



The Franciscan Times

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

Pace e bene

Spring 2020

FROM THE EDITOR

Songlines

R. John Brockmann

Bruce Chatwin's book *The Songlines* (1987) described songlines as "the labyrinth of invisible pathways which meander all over Australia and are known to Europeans as 'Dreaming-tracks' or 'Songlines' and to the Aboriginals as the 'Footprints of the Ancestors.' Aboriginal Creation myths tell of ancestors who wandered over the continent in the Dreamtime, singing out the name of everything that crossed their path—birds, animals, plants, rocks, waterholes — and so sang the world into existence."

This issue recounts the stories of our legendary Provincial ancestors (some professed from 25 to 50 years) who prayed, drew, and served our Order and Province into existence. Will Drake was the first Canadian to present a paper at a TSSF Provincial Meeting, and he wrote it from the Yukon when he was a social worker; MaryAnn (Jackman) Lovier created the Dancing Francis logo for our Province; Anne Vellom and her husband worked for the poor as deacons in Nogales, Arizona; and Rosie McFerran was our Provincial Librarian for decades. From these legendary ancestors who were long professed we see the fruit of their efforts in welcoming the newly professed from El Salvador, Cuba, as well as North Carolina, Florida, and Buffalo, New York. Sing out, turn, and change.

Turning and Change

Letter from the Provincial Minister

Janet Fedders

Dear Ones,

Lent seems like a good time to talk about "turning." You could say "change," but I prefer "turning." As we would turn a lens on a camera



(an old-fashioned one) for a different perspective, that's the kind of turning I have in mind. And we are experiencing that in our Order right now. I want to tell you about that, but first may I back up a bit?

Do you remember Tom Johnson's mandate to rebuild? And the call from Archbishop Welby to go back to our roots as a way to strengthen the Church at large? Those two mandates, if you will, got some things moving along. We began to look at Formation as lifelong rather than during the 2 ½ years at the beginning. Ongoing Formation, we called it. And as things got "turning," Fellowships were given new attention and focus. I know you've all experienced this.

Now, I'd like you to move forward with me to the last two-and-a-half years.

These years have been about connection. I won't list them here, but the result of all this new contact with each other is that tertiaries are talking together in new ways (or maybe in ways we've long forgotten). We are sharing our journeys in deeper and more meaningful ways.

Part of that deepening and sharing lands on my desk. As it should. And I hear joy. I also hear pain at times. Now that we are more open with one another, I do hear pain. So, carefully and attentively, I have traveled to see you, called

Turning, cont. on page 4



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Editor's Note:
We received word of the deaths of three longtime tertiaries, Billie Alban, Mary Funk, and Mary Hayes, after this issue closed. We will honor them in our Summer 2020 issue.

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*Janet Fedders, Minister
Provincial*

There is a sense that our mission is to be more open: Open in new ways of admitting people to the program, open in welcoming communal decision-making, open in nurturing how our postulants and novices are growing in their Franciscan spirituality.

you on the phone, emailed you, Zoomed with you, Skyped with you—to listen.

Out of the listening came the idea that three things are needed. And Chapter has had long talks about two of these. The one where they were least involved is the establishment of Prayer Cells. (We as an Order are now praying the specific ministries and needs of our brothers and sisters in deep, intentional ways.) What are the other two areas?

Chaplaincy and Formation. And the turning, the change, which Chapter is excited about has to do with our communal walk, especially in these areas. Community has been a key word in all these discussions. As a community of Franciscan souls, we want to walk with each other in more caring, more attentive, more accountable, more loving ways. In the Chaplaincy program, the idea is to be more pastoral, not just a reporting mechanism (a mechanism that often didn't work). Chaplains will be given ideas, tools, and prayer support to really be there for each of us. And I don't want you to think this is just an edict from on high that has no grassroots connection. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Let me tell you why.

It began with complaints from you that your annual reports were not being met with a response. I received too many of these complaints. We began to consult with previous Provincial Chaplains, with local area chaplains, with other Provinces. We collected information and ideas and input on every level. And saw the need. We saw the need for response not just to an annual report, but to, say, a natural disaster in your area, or to surgery outcomes, or to bumps in your spiritual world, even responses to your joys. These ideas are all about you.

Now, Formation: In the formation program, we saw a need also. Chapter even established a Formation Working Group to report back next October with recommended changes. Let me describe in a few words where we see a turning in Formation.

There is a sense that our mission is to be more open: open in new ways of admitting people to the program, open in welcoming communal decision-making, open in nurturing how our postulants and novices are growing in their Franciscan spirituality. This doesn't alter the basic requirements of being in our Order; it does mean that we can look at being more creative in how we live our Rule of Life and observe daily obedience.

As you know from my email message at the end of January, Chapter has accepted a turnover in the Formation Director position. We will be building on a significant legacy in that area. Now, with Acting Directors (two of them) in place, our Formation program will move ahead, looking to the time when the Formation Working Group makes its recommendations.

Here's the important thing: Yes, there is change. But it is all being done in what we call an "agile process." That means that nothing is cast in stone. We are calibrating and assessing as we move along, always with your input and love. And one more important thing: Chaplaincy and Formation are both under the direction of your Provincial Chaplain. Please pray for him and his team.

Humility, love and joy be yours.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Janet", written in a cursive style.

LENTEN MESSAGES

הבושה

A Teshuva Opportunity

Rt. Rev. David Rice
Bishop Protector



Those familiar with systems theory* will know that family or organizational behaviors, customs, traditions (systems) develop in many circumstances very early in the evolution of any family, community, or organization. This was no more evident and true than in our particular family system, the Cappel-Rice family. One of our earliest developed systems was an understanding that if Ian, who is now 26, or Zoe, who is now 24, needed help with their arithmetic or algebra or calculus, it was abundantly clear that they would go directly, without passing go, to their Mum (my lovely and brilliant wife Tracy Cappel). Equally, as jocularity has always been a consistent ingredient in our familial lives, Ian and Zoe developed this comedic approach: “Hey Dad, can you help us with, oh, we forgot...” And they would walk away laughing. I have never been the “go to” person in the area of mathematics in the world that is Cappel- Rice. Moreover, these were the precise academic departments in secondary school and university I didn’t frequent— perhaps more precisely, I’m not sure I could identify those particular buildings on the campuses. I trust you gather my deficiency.

Lenten Subtraction and Existential Addition

But even though I know little regarding the aforementioned academic discipline, I do know something about addition and subtraction as it pertains to our existential realities. Please bear with me. For a bit longer than I can remember, the season of Lent has been about subtraction, and subtraction alone. And so, the Lenten query has been and remains for many, “What are you giving up for Lent?” And I hasten to insert here, I do think there is a place for that existential subtraction in our lives, a place to de-accumulate, to travel somewhat lighter. But I also think the Lenten Season invites us to consider *existential addition*. What are we willing to add to our lives that will enhance our existence and contribute to a far healthier, holier world in and around us?

In this penitential season in which we are embarking, teshuva is the Hebrew word which translates as “repentance,” but it is far, far deeper. Teshuva literally means to turn, to turn around and to return.

To Turn, Turn Around, and Return

For over 30 years of ministry during the season of Lent I have at one time or another spoken the word *teshuva*. I confess that *teshuva* is one of the few Hebrew words I have retained after my year of Hebrew study at university and seminary. I would suggest, if there is any word in a language worth remembering, this particular word should be among them. In this

penitential season in which we are embarking, *teshuva* is the Hebrew word which translates as “repentance,” but it is far, far deeper. *Teshuva* literally means to turn, to turn around and to return.

And so, during this special Season of Lent, we are invited to add to our lives this turning, this extraordinary opportunity to turn around and to return. The way I’ve typically explained the word *teshuva* is that it recounted for the nomadic Hebrew people the

* E.g., Edwin H. Friedman’s *Generation to Generation: Family Process in Church and Synagogue* (2011)

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Teshuva, cont. from p. 5

movement in their lives: stopping in their journey, turning around, considering from whence they have come, reflecting upon those who have walked with them, and then continuing to turn (return), thus moving on their way forward.

That is the “*teshuva* opportunity” of our lives. That is the opportunity we have in the season of Lent, this wonderful possibility of addition, when and where we can pause in our lives, considering at least for a moment from whence we have come, remembering those who have walked with us, and turning again, to continue on our way forward.

Lenten Blessings +

Lenten Message from Our Minister General

John Hebenton



Over the last few weeks in our Sunday gospel reading we have heard Jesus teaching us in the Sermon on the Mount. Jesus invites us, with his band of new disciples, to stand on a hill overlooking our broken world and to imagine God’s longings for this world. As they looked, he bid them to aspire to be the poor in spirit, those who mourn, the meek, those who hunger and thirst for righteousness. He invites us in the beatitudes to imagine a world based on these aspirations. This, he says, is what God has always longed for. It is at the heart of the law and the prophets and all that Jesus says and does.

He goes on to invite his hearers to be perfect, which means, rather than being without fault, being complete or mature, living in the world as imagined above. Jesus also invites us to be righteous, living as we were intended to live, as bearers of the image of God and all God longs for this world.

It strikes me as people called to follow Jesus in the footsteps of Francis and Clare that we are invited to live out the character of God as Jesus lived out the character of God. We are perfect when we live out our righteousness. We are righteous when we live God’s compassion, generosity, justice, love and mercy.

Three Big Questions

Several years ago I suggested the three big questions for both the church and the Order are:

Who are we (or who is this God we seek to follow)?

Who are we (in light of the character of this God)? and

What is ours to do?

In the Sermon on the Mount the answers are that God is love, compassionate, generous, just, merciful beyond measure, and that we were created to be the image of God’s character in this world and in our community. To be righteous, perfect, is to enflesh God’s compassion, generosity, justice and *aroa*.* This is incarnational living.

Lent is traditionally a time of prayer, fasting and almsgiving. It is a time of being in the wilderness, like so many in the Bible before us. The wilderness is a good place. It is the place where Jesus went to know who he was and what it meant to be called “Son of God.” The wilderness of Lent is a time for us to remember that we bear

**Aroa in Maori means love.*

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*Lenten Message from John
Hebenton, cont. from p. 6*

the image of God. It is a time to embrace Whose we are, who we are, and what is ours to do.

It is also a time to notice those ideas and habits that divert us from this. It is a time to take account of our ways of seeing the world: ways that place us at the center and God and everyone else on the edge, and ways of responding that we need to give up because they distract us from being image-bearers.

It is also a time to try new ways of living and seeing the world that help us grow as image-bearers, that help us respond and live with compassion, generosity, justice, love and mercy.

As the consequences of climate change become more visible day by day, maybe Lent is a time for us to take stock of how we see the world and how we might more deliberately live in a way that sustains life and lowers our carbon footprint.

May this Lent be a time of letting go and taking up, a time of growing in knowing Whose we are, who we are, and what is ours to do.

