to rest. A Public Memorial Service will be held at Valley Forge Military Academy & College at the Alumni Memorial Chapel of St. Cornelius the Centurion, Monday, December 2, 2013.

From Franciscan Times, Summer 2011

Birthday Message from the Rev. Dr. Josephine Louise Redenius Baker: 90 Years Old and Professed 23 Years

My thanks to you begins with sincere gratitude and appreciation. Each of you has been welcomed into my life in a unique and special way. You have shared in my travels and choices as you have walked with me through my Tower of memories and treasures. A life worth living is represented by the steps you take and the choices you make. By God's grace, it is my privilege to know each of you, to watch over my 90 years my brother; sister, their families, and friends grow, struggle, and prosper.

Stop, if yet for a moment, breathe. Share and toast life with me today and know you are loved in a unique and special way. Be special, take a dirt road, love softly and laugh aloud... Dance... Study and, yes, a Scotch along the way will put some pep in your step and champagne will give you a mischievous glow...Enjoy...

Most importantly keep your word with honor, let your no be no, your yes be yes, and live your purpose in your own and special loving way. As a servant, I offer inspiration by asking you, What is Next?



Josephine Baker and Joan Bedell

Justice Peace & Integrity of Creation (JPIC)

Joyce Wilding

As the new JPIC leader, I want to find the best ways to offer JPIC resources for each fellowship and individual JPIC leader. I am familiar with the dynamic JPIC work that Emmett Jarret, Carol Tookey and Jeff Gollither have done. Please go to the TSSF website resource link and click on *Franciscan Time* and type in the names above and read about their work and writing.

During the 2013 Chapter Meeting, Ken Norian helped me and others understand that it is difficult and perhaps impossible to get all fellowship groups to work on the same JPIC projects and programs. This has inspired me to seek more ways to offer resources and news about JPIC ministry in the Province of The Americas.

"Justice" is the operative work in JPIC. I know some tertiaries are doing diverse and dynamic justice work but too seldom share the highlights of their work. Please contact me and let me know how I can share your JPIC work. See my email address, snail mail address and/or phone number in the TSSF directory.

I am eager to know about your TSSF social, economic, and environmental justice work. To **SEE** (Social, Economic, Environmental) Justice as a trinity that will not be divided can enhance JPIC programs. This trinity helps promote "Peace with Earth for Peace on Earth" and enables us to take better care of all creation.

Let us remember that JPIC is part of our TSSF charism. I believe TSSF Day 13 Principle and Day 18 Principle can help us expand attention to integrity of creation.

Day Thirteen - The Three Ways of Service

Tertiaries desire to be conformed to the image of Jesus Christ, whom they serve in the three ways of Prayer, Study, and Work. In the life of the Order as a whole these three ways must each find full and balanced expression, but it is not to be expected that all members devote themselves equally to each of them. Each individual's service varies according to his/her abilities and circumstances, yet the member's personal rule of life includes each of the three ways

We do not have to give equal time to prayer, study and work as we promote JPIC projects; however, we need each of these when we address complex issues like climate change, genetically modified organisms (GMO), loss of quality top soil, water pollution and best sources of fuel/energy. I hope the paragraphs and icons below will help us enrich 2014 JPIC ministry.

Reflection, Education and Action enables us to protect the environment and promote sustainable communities and preserve the sanctity of creation.

Reflection Open our hearts through scripture, prayer, theology and liturgy.

Every element of creation is a gift of God and a revelation of God. How we relate to the natural world reflects our relationship with God, renews reverence for life.

Environmental stewardship is grounded in a theology of creation, drawing from the Christian and Celtic spirituality and the strong sacramental tradition of the Anglican Communion.

Liturgies - celebrate God as Creator emphasizing Christian responsibility in a time of ecological upheaval. Special liturgies: *Rogation Day, The Feast of St. Francis and Creation Season.*

Education - Open our minds to learn and teach the issues before us through individual study groups and forums. Deepen our understanding of the threats to Creation.

Years of irresponsible human behavior toward natural resources threaten our generation and future generations. Examine how the growing environmental crisis impacts social justice, learn the connection between economic practices and sustainability, work with ENEJ, Episcopal Network for Economic Justice and consult the STF, Science, Technology & Faith Network <http://ecusa.anglican.org/science/> for ecological and scientific expertise.

Action - Open our hands to implement projects. Live in ways that protect, heal and honor the integrity of God's creation. Intentional changes in lifestyles can reflect a reverence for God's creation. Simple living can be responsible and abundant living. Actions can transform lives.

Through our works we are known to the world. Much can and must be done at the individual, parish, diocesan, provincial, national and international levels. Consider the following activities for all levels:

- Organize environmental teams to address the crisis facing God's planet Earth.
- Develop and distribute worship and education resources concerning environmental issues.
- Make a *Creation Awareness Center* in your parish.
- Contact *Episcopal Public Policy Network* - www.episcopalchurch.org/eppn
- Implement local projects that address national priority issues.
- Network with interfaith and ecumenical care for creation groups. See the resources on the EEN web site www.eenonline.org - if you are unable to get information from your Provincial leader listed on this site, contact: **Joyce Wilding** joycewilding@comcast.net

See the web link to TEC's *Science Technology and Faith* (ST&F) network above. In addition to this network there are priest and lay leaders who are members of the *Society of Ordained Scientists* (SOSc). I will help TSSF members learn how to get information from science and religion professionals in these two groups.

News about current TSSF JPIC work

For a few years Francesca Wigle has facilitated some wonderful JPIC work for Chapter. In Oct. 2013, she organized a new TSSF FAN (Franciscan Action Network) Action Circle to expand attention to many justice programs. Francesca keeps the *Canticle Campus* programs alive and thriving. I am honored to work with Francesca and the new *TSSF FAN Action Circle and equally honored to stay in touch with Jeff Gollhofer and all his "great work" as the environmental representative for the worldwide Anglican Communion at the United Nations. "Great work" is the name Geologist and Passionist Priest Thomas Berry has given to us as we pursue care of finite earth resources and expand attention to the universe story that perpetually unfolds before us.

- Dianne Aid, Verleah Kosloske, Linda Watkins, Francesca Wigle and Joyce Wilding are members of FAN Action Circle. Currently this is a female dominant "earth mother" group; however, please know we are working with men in the FAN networks and with Jeff Gollhofer. We are eager to have more TSSF men volunteer to do JPIC work with us!

