



The Franciscan Times

A Magazine of the Third Order,
Society of St. Francis,
Province of the Americas

Pace e bene

Spring 2018

From the Editor

Within weeks I will begin collecting Social Security, a milestone suggesting I need to stop procrastinating and begin responding to those remaining deep desires God has planted long ago. Thus, on the day after my first check arrives, I will fulfill one of those remaining deep desires and go on pilgrimage from the end of May to the beginning of July. (A generous national sabbatical grant from the Lilly Foundation covers all expenses.)

My first pilgrimage goal is, of course, Assisi. I will get there by hiking the *Cammino di Assisi*—196 miles through the Apennine Mountains. Along the way, I shall be able to visit some of the haunts of Anthony of Padua as well as La Verna and Gubbio.

My second pilgrimage goal is Mount Brandon in Ireland's County Kerry from which St. Brendan sailed in a leather currach to find the Isles of the Blessed (North America?) in about 520. In 2013, the Pilgrim Paths of Ireland was launched and it includes 12 rediscovered and restored medieval penitential paths. These Pilgrim Paths are mostly one-day roundtrip hikes.

My third pilgrimage goal is Iona, where the Irish monk, Columba, arrived to reestablish Christianity in Scotland, England, and Wales. To get to Iona I will bike 260 miles of the routes of The Way of St. Andrews reestablished in 2010: St. Margaret's Way (Edinburgh to St. Andrews) and St. Columba's Way (St. Andrews to Iona).

The deadline for material for the next *Franciscan Times* is July 1. *Buen Camino.*

Tom Johnson: Celebrating a Very Faithful Life

Soul Friends

Susan Pitchford delivered this testimonial at Tom's funeral.



Tom and I were soul friends. I didn't know him in the ways many of you did: as a spouse, obviously, or a family member, neighbor, the kind of friend you meet for coffee, or even as a priest. I knew Tom as a Franciscan brother and a leader of our Order. But in time, Tom and I became soul friends, the kind of friends who share the joys and struggles of their spiritual journeys.

I'm not sure exactly how that happened! Except that it was an example of Tom's remarkable

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Soul Friends, cont. from p. 1

generosity. Ours is a global religious community, and Tom was “Minister Provincial,” meaning that he was the head of the Province of the Americas. So he was in charge of all of us from Canada down to Brazil.

So Tom was important, and I’m not, and yet he made time for me. And this is something I’ve heard over and over from people who worked closely with him. Tom always made time for people, put people ahead of whatever business was at hand. He knew how to get the business done, but relationships came first. The idea of servant leadership is kind of a cliché these days, but, honestly, that’s really who Tom was.

I admired him as a leader because he knew how to be gentle with people and bring them along, how to seek consensus. But he also had the ability, when all of that was done, to tell people to either get on board or don’t, but we’re moving ahead. I’m not sure how often you find the same person able to do both with equal grace!

I also admired Tom’s leadership because he challenged us to get back to the heart of the

Franciscan vocation. When Francis was going through his conversion experience, he had a vision in which Christ said to him: “Francis, I want you to rebuild my church. As you can see, it’s falling into ruins.” Tom took us back to that by asking, “How are we, as a community, being called to rebuild the church? What is our part in that?”

I loved Tom for being the kind of leader who kept us focused on the things that really matter. Because that is the essence of holiness, the essence of the Christian life, to be focused on what matters, and not be distracted by the countless numbers of things vying for our attention.

I loved Tom for that.

“...even at the end of a fairly long and very faithful life, he was still growing, he was still asking the important questions.”

But I also loved Tom for his humility, how even at the end of a fairly long and very faithful life, he was still growing, he was still asking the important questions. And he was my soul friend, so we asked them together. And he had the humility—a core Franciscan value!—to listen to my ideas, and then challenged me with his own.

One of the things we talked about a lot in the last few months of his life was poverty, how poverty has always been at the very heart of Franciscan spirituality. We talked about how Francis and Franciscans since his day have voluntarily taken on economic poverty. But we also talked about how Franciscan poverty goes deeper than that, to an interior relinquishing of luxuries, like the belief that I can control my life; the illusion that I know and have what I need to do what needs to be done. The fantasy that I, in myself, have the resources to do well in life, to be successful, to even know what success is.

Tom’s illness was a stark reminder of his own poverty, but he understood that poverty is the short path into the very heart of Christ. Because it’s there that we find all that we lack in ourselves, the super-abundance, the overflowing, lavish store of love that, in the end, is everything we need, everything we seek, all our heart’s desire.

And that is why I believe Tom died in joy, that he lives in joy now, and remains my soul friend who prays for me and will see me through my own days of poverty until I join him. And I plan to honor him by staying focused, as much as I am able, on the things that matter—just as he did.



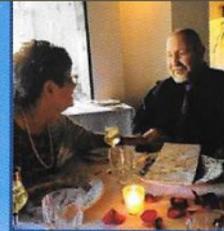
Tom Johnson, former Minister Provincial of the Third Order Society of St. Francis Province of the Americas, is buried in the small churchyard outside Trinity Church in Folsom, California, where he served as Assistant Priest.

Tom Johnson's Funeral: January 20, 2018, Trinity Church, Folsom, California.

Janet Fedders



*You wouldn't cry if you knew I were moving
To a new home so fine and grand.
A home which was made especially for me
By the Carpenter's Master Hand.*



*You wouldn't cry if I were to take a trip
to visit dear friends far away
You'd bid me farewell and wish me God's best
No matter how long I'd stay.*



*Well, please don't weep as I travel on
to my Mansion all shiny and bright.
And to meet dear friends who've gone ahead
to the land where there's no night.*



*But best of all, my dearest friend
My Jesus is waiting for me
With a brand new robe, a new body too,
Please smile and rejoice with me!*



~ Muriel Johnson



Prayer



*Lord, make me an instrument of Your peace. Where there is hatred, let
me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt,
faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy.*

*O, Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as
to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love;
For it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are
pardoned; it is in dying that we are born again to eternal life.*

Above, the poem on the funeral card was written by Tom's grandmother, Muriel Johnson.

Tom Johnson's Funeral,
cont. from p. 5

Janet Fedders

To the last, Tom Johnson spread his spirit. He planned his own funeral. After a lovely solo, "Hallelujah" by Kelley Mooney, Tom's sons, Steve and Loren, spoke of being "preacher's kids." Then "The Block" spoke. These were boys whom Tom had loved and mentored in his neighborhood years ago. Now grown men, they wept as they recalled their shenanigans and Tom's wisdom. And our own Susan Pitchford eloquently described Tom's presence and gift to all of us as she spoke. She related how she and Tom had lately been discussing poverty as the short path into the heart of Christ.

There was music, of course. Tom had insisted upon the hymn "All Creatures of our God and King" in all its verses. It is, as you know, a paraphrase of Francis' words. But Tom insisted that verse 6 be included:



*And even you, most gentle
death,*

*waiting to hush our final
breath,*

O praise him, Alleluia!

*You lead back home the
child of God,*

*for Christ our Lord that
way has trod.*

O Praise him. Alleluia.

The Third Order was well represented at Tom's funeral. From left to right, Bishop Protector David Rice, Gary Ost, Susan Pitchford, Beverly Hosea, Janet Fedders, Susan Johnson (Tom's wife), and David Burgdorf. (Tina Ferriot was there, but not in the picture).

At the conclusion of the church service in that sweet place, Tom was interred right outside in a small churchyard. For all of you who couldn't be there, I placed a camellia (yes, it was larceny) on top of the stone marker behind Tom's grave.

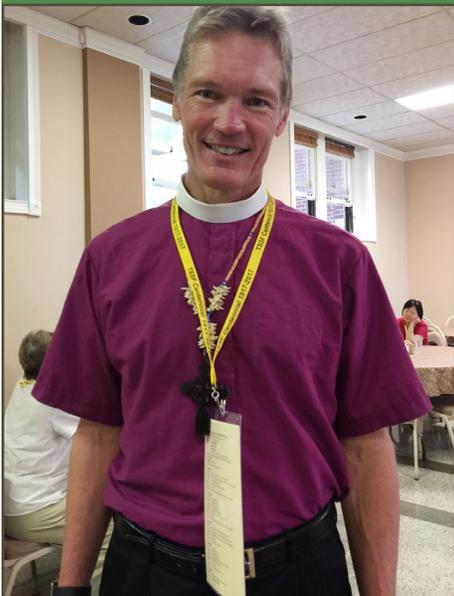
Susan, our sister, was so glad to see Franciscan brothers and sisters there. There are two lovely trees bowing their heads over Tom's gravesite, keeping watch and bringing in the seasons to his final resting place.