Te pai me te rangimārie (peace and all good)

John

PILGRIMAGES



Only 465 miles to go! Lance Renault at the first lunch stop on the El Camino Trail in a village a few miles south of Roncesvalles, Spain, where he and longtime hiking partner, Terry O'Brien, started their pilgrimage on September 16, 2019. As they forged ahead, arriving at Santiago on October 12, they encountered a variety of scenery on the trail, from the lush foothills of the Pyrenees to the drier uplands and the wooded hills of Galicia farther west. Lance's account of his journey – physical and spiritual – begins on the next page.

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A Contemplative on the El Camino de Santiago

Lance M. Renault

Editor's Note:

Tradition has it that Francis and Br. Bernard walked from Assisi to Santiago in 1213 and then back to Assisi in 1215. (<https://aleteia.org/2019/07/25/st-francis-of-assis-legendary-camino-pilgrimage/>)

The El Camino de Santiago is an historic network of pilgrim trails in Europe that converge at the city of Santiago de Compostela, Spain. It all started in 814 AD when a hermit discovered the bones of the Apostle St. James (Santiago) at the present site of the Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela in Spain, now a World Heritage Site. Word spread, and by the late Middle Ages it had become a popular pilgrim destination on a par with Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Ephesus, and Rome. Today, Santiago (St. James) is the patron saint of Spain.

My longtime hiking partner, Terry O'Brien, and I took the 470-mile core trail in Spain, which starts in Roncesvalles on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees separating France and Spain. Twenty-seven days later we arrived in Santiago, having enjoyed perfect weather for 25 of our 27 days on the trail. For a Franciscan, walking the El Camino incorporates several disciplines from our Franciscan Rule of Life, such as self-denial, simplicity, retreat, and prayer. Where possible, we would celebrate the Eucharist in a local church, particularly if a pilgrim mass was offered.

Living our Franciscan Values on the Trail



On Sept. 20 we reached the Albergue La Pata de Oca in Torres del Rio, one of the pilgrim hostels along the trail.

Self-denial and simplicity marked our daily routine. On the trail we carried daypacks with a change of clothes and stayed at pilgrim hostels (*albergues*) each night. Our typical day started on the trail by 6:30 a.m., using headlamps to guide us in the predawn darkness and looking for a trailside cafe for breakfast around 8 a.m. By this time there was light enough to stow our headlamps and eat the typical breakfast of café con leche, a slice of tortilla (omelette made with potatoes), always served with fresh bread, and sometimes a banana. That was enough to hold us without a lunch stop until about 2 p.m. when we stopped for the day and took a mid-afternoon snack. Sometimes a short nap

followed the snack. At 15-20 miles per day, this routine moved us along faster than expected, well ahead of the 4-5 weeks originally estimated.

Evening meals were sometimes offered at the albergues or purchased locally. They could include such Spanish favorites as paella, seafood, or bocadillos (similar to a sub sandwich), and we could depend on fresh bread served with every meal. For the adventurous, there were occasional restaurants that specialized in octopus.

Silence, prayer, and retreat described our many hours on the trail. Neither Terry nor I are talkative, so there was more than ample time for reflection and prayer without the distractions found during a typical day at home. We started each morning with a prayer for protection and provision for the day for ourselves and loved ones at home. This was repeated when we visited the many churches along the way.

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A Deep Sense of Interior Peace

My reflections throughout the day often centered on thankfulness and seeing God's goodness...lovely weather, natural beauty, good health, and a deep sense of interior peace. Here the silence on the walk offered opportunities to contemplate more deeply on my union with Christ. The Apostle Paul calls it being "in Christ."

Along the way we visited ancient cathedrals and shrines. The many small towns and villages we walked through were picturesque with their cobblestone streets (always swept clean) and colorful window boxes, often showing off bright red geraniums.



Above, Ten days into our trip, we stopped to pray at a small church near Hontanas.

Right, We began our days walking in the predawn darkness. On Sept. 27 we paused to admire the silhouette of this church near Hontanas.



The first third of the walk was through the gentle rolling hills of the Pyrenees foothills with vineyards heavy with grapes, olive orchards, and fields of sunflowers. The middle third of the walk was flat with a variety of grain fields, and the last third, through the province of Galicia, was mountainous, and in my opinion, the most scenic.

The most memorable "small world" event occurred at our first overnight stay. We were checking into a pilgrim hostel and met a couple who arrived just before us. As usual, I greeted them by saying, "Hi, where are you from?" The response floored me. "We're from Greenville, South Carolina." That's my hometown, and we quickly discovered common places we knew in the area.

The day after we arrived in our destination city of Santiago the skies opened up with rain, and it continued to rain daily. After waiting for six hours, we secured our certificates of completion at the Pilgrim Office. Since the famous Cathedral of Santiago de Compostela was under renovation, we attended a Mass overflowing with pilgrims at the Cathedral of San Francisco.

Two Journeys: Outward and Inward

Looking back over the journey, I was very aware of God's daily presence, and this was intentional. I "looked" for his presence, and sure enough, it was there in the people I met, the churches we visited, and the natural beauty we encountered.

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Right, The outward journey: the view walking into Boadilla del Camino.



We contemplative Franciscans follow two journeys, the outward and the inward. For me, the contemplative challenge was to address my pride and my fears, which get in the way of fully realizing and expressing the unconditional love of God. It's the death and resurrection message of the Cross. So, dying to self and becoming fully alive in Christ should be every Christian's goal whether on a pilgrim trail or at home. And if we examine the Gospels carefully, this was Jesus's message to his followers. This is The Good News.

So did I die on the El Camino? Not completely. But I realize now that dying to self is *my* work, while becoming fully alive as a new creation in union with Christ is *His* work. I still have work to do in self-denial while trusting more in God's unconditional love in every circumstance. May I be faithful to the task and complete this vital interior journey. ♦

Left, The inward journey, symbolized by a large cross where we stopped along the trail at Burgos.

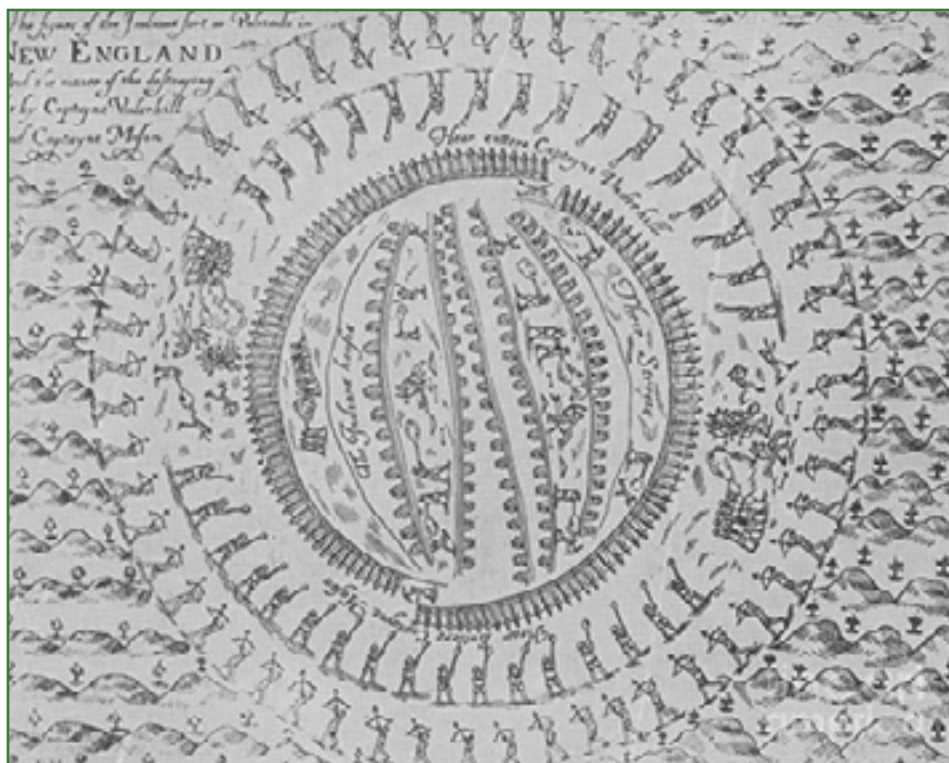


Juniper Fellowship
Pilgrimage, May 8–9, 2020

*Lamenting Our History,
Rejoicing in our Future*

R. John Brockmann

*Right, The Mystick Massacre,
May 26, 1637 (John Underhill,
News from America, London,
1638)*



A Call for a Franciscan Peripatetic Lament of Our History

The Franciscan charism is peripatetic; we pray and live by moving or traveling from place to place. Francis was always on the move in order to better learn what God was calling him and his followers to do: to Rome to meet the pope; through Umbria to the Marche region of Italy; to Damietta, Egypt, to meet Sultan Malek al-Kamil, etc.

Emmett Jarrett, co-founder of St. Francis House in New London, Connecticut (a Catholic Worker House), and member of the New England Juniper Fellowship, walked many miles through New England to promote peace. Many of those witnessing his walks assumed he meant peace overseas in the Middle East or Vietnam, for example. However, he may have intuited the need to promote peace in Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Two Seventeenth-Century Massacres

Within 60 miles of St. Francis House the first two massacres in Anglo-Native American Warfare took place: the Mystick Massacre of the Pequot War (May 26, 1637), and the Great Swamp Massacre of the King Phillips War (December 19, 1675). Each of these sites is a sacred memoryscape that has helped form who we are as Americans, and what we need to lament in company with our native brothers and sisters. We do not need to travel to overseas sacred memoryscapes—they live right beside us. It is also important to have native Americans guide us to these particular sacred memoryscapes so we can attempt to see with their eyes what occurred. Lorén Spears, an educator, artist, and two-term Tribal Councilwoman of the Narragansett Tribe, will be our guide, and *The Witness* movie at the Mashantucket Pequot Museum will introduce us to the Mystick Massacre.

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How Do I Participate in This Pilgrimage?

To participate this coming May and fly into Boston or Providence, please contact John Brockmann or Dennis McLeavey. If you are a member of the Juniper Fellowship, please contact John.

See Itinerary, next page.

Rejoicing in Our Future

It is important as we move through these sacred memoryscapes to realize that these massacres did not end the life of the Pequot or Narragansett people. And so, on Day Two of this pilgrimage (see *itinerary below*) we will travel to a Narragansett Tribe self-sustaining, organic farm, the Crandall “*minacommuck*” Farm in Westerly, Rhode Island, that is alive and well. We will arrive just in time for the Planting Moon ceremonies of 2020. We will then finish by traveling to Voluntown Peace Trust to walk a local labyrinth that is dedicated to Emmett Jarrett and his efforts at peace.