Many justice issues require more education that informs citizens about best ways to vote and do more hands on activism! We need new images and logos to get and keep attention on some justice issues. Contact Verleah Kosloske about a Franciscan logo for arms control and banner that can be used for peace vigils. These could evoke parishes and TSSF fellowships to promote peace during Francistide. These might help us move Franciscan events beyond blessings of animals/pets into blessings of all creation. This could enrich attention to a Department of Peace versus exclusive attention to Department of War. And promoting "great work" with the *Earth Charter* resources could expand conflict resolution and reconciliation in our world.

The *Earth Charter* is a declaration of fundamental principles for building a just, sustainable, and peaceful global society in the 21st century. Endorsed by thousands of prominent global institutions, it seeks to inspire a new sense of interdependence and shared responsibility for the wellbeing of the human family and the larger living world. To learn more about Earth Charter, see www.emergingearthcommunity.org and learn how *Journey of the Universe* story consider how

these resources can be connected with Franciscan spirituality, action and contemplation.

Franciscan Reconciling with First People and Sacred Lands, the theme of 2013 Provincial Convocation, can help Franciscan with many justice issues. The paragraphs below can be used to introduce the Doctrine of Discovery. To learn more on the Doctrine of Discovery see <http://kathrynrickett.com/2012/06/25/resources-for-responding-to-the-doctrine-of-discovery/> and read the Summer 2013 *Franciscan Times*.

Verleah Kosloske - My activities are focused on the peace and justice aspects of JPIC. A number of different groups including Pax Christi, Episcopal Peace Fellowship, and Langley Friends Meeting have held monthly vigils against the use of armed drones outside the CIA headquarters in McLean, Virginia. I hope to get Franciscan Action Network and the Franciscan Mission Service missionaries-in-training more involved in the anti-drone vigil.

Pamela Moffat of the DC Fellowship devotes much time and energy to anti-nuclear protests. She speaks movingly about her participation in a Church of the Saviour class that brings together ex-offenders and, well, non-offenders, to share their stories and pray together.

A number of Episcopal Church bishops, clergy, and lay people from around the country as well as Episcopal Peace Fellowship have been active in opposing gun violence. There have been local programs here in DC and Virginia.

Along with the Rev. Allison Sandlin Liles, the new executive director of Episcopal Peace Fellowship, I was able to attend the 50th anniversary of the March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom. Most Monday mornings at 7 am I join the Dorothy Day Catholic Worker vigil outside the Pentagon. The Catholic Workers have been faithful in their vigil for decades and I am glad to say that there have been some Episcopalians who have joined them over the years.

In my local parish I have planted the idea of creating stations of the cross or a pilgrimage to sites of injustice and oppression here in Alexandria, Virginia. We hope to get other churches and other denominations involved in this project. Near our 200-year-old church are Market Square which was once the slave market and another building which was a notorious slave pen. Please pray for this is a long-term project which has just begun.

Dianne Aid - We are organizing a FAN Action Circle Northwest, it includes OSF, OEF, TSSF and The Lu-

(continued on page 26)

theran Franciscan Order". Collectively we participate in monthly prayer vigils at The Northwest Immigration Detention Center, involve ourselves in public witness with worker campaigns and participate in supporting civil rights of our Muslim brothers and sisters.

I currently serve as the President of The Episcopal Network for Economic Justice and advocate through General Convention for social and economic justice resolutions, which then empower The Office of Government Relations of TEC to advocate for public policy related to the human relations.

Sarah Eagle Heart, Kathryn Rickert and I plan to develop a "tool kit" on *The Doctrine of Discovery* that could be used in Action Circles or Fellowship and beyond. I would like tertiaries, associates, etc. who want to be active in immigration and worker justice issues to contact me.

Linda Watkins - I attend the FAN webinars and am now focusing on my *Green Faith* fellowship work and have four podcasts on Environmental theology on my diocesan website. See www.diocesecpa.org - click on news and then on audio visual materials. There are discussion/reflection materials for each podcast about eco-theology and more. I hope to have these links and transcriptions placed on TSSF web site and EPPN website. Please send me feedback about how you may use these resources.

I have been involved in a Fellowship program sponsored by GreenFaith. This organization trains religious leaders of all faiths to become religious environmental leaders. The Fellowship program includes monthly webinars on a variety of topics. We've had talks from Climate Change scientists, Environmental Ethicists, and Leaders from varied spiritual traditions.

The *Green Faith* Fellowship program involves three retreats that cover Environmental Stewardship, Eco-Justice, Eco-Spirituality and Worship. The Fellows come from all over the world. Fellows complete several writing projects as well as a final leadership project and many stay in touch with the Green Faith program long after they officially "graduate". I have participated in monthly webinars covering how to organize action groups around Climate Change and am excited about FAN Earth Corps that helps adults work on Earth Justice issues.

Joyce Wilding I am working with Derek Larson, a youth minister in my diocese, who is a TSSF Postulant in the mid-TN *Wind Water Fire Earth* Fellowship. Derek is starting a *FAN Youth Earth Corp* local group this fall. We are co-facilitating a five week EYC (15 to 18 year old students) program which will introduce the *Doctrine of*

Discovery along with "Journey of Universe Story". Each of our programs will have Reflection, Education and Action components. I am promoting the Nashville TN 2013 *Global South Summit*. World leaders gather to build the Global Action Platform – Creating Abundance through Innovation for Food, Health, and Prosperity.

Nativity Stations

Joyce Wilding

St. Francis of Assisi Episcopal Church in Ooltewah TN has created a "Stations of the Nativity" walk and meditations. They gave Joyce Wilding a copy of the 14 paintings and reflections for each painting. Inspired by a book written by Raymond Chapman entitled *Stations of the Nativity: Meditations on the Incarnation of Christ*, Suzy Bagget created 14 pastel paintings to depict the example that forever changed humankind with scenes described in first couple of chapters of Matthew and Luke. Curtis Baggett, lay Minister and husband of the artist wrote a series of meditations for the stations.

Stations of the Nativity created for Advent/Christmas season an equivalent to the Lenten Way of the Cross. The 14 stations invite you to remember the story of Zechariah, Annunciation, Visitation, Birth of John the Baptist, Joseph's Dream, Birth of Jesus, Shepherds and Angels, Shepherds at the Manger, Circumcision, Magi, Presentation, Flight to Egypt, Massacre of the Innocents and the Return to Nazareth.