O praise Him. Alleluia.



Holy Pranks

*The Rt. Rev. David Rice,
Bishop Protector of TSSF,
Province of the Americas*



Last Sunday (the last Sunday of Epiphany), during a Visitation at Church of the Saviour, Hanford (centrally located in my Episcopal Diocese of San Joaquin), I suggested in my homily that God was about to play “a holy prank” upon us. I posed the query, “What is Wednesday of this week?” A number of people responded, “Ash Wednesday,” and others, “Valentine’s Day.”

Then I posed an additional query, “Where does Easter land this year?” And the immediate response was, “April Fool’s Day.” So, I waxed somewhat jocularly regarding how on Wednesday ashes might be imposed in the shape of a heart surrounding a cross. And I intimated that on April 1st we should proudly claim our status as “Fools for Christ.” Again, God can be the consummate Prankster.

The thing is, giving too much thought to the aforementioned “holy prank” may prompt us to miss all the possibilities in the season, which resides within. The Season of Lent provides the invitation to enter into Forty Days of *Teshuvah*. *Teshuvah* is an act of turning back to God. Perhaps we are turning back, or turning in a different direction, or quite possibly, turning around, or who knows, maybe turning upside-down. In these Forty Days, we are called to engage in and take on the practice of *Teshuvah*, turning.

“...let us experience that important movement of turning, turning to God, turning to the other, turning to ourselves. I wish to suggest for the Order, turning will involve a re-turn to our Three Notes: Humility, Love, and Joy. It is in the practice of the Three Notes that we are most inclined to turn to God, the other, and ourselves.”

Sisters and Brothers of our Province of the Americas, I invite you to take the time in the days before us to stop, or at least pause (engaging in a proper turn requires a stop or pause beforehand). And once a stop or pause has occurred, let us experience that important movement of turning, turning to God, turning to the other, turning to ourselves. I wish to suggest for the Order, turning will involve a re-turn to our Three Notes: Humility, Love, and Joy. It is in the practice of the Three Notes where we are most inclined to turn to God, the other and ourselves.

So, I wish for us all a Season of Holy Turning, and, I suspect, God will have some holy surprises for us along the way, and if true to form, as God is, a holy prank or two as well. ♦

Poem

Gethsemane: The Olives

Alice Baird

In that place the olive trees writhe—
centuries carved in gashed, twisting trunks
that strain as if to wrench
their ancient roots from history—

they witnessed the One who came to pray
in torment, clenched veins wringing
from the godhead mortal blood.

It was night. It was cold.
He was dizzy with fear.
An angel could not comfort Him.

In that place, olive trees, remembering,
bear still, from gnarled, agonized souls,
good fruit. ◆

*Studies have dated the olive trees in
Gethsemane to the eleventh century—
before the time of St. Francis—but
legend has it that they are living
witnesses of Christ's agony.*

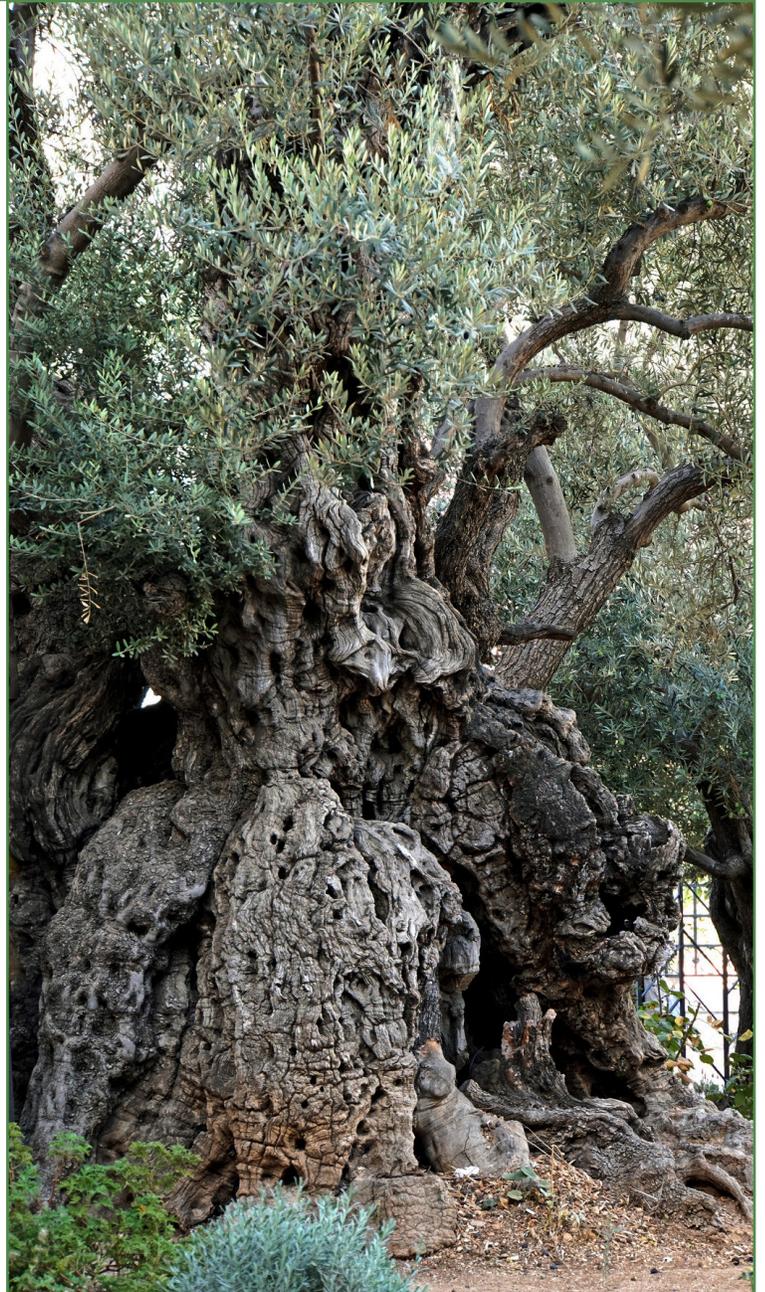


Photo taken in Gethsemane by Dennis Jarvis 2016 by permission.

Want to Complete This Sentence?

On December 5, the third day in this season of Advent, Provincial Minister Janet Fedders put out a gentle challenge on the tssf listserv to “complete this sentence: Called through Francis to be...” While as tertiaries we all share the same principles, aims, and notes, the responses, collected here, reflect our unique visions of what that looks like in our lives.

I am called through Francis to share the Love of the Creator with all Creation. **Cathy Reynolds**

I am called through Francis to write and pray for the Kingdom and to be a friend and helper to everyone. **Stuart Schlegel**

I am called through Francis to be a living proclamation of the gospel of Christ. **Tracey Carroll**

I am called through Francis to be a vessel of healing presence through prayer and service. **Martha Knight**

I am called through Francis (and Clare) to travel to the heart of God on the path of poverty. **Susan Pitchford**

Called through Francis to birth Jesus in my life each day and to be a midwife to help others find the part of God that is their true self. **Tom Mariconda**

I am called through Francis to be the bearer of the Creator’s love, the helping, healing hands of Christ, and the gentle, compassionate touch of the Holy Spirit. **Beth Harris**

Faithful daughter. **Dianne Aid**

Right now I am called through Francis to be a loving, engaged grandparent and to support compassionate community. **John Rebstock**

I am called to love my neighbor, without qualification. **Anita Miner**

Guy and I are called through Francis to sing God’s praises, to care for God’s creation and to carry the poor in our hearts in the same way we would carry God in our hearts. **Yvonne Hook**

Called through Francis to love and kiss my own inner leper, making it possible to love all lepers. **Paddy Kennington**

I am called to share my Joy whenever and wherever I can—without sounding like a “Pollyanna.” **Bett Wood**

I am called to do my part in building God’s holy city. **Adrienne Dillon**



Thoughts from the Perugian Fellowship

Frank Lombard

I have watched men in their 50s, strong and capable, hardened by prison life, cry as they recounted the shame and loss they felt from their faith communities, which gave them the message that they were unworthy of God's love.