New England Sacred Memoryscapes

In the **Mystick Massacre**, English forces, along with native allies, launched a night attack on a large Pequot village on the Mystic River in Connecticut, where they burned the inhabitants in their homes and killed all survivors, about 600-700 (including an estimated 175 women and children). Those who tried to escape the fort were shot by the English or by their Mohegan and Narragansett allies, who formed a secondary outer ring around the fortress and fired on any Pequot who managed to escape through the English lines. (See *illustration*.) The Mohegans and Narragansetts who had joined the expedition were horrified at this introduction to the Englishmen’s method of war. “It is naught, it is naught,” many of them told the colonial leader of forces, “because it is too furious and slays too many.” The significance of this first instance of Old Testament “total annihilation” (*harem*) reverberated over 250 years in American history right up to the Wounded Knee Massacre in 1890 South Dakota.

The **Great Swamp Massacre** took place in 1675 as the Narragansett tribe was attempting to remain neutral in the war between the New England Colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, and Connecticut, and the Wampanoags led by Metacom (King Phillip of the King Phillip’s War). Tribal family affinities, however, led the Narragansetts to shelter refugees of this conflict, including the female sachem Queen Quaiapen, in their village, which they assumed was safe in the Great Swamp of South Kingston, Rhode Island. The English colonists demanded that the Narragansetts hand over the Narragansett’s Wampanoag kin, and the Narragansetts negotiated and tried to buy time. However, the deep freeze of that December allowed the attackers to approach this neutral zone and resulted in “one of the most brutal and lopsided military encounters in all of New England’s history” (97 Narragansett warriors and 300 to 1,000 non-combatants were killed, though exact figures are unknown).

Just as Emmett Jarrett walked for peace overseas, the victims of these massacres upon American soil call for remembrance, prayer, and a rededication for peace in 2020. At each of these places, we will hear the story of the sacred memoryscapes, hear some of Emmett Jarrett’s poems or words on pacificism, have a short prayer, and then sit or stand in silence.

Why Am I Being Told About This Particular Trip in a Particular Fellowship?

The Franciscan charism is peripatetic; we pray and live by moving or traveling from place to place and discovering and

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celebrating the sacred in our local memoryscapes. There are many sacred memoryscapes in our Province that can be experienced in pilgrimages with our leadership. Imagine our Province with other Franciscan Orders creating memoryscape pilgrimages to be walked or driven, canoed or floated. ◆

If you would like to organize a sacred memoryscape pilgrimage in your area, please contact John, who would be most interested in working with you on such a project for 2021 and beyond.

What Is Our Itinerary?

Friday, May 8

1. Begin (12 noon) at St. Augustine's Church Kingston, Rhode Island. We will enjoy a light lunch, establish our carpool, and leave at 1:15 p.m.
2. We will drive to the Great Swamp Massacre Monument in West Kingston, Rhode Island, where Loren Spears, a Narragansett storyteller, will tell us the story of what happened. We will hear some of Emmett Jarrett's poems or words on pacificism, have a short prayer, and then sit or stand in silence. The YouTube link below is the story of the massacre and a look at the location

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zfxj-juqOAY> Travel from (2) to (3) will be 45 minutes.

3. Drive to Mashantucket Pequot Museum to see their movie, *The Witness*, in which native people introduce us to their story of the Mystick Massacre. See the YouTube below:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WHpkTboaDco>

Travel from (3) to (4) will be 25 minutes or 14 miles.

4. Go south (3 p.m.) to Pequot Hill, the site of the Pequot Fort massacre, across the river from Mystic Seaport. We will hear some of Emmett Jarrett's poems or words on pacificism, have a short prayer, and then sit or stand in silence.

Travel from (4) to (5) would be 10 minutes or 5 miles.

5. We then cross the Thames River to St. Francis House where (at 4:45 p.m.) we celebrate a Eucharist beseeching God to grant us peace; we will have dinner; and sleep for the night.

Saturday, May 9

6. After Morning Prayer, we drive to the Crandall Farm, Minacommuck, Westerly, Rhode Island, to arrive around 10:30 a.m. Weather permitting, we hope to participate in the Planting Moon Ceremonies to observe how the Narragansetts, like the Pequots, are alive and well today and planning for the future, no matter the historical catastrophes they experienced.
7. Drive to Voluntown Peace Trust grounds to walk labyrinth (11-noon) that is dedicated to Emmett Jarrett and his efforts at contemporary peace.
8. Return to St. Augustine's Church Kingston, Rhode Island. and depart.

REFLECTIONS

Some Thoughts on the Principles-Based Rule Experiment

R. John Brockmann

...use of the Nine Points Rule as a beginning place for considering our Rules during Formation gives the Order a wonderful opportunity to offer the experience of reconsidering one's Rule on their 10th or 20th anniversary of profession in terms of the Principles.

In our 1979 *Book of Common Prayer*, there are three creeds: the Apostles Creed (in the Offices), the Nicene Creed (in the Eucharist), and the Athanasian Creed (in the Historical Documents). None is derived solely from Christian Scriptures, but all were created by Church leaders over time to express what the Church believes. All the Creeds are true, though some are more useful than others in liturgical settings. For example, it is far easier to maintain one's focus on the daily pieces of scripture in the Offices if one uses the Apostles Creed rather than the Athanasian Creed.

A similar situation presents itself to us in TSSF. We have three understandings of how the Franciscan charism is lived out in the twentieth century. The earliest is the *Credenda of the Order of St. Francis (OSF) and the Third Order Society of St. Francis (TSF)* in 1921. The Rule of Christa Seva Sangha (CSS, 1922) was adopted by Fr. Algy and Dorothy Swayne for the new Franciscan Order (TSSF) in 1931. This 1931 European Province Rule became what is now known as *The Principles* applied to all provinces simply because of historical circumstances in 1967 as detailed in *The First 100 Years in the Americas: 1917 - 2017: Third Order Society of St. Francis*.

Just as the Creeds are not derived solely from Scripture, so too the *Principles* and the *Credenda* are not derived directly or solely from the writing of St. Francis—they too are 20th century products. The same can be said of the *Nine Points Rule*; it is not derived directly or solely from the writing of St. Francis but is a 20th century understanding of how the Franciscan charism is lived out in the twentieth century. The advantage of the *Nine Points Rule* is that it is one of the very few places in the Order after 1967 in which items from the *Credenda* are combined with items from The Rule of Christa Seva Sangha, *e.g.*, the inclusion of sacramental Confession, and the recitation of the Offices.

I think we weight all these 20th century Franciscan creations too heavily by claiming one is the “full [Franciscan] charism” and others are not. They are simply different expressions of the Franciscan charism, and some may be more useful in Formation settings than others; many postulants are writing their Rules for the first time in their lives, and, over the decades, Formation teams have found it to be far easier to use the traditional *Nine Points Rule* rather than the more extensive *Principles*.

This use of the *Nine Points Rule* as a beginning place for considering our Rules during Formation gives the Order a wonderful opportunity to offer the experience of reconsidering one's Rule on their 10th or 20th anniversary of profession in terms of the *Principles*. By then one is steeped in the Franciscan charism and literature; one has listened to and experienced the Rule variations that may be discussed in Fellowships; and such an anniversary experience could lead to a rejuvenating milestone experience.

So let us write our personal Rules and have them evolve during our professed lives by using the right benchmarks at the right time; the *Nine Points* to begin, and the *Principles* on our 10th or 20th anniversary of profession. ♦

The Principles-Based Rule: Extending the Experiment

John Rebstock

In the last issue of the Franciscan Times, Alice Baird shared some thoughts about the Principles-based rule experiment underway in our worldwide Order. John Rebstock extends the conversation with those who might share her concerns.

In her article entitled “The Principles-Based Rule: A Dissenting Opinion,” the author offered three main objections. The first was that reformatting the rule is complicated. However, I did not experience it that way. Our current rule has nine points; the new format has ten parts. Many experimenters found their new rules were longer than their previous rules, but updated training materials include a single-page model rule, shorter than my old rule. The next phase of the experiment will look at options to enhance simplicity.

The author noted that the nine points are “classic spiritual disciplines,” while the Principles “embody our Franciscan charism.” My question is, why would we not want to structure our lives around our full charism, rather than limit our rules to essential but generic disciplines? When I delved deeply into the Principles to refashion my rule, I discovered a range of commitments I had assented to at my profession, but because they were not part of my rule, they did not always materialize in my daily life.

The article’s second objection was that organizing our rules around the Principles could lead to a scrupulosity that elevates itself over “the innate practice of *love, joy and humility*.” But we already agree to live according to the Principles at our profession, so the risk of scrupulosity exists regardless of how we fashion our rules. Before the experiment, my rule completely ignored the notes of love, joy and humility that the author wants to see elevated. Since adding them to my rule, I have been much more conscious about structuring my days so that I open myself to these God-given graces.

The third objection was that writing a Principles-based rule would be so daunting that it would dissuade aspirants to the Order. In recognition of the richness of the Principles, the task force on the rule recommended a year ago that the formation program be reorganized so that postulants would begin formation with a basic (standard) rule organized around the Principles. Then, during the novitiate, the novice would personalize and deepen this basic rule, with the support of the fellowship, formation counselor, and spiritual director.

Our current formation program is focused almost exclusively on reporting on how well postulants and novices keep their nine-point rule, a rule developed before they may have even read the Principles. Aside from the month in which they happen to read and report on a given aspect of the Principles in *Forming the Life of a Franciscan*, our postulants and novices rarely deeply engage, as a formal part of the formation process, with large portions of our Principles.

From my involvement as an assistant formation director, I can attest that this is why some of our postulants and novices go through formation never deepening their rule commitments in the light of new understanding. Take Simplicity, for example. Before they have even become a postulant, they devise a statement that often reads something like, “I will declutter and pass on possessions I no longer need.” Meanwhile, our Third Aim (to live simply) asks us to dig much deeper, such as to overcome barriers

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*Extending the Conversation, cont.
from p. 15*

of privilege based on wealth; to avoid luxury and waste; and to limit our spending to what is necessary for health and well-being. But aside from the month they read about this Aim in *Forming the Life*, postulants and novices are not asked to engage with these communal commitments. And so that original rule statement about decluttering still stands at the end of formation. This, to me, is a wasted opportunity for growth.

The author declined to participate in the experiment because of her concerns. I invite all skeptics to test their concerns by giving the experiment a try. ♦

Editor's Note:

I am pleased that my article in our last edition has opened a dialogue. I wrote it because I perceived that in issue after issue of *The Franciscan Times*, the experiment was presented from a single point of view, while my personal conversations with other tertiaries uncovered opinions almost unanimously opposed to the experiment. So, while the opinions expressed in the article were mine, I felt they represented a number of other anonymous, *subrosa* voices within the Order.

Each of us, of course, approaches our Rule and our commitment to the Order differently. I have seen that in my work as a Formation counselor. And I do agree that sometimes I see rules that appear somewhat shallow to me, although they have already been approved. So I welcome the desire to go deeper, to encourage growth throughout a tertiary's tenure in the Order, not just at the beginning.