The paintings and readings at each station help us celebrate "And the Word became flesh and lived among us." John 1:14. The miracle of Incarnation, God becoming human continues to amaze and confound us. It is good to examine how we understand this great act of God becoming one of us and living as one of us during Advent and Christmas Season. This incredible mystery is understood by living daily into the reality that God became one of us, so that we know and believe in God and in God's love. The Nativity Stations invite you to hear the scriptures again, to walk a path through these events, and to wait with wonder and expectation for Christ child's birth within you. In midst of frenzied times of holiday season, the paintings may draw you to ponder, to reflect and to experience yet again God's amazing love for us. These Nativity Stations enable participants to expand attention to incredible mystery of Incarnation.

* If you want to know more about these Stations and how to get a copy of the prints and booklet, contact Joyce Wilding at joycewilding@comcast.net. Joyce will tell you how she has used these stations in her "No hay in the Manger, No Room in the Inn" program that call folks to more Justice, Peace & Integrity of Creation (JPIC) work during Advent and Christmas season.

Tales from the Convent: RIP Alison Hegeman

Alison Hegeman (reprinted from the *Franciscan Times*, Advent 2004)

For ten years I drove the two sisters—Sr. Mary Philomena and Sr. Mary Dorothea—almost everywhere they went. In the beginning, it was only the long trips—to Mendham New Jersey to see Sr. Mary Catherine countless times; to Boston, Mass. three or four times; to Cape Cod many times; and to Texas two times. In the end, it was to the grocery store, to church, and to doctors.

For most of those years, the Poor Clares' Convent was on Old Post Road at the foot of the hill. A little further down the hill was the garage, and the apartment over it was called the Hermitage, where Sr. Dorothea spent her day off every Saturday. Now and then "important" visitors were put up in the Hermitage. Next to the Hermitage was the Brothers' Guest House and next to that was the Friary. And another few steps was the Brothers' Chapel.

One of my early memories of travel with Sr. Mary Philomena was the first time we took the Orient Point ferry to New London. Sister's older sister, Margaret, lived on Cape Cod and that was the destination at least once a year for Sr. Mary Philomena's holidays. My 5-year old granddaughter asked "Is Sister's sister a sister?" She was puzzled when I said no, and she asked it again.

Anyway, back to the ferry. It was September, I think, but cold and blustery and the water was rough. The captain ordered everyone out on deck to sit down. There were half a dozen of us out there, and we sat obediently. Within minutes of leaving the dock, huge waves crashed over the bow and drenched us. Someone stood up, obviously planning to go inside but the captain roared: "Sit down and stay down!" The waves came again and again, and we all looked like drowned

rats. Then the waters calmed, and the captain said we could move. We stood up, and the wind whipped Sister's long skirts up and up. I grabbed the heavy brown material and pulled it down, over her modest bloomers and heavy black stockings, while Sister herself was holding on to her veil with both hands. We sat down.

"We 'd get dry a lot faster if we could stand

up," Sister muttered to me.

"But you'd make a spectacle of yourself," I muttered back.

"Well, now they know what nuns wear underneath," she replied. And everyone on deck laughed.

Our outer clothes did dry but our cotton underwear remained uncomfortably wet as we went on our way to Cape Cod.

Sr. Mary Philomena was the most wonderful person I ever knew. She was truly spiritual, deeply devout, totally devoted to serving her Lord, but also full of common sense, practicality, and humor. She was a joy and a privilege to know and her death left a big hole in my life, but also a heart full of happy memories.

Alison published a collection of columns she wrote from 1996 to 1999 in *The Seasoned Citizen* called "Chatting with Alison." Her second book is called *The Best is Yet to Come*, her third *Act Three* and all proceeds from all her books go to Maureen's Haven, a homeless shelter.

Alison died on August 11 just after she had celebrated her 97th birthday. She was professed for 23 years. For many years Alison was a Lay Eucharistic minister at the Church of the Redeemer. In 2007 she was elected to



the Women's Hall of Fame of Suffolk County and she received many proclamations from country dignitaries for her community work. At the age of 82, she earned her Bachelor of Arts degree, and at 85 she married Leslie B. Hegeman at the Church of the Redeemer. Just last year, she was named "Woman of the Year" by the Episcopal Church Women of the Diocese of Long Island, NY.

Here's our brother John Michael Fox along with Alex Cantrell, and Pam Robertson performing the Brahms Horn Trio on Monday, September 16, 2013 at St Johns Cathedral.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j7O0G9Xkitc&feature=share&list=PLQn_H1b9jCttMyAHk0Zc_PlwsdTxOT8O

*The Best Is
Yet To
Be*



By Alison Hegeman

The Dry Period--Letter 13 (cont.)

to submit more and more to a purifying action we cannot understand. The sacrifices that are not chosen are often of greater value than those we select for ourselves. Especially in meditation we have to learn patience, in the weary and arid path that takes us through the dry places in prayer. Aridities grow more and more difficult as time goes on. In a certain sense, aridity can almost be taken as a sign of progress in prayer, provided it is accompanied by serious efforts and self-discipline. In the prophecy of Hosea (2:14) 'the Lord says that. He will lead Israel into the Wilderness and into the dry places in the Valley of Achor, in order to speak to her heart and espouse her to Him in faith.'" (from *Contemplative Prayer* by Thomas Merton, 1969)

Think of your dry period, perhaps as a kind of spiritual wilderness even a barren plateau. You are climbing the mountain of God, and for most of us it is simply not possible to go straight up, and so we take a more circuitous route. We climb for a while, exhilarated by our eyes being opened to new views and the heady feeling of progress.

But then our trail seems to peter out and eventually we lose it. Night comes on catching us unprepared. This becomes a period of confusion and frustration because we cannot see where to go next. We have lost our way.

Brother Robert of the Society of St. Francis suggests, however, that all plateaus need not necessarily be painful experiences. They may not be exhilarating, but "when we are on the plateau, progress seems easy and we have the peak in view; as we leave the plateau and start a steeper section, the going is tougher and the immediate foreground hides our view of the peak, which is disheartening. Only when we have stuck it out, breathless, and maybe with a stitch in our side, do we come to another plateau, see the peak again, and on looking back see just how far we have climbed."

There is great difficulty in discussing inner experiences such as this for we have no adequate, precise language to use. Thus in groping for expression, frequently we turn to metaphors, which are only a rough estimate and sometimes more confusing than helpful. The inner depths of the spiritual life are mysterious and inexplicable in terms of ordinary language that has no adequate, precise language to use.