Look forward to Tuesday every week. After dinner at 6:50 I grab my gray mesh bag, throw a couple books and pens in it, and head out the door. As I stroll across the compound, I scan the folks moving from one place to another, looking to see who might be headed to the same place as me. It is always reassuring to see the small group of guys huddled outside the door to the Psychology Dept. where I will meet with “my people.” It is the weekly AA group—though since we have no NA group, we include drug addicts as well.

The group varies in size. We’ve had as many as 30, as few as 12. Not everyone is seeking a spiritual pathway to living in recovery. However, there are several of us who value our sobriety, are enthusiastic about the spiritual growth that we have experienced, and understand that the daily work of recovery is not about abstinence...it is about living the life a loving Higher Power wants for us.

Twelve months, twelve steps. Every month we take a step as a theme, but use it only as a springboard. Of course, some themes come up repeatedly. Over the eight years of my sobriety, one of the things that has surprised me is the fact that the most common topic of discussion in almost every AA group I have been in has been reconciliation with God and the horrific tales of ostracization people have experienced from their faith communities. What I find most tragic is not that the organizations we have built to help spread Christ’s message of radical love and acceptance are in fact doing the opposite; what is most tragic is how effective they are in convincing people that their judgment and condemnation are manifestations of Christ’s message. I have watched men in their 50s, strong and capable, hardened by prison life, cry as they recounted the shame and loss they felt from their faith communities, which gave them the message that they were unworthy of God’s love.

Approaching Adulthood in the Shadow of HIV and AIDS

I am 51 years old and gay, and I knew I was gay for as long as I can remember. I came to adolescence in the chaotic seventies, the decade of the Village People as well as Anita Bryant. I approached adulthood in the shadows of HIV and AIDS and not only watched but felt the vitriolic reaction of faith communities when confronted with this virus. My search for a community I could attend was not a search for one where I would be celebrated—I would settle for one where I would be ignored. I found some wonderful communities in the mid to late nineties and 2000s, but it strikes me how those early experiences of rejection continue to echo in my memory.

When I walked into my first AA meeting, I heard story after story that reinforced that I was not alone in these feelings. I could not look at all these men, all of whom were hungry for some connection to God, and doing hard work to create it, and see that their disconnection

Perugian Fellowship, cont. on page 11

Perugian Fellowship,
cont. from p. 10

If we are conscious of how radical Christ's message is, then perhaps we can work to embrace people for who they are rather than rejecting and excluding them.

was not because of an internal, unfixable flaw. If that was true of them, then there was no reason to think it was true of me.

Over the past 8 ½ years I have worked the steps more than once. Each time I learn more, I grow more, I appreciate more. I have also found more and more joy in connecting with others who are grappling with who and what God can mean to them. I share my experience of Jesus and my love from and for God, but the Christian church has lost many of these men. I think that is a sad outcome for the church. If we are conscious of how radical Christ's message is, then perhaps we can work to embrace people for who they are rather than rejecting and excluding them.

This has been at the forefront of my mind since arriving in Texas. This is the first place where I have had no access to an Episcopal priest so I began attending Catholic Mass. I had no intention of taking communion without speaking to the priest, but I had not got to the processional before five people told me I was not welcome to take communion. Before I could approach the priest, he came up to me after the service, and before I could introduce myself, he told me I could attend Mass but could not take communion unless I was a baptized Catholic. Now all of this doctrinally is fine. I would not lie to get a sacrament. But the enthusiastic establishment of them as the "us" and me as a "them" was striking—and hurtful.

Is This the Community Jesus Sought to Build?

The question I have to ask is whether this is the community Jesus sought to build. I believe that it can't be. The Good Samaritan, his healing of the leper, his love for the outcast and the poor, for the disenfranchised and the exploited: how do you care for those if the first inclination is to lock the door?

Prisons run on tribes. They can be based on gang affiliation, race, geography, crime, sexual orientation, religious affiliation. These "tribes" do protect and define and give identity, and in prison they can help individuals avoid harm. They can be very seductive. But every time we identify a tribe as "us," we owe it to ourselves—and God—to consider who we are making a "them" and to what purpose.

One of the things about the life of St. Francis that resonates so much to me is the radical (there's that word again) love and joy with which he embraced God and his entire creation. The inclusiveness with which he shared God's love and the message of Christ is not something I have mastered. My self-examination finds missed opportunities every day. But it also includes some successes. What I continue to fall back on is that I strive for spiritual progress, not perfection.



Zero: A Path to Living Joyfully

Gordon Kubanek



Gordon Kubanek, who is, among other things, a beekeeper, was recently professed. [Click here to link to his profile on page 22.](#)

God has no hands on Earth but yours.

Joy, our third note as Franciscans, has been a challenging command for me. While I have had too much rational education as an engineer, and experience as a physics teacher, to avoid facing the sometimes brutal harshness of our world, my duty as a Christian and new Franciscan has forced me to find a way to transform that harshness into joy. The struggle to integrate these seeming opposites has led me, painfully, into my current vocation as environmental writer, inspired always by my beekeeping. In the next few paragraphs I hope to inspire you to also find a way to face and then transform into deeds that bring you joy one of the many brutal harsh realities of our current world: climate change.

For we brought nothing into the world, and we can take nothing out of it. 1 Timothy

But what does the title “Zero” have to do with all this? Inspired by the above quote from the Bible, my wife and I have spent the last ten years trying to eliminate the use of any fossil fuels, in other words, live “Zero Carbon” and thus do our small bit to combat climate change. Becoming a Franciscan has only confirmed and supported these efforts: bringing in the vital ingredient of joy. Nobody likes a party pooper who points a finger of guilt by saying things like: “You are condemning your grandchildren to a dying earth” (however true it may be). I have observed that trying to shame others into changing their ways is not only hopeless but is one of the quickest ways to lose all your friends! Rather, we have chosen to quietly and slowly put our money where our mouth is by investing a significant amount of cash into a way of life that we hope can show that fighting and defeating the threat of climate change is not only achievable but allows you to live a better, that is, happier life.

Just because you can't do much, don't do nothing.



The Kubanek children enjoy playing on the family's tractor.

We have made these investments and changes over the past ten years to become almost “zero carbon”:

1. 10 kW of solar panels on roof.
2. Ground source heat pump.
3. Electric car.
4. No red meat or shrimp.
5. Reduce waste by 90% .
6. Grow some of our own food.
7. Stop flying.

Zero, cont. on page 13

*Zero: A Path to Living Joyfully,
cont. from p. 12*

Climate change is not primarily a physical battle: it is a spiritual battle.

8. Live in a smaller house.
9. Have a lot less stuff.
10. Give more to those with less.

I don't want to give the impression that we spent our way to happiness—quite the contrary. As you can see in the picture above of our children, they lived as part of nature: we have had dogs, chickens, turkeys, and bees, and they helped weed our gardens (yes, there were several!) of tomatoes, garlic, beans, lettuce, and lots and lots of flowers—all for the bees of course! This was also about being creative: to “live in a smaller house” did not mean we moved; rather, we transformed our basement into an apartment and rented it to a church friend who was short on cash and had my mother-in-law move in, taking up a third of our living space!

Choosing to stop flying has been the most provocative to most people, however the math speaks for itself. To meet our Paris Accord target, a world average carbon budget is 1.6 tons/yr. while one flight to visit my sister in Australia is 5 tons! We have cleaned out many closets—to the great benefit of the Salvation Army. Strangely, the hardest change has been to try to live “zero waste.” That means NO garbage. NO food going bad in the fridge. NO plastic bags.