However, for me, going deeper means eliminating some of the clutter, going to the heart of the matter. And I fear scrupulosity because in my personal experience it creates a kind of "spiritual clutter." So I am pleased that the principles-based rule will not be offered at least until the point of novicing, although I would prefer to see it delayed much beyond that, as John Brockmann proposes in his article on the subject (*page 14*). I am still of the opinion that this exercise should be postponed until after profession because it appears complicated enough to be off-putting to new aspirants and postulants.

Basically, both John Rebstock and I want our rules to be highly personal, flexible reflections of where we are on our individual spiritual journeys. We both want to dig deep.

Just in different ways.

—*Alice Baird*
Assistant Editor

View from a Sycamore Tree

John Cooper
TSSF Perugian Community

Our chief object is to reflect that openness to all which was characteristic of Jesus. —Principles (Day 8)

When Jesus passed through Jericho, Zacchaeus climbed a sycamore tree to see Jesus more clearly, for Zacchaeus was short of stature. Seeing him, Jesus said, “Zacchaeus, make haste and come down, for today I must stay at your house.”

When others saw this, they complained, because they felt Jesus would be the guest of a man they believed was a sinner. Jesus responded, “Today salvation has come to this house, because he also is a son of Abraham; for the Son of Man has come to seek and to save that which was lost.” (*Luke 19:1-10*)

We hear these lessons often in Scripture, such as in the stories of Jonah in the Old Testament and the lost coin and the Prodigal Son in the New Testament. It is the story of the shepherd who left the 99 sheep to find the one that was lost. Yet, even hearing these lessons again and again, we still can forget that Jesus commissions the church to be the acceptance of and advocate for the broken and the lost, not just a gathering of the saved. Jesus uses his table not as an invitation to those who have a right relationship with God, but as an invitation to all, in the hope of that right relationship.

Jesus is still a challenge today, to the world, to the Christian Church, and to my very human self.

In the opening lines of Matthew 24, we read that Jesus went out and departed from the temple. He walked away. His reasoning appears in the preceding chapter, when he accused the Pharisees and scribes of their hypocrisy. It’s not an easy chapter for me to read, nor probably should it be.

It reminds me why Jesus was so cautious of religiosity, and why I need to be so careful with my humanity. Jesus is still a challenge today, to the world, to the Christian Church, and to my very human self.

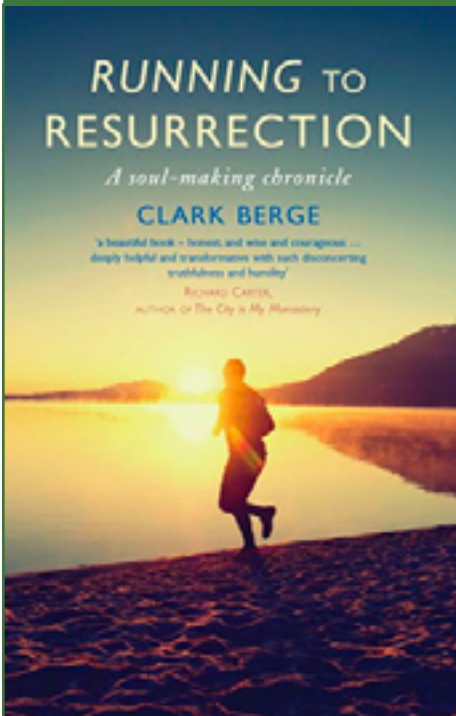
Carl McColman wrote in his book, *Befriending Silence: Discovering the Gifts of Cistercian Spirituality* (Ave Maria Press, 2015), “To enroll in the school of love, to embrace the life lessons that come through community, means stepping outside of our comfort zones, our self-drawn boxes of safety, and embracing the adventures that God has in store for us; where God is in control, love and mercy are the purpose, and the healing of the entire world is the goal.”

If we can free ourselves from the restraints of our fears, our judgements and sometimes even our beliefs, we may discern more clearly the mystery of our Hope and the truth of our calling. For me, that will indeed be a journey. ♦

BOOK REVIEWS

*Running to Resurrection:
A Soul-Making Chronicle*
by Clark Berge
(Canterbury Press, 2019)

Review by Janet Fedders
Minister Provincial



Available in paperback or
ebooks (Kindle, Nook, or Google
Play) for about \$17.

How long has it been since you read a book by a Franciscan that you just couldn't put down? Clark Berge's *Running to Resurrection: A Soul-Making Chronicle* is one such book.

I first heard about the book during a Skype session with Clark in December. (He and I visit regularly for me to get feedback from the larger Society of St. Francis perspective on the work that I do in the Third Order.) In December, he said, "Did you read my book?" with a frisson of excitement in his voice. I said that I hadn't known he'd written one and wrote down the title. Then in January, he asked again. "Have you read my book?" There was a hint of urgency to the question.

Now that I have, I understand that urgency. He wanted this book to speak to me. And it did. It will speak to you too. It's one of those rare combinations of down-to-earth stories, philosophy, Francis stuff, big words, colorful people, and true insights.

Clark speaks of running, of course, and what running means to him. Woven through that narrative, however, is his own story of becoming a friar. He recounts traveling to visit all the other friars during his time as the First Order Minister General. He speaks of the challenges of being a friar. And then he speaks of the joys.

Running to Resurrection goes beyond great narrative and beautiful descriptions. It is a plea for all of us to get up, get out, and do something with our bodies. Clark emphasizes the wholeness of our spirituality, how being spiritual involves taking care of our physical bodies, listening to them and loving them:

Becoming physically active has been key for pulling everything together in my life. Feeling better and stronger physically has strengthened my self-confidence and encouraged me to share my story. As a result, what I think and what I do are coming closer together. I am only an occasional hypocrite now. In moments of stress, the lag time between reaction and response is getting shorter and shorter—from a decade in the case of a long-held resentment, to just a few hours on normal days, perhaps just minutes on my best days.

Or this:

As a runner needs help to push through the exhaustion and frailty that come to each of us, humans need help pushing through the barriers that divide us and prevent us from living lives of grace and beauty. We can't force God to do anything, but by emptying ourselves we can be filled with the God-force.

He closes the book saying, "there has been an enduring Promethean message of hope that has contributed to the liberation of humanity, demonstrated in the spiritual fire let loose in the world in St. Francis of Assisi."

When I finished the book, I went for a walk, taking Clark's words to heart. ♦

*A Spring in the Desert:
Rediscovering the Water
of Life in Lent*

by Victoria (TSSF) and
Frank Logue
(Forward Movement, 2019)

*Review and Interview
by R. John Brockmann*

*Forward Movement paperback
\$7.00 (10 or more \$5.00);
also as a Kindle or Nook
ebook (\$4.99). The books are
accompanied by a companion
video series (<https://www.churchnext.tv/library/>) \$79
for non-Congregational
Subscribers and \$39 for
Congregational Subscribers.*

Editor's Note:

*Victoria Logue has been a
member of The Franciscan
Times Editorial Board for
five years.*



Product Description (Book) from Amazon and Barnes and Noble Websites

Jesus stepped out of the water of baptism into uninhabitable wilderness, emerging forty days later to offer the water of life for those thirsting for God's presence. A little more than two centuries later, a group of Christians withdrew from a spiritually barren Roman Empire to find their faith blossom in the stony soil of the Egyptian desert.

Frank and Victoria Logue offer a Lenten journey inspired by the many passages of scripture that use images of water in the desert as a sign of the healing and wholeness that come through God alone. To this they add the distilled wisdom of the Desert Mothers and Fathers and the surprisingly rich inspiration of the plants and animals that thrive in an arid land. Along the way, they will share the ways our faith speaks to the barren places in our lives and how those times of drought can be a source of strength.

Product Description (Video Series) from <https://www.churchnext.tv/library/>

Frank and Victoria Logue also created companion video series for individuals and small groups that draws on desert spirituality. Along the way, they will share the ways our faith speaks to the barren places in our lives and how those times of drought can be a source of strength.

(You can also see Victoria and her husband on a preview video on YouTube at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0f-cldhhr8I>)

Their desert journey examines the seven Christian virtues of purity, moderation, charity, diligence, patience, kindness, and humility. The ChurchNext Online Curriculum is for the whole parish—those who want to learn on their own and those who want to learn together. Their video series, designed for the five weeks of Lent, has two formats (one for individual learners and another for groups) and includes a Facilitator's Guide and a Participant's Guide.

cont. on page 20

*A Spring in the Desert, cont. from p. 19***An Interview with Victoria Logue**

Is this a follow-up to your 2017 Forward Movement book, “Are We There Yet?: Pilgrimage in the Season of Lent?”

After working on “Are We There Yet?” and then doing a week of devotions for Advent’s “Way to the Manger,” also published by Forward Movement, Frank and I thought that we could do an entire Lenten devotional on our own. We came up with the idea for “A Spring in the Desert” and Forward Movement approved it.

Why did you delve into the imagery of the desert?

We have long had a fascination with the Desert Mothers and Fathers. I created a daily blog with their wisdom years ago, maybe 2008 or 2009, and more recently did a daily blog on Desert Wisdom for my Franciscans Day by Day blog, in which I am currently featuring our Franciscan saints on their feast days. My intention for that blog is to have mystic wisdom in 2021. Currently, Jeff Bonner is posting the Franciscan Day by Day portion on our Facebook page and on Twitter.

Anyway, in addition to that fascination, we have spent time in the desert over the years—hiking and camping in the Negev, doing an archaeological tour of Egypt, spending time in Saudi when my father worked there, and, of course, we’ve spent a lot of time hiking in the Sonoran desert of Arizona. And, most importantly, water and desert imagery are very important in the Bible. And because our daughter Griffin worked with desert animals for four years before going to vet school, we learned a lot about desert animals and plants. We decided they would all go together nicely to make a Lenten devotional. The underlying purpose of the book is to suggest that a rule of life is a good idea for all Christians, not just the ordained or those in Third Orders.

There seems to be a Franciscan focus on care of creation in these meditations, care to elaborate?

I do mention TSSF occasionally but if the care of creation comes across it is because it is something that has long been important for both Frank and me. His Eagle Scout project was on recycling. We both grew up camping, hiking, and spending a lot of time in the outdoors. And even before he went to seminary, and before I became a Franciscan, we lobbied for the Sierra Club in Georgia. So caring for our natural world pretty much infuses everything we do.

How did the Church Next videos come about? Were you suddenly screenwriter, director, and actor?

Interestingly, we pitched shooting the videos in the desert (someone else was to film us), but that fell through as he had some family issues to deal with. He suggested we do the classes via a Skype interview, and both Frank and I decided we’d rather do nothing than make people watch us talking in one location for 20 videos. There was also the fact that I am extremely introverted and speaking to a camera, *ad lib*, is not my forte. And, of course, there are a lot of quotes and facts that would have been difficult to memorize for an interview like that.