For example, when St. John of the Cross tries to catch the essence of this period, which we feel is so upsetting, he uses the term *dark night of the soul*. But he is not necessarily speaking of the discomfort one endures during dry periods. What he is trying to explain is that as we progress in these dry periods, the soul reaches an inner stillness that is beyond all outer sense. It is

beyond feeling. It is where the soul is more surely with God. It is the "known" in touch with the "unknown", where the object and subject become as one. For Saint John, this darkness that seems to surround us is actually a light of illumination. He uses the term, also, the *passive night of the senses*—when vocal prayer, images, discursive meditation, seem to be irrelevant, and one is drawn to the one who loves us, to simply rest quietly in that love. St. John considers this period to be far more desired than when our prayer life is filled with words and images. But it cannot be forced for it comes to us by the grace of God.

However, we must be prepared that during the dark night of the feelings and senses, anxiety is felt in prayer, often acutely. This is necessary because this spiritual night marks the transfer of the full, free control of our inner life into the hands of a superior power. We will have to face our doubts and fears. We will have to call into question the whole structure of our spiritual life. We will have to make a new evaluation of our motives for belief, for love, for self-commitment to the invisible God. And at this moment precisely, all spiritual light is darkened, all values lose their shape and reality, and we remain, so to speak, suspended in the void.

"The most crucial aspect of this experience is precisely the temptation to doubt God himself; we must not minimize the fact that this is a genuine risk. For here we are advancing beyond the stage where God makes himself accessible to our mind in simple and primitive images. We are entering the night in which he is present without any image, invisible, inscrutable, and beyond any satisfactory mental representation. We may not be able to face the terrible experience of being apparently without faith in order to really grow in faith. (*Contemplation* Thomas Merton, Image Books)

It is at such times that, above all, we must hold fast to our rule of life, for it brings an absolutely necessary equilibrium to it. If we abandon this we are in danger of abandoning everything, and all the ground we have made is lost. Also, and I'm not entirely sure why, I have found that if you fast more often during this period you are helped along in reaching that mysterious relationship between yourself and God.

But there is no question that the most important experience we have in this encounter is to learn to trust God. As long as we rely on "feelings", we are on vulnerable ground, for feelings are fickle. We don't necessarily have to feel the Holy Spirit in us to know it is there, we don't have to feel our prayers to be sure they are being heard.

Being able to trust God, even though we do not "see" him is the sine qua non of the religious life. If we cannot trust, neither can we really believe, and so it does

become at some point an either-or situation. We are faced with really taking that leap of faith, and taking Jesus Christ at face value. This is what St. John of the Cross means by understanding the darkness as being light. It is to give up a lesser faith that we may acquire a greater one.

The core of St. Francis' powerful humility, which transformed his age, lay in trusting God implicitly in everything. God was all, and he himself was nothing. He was in His hands completely. When Francis presented his program to found an Order, which depended completely on the mercy of God for all its temporal needs, the Pope and his councilors were extremely skeptical. Francis answered their skepticism:

Lord Pope, I depend upon my Lord Jesus Christ. He has promised us eternal life and heavenly happiness, and will not deny us so trivial a thing as what we need here upon earth to maintain our life.

As we learn to trust during these dry periods, we grow towards a fuller comprehension of love, of joy, of peace and patience and humility:

"Weeping may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning." (Ps. 30.5)

Thistle Farms Oil Used at TSSF 2013PC

Joyce Wilding

I was delighted that so many Tertiaries liked the Thistle Farms oil that we used in several services during TSSF June 2013 Provincial Convocation. I enjoyed telling folks about how I endorse Thistle Farms. I believe it is one of the best if not the best model of SEE (Social, Economic and Environmental) Justice I have ever supported! "Thistle Farms is a social enterprise for women who have survived lives of violence, prostitution and addiction. By hand, the women create natural bath and body care products that are as good for the earth as they are for the body. All proceeds go back into Thistle Farms, and into Magdalene, the residential community. For two years Magdalene has been providing housing, food, medical and dental expenses, therapy, education and job training for residents - all without charging the women or taking government funding. Magdalene and Thistle Farms stand as a witness to the truth that in the end love is the most powerful force for change in the world." Visit www.thistlefarms.org to learn more about Thistle Farm projects and programs.

Provincial Convocation Raffle: Clocks Still Available

Julie Goodin

One of the fun things we did at Provincial Convocation was a raffle. Bett Wood donated a beautiful wood carving of brother Francis. It was carved by 16-yr-old Jacob Salazar who comes from a family of carvers. They find branches from trees and look at them and see which saint is hiding in there. They are from Taos, New Mexico.

Julie Goodin made and donated six 10" wall clocks with the convocation logo on the face. Julie had a great time selling tickets and Sister Jean was chosen to draw the lucky winning tickets, and the drawing was held Saturday night. The raffle with some additional donations netted \$755 for the Africa Travel Fund.

Anyone who would like to purchase a souvenir convocation clock should contact Julie. All profits will be added to the African Travel Fund. Clocks are \$25.00 including shipping.



Photo of Brazilian Retreat Held in October and Described in Barbara Baumgarten's Report on Page 6



*Back row, lft-rt: Ana Lucia Machado, Br. James, Luiz Bazilio, Arlinda Pereira, Barbara Baumgarten, David Catron, Mara Dutra, Dom Celso, Mauricio Tolentino, Dom Jubal;
Front row: Chico Sales and Julio Angelo Panyagua.*

The TSSF Website: 10 Cool Things You Can Do and See

Clint Hagen, TSSF Webmaster

In mid-October, the newest version of the TSSF website was launched at tssf.org. Why a new design?

Firstly, we wanted to make sure that future webmasters have tools for easily editing the website without any extensive knowledge of computer coding. This was accomplished by using software from WordPress, an industry leader in website building. Secondly, we wanted to make space for new historical material that is being put together. Finally, we wanted to modernize the site a bit, clean up the look, and put an emphasis on photographs instead of drawings.

So...here are ten things you can do on our new website.

1. The Community Obedience.

(Click on Resources & Links > Daily Office & Community Obedience)

The Community Obedience

This offering of prayer is to be made daily on its own or in the context of Morning

Here and in all your churches throughout the world, we adore you O Christ, and v

The daily reading from The Principles of the Third Order occurs here.

Day Nine - The Second Aim, cont'd

As Tertiaries, we are prepared not only to speak out for social justice and internat fully facing any scorn or persecution to which this may lead.

Intercessions are offered from the annual Third Order Directory and Intercessio

God, we give you thanks for the Third Order of the Society of St. Francis. Grant, w may glorify your holy name after the example of Saint Francis, and win others to j

The Collect

Saturday

O God, by the life of blessed Francis you moved your people to a love of simple thi to store up for ourselves treasure in heaven; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amer

Sometimes doing the Daily Office involves juggling more than a few books. When you add the Community Obedience to that, you need the Principles and the Collects as well. (And, if you're like me, sometimes you start the Daily Office and then have to look at a calendar to remember what day of the month it is.)