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear. Edmund Burke

NO throwaway coffee cups—this has been very difficult, and we have not yet met that target, but we are getting better!

So, dear reader, it is getting late, and sweet dreams are calling. I hope that you are a bit less afraid now of trying to do your bit to combat climate change. Our experience is that not only can you make a difference, but your life will also have more joy in it because of your efforts. In other words, climate change is not primarily a physical battle: *it is a spiritual battle*. This spiritual battle is being waged in all our souls, and what we have done is in NO WAY meant to suggest a particular path forward for you, dear reader, because you have a different struggle within your soul and a different life situation. However, I do believe that each of us does have to struggle with the existential threat we call climate change and that being joyful when you do so is the key ingredient.



Serving the Poor: Building Wood-Burning Stoves in Guatemala

Laurel Ralph McMarlin

McMarlin is a second-year TSSF novice and a deacon in the Episcopal diocese of Guatemala.

Perhaps the most well-known feature of the life of Saint Francis is his love for the poor. We, as Franciscans, are encouraged to keep “ourselves constantly aware of the poverty in the world and its claim on us.” In Guatemala it would take effort not to be constantly aware of the poverty that surrounds us on every side.

Can you imagine living on \$550 per year? No, that is not a typo... \$550 *per year*. In Guatemala many people live on less than that. About half of the people of Guatemala are indigenous Mayan. Over 89% of them suffer from extreme poverty, chronic malnutrition, and untreated diseases. These are not just statistics. They are people that we, at *la Iglesia Episcopal San Marcos*, know personally. They are families who have made us welcome in their homes and shared their meager meals of tortillas and beans with us.

Can you imagine living on \$550 per year?

At *La Iglesia Episcopal San Marcos* (Saint Mark’s Episcopal Church) we offer two services each Sunday, one in Spanish and one in English. The English-language service is for the international and multi-denominational English-speaking residents of Quetzaltenango, Guatemala. Our international community continually explores ideas of how we can help in the struggle against the ravages of poverty. One of the ways that we choose to serve is by building wood-burning cooking stoves.

Cooking Over Open Flames on Dirt Floors



This is how typical Guatemalan Mayan families cook meals on the floor of their homes.

Most Mayan women in the villages surrounding Quetzaltenango cook over open flames on the dirt floors of their homes. Wood smoke continually fills their living space. Consequently, there are many, often deadly, health problems such as burns, eye irritations, and chronic lung diseases.

A few years ago a group of Guatemalan students from an English-immersion high school where I volunteer were translating for a medical team from Canada. Each day we visited a different village. At the end of each day the

doctors observed that a vast number of the problems that they treated were caused by wood smoke in the homes, especially for the women and small children. On the last day we visited a village where, several years before, the students had helped with a project

Wood-burning Stoves in Guatemala, cont. on page 15

Wood-burning Stoves in Guatemala, cont. from p. 14

that built stoves in every home. The doctors were truly amazed at the difference!



Two volunteers, both teachers, from St. Mark's Episcopal Church, helping to build the new stoves.

The brick-lined concrete block stoves that we build diminish, and often eliminate, many of these diseases by removing the smoke through a metal chimney. The stoves are made of bricks, pumice, and concrete blocks with a metal cooking surface and metal chimney. The cost of each stove is \$220, which includes materials, the wages for a professional block layer, and transportation.

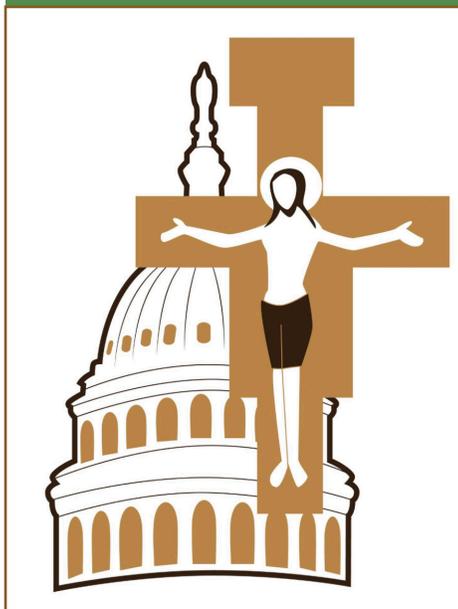
Of course, building stoves will not eliminate the overwhelming poverty, disease, and malnutrition that plagues Guatemala. But it is one way we can do something to make a positive change in the lives and health of our wonderful neighbors and friends—our sisters and brothers in Christ. ♦



The author with a family that received a new stove. One of the consequences of chronic malnutrition is stunting, both physical and intellectual; compare this typical family with Laurel, who is 5'6" tall.

TSSF Province of the Americas & Franciscan Action Network (FAN) Partnership: Franciscan Solidarity *Tables*

Linda Watkins, JPIC Animator



The Third Order recently received a \$10,000 grant from the Episcopal Church Stewardship of Creation Network to work with the Franciscan Action Network in developing Franciscan Solidarity *Tables*. These *Tables* (small groups of Franciscans and others) will form the nucleus of a larger project to be developed around Climate Justice.

Two groups have already been formed and will shortly begin training using materials FAN has developed to teach community organizing and networking skills. Groups, ideally, will consist of TSSF members as well as Franciscans from other traditions.

After being trained, the *Tables* will identify a local environmental issue they feel called to address. One *Table*, for example, is looking at the issue of food deserts in inner cities. They will develop networking and action plans to involve their community in raising awareness and advocating for appropriate change.

These *Tables* will approach their work always keeping our Franciscan traditions and charisms in mind.

If you are interested in learning more about this project, please contact Linda Watkins, TSSF, JPIC Animator. ♦

News from Chapter Officers

As God Enables Me: Report from the Bursar

Alison Saichek



Fiscal year 2016-2017 ended strong, with contributions higher than budgeted and expenses held in check. Provincial Convocation ate into the reserve fund for that purpose, but that was expected. We have four more years to build that up again. The African Medical Mission Fund has a healthy balance. This fund provides scholarship funds to nursing students, as well as medicines and vaccinations. The new Tom Johnson Hispanic Mission Fund is slowly building. (Contributions should be made out to TSSF, with “Tom Johnson Mission Fund” on the memo line. This fund will support and promote the growth of the Order in Spanish-speaking countries.)

The first quarter of Fiscal Year 2017-2018 has started out well, with contributions slightly above the amount budgeted. Due to the change in officers, travel expenses have been high, but I believe things have settled down now. Taking over as bursar has had its challenges, what with changing signatures, updating QuickBooks, and simply finding time to get to the post office box! The giving summaries for 2017 have been mailed. Please let me know of any address changes or other variations from your own records.

Bursar’s Report, cont. on page 17

*Bursar's Report,
cont. from p. 16*

Most of you have adopted the new mailing address, but some of the payments made through banks are still going to David Lawson-Beck. Please be sure to update those records.

Remember that an annual contribution to TSSF, whatever your circumstances allow, is one of the three marks of a Professed Tertiary, and is also important for those in formation.

Feel free to contact me via email (preferred) or telephone if you have any questions, would like to receive a pledge envelope, etc.



Tom Johnson Mission Fund

**To contribute to the Tom Johnson Mission Fund,
which supports the growth of TSSF
in Spanish-speaking countries,
make your check payable to TSSF.
Write "Tom Johnson Mission Fund" on the memo line.**



TSSF Now Has Its Own Zoom Account

Verleah Kosloske

Zoom is an easy-to-use platform for video chat and teleconferencing. It is available to anyone in the Province—for fellowship meetings, formation meetings, area chaplains, convocation planning, chapter meetings, anytime anyone needs to meet about anything. Those who don't have video capability can call in by telephone to participate. Up to 100 people can participate in a meeting, and there is no limit to the length or number of meetings we can schedule. Meetings can be recorded and shared later. Files like handouts or meeting agendas can be shared right on the screen. They even provide a whiteboard for those times when a picture says it best.