So, we picked 20 subjects from the book, including an introduction, and began to write scripts. We knew we’d be flying to Arizona in late September for our daughter Griffin’s white coat ceremony, so we planned on arriving earlier so that we could film during the day while she was in classes. In Arizona you have to film at dawn before the sun gets too bright and before the sounds of people, autos, and planes interrupt the shooting. We had to try a number of different locations, but we managed to shoot about half of them. When we returned to Georgia, we found a couple of churches in which we could shoot the remainder of the videos. Fortunately, Frank loves working with video so it was actually enjoyable for him to edit each video and add photos and the like so viewers aren’t watching us the whole time. The videos are far from perfect, but we think they are a lot better than having to watch Skype interviews.

Were your nonfiction hiking books or your Hallowed Treasures Saga novels a help or a hindrance in writing this Lenten book?

I would say they were a help in that I’ve been writing non-stop since I graduated from college—first at daily newspapers and then for magazines, then books, and then the internet. Basically, the more one writes, the easier it is to write. We developed a format for each week of Lent and followed that format, which also helped.

What’s next?

Frank (Bishop-elect in Georgia) and I have pitched an Advent devotional for the weeks from First Advent through Candlemas, which would have a Franciscan focus. Saint Francis did introduce the first Nativity scene after all! That book will probably be for Advent 2021 or 2022. We would really like to get to Assisi and other Franciscan sites first for photos and video before publishing it. ♦

The Religion of Tomorrow: A Vision for the Future of the Great Traditions – More Inclusive, More Comprehensive, More Complete

by Ken Wilber
(Shambhala Publishing, 2017)

Review by Bonnie B. Barnidge

In our current era of interest in the theme, “Rebuild My Church,” I think Ken Wilber’s new book, *The Religion of Tomorrow*, offers some provocative thoughts. Wilber, a philosopher interested in human evolution, relates theories about his predicted changes: we can move to destruction of ourselves and our planet *or* we can evolve to a higher level. On page 650 he comments:

In the coming years, virtually all the World’s Religion’s will be faced with a choice of whether to continue their thousand year old dogmas, or move into a future that transcends and includes their essential ideas, while embracing the new truth and new goodness and new beauty that Spirit’s continuing evolution is itself increasingly bringing to the fore.

Wilber hopes we will maintain and deepen our kind thoughts and actions for ourselves and others along with consideration for differing paths. Many will come to realize that our traditional dogmas are myths that may relate underlying truths. While many today perceive a worldview of duality, many will move to an understanding and experience of nonduality (oneness). This blissful experience of the mystical saints is a possibility for all, usually pending appropriate and authentic life practices. He proposes that the next evolutionary stage is the combined action of kindness to self and others, realization of dogmas as myths, and the continuing, spreading experience of the reality of nonduality.

Have any in our Order considered such theories or is there any interest in pursuing them as we ponder rebuilding our church? Ken Wilber is the author of numerous books, including *A Brief History of Everything*.



Announcing a New Book Review Feature:
“What I’m Reading Now”

The Editors

Have you just read a book that was so life-changing that you want *everyone* to read it? Maybe all your friends in TSSF? Perhaps it’s a spiritual classic that has been recommended to you more times than you can count. Or maybe it’s a more recent book that has languished on your “Must Read List” for ages, and you’ve just now, finally, had the chance to sit with it and savor its wisdom.

Beginning in the Summer 2020 issue of *The Franciscan Times*, we will debut a new feature column entitled “What I’m Reading Now.” It is intended to help you share the insights and affirmations you have discovered in your recent reads. Reviews should be brief, full of enthusiasm, and should be of works that you believe will interest your TSSF brothers and sisters. Please include the following in your review:

- Name, author, publisher, and date of publication
- A brief summary of the book
- A few sentences about the author
- Why it spoke to you as a member of the Third Order

Send your reviews at any time to editor [R. John Brockmann](#) or asst. editor [Alice Baird](#). Keep them coming! ♦

MILESTONES

Welcome the Newly Professed

Newly Professed

Derrick Fetz



Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo. Focus on Underprivileged and Interfaith Work. Member of Union of Black Episcopalians. Hiker, Jogger, Sports Fan. Poet.

First of all, thank you. This community, striving to incarnate Christ by following the way of Saints Francis and Clare, inspires me to seek God more in the everyday rhythms of life so I can be transformed – transformed by Love to love more. I give God thanks for the gift of Franciscan community as expressed by the Third Order. Through interactions with tertiaries in the context of my excellent formation class and through fellowship gatherings, my core spirituality has been affirmed and, at the same time, I have been challenged to follow Jesus more deeply, humbly and joyously. It's a great privilege and joy to join you as a professed member.

I stumbled upon the Third Order after getting to know Fr. Rick and Danni Bellows when I was serving as the rector of St. Andrew's in Longmeadow, Massachusetts. They quietly and compellingly shared their Franciscan journey, and I felt drawn to explore the Third Order. Since childhood, I've felt close to Saints Francis and Clare but never knew what to do with that. While in seminary over 14 years ago, the Spirit started stirring my soul about religious orders, leading me on a decade-long journey to explore the many wonderful religious communities, each having charisms that are essential to the fabric of Christianity. And then it became clear in 2016 – the charisms of the Third Order pulled me in. Also, I appreciated how the Order spanned the whole Anglican Communion and how it had expressions in other denominations, including Roman Catholic and Lutheran. The “why” of joining this order became clearer as I probed my soul and life in general with my spiritual directors, Bishop Gordon Scruton, our former Bishop Protector, and Fr. Lou McCormick, a brother at the Mt. Irenaeus Franciscan Community in Friendship, New York.

In addition to this Franciscan call, my vocation is multifaceted. I'm gratefully married to Jamie, who encourages me to live life authentically and creatively. Together, we have the blessing of being parents. Mari, our daughter, is almost six and her eclectic nature and interests have been abundantly life-giving to those around her. For the past year, I have served as the dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in Buffalo. This congregation continues to find new ways to respond to human need locally and globally. In addition to focusing on the relief and rights of the underprivileged, I am engaged in interfaith work and in striving to unfold the Beloved Community as a member of the Union of Black Episcopalians.

I have multiple interests, including hiking and trail jogging, rooting for local sports teams, exploring Celtic culture and music (John Duns

cont. on page 23

Newly Professed: Derrick Fetz, cont. from p. 22

Scotus bridges my Celtic and Franciscan ways of being Christian), writing and reading poetry, making laughter, and reading.

I look forward to serving God and neighbor with you and seeing what is next on the TSSF path.



Newly Professed

Beth Harris



Spiritual Director. CNA. EMT. Almost Deacon.

My name is Elizabeth (Beth) Harris, and I was excited to be professed this year on February 8. When I look back on my life, I can only think of the lyrics from the Grateful Dead's "Truckin'": "What a long, strange trip it's been!" However, this strange life journey has finally put me on the path that I believe God has intended for me from the beginning.

I've been twice married, both marriages lasting 16 years, and I have two amazing children, a son and a daughter, from the first marriage, and three wonderful grandchildren. While working full-time, I went through CNA (certified nursing assistant) training (loved the hands-on care with patients), and then EMT (emergency medical technician) training about three years later. Yet after a year with the rescue squad, I realized I'd rather sit in the back of the ambulance holding the patient's hand and praying with them, than do medical procedures, and this led me to feel called to be ordained as a deacon. During the 3½ years in the ordination process, I was involved with prison ministry, earned a unit of CPE, volunteered for a year as an on-call hospital chaplain, and attended the first year of the two-year deaconate classes at the Deaconate School on the Duke University campus. Two months later, I began to feel that as much as God had called me into this process, He was calling me out of it. I did much praying about this and had three confirmations that withdrawing was the right thing to do.

In 2010 I attended two years of Spiritual Direction classes and received my certificate. In November 2016, I attended the funeral of the wife of the couple who led that program. At her funeral, a couple of classmates told me about Fr. Richard Rohr and his daily email meditations they were receiving. I signed up for them, and one day I realized that his Franciscan theology really matched my own. The following month, I Googled "Franciscan" and discovered The Third Order. I read through the *Franciscan Times* on the website and saw where the library was selling old books, so I emailed John Brockmann to see if anyone (other than Franciscans) could order books. He emailed that I could, so I ordered three of them. I told him I was interested in the Third Order, and he suggested that I read Susan Pitchford's book, *Following Francis: The Franciscan Way for Everyone*. He also gave me the email address for Cathy Reynolds, a tertiary, since she lived close by in Williamsburg. I read Susan's book and knew this is what I wanted, and Cathy and I met soon after, really cementing my desire to be in the Third Order. In March 2017, I sent my application to Janet Wakefield, and the rest is history!

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*Newly Professed: Beth Harris,
cont. from p. 23*

Being professed is a feeling I can't describe. For me, it is not just a culmination of 2½ years of hard work; it is the jumping-off into an exciting unknown, while being securely held in God's hand. I am 70 years old, and I know the best years of my life are just beginning,

Thanks be to God! My profession (and daily) prayer is:

*Lord, give me a pure heart, a mantle of humility,
and an aura of peace, so that those who know me,
will know You. Amen*

Right, The St. Elizabeth Fellowship in Ashland, Virginia (left to right) Judi Thomas, Alice Bangs, J. D. Dickinson, Beth Harris, Cathy Reynolds, Rock Higgins, and Debbie Scott (Companion). On this day, Cathy officiated my profession, and Janet Fedders (via Zoom) officiated the novicing of J. D. and Rock, who is the priest at St. James the Less Episcopal Church, where we meet monthly.



Newly Professed

Jill Keiser



Animal Lover. Retired Teacher and Librarian. Wife, Mother, and Grandmother.

Hi, I'm Jill Keiser, born and raised in High Point, North Carolina. I am a retired teacher and librarian. My husband Ken and I have a wonderful son and daughter, both in their thirties, and, between the two of them, we have five grandchildren! Right now we have two lovable dogs, Nikki and Gina, but in our past we have had 14 dogs and cats at one time. We love animals, and so do our children, who have pets too.

Like so many Franciscans, at an early age I found St. Francis from reading about him in a library and learning he was the Patron Saint of animals. Thus, he became my favorite saint!

Then one day I found a brochure at our church from TSSF that suggested contacting Julie Goodin, TSSF (now passed) to learn more. I did my homework and visited the Wolf of Gubbio Fellowship a couple of times, and then I was sure I wanted to start my journey to profession.

Some of the activities in which I'm involved are the Altar Guild, Song Leaders, Grass Roots Politics, and Library City-Wide Reading. My Profession will be in Fuquay-Varina, North Carolina, on March 14.

I am so proud to be among the professed members of TSSF. ♦

Newly Professed

Rosemary Pancake



Hospital Chaplain. Eucharistic Minister. Security First Responder. Historian.

I am a widow of 13 years and live in Zephyrhills, Florida, in a 55-plus apartment complex with my dogs, Buddy and Mr. Brown. I retired from Walt Disney World where I was a Security First Responder. I have 40 years' experience in the field of Security/Criminal Justice and am a graduate of St. Leo University with a Masters in American History from Regis University.