But if you bookmark this page (control-D in most browsers), you get the correct Principle and Collect automatically. It even adjusts to your local time zone, so that no matter where in the world you are, you get the right Principle and Collect for the day.

There are also two great resources for the Daily Office. Check them out!

2. Search the *Franciscan Times* Over 40 Years

(Click on Resources & Links > The Franciscan Times)



The Franciscan Times

A NEWSLETTER HELPING MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. FRANCIS JOURNEY THROUGH NEWS FROM FIALS, REVIEWS OF BOOKS AND ESSAYS, REFLECTIONS, MEDITATIONS EVER THE HOLY SPIRIT

Current Issue

[Summer 2013](#) - Featuring a recap of the 2013 Provincial Convocation

Past Issues

This page also includes archives of the *Pax et Bonum Literary Journal* and *The Newslett*

These files require [Adobe Acrobat Reader](#). Note that some of these files after the space be high speed/broadband internet connection they may take several minutes to download.

Thanks to John Brockmann, TSSF, for scanning all of these issues.

Index

[Franciscan Times Index, 1984-2013](#)

You can search this file using the "Find" feature of Adobe Acrobat.

John Brockmann has put together an index of 42 years of *Franciscan Times* articles from 1971-2013. You can easily search this index by clicking on the link (it opens in Adobe Reader) and then pressing control-F, which opens the search bar. When you've found something you'd like to read in full, you can download it on this same page.

3. Publicize TSSF

(Click on Resources & Links > Other Resources)

If you need help publicizing TSSF at a diocesan convention or other gathering, the files you need to build a beautiful TSSF triptych display are on this page. There are also posters and classified ads for use in the US, Canada, the West Indies, and Jamaica and the Caymans.

4. Take a trip through TSSF history

(click on Resources & Links > Historical Documents)

This section is entirely new. Here, you can read *A Bundle of Myrrh*, the Third Order Manual from 1924; the *Little Book of the Rule*, Third Order Rule of 1929; the

Third Order Manual from 1962; and the original *Formation Letters* written by

Peter Funk, 1968-70 – with more to come! These documents are beautiful to look at and a

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS



[A Bundle of Myrrh \(Third Order Manual 1924\)](#)



[Third Order Rule of 1929](#)



[Third Order Manual 1962](#)



[Formation Letters, 1968-70, by Peter Funk, TSSF](#)
[Part 1 - Part 2 - Part 3](#)
[Part 4 - Part 5 - Part 6](#)

testament to the enduring spirit of Francis and Christ in our Order. It is also a way to teleport our Province's archives (the oldest of all the provinces) into the 21st Century where all can share and use them.

5. Watch a video

(click on Resources & Links > Resources for Tertiaries)

When you click here, you'll be asked for a user name and password. The site now reminds you that those can be found on p. 91 of the 2013 Directory and Intercession List, if you've forgotten them. (They are the

same for everyone).

New to this page are our video archives. Currently there are two videos you can watch. "A Day in the Life of the Convocations" (approximately 60 minutes long) gives a glimpse into the regional convocations in Georgia, Illinois, New Mexico, and New York in 1995. Here you can see and hear beloved tertiaries who are no longer with us here on earth. The second video

on this page is the "highlight reel" of the 2003 Provincial Convocation in Santa Barbara, CA (approximately 17 minutes long). Both are well worth a watch, and if you were in attendance at any of those events, they'll bring back great memories. (Coming soon is the "highlight reel" of the 1997 Provincial Convocation in New Orleans.)

6. Easily email the Minister Provincial, Secretary, Bursar, and other officers

(click on Contact Us)

The website now provides quick access to the email address you may need, instead of having to look in the Directory and Intercessions List.

7. Introduce others to TSSF

(click on About The Third Order and select any of the choices)

We want to make it as easy as possible for visitors to the site to learn about TSSF and, if they feel so called, to join us. The pages under "About The Third Order" and "Joining Our Order" provide an introduction to Francis and TSSF and explain the first steps to becoming a Tertiary.

WHAT IS THE THIRD ORDER?



Francesco Bernardone was the son of a wealthy merchant. For the first twenty-seven years of his life, Francis was an elegantly dressed playboy. His rich imagination, coupled with his father's hope that he would earn a title for the family, led him into dreams of becoming a knight. When he was seventeen, the men of Assisi attacked the local fort while the duke was away. They killed everyone in sight and tore down the walls, using the stones to build a protective wall around their city. Francis surely took part in that assault and helped to build the wall afterward. Made confident by their easy victory, the citizens of Assisi later attacked the neighboring town of Perugia where the duke had taken refuge. They were quickly defeated and Francis spent time as a prisoner of war. The seeds of his conversion were sown during that time.

Some years later, Francis again went to war as part of a contingent of citizens of Assisi who rode to the aid of the besieged Papal army. As Francis rode along he heard a voice call to him: "Francis! Who do you serve? The servant or the master?" At first he thought it was an impertinent companion, but when he saw he was alone, he realized it was the Lord's voice that he heard. "I am at your service, Lord," he replied. "Just tell me what you would have me do." At the Lord's request, the obedient Francis returned to Assisi but never again to the playboy lifestyle he had left behind.

8. ... including those who speak Spanish and Portuguese

(click on Español & Português)



Informações em P

[A Terceira Ordem da Sociedade](#)

[A Regrada TSSF](#)

[Os Princípios](#)

[Constituição da Sociedade](#)

[Constituição da Ordem Ter](#)

[Ordem para Admissões e R](#)

We've made pages for our members who speak Spanish and Portuguese more prominent. These pages include general information in each language, as well as the Rule, Principles, Constitutions, and Order for Admissions.

9. Enjoy the beautiful photography

(on many pages)

I am deeply thankful to all of you who submitted photos for use on the website. There are great photos everywhere – photos of Franciscans, photos of Assisi, photos of Franciscan art, and more.

10. Help make the website better

Well, this isn't really something to do on the website. But there are many things you can do to help improve our website.

Do you have photos to share?

We'd love to have more photos and to change photos often. In particular, photos of Franciscans from the Caribbean, and Central and South America would be much appreciated.

Does your fellowship have its own website? Please send it to me. Did you find a mistake? I want to know about those, too. You can email me at webmaster@tssf.org.