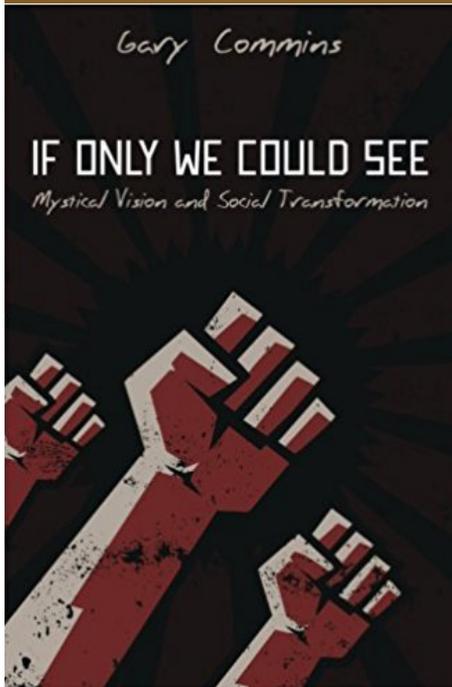
Participants do not need to create an account or sign up for anything. Only the moderator needs to sign in. The login email is *secretary@tssf.org*. (The password is the same password we use for our website, which can be found on page 107 of the 2018 directory). Once the meeting is scheduled, Zoom provides an invitation with links and phone numbers that can be sent out to participants.

For instructions on how to use, see <https://support.zoom.us/hc/en-us>.



Book Review: If Only We Could See

Mary Rogers



***If Only We Could See:
Mystical Vision and Social
Transformation,***
by Gary Commins
(Cascade Books, an
imprint of WIPF and
STOCK Publishers, 2015)

*“This book creates an arena
for a collective call and response,
something akin to an anarchists’ convention,
between mystics and activists.”*

With these words Gary Commins, an Episcopal priest, describes how he wrote this book. Imagine conversations between A.J. Muste and the Baal Shem Tov; William Law and Rumi; Eugene Debs and Origen; James Baldwin and Martin Buber; Julian of Norwich and Dorothy Day. All these and many, many more are quoted in this book. The chapters remind me of intricate braids in which strands from many parts of the tradition are woven into a rich texture.

Commins writes:

Some argue that mysticism and activism are symbiotic, that social activism needs a contemplative dimension and that mysticism is incomplete without prophetic social engagement. Activism can seem like the hands and feet of faith and mysticism its heart. Charles Peguy’s quotable aphorism about the relationship of spirituality to activism makes it sound simple: ‘Everything begins in mysticism and ends in politics.’ Peguy makes it sound simple, but any serious dialogue between mystics and activists reveals anything but an uncomplicated formula. Rather, it is a complex cross-pollination and indefinable interaction that can create what Gandhi called *satyagraha*, “truth force,” “love force,” or “soul force.”

Although I agree that contemplation is truncated without action and action ungrounded without contemplation that is not my primary argument. My argument is, in a sense, an extension of Kenneth Leech’s consistent witness: there is an intrinsic connection between prayer and social action because Christian spirituality is always incarnational. ‘The incarnation,’ he says, ‘is the basis both of Christian mysticism and Christian social theology.’ Like Leech, I argue that a truly mystical vision always leads to social transformation because a clear view of God and the world always becomes a burr to an anguished passion for a new earth. But my argument is also that, for people of faith, social transformation is always undergirded, encompassed, and made more urgent by transcendence. But I begin with an empirical observation—mystics and activists are deemed threatening because they are dangerous to every empire, every religious, political and economic system, and every status quo of any kind, because no status quo is ever the realm of God.

Book Review, cont. on page 19

If Only We Could See,
cont. from p. 18

I remember being moved by the chapter “Equal Eyes.” I’ve had trouble with the traditional idea of detachment because it’s hard to concretely visualize refraining, holding back, detached. The practice of “equal eyes” asks me instead to do something, to connect with what’s around me in a particular way. The chapter begins:

Gandhi’s beloved Gita says that some people have ‘conquered themselves’ through meditation and attained an ‘equal eye.’ Similarly, the Sufi is one ‘in whose eyes gold and mud are equal.’ Jesus’ words give his disciples equal eyes. The endpoint of the Sermon on the Mount is to see with the same disposition friend, foe and stranger; to see fellow citizen and undocumented worker, to see the person living on the next street and the one born across a body of water, and to regard them all the same; to see family member, church member, club member, clan member, and Klan member as all deserving the same love. That is the meaning of love, not ‘private affection’ shared among friends, families, and familiars, for those nearest and dearest, but to share it, spread it, cast it like a line out of the other side of the boat, the other side of one’s favor, the other side of one’s consciousness, even into the depths of the shadow side, as far and farther than one can imagine sharing it.

This is a book to be read slowly and meditatively. It is down-to-earth and deeply hopeful. It’s a big book and that’s a good thing—there’s so much of it that you can take your time, marveling at the multitude of streams and tributaries that flow into the river of holy lives. ♦

Milestones

Newly Professed

Allison DeFoor



*Criminal Justice. Politics. Business. Priesthood.
Prison Ministry.*

By way of introduction, please permit me to share my background, which I would normally say is rather eclectic, except that I can see that it is a Franciscan norm. It is my daily pleasure to live in Jacksonville, Florida and be married to a wonderful, faithful woman, Randy. Currently I am a church bureaucrat, serving as Canon to the Ordinary to the Episcopal Bishop of Florida. Previously, I was a non-stipendiary prison priest in this diocese, which takes such things very seriously and has 15 churches inside prison walls. My labors included setting up the first prison inside a community college, when serving as its board chair in Tallahassee.

Allison DeFoor, cont. on page 19

*Newly Professed,
Allison DeFoor, cont. from p. 18*

My prior background was in criminal justice, politics and business. I was a public defender, prosecutor, judge, sheriff (of Key West!), and professor, *et al.* I like to sail, skin dive, and go to the beach. Recovery, yoga, prayer and meditation are big parts of my life. I belong to the Explorer's Club.

It is a humbling and wonderful blessing to be professed.



Newly Professed

Lucinda Dyer



*Writer. Editor. Book Reviewer. Web Designer. TSSF
Webmaster.*

I'm Lucinda Dyer, and I live in Franklin, Tennessee, where I'm blessed to be surrounded by seven other Franciscans (both tertiaries and companions) who live in the Nashville area. I spent most of my work life in book publishing and, for more than 30 years, was a literary publicist, first in Los Angeles and then in Nashville. While most of my clients never became household names, I have represented my share of *New York Times* bestsellers, a very wayward former Miss America, enough cookbook authors to fill a shelf in my kitchen, a world-renowned explorer (who once got lost on her way to a live interview), two televangelists, and the occasional Hollywood celebrity. I'm a former Contributing Editor at *Publishers Weekly* and current reviewer for Young Adult books for *Commonsense Media*. Several years ago, I made the transition from publicist to partner in a firm that designs websites for authors. Moreover, this transition's given me just enough of a skill set that I'm the current webmaster for the Province.

*The biggest surprise in my Franciscan journey?
That after almost 50 years as a Christian, there
was so much more to be discovered.*

The biggest surprise in my Franciscan journey? That after almost 50 years as a Christian, there was so much more to be discovered. The grounding of the Daily Office and the peace and insight that comes of contemplative prayer. Being in fellowship with others who've made a commitment to simplicity and generosity ... and lots of laughter. Having the door thrown wide open to a ministry I would never *ever* have chosen for myself — Sunday services for residents in memory care and assisted living — and finding it the most fulfilling and joyful thing I've done in my life. Now, instead of kicking back and not expecting much out of my Christian Golden Years, I'm looking forward to more doors being opened and more adventures ahead.



Newly Professed

Patricia Dyer



My Franciscan Brothers and Sisters Buoy Me Up With Love and Guidance.

My family and I worship at St. James the Just Anglican Church in Sangre Grande, Trinidad, and it is with great joy that I moved to profession in TSSF. My journey had its small twists and turns, but the love and encouragement of my extended network of family, friends and local TSSF fellowship (as well as my formation counselors) have seen me safely through.

I serve as a lay minister in my parish, assisting at services and with religious education at a local secondary school. I enjoy working with young people and organizing events to promote greater fellowship within our wider church community. I also serve on the vestry, applying my experience in the accounting field as a member of the finance committee.