Right now I work as a volunteer chaplain at Zephyrhills Hospital and Dade City Hospital and am involved in hospice. My parish is St. Mary's, Dade City, Florida, where I work as a Lay Eucharistic Minister. My fellowship is the San Damiano Fellowship.

I was actually professed (the first-time) 26 years ago in 1994. In 2001 my husband was diagnosed with ALS, and, since we had no family on either side, I became his caregiver until he died in 2006. In 2004 we lost our home. As a result, I withdrew from the Order and had quite a difficult time when my husband went home to God.

However, I met Father James Scully one Sunday, and he helped me again find my Franciscan heart. I began to volunteer and serve as a Eucharistic Minister. One day I was asked to be with and help a young couple during a fetal demise; the baby was 22 weeks along. Since their minister could not come, I spent time with the couple, and I baptized this little girl as her mother slowly hummed loving words and softly touched her baby while the father cried.

The anger that I had had for so long disappeared, and I asked to come back to TSSF.

Newly Professed
from El Salvador

Alicia Rauda Orellana



Former Religious Editor of TSSF Spanish Formation Material. Listening to People in Sadness and Loneliness. Living in Simplicity.

by barbara bennett

On November 30, 2019, the Rt. Rev. David Alvarado, bishop of El Salvador, received the profession vows of Maria Alicia Rauda Orellana. Alicia is a former religious, and since leaving that vocation, has longed for an alternative way to live out the religious life. Delighted to have found the Third Order Society of St. Francis, she did not hesitate to offer her services to the Latino Formation program during her time in Formation. Being in community is essential for her, and yet, with only two others from El Salvador in Formation, and each a good distance from her, this has posed a challenge. But it did not stop Alicia. She turned to electronic means, and when Jim Hagen and I explained we did not have a lot of inter-communication in place, she took it upon herself to contact the other postulants in El Salvador to develop a relationship with them. She attends all the Zoom meetings that the Coordinator of Spanish Ministry, Jim

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Newly Professed: Alicia Rauda Orellana, cont. from p. 25

Hagen offers. If you speak Spanish and are interested in getting to know Alicia, drop her a line. She would love hearing from you (her information can be found in the directory).

A great service Alicia has provided to the Latino Formation program is to help edit and otherwise improve the Spanish in the Formation material, *Apuntes*. She has edited all the lessons written so far and has continued to read the new lessons as they are written. This has been a gift to the program.

Alicia's family struggles often with not having enough food on the table (Alicia and her husband have two young children). Alicia continues to seek work but, as of this writing, has yet to obtain a paying job. Her husband works, but his salary alone is not enough to sustain their family. This has meant a recent move for Alicia, causing her to live separate from her husband. They now see each other on weekends. Alicia has not allowed this change of circumstance to affect her involvement with TSSF. She remains active and willing to help, now as a Formation counselor to our members in Peru.

Outside of the Order, Alicia exercises her Christian vocation by working with young people and women at her church. In her neighborhood or online, she has a ministry of listening to people who live in sadness and in places of loneliness. Finally, she is a seeker for peace and aims to be an agent of peace and good, joy and love. She tries, in her daily life, to transmit the love of God by living a simple life and being available to others.

¡Bienvenida Alicia!



*Newly Professed
from Cuba*

Armando Alfonso
Delgado Orozco

Yulien Yusián Esparza
Matos

Haydeé Lugo Marrero

by barbara bennett

On November 18, 2019, the Rt. Rev. Griselda Delgado del Carpio, Bishop of Cuba, received the profession vows of three members of the Cuban community: Armando Alfonso Delgado Orozco, Yulien Yusián Esparza Matos, and Haydeé Lugo Marrero.

Armando Alfonso Delgado Orozco

Convener and Formation Counselor for the Growing Cuban Community.

Armando Delgado has been, in many ways, the driver of the Cuban community. Even as a novice, he functioned as the Convener and Formation Counselor of the growing Cuban community. During Formation he not only walked with his companion novices (Yulien and Haydeé), but brought five others into the Formation program. What is unusual is that none are from the same geographic area but are spread throughout the country, which tells us that wherever

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*Newly Professed from Cuba,
cont. from p. 26*

From left, Haydeé Lugo Marrero, Bishop Griselda Delgado del Carpio, Yulien Yusián Esparza Matos, and Armando Alfonso Delgado Orozco.



Armando goes, he is sharing news about the Third Order. Armando makes true the adage that “the most successful leader is the first follower.” Raciél Prat, professed in June 2018, was the first Cuban to join TSSF (other than the two transfers from the Ecumenical Franciscan Order). Armando is Raciél’s priest and friend. Armando liked what he saw in Raciél’s program and asked to join as well, making him the first follower. And from there, Armando has gathered the others and led them into a vibrant community, albeit challenged like the rest of us with dispersion. Armando organized two retreats with TSSF Brazilian visitors, attended the Brazilian retreat/Chapter in 2018, and is currently organizing another retreat in Havana.

Armando is serious, charismatic, and responsive (feel free to write to him).

Yulien Yusián Esparza Matos

Discerning a Vocation to Ordained Ministry. Care for All Creation.

Yulien is a Lay Missioner now in the process of discernment for the ordained ministry. He is particularly dedicated to living a life that cares for all Creation. His approach to daily life is one of simplicity and humility that comes from much time spent in prayer and listening to others. We welcome into the Order this faithful witness of God’s love.

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*Newly Professed from Cuba,
cont. from p. 27*



Haydeé Lugo Marrero

Ordained Minister and Diocesan Chaplain. Christian Education Leader. Icon Writer.

Haydeé is an ordained minister at the Church of San Miguel and All Angels of Ceballos-Ciego de Ávila. She is also the Diocesan Chaplain to women and adolescents and part of the leadership team for Christian education. Haydeé first came to love Francis and Clare during her seminary years when she had two teachers who spoke often about the example of the first Franciscans. One aspect that has stayed with Haydeé, after years of study, is the Franciscan life of simplicity. Aware that her vocation as a minister sets her before others as an example of human living, she finds help in the personal Rule of Life in both following Jesus and dealing with her human imperfections.

Finally, Haydeé also writes icons.

Left, an icon of the Pieta written by Haydeé Lugo Marrero.



M I L E S T O N E S

Rest in Peace

Rest in Peace

The Rev. E. Will Drake
(1938 - 2020)

Professed 51 Years (Longest Professed Member in Canada). Priest and Social Worker in the Canadian Northwest Territories.

The Rev. Ernest William Drake TSSF was born on December 24, 1938, in London, Ontario, Canada, and passed away peacefully in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, on Friday, January 31, 2020. In only the fifth edition of the *Franciscan Times* (September 1972), Will wrote the letter reprinted below—this is the first communication from a tertiary in Canada. At the time, Will was working as a social worker:

FROM THE “FARRRR” NORTH

July 10, 1972

Thank you for your letter concerning a note for the Newsletter about my work and location. It is pleasing to know that you are not lost to the world once past the Arctic Circle.

My employer here in the north is the Government of the Northwest Territories, a joint body of elected and appointed members. The particular department is that of Social

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*The Rev. E. Will Drake,
cont. from p. 28*



Development, a name chosen so as to encompass all social services and to assist in the understanding that the area belongs to the Eskimo people, and our presence is to serve the needs as they see them, not imposing our own southern standards or bias. My particular function is that of Area Supervisor, and my profession is Social Work. I am responsible for the administration of Social Services for the area north of the Arctic Circle and along the Arctic coast, an area just larger than your state of Texas.

While a lot of the people live on the land, particularly at this time of the year, there are seven main settlements in the area: Cambridge Bay, Coppermine, Holman Island, Bathhurst Inlet, Spence Bay, Pelly Bay, and Gioa Haven. Cambridge Bay is the largest of the settlements, having a population of approximately 700 people. The main occupations are hunting, fishing, trapping, and carving. Temperatures in the area range from 60 below zero up to 60 above in the short six weeks of summer.

There is at least one church in each of these communities, and services are officiated by Anglican Church Army personnel or Catechists. The priest for this total area is Fr. Peter Bishop, who lives in the settlement of Coppermine. The services are in the vernacular of the people, with the Copper Eskimo dialect being used in

the west, and the eastern dialect in the east. A shortened form of Prayer Book Matins is used with a great number of hymns. The Eskimo people enjoy the singing of hymns that have been translated into Inuit or Eskimo.

The main diet of the Eskimo is Caribou meat, seal, and Arctic Char, and some polar bear when it is available. During my short time with the Eskimo people I have had opportunity to try all of these foods and found them to be quite tasty, although I must admit, on my return from the settlements, my first action is to eat a more "southern" meal in order to recuperate my digestive tract.

I could probably write for days on this area, as I have grown to like it immensely; however, for the sake of brevity, let me end by saying something about the people themselves. The Eskimo emits a warmth and friendliness which can be felt on entering any community. The doors of their homes are always open, and a welcome is part of the daily fare. It is a great pleasure for me to have the opportunity to be a part of their community, and it is an excellent opportunity to realize the beauty of brotherly love and Christian living.

** Note the TSF and the
professed name, Joseph Paul.
These are all artifacts of the
original American TSF Order
prior to its merger with the
TSSF of the United Kingdom.*

Your Brother in Christ,
Joseph Paul, T.S.F.*
(E. W. Drake)

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*RIP: The Rev. E. Will Drake,
cont. from p. 29*

**See Brockmann, *The First 100
Years*, pp. 74-75.*

Will continued to work as a social worker for another 15 years, and at the Racine, Wisconsin, General Chapter (1975), he became the first Canadian to give a presentation at any TSSF meeting: "Poverty and Social Policy: The Mirror of Society's Virtue." During this time he was a Lay Reader in the Diocese of British Columbia, Kootenay, Athabasca, and the Arctic. He was ordained as a deacon in 1983 and as a priest in 1984. Over his ordained years he served in the Diocese of the Arctic; Diocese of Edmonton in four churches (including as Rector, St. Francis of Assisi); the Diocese of Moosonee, Ontario (where Father Hugo Muller earlier served the Inland Cree Indians*); the Diocese of Athabasca; and the Diocese of Rupert's Land.

Leading an Old Anglo-Catholic Parish

At his last church, Will served as an Incumbent (rector) at St. Michael and All Angels in Winnipeg, Manitoba. (St Michael and All Angels is the only complete Anglo-Catholic parish in the diocese and the second oldest Anglo-Catholic parish west of Toronto.) While serving at St Michael and All Angels, Will produced a series of short papers on Anglo-Catholicism: "Anglo-Catholicism-Introduction," "The Form of Worship," "Ritual Actions," "Ritual of the Mass," "Incense and Bells," and "The Practice of Prayer."