The New Peripatetic Annual Chapter Meetings; Leaving Little Portion Friary

John Brockmann, Minister Provincial

Sadly, it is time to leave Little Portion Friary (LPF) as our Chapter meeting home. We heard from our Minister General, Ken Norian, that there is no legal impediment to holding Chapter outside of New York State. From our norms and statutes we only see that Chapter must “normally” be held shortly after Francistide.

I believe that much good can come in moving the Chapter from LPF:

- We can equalize the burden of travel more fairly between east-coasters, Caribbean-ers, and west-coasters.
- We can eventually create open times during Chapter to meet and pray with local tertiaries thereby making Chapter more transparent and closer to members across the country.
- We can glean the benefits of the peripatetic nature of the Provincial Ministers’ Meetings and the IP-TOC Meetings over the last decades.

We are not setting precedents by these plans, but, according to our history, this is the way Chapter meetings were held early on in our life as a province.

I have shared preliminary plans with Br. Jude, and he wholeheartedly supports them. I have also shared them with the Standing Committee and Chapter, and they are supportive.

We went about figuring out where we will go in the following way:

- A few of us worked up a spreadsheet to figure out the aggregate plane flight costs of all current members of Chapter and the Standing Committee, Bishop Protector, and Ist Order Brothers and Sisters. Using the cost of all of us flying into, or being local commuters, and NYC as our baseline, we came up with a number of cities in which the costs would be less, no difference, or only a couple hundred dollars different.
- We want to move from East coast to the Midwest to West coast keeping to primary airports to ease transportation for everyone.
- We have heavily favored locations where we can all use public transportation and rely much less as at LPF on individual shuttles and pickups so as to keep costs down and to be less burdensome upon the Secretary and the Secretary’s helpers for shuttle service and their unbudgetted expenses.
- We want to ensure that locations are tuned-into accommodating vegan and non-gluten diets.

- We will largely hold to a time-tested program of Chapter: 1st Day dinner arrival time with an evening catch-up meeting; 2nd day morning quiet time; 2nd day afternoon and evening meetings; 3rd day morning, afternoon, and evening meeting; the use of small groups to focus on various groups of “Member Concerns” with presentations later to the larger group.
- We will move to a Tuesday PM arrival to Friday noon departure schedule so that the large percentage of priests and deacons on Chapter and on Standing Committee will not be required to miss a Sunday with their parish and incur the expenses of supply priests.
- We will observe the daily offices and celebrate a daily Eucharist **on our own timing**.
- This plan assumes that most of Chapter will be staying in doubles.
- We will invite and pay for ONLY those who are on Standing Committee, Chapter, designated visitors from other Orders, and candidates for election when appropriate.

So from these assumptions, here is the plan for the first swing from East to West from 2014 to 2016:

- **2014 Boston**--Yeo House at the Walker Center (<http://walkerctr.org/>) with most meetings in my parish (Grace Church) 20 minutes away in Norwood with transportation by shuttle and cars. The Walker Center can be reached from the airport by the MBTA subway line to within 1/8th of a mile of Yeo House. This will be our first “shortened” schedule so we will prototype it and then observe when and where we will invite local TSSFers to visit in future Chapter meetings. (Thanks to our OEF visitor at Chapter 2013, Cyndi Morse (Sr. Anjelika), for suggesting this location where they have had a number of OEF meetings in the past.)
- **2015 Chicago**--Cenacle Retreat & Conference Center (<http://www.cenaclesisters.org/chicago-retreat-conference-center/>)--the CTA subway/train system will take folks from O’Hare or Midway Airport to within 5 blocks of the location. We will work on shuttling those who need it from there. This will be a Tuesday to Friday schedule, and thus there will be a time and place to invite local TSSFers to join us. (I would like to give thanks to Masud and Joan Verret who have held Joint Franciscan Committee meetings here over the years for suggesting this location.)
- **2016 San Francisco California**, and the San

Damiano Retreat Center in Danville (<http://sandamiano.org/>)--the **San Francisco** area BART can take people from San Francisco airport to within 12 miles of this retreat center, so there will have to be some shuttle service. Many TSSFers on the Standing Committee have had retreats here, and our Western Convocation has already planned to hold their convocation here for 2014. This will be a Tuesday to Friday schedule. (I would like to give thanks to Br. Jude who has been on retreat here and has had a long association with them for suggesting this location.)

By 2016 Chapter would have had a taste of a peripatetic life and these locations. Chapter can change locations and also meeting days of the week, etc. Everything is fluid within budget limitations and the basic idea of being peripatetic.

After assuming a life of Chapter at Little Portion Friary for nearly 40 years, it will take us all some time to embrace another kind of Chapter life. Let us all enter this time as spiritual explorers looking to see what God will have us do as we seek new adventures. We give thanks for our years at Little Portion and all the wonder and grace that has occurred there because of that physical spot on earth where the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Order brothers and sisters have prayed and embraced.

Pierre Teilhard de Chardin in New York State

IPTOC 2012 was held at Holy Cross Monastery along the Hudson River in New York State, and there was a field trip to the Culinary Institute of America (CIA) in Hyde Park across the river.

The Culinary Institute, you ask?? Actually, the Culinary Institute was the site of the Jesuit Novitiate, St Andrews-on-Hudson, and, in the Jesuit cemetery that remains is the grave of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin a French philosopher and Jesuit priest who trained as a paleontologist and geologist and took part in the discovery of Peking Man. Amongst all the great words he wrote, these are certainly included:

"Some day, after we have mastered the winds, the waves, the tides, and gravity, we will harness for God the energies of love.

Five Facts in Regard to Provincial Convocation 2017 in Puerto Rico

John Brockmann

Fact 1, we are the Province of the **Americas**, and we need to honor that designation by holding Provincial Convocations where it is convenient for various areas—as we have done so far in the US: for the South Central, New Orleans; for the west, Santa Barbara; for the East, near Boston; and finally to the north central in Minneapolis. Well, now it is time to honor those outside the US: to our south (Puerto Rico in 2017) and to our north in Canada sometime in the early 2020s (this is just a twinkling of an idea as of yet). In being convenient

to some part of the province, we are, inherently, inconvenient to some other part. But over time, it all works out.

Fact 2, we created a spreadsheet of aggregate costs for all Chapter members and visitors from all over the province to meet in various cities to find out where aggregate plane fares are least expensive. After the usual suspects of New York, Boston, San Francisco, Chicago, and Los Angeles, San Juan PR comes in very close. In fact, our Canadian brother and sister from Vancouver checked the airfare for them to San Juan vis a vis Minneapolis (the site of our last Provincial Convocation), and it was only \$70 more. San Juan has excellent and competitive plane flights from all over that make it cheaper to flight into than, for example, New Orleans, St. Louis, or Austin. Moreover, PR uses the US\$ so that there will be minimal problems with currency exchange.