I enjoy cooking delicious meals and sharing at family get-togethers. I take great pleasure in listening to church music—my favorite instrument is the pipe organ.

I truly appreciate my Franciscan brothers and sisters who buoy me up with love and guidance as I pursue my journey of living a Franciscan life in Christ.



Newly Professed

Mary Harlow



Cradle Episcopalian. Clinical Psychologist. Minister to Minneapolis East African Refugees. ESL Teacher. Environmental Legislation Advocate.

It is with great joy that I greet you as a professed tertiary in the Third Order of the Society of St. Francis and embrace the pledge to serve our Lord Jesus Christ for the rest of my life. This completes a journey that began over 30 years ago when I was a busy young wife, mother, and graduate student and found I couldn't juggle all my responsibilities and do justice to my Rule. Now, with the grace of time and a simpler life, I am able to prioritize my prayer life. This path has been greatly enhanced by the TSSF community, the structure of the Rule, and my generous and enlightened guides in the formation process.

I am a cradle Episcopalian, born in Ithaca, New York, where I was baptized by Bishop Pike (*that dates me!*) and confirmed by Bishop Terwilliger. My family moved to Minnesota where I went to university, and eventually became a clinical psychologist, married, and had a son and daughter. Both went to Columbia University and are still in New York with my four grandchildren, ages infant to 13 years old.

Mary Harlow, cont. on page 22

*Newly Professed,
Mary Harlow, cont. from p. 21*

When not visiting family, I work with our Minneapolis East African refugees, teach ESL, and speak at area churches when asked. I plan to step up my involvement in environmental legislation as a primary ministry for very selfish reasons—I love being outdoors and spending time at my little cabin in the Minnesota North Woods. I also love the theater, art, and, of course, the Church!

Thank you all! It has been a rich and joyous journey and worth the wait to do it right. I look forward to many spiritual adventures in the company of my brothers and sisters in the Third Order. Thank you for welcoming me.



Newly Professed

Gordon Kubanek



To read Gordon's article, "Zero: A Path to Joyful Living," [click here](#).

*Athlete. Engineer. Husband. Teacher. Father.
Politician. Beekeeper. Disabled. Writer. Canoeist.
Franciscan.*

Which “me” would you like to know about? Like all of you, I have had many lives. Like you I have been blessed to find the Franciscan path—blessed in that it has allowed all of these streams to come together into one joyous river.

Flashback: it is a cold winter’s day in 1965. My family lives north of Montreal in a small house with a community skating rink across the road. It is -20 C, but we play hockey all day long with the neighbourhood kids. We have a blast. When it gets dark, my brother and I finally come home and, as our feet thaw, we start to cry: it hurts so much! So, what do we do the next day? Of course we do it again!

All of my life has been like that—great joy followed by pain—but the pain soon leaves, and the joy remains.

My wife and I now live in the country south of Ottawa with my bees, surrounded by hundreds of flowers to feed them and trees to shelter them from winter’s icy blasts. We have three beautiful daughters.

I give presentations about my bees to schoolchildren, college students, and retirees. After 25 years of teaching high school physics I had an “encounter” with a virus, which has forced me stop work. But fortunately, God has allowed his bees to inspire me to write books: tales of Canada geese for young children, sci-fi novels for teenagers, stories of true experiences of the Holy Spirit, and essays on climate change.

Even though today I cannot play hockey all day long, life is just as much fun now as it was then —thanks to the great gifts that God showers down on all of us fortunate enough to live on this beautiful earth. ◆

Newly Professed

Herbert Meister



Cursillo. Praise Music. Cooking on Thursdays at the Franciscan Kitchen.

A native of Louisville, Kentucky, I have lived in Lexington, Kentucky; Austin, Texas; Naugatuck, Connecticut; and now back to Louisville, and happy to be back. My wife and I have been members of St. Luke's Episcopal Church for about 20 years, and have both served on seven Cursillo weekends. (I am also a member of the praise group providing contemporary music for our Saturday Mass.)

My wife and I are each on separate spiritual journeys...I, a Third Order Franciscan, and she, a Benedictine Oblate.

I was introduced to the Society of Saint Francis many years ago while on a Cursillo National Conference by a young priest suggesting I seek to be an Associate in the Society. I did join, but let it lay for many years until I began to volunteer at the Franciscan Kitchen as one of the Thursday cooks 14 years ago. Through talking with and observing the Friars, I was eventually led to Bro. Bob Baxter, OFM, Conv (Guardian of the Order and Director of the Spiritual Retreat Centre) at Mount Saint Francis, located across the river from Louisville. He has been my spiritual director for the past four years and, through his encouragement, I became interested in the Third Order, applied, and started my journey.

The Third Order and Bro. Bob have been blessings in my life! Now that I am professed, I look forward to becoming a formation counselor and giving back to the Third Order.



Newly Professed

Michelle Quinn



A heart and soul reborn in Assisi.

My heart and soul were reborn in Assisi. It was in the hills of Umbria that I found my way back to God. That may sound a bit odd coming from a priest, but it was true. Somewhere in the midst of ministry I forgot the reason I answered the call to ordination.

Nine years ago my son had army orders to Afghanistan. He was stationed in Italy and asked if I'd come and spend his pre-deployment leave with him. There was no question: I went. In planning the trip, I said I wanted to go to Assisi because of the stories my grandmother told me when I was very young about St. Francis. We went and as they say, the rest is history. I have returned to Assisi every year since, each year lengthening the stay until I have now maxed out at six weeks.

Michelle Quinn, cont. on page 24

*Newly Professed,
Michelle Quinn, cont. from p. 23*

Two-and-a-half years ago I was able to spend my sabbatical in Umbria. I took an eight-day walking pilgrimage of the Holy Valley in the Rieti area. It pushed all my limits, physical, emotional and spiritual. After an exceptionally difficult hike (for me) to Greccio, I sat exhausted. Behind me a group of friars was finishing a mass and began singing “Silent Night” in Italian. I sobbed. For me, that was the moment of no return. I knew I needed to follow Francis and Clare wherever the road led.

I am blessed to spend six weeks every year in Assisi (vacation and for continuing ed). To walk where Francis and Clare walked, to take it all in with my senses is a gift without measure. I’m so very grateful for the stories my grandmother told a little girl. I believe that in some way Francis and Clare speak to me in the stones I walk upon or in the branches of the olive trees that line the walk to San Damiano. I think I carry Assisi in my heart wherever I am now.

My joy comes from little things, and I am so grateful for all of it, especially standing in awe of this incredible creation we are blessed to live in. My ministry comes most alive when I am with children, sharing the stories with them. I also run the clothing closet at St. Clare’s on the fourth Tuesday of every month, and whenever there is a fifth Tuesday, I cook for the homeless. I love visiting with our guests and listening to their stories.



Newly Professed

Alice Baird



“Yes! This is what I am called to do!”

I am immensely grateful for this gift of vocation, my wholly undeserved call to the Third Order Society of St. Francis. After a period of mounting losses that culminated in the suicide of my son, Adam, I found myself praying intensely, over and over, “Dear God, You have left me alone—what do You want from me?”

The answer came indirectly from my spiritual director when she handed me a copy of Susan Pitchford’s book *The Sacred Gaze*—thank you, Susan!—and I learned for the first time about the Third Order. Exploring it on the internet, I realized, “Yes! This is what I am called to do!”

I began formation during my last year before retiring from Christ Church Episcopal School in Greenville, South Carolina, where I spent 15 years managing the school’s publications, and ten of those years also handling their marketing. In the environment of faith that permeated the school, these were years that strengthened me spiritually. Now that I am retired, I revel in my freedom to pursue the Lord’s call—and to get up blissfully late in the morning!

Alice Baird, cont. on page 25

Newly Professed, Alice Baird, cont. from p. 24



At Alice’s profession at the February meeting of the Land of the Sky Fellowship in Asheville, North Carolina, left to right, Rev. Furman Buchanan, who celebrated the Eucharist, Victoria Chance, Lynn Coulthard, Lance Renault, Alice Baird (holding the banner), Sister Mary Connor (Alice’s spiritual director), Amy Nicholson, Patti Numprasong (a friend), and Gary Mongillo.