In early 2003, Will was the Area Chaplain for all of Western Canada (before that he was the Area Chaplain for Alberta, the Northwest Territories, and the Yukon), and he was an active member of the Red River Fellowship in Canada. The fellowship was small (four members: Lyndon Hutchinson-Hounsell, Geoff Davies, Gordon Payne, and Will), but very close knit. Geoff recalls, "We kept in touch by telephone and email because he was, in a sense, an isolated tertiary, but he wished to remain part of our Fellowship." Gordon Payne recalls, "Will was a very quiet and humble person who served God faithfully wherever he resided."

In 2014, Will had suffered a stroke, resigned his incumbency at St. Michael and All Angels, and moved back to be near his daughter in Edmonton. Father Will is survived by his sons Michael, William, Daniel, John, and Tom; his daughters Barbara and Teresa, his sister Beatrice; his brothers Cyril and Ken; as well as numerous cousins, nieces, nephews, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.



Rest in Peace

Marian Kathryn "Kay"
Miller

*Professed 17 Months. NASA Programmer. Member,
International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear
War. Member, Intermountain Therapy Animals.*

Marian Kathryn "Kay" Miller departed this life on Wednesday, December 4th, at Hospice of Hope Care Center in Maysville, Kentucky. She was born on December 28, 1942 in Washington, DC.

Prior to moving to Maysville, Kay lived in Utah, Texas, Delaware, and China. Her career with IBM included assignments with NASA and the FAA. Her most exciting assignment was programming code

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*RIP: Kay Miller,
cont. from p. 30*



Kay, with her devoted service dog, Shelby.

for the the first moon landing, Apollo 11. One of the organizations she was involved with, International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1985. Kay was also a pivotal member of the nonprofit organization, Intermountain Therapy Animals, for more than 20 years.

Since Kay moved to Maysville in 2008, she has been a very active contributor to the Maysville community. She and her dogs could be seen on her scooter going to and from various activities around town. She and Dusty, and later Shelby, her therapy dogs, were active volunteers with the local jail ministry, Hospice of Hope, Women's Crisis Center, the Community Care Food Bank, and the Red Cross.

Kay's relationship with God was the guiding force in her life. She was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church of the Nativity where she served as a lector and a member of the Vestry. A capstone experience in her spiritual journey was her life profession as a member of the Third Order of the Society of St. Francis in July 2018.

Despite many health issues and physical challenges, Kay embraced the world with love and compassion. She was a source of inspiration and encouragement and will be missed by all who knew her.

From the Franciscan Times, Advent 2018, "Welcome the Newly Professed," written by Kay

What a glorious profession service we had on July 14, 2018 in my home parish — with Janet Fedders officiating, my spiritual director preaching, our parish priest celebrating, my dear friend (and our parish's senior warden) serving as lector, and our TSSF fellowship convener as litanist. Friends, family, and supporters gathered from far and wide — local community, as well as those who traveled a thousand miles to be there. Inspiring, soul-moving music. It was truly a life-changing experience for me. I felt transported to a new realm — a realm which feels like the solid foundation upon which the remainder of my life is being built.

But how did I get to this place in life? A few thumbnails of my journey are:

Born in D.C. ... cradle Episcopalian ... three years in China (during war) ... spoke French, Chinese, English fluently ... circumnavigated the world ... grew up in small, historic Delaware town ... Tatnall School ... Universite de Grenoble, France ... B.A. in math & physics at University of Delaware ... IBM ... NASA Goddard Space Flight Center — Apollo Space Program ... grad school (U. of Maryland) for astrodynamics and celestial mechanics ... married ... FAA: Indianapolis Air Route Traffic Control Center & Atlantic City's NAFEC ... mother ... Atlanta ... Dallas ... left IBM ... half of Ph.D. in psychology (U. of North Texas) ... half of M.D. (U. of Texas, Southwestern Medical School)...son (only child) killed by swerving truck...my own serious car wreck...Salt Lake City...M. Div. from Salt

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*RIP: Kay Miller,
cont. from p. 31*

Lake Theological Seminary...Clinical Pastoral Education (5 semesters) ... chaplain: hospital, police, disaster response, hospice, jail ... Intermountain Therapy Animals ... American Red Cross' national SRT (Spiritual care Response Team) ... rural Kentucky ... Franciscan!

After nearly two decades of discernment (since Anita Catron Miner first introduced me to TSSF), I began my formal Franciscan journey just three years ago. The entire formation process has been a true blessing for me. I am so very grateful to all those who shepherded me along this beautiful pilgrimage. Now, I look forward to a future filled with Franciscan spirituality, values and joys!



Rest in Peace

Anne Vellom



*Deacon Anne Vellom at her
ordination in 1989.*

***Professed 30 Years. Former RN. Faithful Deacon for 25
Years in California and Arizona.***

Anne died in Texas at the age of 87. She grew up in Pasadena, California, graduated from Pasadena City College, and then attended Stanford University's School of Nursing. She worked as an RN for 20 years, then earned her certification to serve as a nurse midwife, which she did for another five years before retiring from nursing.

While attending Stanford, she met Lee ("Skip") Vellom, and they were married on April 11, 1953. Skip was a Naval officer, and their life together included living in many different parts of the country over the next 30 years. During this time they had five children, who have given them 13 grandchildren, who in turn have given them six great-grandchildren.

Anne and Skip began attending The School for Deacons in the Diocese of California in 1982 and were ordained at Grace Cathedral in 1988 and 1989. Anne was a deacon for 25 years serving at Holy Trinity, Richmond, California (La Santissima Trinidad) and later at St. Andrew's, Nogales, Arizona. She was actively involved with parishioners in pastoral ministry and in Daughters of the King. While at Holy Trinity, Anne combined her nursing experience and her diaconal training by serving as a hospital chaplain. She also served on several boards, including the Committee of Border Health and Carondolet Hospice.

During her diaconate studies, Anne took classes along with Kate Salinaro (professed 1985) and soon entered into Formation with the Third Order. **Beverly Hosea** was her Formation Counselor, and Beverly recalls that Anne

...was one of the first I was privileged to guide through the novitiate. What I still remember to this day is that she seemed to me to be a fully formed Franciscan even as a novice.

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RIP: Anne Vellom,
cont. from p. 31

Deacons all, from left, Anne
Vellom, her husband Skip, and
Kate Salinaro.



barbara bennett was a novice with Anne, and barbara writes:

She was professed 6 days after me. For this I always counted her as a special sister. We first met, as postulants, at a fellowship meeting in San Francisco and then randomly through the years, at a convocation, at General Convention, once in the street in San Francisco, and another time in the small Sierra town of San Andreas. Anne was a remarkable woman. She always recognized me and had a perfect memory of our past encounters; but, most important, she was a tertiary who truly spread love and harmony wherever she went.

Once professed, Anne entered wholeheartedly into the life of California's New Umbrian Fellowship, even leading a Formation Class in San Francisco in 1993. **Anne Harris** (professed 1979) recalls Anne at one of her first TSSF convocations at Bishops Ranch:

After dinner one night, there was a talent show. The two memories I have of that evening are of Kate Salinaro's beautiful voice and of Anne standing up and singing "I'm a Little Teapot" with all the appropriate actions. That was a very Franciscan moment of joy in a busy world. The few times I met Anne it was always a joy.

Bett Wood (professed 1993) seemed to have a similar memory of Anne:

It was a large gathering with a Eucharist, and Anne was reading the first lesson. It was one of those with a long list of complicated names. Anne struggled through the list with increasing difficulty, and, when she reached the end of the list, she looked up, and said, "That may not be the way it's supposed to sound, but that's what you are getting." We all applauded.

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*RIP: Anne Vellom,
cont. from p. 33*

Eventually, Anne and Skip moved to Nogales, Arizona, in 2005, where they were deacons at St. Andrews for five years. Arizonian **Darlene Sipes** (professed 1974) met Anne and writes:

Anne was a beautiful person who especially cherished what she saw as her part in the Third Order, the privilege of prayer. For example, she prayed the Franciscan Crown Rosary for 30 years with our sodality. From such prayer, she worked with the poor for many years in Nogales.

Chris Ledyard (professed 2008) is also a deacon and he recalled:

....Anne was prayerful, humble, and had a sense of humor. She accompanied her rector leading a monthly Eucharistic service in Sonoita, a small village in rural southern Arizona. She was involved with the Children's Clinic, held monthly at St Andrew's Nogales, which served children with physical and behavioral issues. The families would drive them to Nogales, Arizona, from Mexico to receive medical assistance. St Andrew's also had an informal pantry.

Dianne Aid (professed 1993) also met Anne in Arizona

at a Border Ministries Conference in Tucson many years ago. I love encountering other TSSF members in my travels around the Church, but this one was especially important, and it meant so much to have a TSSF sister there at the border.

Anne and Skip retired as deacons in 2010 and moved to San Antonio, Texas, to be near their son, Tim, who is rector of St. Matthews Episcopal in Universal City, Texas. Anne died on December 16, 2019. Please keep Anne's family and especially her surviving husband, Skip, in your prayers.



Rest in Peace

Alice Wright



***Professed 31 Years. Convener of Land of Sky Fellowship.
Hospice Volunteer. Storyteller.***

by R. John Brockmann

Though Alice was professed for 31 years, we in the Br. Juniper Fellowship in New England only joined her journey when she moved seven years ago to the North Shore of Massachusetts to be nearer her children. Alice was a former convener of the Land of the Sky Fellowship, occasional organizer of the Southeast Convocation at Ignatius House, a lay preacher, lay reader, hospice volunteer, and storyteller in Mars Hill, North Carolina.

On the following page, we reprint her "Prayer of the Seven Directions" from the Lent 1994 issue of *The Franciscan Times* (pp. 3-5). Alice Wright wrote it in 1990 based upon a teaching about Native American prayer by Sr. José Hobday, a Native American Franciscan nun.

***Left, Alice Wright renewing her vows on the 25th
anniversary of her profession in 2014.***

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Prayer of the Seven Directions

by Alice Wright

WE LOOK TO THE EAST.

We look to the direction of the rising sun, the place of beginnings:
to the beginnings of creation and all its wonders,
to the Creator who made it all for His enjoyment.

We look to the beginnings of human relationships with our Creator:
to the understanding of His love and caring,
to the innocence and beauty of being children,
to the time of dreams and hopes and visions.

We look to the direction of new beginnings:
to the Creator's gifts of love and forgiveness
which allow and encourage us to get up and start again,
which erase the past in the loving present now,
which encourage our change and growth.

We look to the direction of new life, of re-newed life.

AND OUR SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKS GOES FORTH TO THE EAST.

WE LOOK TO THE SOUTH.

We look to the direction of warmth and gentle waterings and soft breezes:
the warmth of the sun, the refreshing and renewing rains,
the cooling and invigorating winds.

We look to warmth and growth:
to the beauty and joy of blossoming and fruiting and fulfillment,
to caring and serving and encouraging growth in others,
to binding up wounds and healing hearts and minds
with the Lord's reflected love filling and spilling over in us.

We look to the Lord who loves and encourages growth
to our expanding understanding and caring,
to life that is good and gentle; to joy and peace.