Fact 3, we have an emerging group of TSSF and Associates rapidly growing in PR. They are backed by their bishop and led by Father Luis Guillermo Rivera (who is in close contact with Anita Catron Miner). They would like us to come down to San Juan as a show of support and encouragement. We would be physically showing our support and encouragement by traveling down there, and then working with them to help put on the Convocation so that they rub shoulders with us and really get to know who we are by what we do together. Father Luis Guillermo also just happened to (in a life before priesthood) have been a member of the PR Tourist Bureau. So we will have better local connections than we have ever had before in previous Convocations. (Moreover, we also already have an excellent and experienced Convocation Planning Leader stateside, Beverly Hosea, has accepted this position that was offered by Chapter. She was a key player in putting on the last Provincial Convocation.)

Fact 4, we have moved the Convocation around to parts of the country to be convenient to different groups, but we have never varied the timing of Convocation to do the same thing. We have always framed our decisions based upon families with school age children and the timing of the school year. However, at the last few Convocations, there weren't any (or VERY few) families attending who had school age children. So, holding a Convocation during the winter in such a warm place as PR will probably be a VERY large draw to other groups of people. (Moreover, our timing might just fit school's Winter Break.)

Fact 5, we are intentionally holding the Provincial Convocation a year early in 2017 so that we break, once and for all, the timing of Provincial Convocation (PC) in conflict with General Convention (GC). Henceforth, when we come to schedule our PC every five years, we will never again wind up in the same year as GC. (However, this new schedule does line up the Provincial Convocation with IPTOC—but this conflict affects very few members of the Order, and we are even busy working out a way to correct this conflict of timing.) And, 2017 is our anniversary year!

Hugo Muller Served the Cree Indians in Far North Quebec

The Rev. Hugo Muller was a tertiary serving in the far north of Quebec amongst the Cree Indians. He was professed on November 22, 1967, and died on November 3, 1985. He published three books about his experiences with the Cree: *For No One Knows Waswanipi: A Collection of Songs and Poems on the Inland Cree* (1973); *Why Don't You?: A Look at Attitudes Towards Indians* (1975); *Waswanipi: Songs of a Scattered People* (1976) in which he tells of the effects the white man has had upon the Indians in Quebec, especially since the advent of the James Bay Hydroelectric Project.

[Here is a 1974 article written about him and his work, and it includes a short speech of his.] (from *Algoma Anglican*, 18 (1) January 1974, 1)

The Rev. Hugo Muller, rector of All Saints' in Noranda Quebec, is also the author of a collection of songs and poems on the inland Cree Indian, under the title, *For No One Knows Waswanipi*. In the foreword to this publication, Bishop Watton of Moosonee wrote:

The author, Hugo Muller, was not born a Canadian. He is a native of Holland, coming to Canada more than 20 years ago. His first contact with the native peoples of Canada took place as he worked for the Hudson Bay Company in Northern Quebec. He later studied theology and was ordained a priest.

In this capacity, he has been in constant touch with the Cree people in Northern Quebec. The depth of his understanding and love of these people underlines everything he has written. He might be called a romanticist, an idealist, a cynic, but if these terms are applied, they are applied to a man who gives of himself and asks nothing in return.

[Here is what Father Hugo presented at the banquet.]

The federal government has "offered up 2,000 Cree Indians on the altar of political expediency", according to the Rev. Hugo Muller. He said that the federal government is unwilling to step in on the side of the Indians in the James Bay dispute because of the delicate balance of power in the parliament.

A major block of the Liberal MP's come from Quebec, he noted, and the government does not want to risk this block for the sake of the Indians.

The James Bay Project is a multi-billion dollar hydroelectric power development being undertaken by the Quebec government in Northwestern Quebec. He called for an immediate halt to the project, and said. "The only way, to stop this madness is by injunction."

The inland Cree Indians of the area are being discriminated against by the Quebec government by not being consulted about the project, he pointed out. "Quebec is struggling to have its culture and language retained in Canada, but Quebec is not so ready to let other people retain their culture and language. More than trees are being bulldozed!"

He noted the action already being taken by the Anglican Church in James Bay, but called on parishioners to stir up

public opinion and awareness concerning the project. I could get a million signatures for baby seals," he commented, "but where are a million signatures for baby Crees?"

The temporary injunction, which was granted to the Indians, was halted five days later because it was overruled by a higher court. "Indians just don't win court cases," Fr. Muller claimed.

"The Indians are not against the project per se; they simply want their aboriginal rights to the land, and they want to be consulted. The Indians are the logical ecological consultants; they know the area like the back of their hands, both in winter and the summer."

"Moreover, the Cree Indians will not benefit from the project. For a while, there will be construction jobs, but after that, only a few highly trained people are needed to monitor the consoles."

In concluding, Fr. Muller remarked, "One day the Quebec government came down in helicopters and started surveying. The Indians only knew what was happening by reading it in the newspapers. They were never consulted, and there was a complete disregard for their rights."

"I Wish You knew Suzanne"

from Hugo Muller's *Why Don't You?* (1975)

SPRING HAS COME. The weather is still cold, there is snow in sudden, unexpected patches in the bush, and the lakes are still ice-locked, except where the creeks and rivers have begun to open them in ever widening stretches of dark water.

But spring has come because the geese are flying back. Not in the huge flocks of the fall, not here, inland, but in small, scattered groups. Yet in their cry is that exuberance that promises the spell of the long wearisome winter is broken. And that promise is echoed in another song: the night-frogs begin to sing, and your heart sings with them.

I was driving north, to take some pictures to illustrate *For No One Knows Waswanipi*, and, on a hunch, chose a certain road and then turned off on a little trail until that ran out, and I had to stop the car. But there, within eyesight was the camp. And there was Suzanne.

I wish you knew Suzanne. She is now five years old, and she is my great love. First, she was only a little baby I baptized, one of those incredibly beautiful children brought to the Church on a cruelly cold day in February, and, because there was no one else, I became her godfather too. But when she was some eleven months old, I ran into her mother on the street, and Sophie explained to me in the basic Cree she uses to communicate with me that Suzanne was in hospital.

Now Sophie had to fly back into the bush right away, all her other family were there, and they would all come out again at Easter. Would I be able to find some one to care for Suzanne once she was discharged?