My primary ministry has been facilitating our local Survivors of Suicide group twice a month. It is shocking to me how many new survivors we welcome month after month. Recently I co-facilitated the 24-week JustFaith program—a program I highly recommend for all Franciscans—and participated in an interfaith JustFaith program about Francis and the Sultan together with a group of Muslims from our local mosque. I was part of a Support Circle program at a local non-denominational church that serves the homeless; this rewarding, yearlong program helped move a recovering addict to deeper faith, a wholesome lifestyle, and first-time home ownership. As a Lay Eucharistic Visitor, I share communion with the homebound; in this ministry I truly experience the joy of giving and receiving. Freelancing as a grantwriter, I have secured grants for nonprofits and for sabbatical grants from the Lilly Endowment Clergy Renewal Program.

In addition, I have been working with John Brockmann as assistant editor and layout designer of *The Franciscan Times*. This allows me to give back for the gift of my vocation and to continue to do the work I so enjoyed in my professional life.

My hobbies include gardening, cooking, making cards, writing poetry, and making dolls. I currently have a few dolls for sale in my Etsy shop, *Dolls by Alice*.

I have been a 20-year member of St. Peter’s Episcopal Church in Greenville where I sing in the choir. I grew up and lived most of my married life in New York. Divorced in 2005, I elected to remain down South (where real estate and taxes are comparatively cheap). My daughter, Clare, a journalist, lives in Brooklyn, New York, with my “grandpup.”

I have come to the Third Order by a long and circuitous route, but I am truly glad, at last, to be here. ♦

Rest in Peace

Jacqueline Smith
Professed 1985



Haircuts for the First Order Brothers and Second Order Sisters at Little Portion Friary and a decades-long involvement in Cursillo with her husband Bob.

Jacqueline Smith was a member of the Third Order for over thirty-two years. She and her husband Robert (Bob) were a regular part of the Long Island Fellowship, until health issues began to get in the way of their attendance. Throughout that time they hosted some gatherings in their home and helped out in any way they were able. They were especially good friends with Janet and Frank Moore, who were from the same fellowship.

Jacqueline often provided haircuts for the First Order Brothers (SSF), and later when the Second Order Sisters (CSF) sold their convent and

RIP, Jacqueline Smith,
cont. from p. 25

Front row, left to right: Ken Norian (former Minister General), Jacqueline Smith, Bob Smith. Back: Rick Simpson, Charlie McCarron, David Bertram (former Minister Provincial African Province), Ed Medina, Dick Bird (former Minister Provincial European Province), Janet Moore, Sally Buckley (former Assistant Minister Provincial Province of Asia-Pacific).



Article and photos submitted by the Long Island Fellowship.

moved up the hill to occupy a section of Little Portion Friary, she did the same for them. She also gave assistance to the Sisters with some of their chores. She and Bob attended Sunday Mass at Little Portion Friary for many years and took part in many of the additional special Franciscan gatherings, which the Brothers conducted.

Jacqueline and Bob also attended part-time at Christ Church, Port Jefferson, and were faithful supporters of that community as well. Jacqueline was a reliable caregiver to those in need, whether it was to some of the neighborhood children that she took in from time to

time or to friends on the mend from various illnesses. Her husband Bob, who survives her, has been ill for years, and she tended to him as his sole caregiver for a number of years. Whenever she knew someone was not well, she could be counted on for healing prayer. Like two peas in a pod, she and Bob did almost everything together, which also included their involvement with the Cursillo movement. In this they also were faithful participants for decades.

May she rest in peace. ◆

Rest in Peace

Janet Moore
Professed 1986



She could not imagine life without the support of the Third Order.

Janet Moore and her husband Frank joined TSSF in the early nineteen-eighties and were loyal members until their deaths. They both had strong connections with the First Order Brothers [SSF] and First Order Sisters [CSF]. One brother, Jason Robert (now in England), was a frequent visitor to their home on the eastern end of Long Island, though they welcomed and were fond of all the Brothers. It was at this same location that numerous Third Order barbecues were experienced. Janet was a consummate host who insisted that everything be set just right. One thing about Janet that her friends pointed out was that coffee could not be found in her home. Tea was “the drink” and lots of it.

One of the members of our group, Ed Medina, said that he knew Janet since he joined the group at age seventeen. He recalled how much

Janet Moore, cont. on page 27

RIP, Janet Moore,
cont. from p. 26

As if on cue, during the litany for a departed Franciscan, a flock of Canadian geese flew overhead.

Article and photo submitted by the Long Island Fellowship.

she expressed her appreciation for her Third Order fellowship and that she couldn't imagine life without its support. Her commitment to the friary was just as important to her and when she could no longer make the drive to get there for church service, it was a major blow in her life. Fortunately, both parts of the family kept contact with her and she had frequent visitors.

She took her Franciscan vocation seriously and managed to strike a balance, which allowed her to live out her calling in her everyday life. Janet was deeply involved in the Cursillo Movement and did various types of volunteer work throughout her life. She was a part of various organizations, including The Red Hat Society and the local Homemaker's Circle. She was a known presence in the community where she lived and was well loved. She is survived by many family members, and wonderful thoughts and memories were shared during a gathering after her burial service.

As if on cue, during the litany for a departed Franciscan, a flock of Canadian geese flew overhead and could be heard coming and going throughout the litany with the point occurring right in the center of the reading. Everyone stopped and acknowledged that it happened just as Janet would have wanted! And as we departed, each car also had to contend with a bunch of white ducks near the exit and their final goodbye.

Rest in peace, dear Janet.



Rest in Peace

*Yvonne Kirkpatrick Willie
Professed 1986*



Teacher. Author. "Mother of our Fellowship."

Portions reprinted from The Birmingham News, Jan. 21, 2018

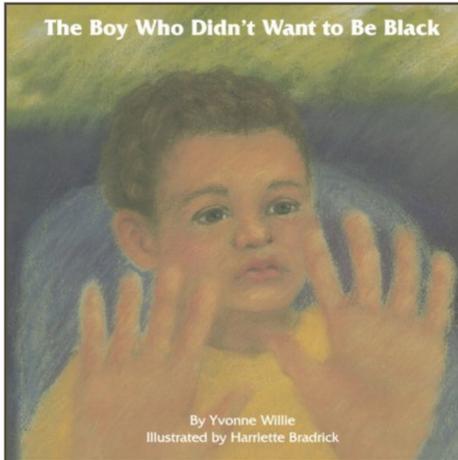
Yvonne died peacefully at home surrounded by loved ones before joining the love of her life, Louis J. Willie, Jr. (he also was a long-time professed member), on Tuesday, January 16, 2018. Yvonne was born in Pembroke, Bermuda, and moved to Nashville, Tennessee where she received her undergraduate degree from Tennessee State University. Following their marriage in Nashville, Yvonne and Louis moved to Birmingham in 1952. Yvonne went on to teach English, typing, and shorthand at the A.G. Gaston Business College.

Yvonne was a published author, having written

- the children's book, *The Boy Who Didn't Want To Be Black* (1997) (with Lucy McCain's Lightbearer Press)—this book is in our Provincial Library,
- a collection of essays, *A View From The Hammock*,
- an essay, "Early Blooms" was reprinted in *Birmingham Magazine's 33 Best Things About Birmingham* in May, 1993,

RIP, Yvonne Kirkpatrick Willie, cont. on page 28

RIP, Yvonne Kirkpatrick Willie, cont. from p. 27



The cover of Yvonne's 1997 children's book.

- a soon-to-be-published book detailing her life with Louis during the turmoil of the Civil Rights era and succeeding years, *My God It's A Colored Man*.

This is what one reviewer on Amazon.com wrote about *The Boy Who Didn't Want To Be Black* (September 2000):

The Boy Who Didn't Want to Be Black

Real life issues of race, color and mixed marriages are addressed in this great little story of a small little boy that doesn't like what color he happens to be. With the help of a loving grandmother he appreciates himself and others for who they are. One passage sums up the dynamics of this wonderful children's book, 'Maybe you're looking for people to act a certain way because of their color. People are people no matter what their color.'