I nodded. "Thank you," she smiled, and was on her way. I stood there for a moment, slightly baffled by the complete trust she displayed.

However, things began to go wrong. I had one Indian family all lined up, but they were asked to take two other children; another family I had in mind moved unexpectedly (to me) into the bush, and all of a sudden there was the day when Suzanne was discharged and here I stood with her in my arms and nowhere to go but home.

That was the beginning of a few delightful months, and of an enduring friendship we continued after. Suzanne is a child, and, as such, much like other children. But she is very Indian also, and there is something untamed about her. Already, one can sense a depth which one cannot ever plumb. She is wild—not in a bad sense, but in a way a goose is wild—incredibly free, free to be herself. For free these children are. They are rarely disciplined, they emulate adults because that is the way things are in their way of life, but they are hardly ever told to do something. I often made a faux pas because I would fuss too much in the wrong way over the children, in a way not becoming an adult. I know that, and I am glad the parents forgave me so readily.

No one is ever pressuring these children to do something to conform, yet they follow adult example. Discipline in our sense of the word is not really necessary in the bush: you know you mustn't touch the stove, and it is not good to wander off into the bush. But that is all. This system of course breaks down hopelessly once they come and settle near our world. I have received many calls "Will you get my girl (daughter) out of the hotel"—and often my first unspoken reaction would be an angry, "Why don't you—do it yourself?" and then I would remember just how baffled these parents were with their children in a system where the traditional ways cannot cope anymore, and then I would give it a try.

There is a winsome vulnerability about these children that breaks your heart. They are vulnerable not only to TB and a few other diseases not originally known on this continent (whenever a cold gets on their chest it can quickly become very serious), but to so many things not originally known. (There is, incidentally, no record of fermented drink in North America, though it is quite possible to make brews out of what grows here.) When they move into our society, this vulnerability gets terrifying.

Suzanne is more than a little girl I am very fond of. She is also an idea. A society. A culture. A people.

A race that is doomed to die; a vanishing way of life. "It can't last", people will say, often sincerely regretful. "This is the last generation. Progress can't be stopped. They have to get into our society, whether they want it or not. We must help them for their own good."

That reminds one of what C.S. Lewis wrote, "Where benevolent planning, armed with political or economic power, becomes wicked is when it tramples on people's rights for the sake of their good." It reminds one also of those words from Studdert Kennedy: "I can't stand our civilized method of being savage."

And, in spite of knowing I shouldn't, I still want to ask, "Why?" Why do we have to do it to you, Suzanne?

Why will you be marked immediately as easy prey for some

guys driving around in a car, that wouldn't have the nerve to talk to a white girl? Why are people going to call you "squaw"?

How many illegitimate children are you going to have like all these other girls I drove to or found in hospital, that I pulled out of the hotels and talked out of apartments where cases of beer would be stacked high and the smell of liquor was overwhelming?

What is in store for you. Suzanne? Are you going to be an angry radical shouting at us, while now you smile so freely?

Are you going to become one of those embittered, humourless activists on television programmes blasting the white man for all his sins in language not your own but borrowed from Mao or the latest revolutionary diatribe? Or are you going to be ashamed of your Indian-ness, trying to hide it in a shy and withdrawn silence?

Are you going to ask questions, bitter unanswerable questions, why we did not care? Or are you going to ask it only in your dying, like Bella and Lizzie 15 and 16, brutally murdered by three young white men, whose bodies mutilated beyond description were found in the bush along the road between Miquelon and Senneterre?

Vain questions, aren't they. I should not ask them.

But I cannot help asking them—about Suzanne and about all the Suzannes and Lizzies and Ednas and Davids and Abrahams and Billies and Janies and Samuels and Peters that were brought to me and laid in my arms to baptize. For at that moment, Suzanne, something always happened.

At that instant, when you were brought into the family of God, you were respected, loved, found to be of infinite value, as all others, for the colour of your skin did not show on your soul, and the language you would speak did not matter, for here we were talking the language of God's love. To God, that day, you were everything. Infinitely precious.

And it is in this mystery that the solution lies: to her innocence and vulnerability, to my helplessness and fears; to all our hopes and aspirations as parents, as people, as a nation. In that mystery of God's love, in which both of us are caught up. I am your brother. And you are my sister, Suzanne.

The Rev. Hugo Muller, parish rector from Northwestern Quebec, spoke on the plight of the James Bay Indians on December 2, 1973.



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Send in your contributions for the Winter 2014 issue by February 1

Inside this Issue

- Three New TSSF "Saints"
 - H. Baxter Liebler, 1
 - Desmond Lionel Morse-Boycott, 1
 - Hugo Muller, 34
- Chapter 2013 Summary, 5
- Letter from our Minister General Summarizing the Ministers' Meeting in South Africa, 7
- Ronald R. Lausch Dies at Altar on Pentecost, 8
- A Guyanese Sister and a Brother Die
 - Marjorie White, 10
 - Matthew David Boyan, 10
- Catherine George Interment at Little Portion, 11
- James Wolf Dies of Cancer, 11
- A Microcosm of Who We Are?, 12
- Touched by God: Reflections on a Franciscan Quest by Peter Funk, 13
- Appreciation of the Original TSSF Formation Letters from Peter Funk by Susan Pitchford, 16
- Letter 13: The Dry Period by Peter Funk, 19
- Book Review: *Ride the Wind* by Henry L. Bird, by Carol Tookey, 20
- More Memories of Henry by Andrew Wilkes, 20
- How Do You Say The Daily Office?, 20
- From the Bursar, 21
- *Kairos vs Chronos* in the Formation Experience 22
- Josephine Louise Baker, RIP 22
- Joan Powers 52nd Profession Anniversary Celebration, 23
- Alice White's 25th Profession Anniversary Celebration, 23
- Justice Peace & Integrity of Creation (JPIC), 24
- Nativity Stations, 26
- Tales from the Convent: RIP Alison Hegeman, 27
- Thistle Farms Oil Used at TSSF PC, 29
- Provincial Convocation Raffle Clocks Still Available, 29
- The TSSF Website: 10 Cool Things You Can Do & See, 30
- The New Peripatetic Annual Chapter Meetings; Leaving Little Portion Friary, 32
- Pierre Teilhard de Chardin in New York State, 33
- Five Facts in Regard to Provincial Convocation 2017 in Puerto Rico, 33
- Hugo Muller Served the Cree Indians in Far North Quebec, 34
- "I Wish You knew Suzanne" by Hugo Muller, 34

NEXT PROVINCIAL CONVOCATION 2017. 100-year Anniversary!