Enough said.

The story is even more interesting when you realize the author herself can very much relate to real-life issues of race. Her husband was asked to be an honorary member of a country club after it drew attention for having no black members when on the PGA tour schedule in a large southern city within the U.S.

Thumbs up to this compassionate approach of a difficult real-life issue for some children!

Yvonne was a former member of St. Mark's and St. Andrew's Episcopal Churches, and most recently was an active member of

"It almost didn't seem fair that she was so witty, so brilliant, and so fiery. She had gifts beyond measure." Janet Nail

the Cathedral Church of the Advent. Yvonne was preceded in death by her husband of 57 years, Louis J. Willie, Jr., and is survived by her son, Louis J. Willie III; her grandson, Louis

J. Willie IV; granddaughters Isabella Morgan Willie and Charlotte McKenna Willie; and a host of cousins, nieces, and nephews.

A memorial service for Yvonne Willie was held at the Cathedral Church of the Advent on January 27, 2018.



Tributes to Yvonne Willie by her fellow tertiaries continue on the next page.

Friends Remember Yvonne Kirkpatrick Willie

Lucy McCain

“I Remember Mama” comes to mind as I sit and think of Yvonne.
Sweet, sweet memories...gifts.

I remember: she listened when I phoned. I nervously talked of
my sense of Call.

“Come have tea and we can talk.”

I remember: she professed me at the Cathedral of the Advent
and gave me her cross.

I remember: she shared one of her children stories. I loved it. We
made it into a book.

I remember: she toured me around the Birmingham she’d
experienced in the 60s.

She shared her history and I shared mine.

I remember: she washed feet, and
we all washed feet at one of our Fellowship meetings held
at her home.

I remember: she smiled at the dedication of Clare’s Cottage,
given to honor Yvonne and Lou.

I remember: she glowed when her man sang “There is a Balm in
Gilead,” maybe we all did.

I was on an Island similar to Yvonne’s birthplace when I learned
the news of her death.

No phone, no tv, no internet—but wind and waves and birds—
a glorious rainbow smiled on a blue sky day

May we all give thanks to the Lord for this dear lady.



Frank Romanowicz

As Janet Nail said a little while ago, “*she was the Mother of our Fellowship.*” She brought me into the Order almost 20 years ago. She loved her husband Louis enormously; they were the best of friends and the most committed of tertiaries.



RIP, Yvonne Kirkpatrick Willie, cont. on page 30

Friends Remember Yvonne Kirkpatrick Willie, cont. from p. 29

Janet Nail

Yvonne's health was already declining when I came into the fellowship. I remember the first time I saw her, I was overwhelmed by how TINY she was; my-nine-year old granddaughter came with me to a meeting, and she was bigger than Yvonne. Yvonne was also one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. It almost didn't seem fair that she was so witty, so brilliant, and so fiery. She had gifts beyond measure; I remember her stories of Lou and their courtship, of her coming to this country to go to school and her first encounters with segregation and racism. She was loved, and she will be missed.



Rest in Peace

Andrea Albright
Professed 1995



by Frank Albright

Avid Reader. Teacher. Watercolor Artist. Episcopal Church Secretary.

Andrea F. Albright was born March 1, 1944. She passed away on January 30, 2018 after a long two-year fight with liver cancer. She was holding her own with cancer, but the chemo destroyed her kidneys. We had nearly reached our 55th anniversary.

I met Andrea at North Texas University in the early 60s through a matchmaker. That matchmaker was my sister who was across the dorm hall from Andrea's room. The two of them finally found the sister both wanted. I just came along for the ride. Several years after we were married, Andrea went back to college to get her teaching degree and graduated with honors.

She taught in high school for a few years and went back for her masters degree. I had never met anyone who read as much as Andrea. She loved reading history, art history, and religion. Our house is full of these books. Andrea also loved to paint with watercolors and was a member of the VAST art group in Denton. She also attended several area women Bible studies over the years because she loved these groups.

Andrea truly never met a stranger and always had a big smile, even when she did not feel well. She worked for a number of years for the Episcopal Bishop of Dallas as secretary to the Dean of Theology. She also served as secretary at several Episcopal churches in the Dallas area.

"It was always joyful to spend time with Andrea at TSSF fellowship meetings and at TSSF retreats. She shared the Franciscan joy in her heart. We will miss her." Francesca Wigle

Andrea and I had two children, Karen and Kent, and lots of friends who will miss her. We were members of three

Episcopal churches, and she always sang in the choirs for a total of 50 years. God has a new angel to sing to him now. ◆

Rest in Peace

Doreen Betty Cooke

Professed 2004



by Kate Cooke (Her Sister)

Accountant. Real Sports Fan. Good Listener. Lay Minister.

Born on Christmas Day 1946, Doreen was the sixth of eight siblings. Dr. Rostant delivered her, and he gave her the name “Betty.” I remember when we were grown enough to understand, Mummy told us that after the delivery and the baby was all cleaned up, Dr. Rostant held her in his arms and danced around in the ward stroking her hair, until he came up with the name “Betty.”

In her professional career she worked as an accountant with Stechers Limited, and, up to the time of her retirement, she worked as a Warehouse Manager, and it is at her workplace that she got the nickname “Cookie.” There, she would often minister and give spiritual guidance to anyone in need. She was a good listener, and communicated effectively with both young and old. She always had the respect of others and cared for anyone who needed support spiritually, morally, and financially.

“God has been good to me” were words she spoke on a daily basis, and, before doing anything, she would always seek God’s direction.

In July 2001, Betty was commissioned Lay Minister in the Parish of St. Thomas, and she always performed her duties reverently and faithfully.

She was professed as a member of the Third Order Society of St Francis in 2004 and lived a simple life like Francis. She would often accompany and assist Deacon Claire on her outings performing thanksgiving services in homes.

Betty also taught and prepared children for confirmation for a number of years. On September 6, 2002, Betty was awarded a Certificate of Participation, having satisfactorily completed a course in Hermeneutics and Homiletics for lay ministers. Following this, she completed a Bible Study Program with the North East Regional Council in February 2004, and a course with Codrington College in November 2006. On the 31st July 2016, having followed an approved Diocesan Program for Lay Ministers, she graduated with the Bishop’s Diploma in Pastoral Ministry.

RIP, Doreen Betty Cooke, cont. on page 32

*RIP Doreen Betty Cooke,
cont. from p. 31*

Betty was a real sports fan. In primary school, she participated in track and field events. She was always first in a race. One day the PE Teacher decided to have her run against the boys, and guess what? She beat every one of them. In her twenties she played hockey in the left wing position scoring goals for her team. She also had a passion for football; Chelsea was her favorite team. Lawn tennis was another favorite sport, with Roger Federer as the love of her life. Sometimes when she watched him on TV, and he was making errors during his game, she would shout "Boy, hit an Ace," and, believe it or not, the next ball from Federer would be an Ace, and then she would turn to me and say, "You see what I told you, that's my boy!"

Betty lived a simple but rewarding life. She was loved by many here and abroad. Her church family was extremely important to her. I along with Deacon Claire and Lay Ministers Patsy and Estelle, spent the final moments with her, and I must say she died peacefully and with dignity.

So my final words to you, Betty, are:

*God saw that you were getting tired, and a cure
was not meant to be,*

So he put his arms around you and whispered "come to me."

*With tearful eyes, we watched you and saw you pass away,
and*

Although we loved you dearly, we could not make you stay.

A golden heart stopped beating,

Hard-working hands at rest.

But God broke our hearts to prove to us,

That he only takes the best.

Rest in peace my sister, my best friend.



Poem

Blessed Tree, My Soul
Alice Baird



Faith, become enrooted
 in my soul, unfurl
 from Being's very seed,
 plant me ever deeper
 in grace, that fertile ground.

Hope, branch heavenward,
 uplift my heart's true thoughts
 to rise, immense in strength,
 above the suffocated light,
 the desolated air.

O Love divine, leaf forth!
 From prayerful buds sprout
 golden fruit, coax songbirds
 to my outstretched arms—
 O christen me in dazzling dew!