AND OUR SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKS GOES FORTH TO THE SOUTH.

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WE LOOK TO THE WEST.

We look to the direction of the setting sun, the place of endings:
to the endings of old ways, old thoughts, outgrown understandings,
to lost fears, forgotten angers;
to welcome endings.

We look to the place of harder endings:
to separation from friends, from loved ones, to grief and loss,
to the sureness of eventual reunion.

We look to the direction of endings
so the old can be put aside and the unnecessary laid down,
so growth and re-newal may take place in greater love and devotion.

AND OUR SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKS GOES FORTH TO THE WEST.

WE LOOK TO THE NORTH.

We look to the direction of cold and pain and sudden storms:
to unexpected hurts, to suffering and testing,
to wilderness and darkness, wandering, lostness,
to desperation and despair.

We look to the Lord for support and strength
to the wholeness of His healing love, and
to the learning of faith and trust.

We look to the sureness of the Lord's love and
to His caring, everywhere, in all circumstances:
to knowing that we are never bereft or alone.

AND OUR SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKS GOES FORTH TO THE NORTH.

WE LOOK DOWN.

We look to the direction of the ground, the earth:
to its richness and use,
to see it uphold and support all that stand or move upon it,
without claim to honor or value;
to its true humility, content to support all growth and life,

Prayer of the Seven Directions by Alice Wright, cont. from p. 36

allowing them to develop on and through it,
to its contentment to be thus, to be used.

AND OUR SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKS GOES FORTH TO THE EARTH.**WE LOOK UP.**

We look to the direction of the heavens, to the skies, and to space:
to the home of our brother moon and our companion sister moon.
We look past the hills and the mountaintops to the clouds and beyond:
to the endless skies, to the immensity of our universe,
to the rainclouds which ever re-new our world,
to the stars which give light to our nights.
We look up to that beyond our view or ken:
to sense the glory and the majesty of the living God
who, despite all His grandeur, stoops in love
to hold us in safety, within His caring hands.

AND OUR SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKS GOES FORTH TO THE HEAVENS.**FINALLY, WE LOOK INWARD.**

We look to the direction of our hearts and our minds:
to see the good gifts with which our Creator endowed us,
to see the dark places He would willingly make light and whole,
to see relationships: treasured, broken, empty, longing, and healed,
to see the dreams that were not and those that yet may be.
Above all, we look inward to know:
that we are loved and precious in the sight of the Creator,
that we are God's children, totally, in joy and love and peace.

AND OUR SONG OF PRAISE AND THANKS GOES FORTH TO THE LIVING GOD.

AMEN.

Rest in Peace

MaryAnn (Jackman)
Lovier

MaryAnn Lovier, in a scarf she had recently knitted.

“Information Sheet” Editor. Creator of first Formation Letters Packet. Free Spirit.

MaryAnn died on January 19th, following her beloved wife of some 20 years, Laura, who passed away on the 11th. The two of them had moved a few months ago to Little Rock, Arkansas, so family could take care of them, but that time was much shorter than anyone expected. MaryAnn was 82.

She declared herself a veteran of the Beatnik and Hippie eras who survived both, and, after discovering she could not be an artist while mothering five children, she became a psychiatric nurse.

More Than a Quarter Century of Service to TSSF

In her 27 years in the Order, Mary Ann edited the *Information Sheet*, was Provincial Secretary, created the *Dancing Francis* logo for the Province, created the first formation packet (before her it was the Peter Funk letters, but MaryAnn created the first Formation Letters packet and wrote the material in it), and served in many roles. She had studied Fine Art at Monterey Peninsula College (1958) and lived in various places, including Coos Bay, Oregon; San Francisco; Nashville, Tennessee; and Little Rock, Arkansas.

From our provincial history, you can find MaryAnn mentioned seven times in *The First 100 Years*, and here are a few of those mentions:

- Marie Webner, former Provincial Chaplain, wrote about our founder, Father Joseph, who had become a hermit in Tucson and separated from the First Order he had founded: “At first, I was teaching at Tuller School, where Father Joseph was staying in a cottage on the grounds. It was a privilege to visit with him, but an even greater privilege to conspire with MaryAnn Jackman and Brother Luke to get him back to the Order he had founded. The last time I saw Father Joseph was at Little Portion where he died in the heart of his community.” (p. 35)
- In 1967, Judith Robinson just happened to move to Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco in time to experience the fabled “Summer of Love.” Through her children’s friends, she discovered MaryAnn Jackman, who lived a few streets away, and together they created a Third Order existence. When the First Order Brothers and Sisters came out to San Francisco, they found the ground already tilled by Judith and MaryAnn. The presence of the First Orders drew John Scott, Peter Funk, and many other TSSFers out to visit, culminating in the Redwood City Chapter of 1973. (p. 72)
- MaryAnn said this about our Minister Provincial, Alden Whitney, who was openly gay: “He was my brother in every sense of the word, and I loved him enormously. If anybody out there has a doubt about how good and wonderful and full of integrity and holiness a gay person can be, here is your gloriously shining example, our former Minister General. I once told Alden over breakfast in an airport hotel in Chicago if

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RIP: MaryAnn Lovier,
cont. from p. 38



MaryAnn Lovier's "Dancing Francis" logo,
which she created for TSSF.

everyone who was gay would come out, things would change enormously for the better. I didn't include myself in that number at the time, though the minute I spoke the words, God revealed to me for a fact that I should have. I confessed that to Alden recently: "OK, Alden, I've put my words where my heart is at last. You were out to all the world, in all your hopeful innocence and wonder. Me, too, darling one, after your shining example." (p. 124)

When MaryAnn followed Alden's example by marrying Laura, MaryAnn said that they felt most comfortable as a couple in the Roman Catholic Church so she asked for release by Chapter from her vows. Eventually, according to her, "she realized she was actually Jewish and had been, all along."

Excerpts from MaryAnn's Blog on "Wingspan"

From MaryAnn's "The Price of Authenticity" published on the Blogspot "Wingspan" on September 14, 2013:

I am going to tell my story in a non-linear way, so I will jump from childhood to a time when I was in

my early 50s. I was living in a cabin in Oregon. The four-acre setting was achingly beautiful, at the edge of a wood, on the shore of a slough that is part of Coos Bay, bordering a broad wetland. There were beautiful wildflowers -- rhododendron, foxglove, fuchsia, roses, honeysuckle, bleeding hearts, wild ginger, iris, trillium; hundreds of varieties of birds; wild animals like deer and chipmunks and three kinds of squirrels, mountain beaver, otters, raccoons, porcupines, and opossums. Even seals would swim by from time to time. There were five-foot tall sword ferns and huge trees and a tiny creek with a waterfall, the overflow of the natural spring where our water came from. What an incredible gift! I was so touched to be able to live in such a tangibly holy place, I said the dangerous words aloud, "Here I am. Send me."

The phone rang, instantly, as if on cue. It was Br. Jon Bankert, SSF, calling from New York, inviting me to go on a three-week trip to Newfoundland with the Franciscan brothers. They were short on novices that year and decided to take two Third Order Franciscans and a nun along to help out. Among other things, I would be preaching Sunday sermons at three Anglican Parishes. Jon said, "You can say anything you want, but whatever you say has to cost you something."

Whatever you say has to cost you something. In other words, you have to say something that exposes you. You have to reveal your wounded self to total strangers. If you are going to be authentic, you must go naked in the world.

Those are words I have never forgotten, and have tried to live into, not only when I spoke in those three parishes, but in all my life. They struck me as a really vital lesson, not only for writing an effective sermon, but for living an authentic life. I am also going to use Jon's admonition in writing this blog.

My family was not religious, and, in fact, my parents were basically atheists. My mother and her sister and their mother and her sister were all telepaths, did some divination with cards, and (the best way I can describe it) they made things happen. My mother would "concentrate." She had a little curved piece of driftwood, which she would hold in her hand and rub with her thumb when she did this, to focus her mind. She called it her "witching wood." And there you have it: I came from a family of many generations of witches.

They weren't Wiccan. Such an organized thing didn't even exist then, and even if it had, they

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*RIP: MaryAnn Lovier,
cont. from p. 39*

wouldn't have been part of it. They didn't do rituals. They didn't have any connection to gods. What they did, they did themselves, using their own energy and their minds. And it worked.

So I grew up without church or belief system, and yet, by the time I was 7, I had a profound experience of the numinous that set off a lifetime of searching. As a Facebook friend so eloquently put it about her own searching, I was starving, starving. For God.

And I have been fed many times in my searching, but not at the conventional trough... As one of the friars on that mission trip said to me after I had done my talk during one of our evening parish events in a fishing village, "All of your experience of God has come from outside the church!" And that is pretty much the truth. I have rarely connected with the presence of deity in a conventional setting at all, though there are some major exceptions: my old parish in San Francisco, the friary chapel at Little Portion, and my synagogue in Nashville. Except for the synagogue, all of those experiences were not during a religious service.

I have been an Episcopalian, a Catholic, a Jew (I still am Jewish and always will be), I have tried Zen Buddhism, Paganism (I am still pagan, and always will be) and I have even gone through periods of profound atheism. God is in all of it. Every single thing, even the atheism. God is in it all because God is the fabric of all of it. Every atom, every quark, is a piece of God.

My lifelong search, then, is not for God at all. It is for connection.

MaryAnn's "Beresheit,"* published on the Blogspot "Wingspan" on September 13, 2013:

In the beginning...

This is a true story. I was 7 years old. I had no religion. I was coming home from having been out to dinner with my parents, and somewhere between the detached garage and the patio door, I looked up into the night sky, thinking to see the Milky Way. Instead, what I saw was the Cosmos. I saw it all. The size and scope of it. I was stunned, terrified, speechless. I told no one what I had seen, and I shivered in fear in my bed that night,

** "Beresheit" is Hebrew for "In the Beginning."*



The late Br. Jon Bankert, SSF, pictured doing a performance of his story "Brother Sun," about St. Francis of Assisi. Jon was a puppeteer before becoming a friar and continued to use those skills in his work as a Franciscan. His life was cut short by pancreatic cancer in September 2007. Br. Bankert invited MaryAnn to preach during a three-week trip to Newfoundland with the Franciscan brothers. He told her, "You can say anything you want, but whatever you say has to cost you something."

thinking I would be crushed by the sheer size of it. How small I was! How tiny the earth was! How insignificant our planet seemed in the vastness of it all. I'm not sure how I slept at all.

The next day I stayed indoors, afraid of the sky, not wanting to be reminded of what waited behind that broad blue curtain. My grandmother finally shooed me outside. I was in the way of her cleaning. A child belonged outside, playing in the sunshine on such a pretty day!

I tiptoed out the door and sat in a spineless heap on the concrete patio, at the edge of the lawn. I settled in beside my grandmother's umbrella clothesline, where I could hang on to the metal support post if I seemed in danger from the Universe. I thought

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RIP: MaryAnn Lovier, cont. from p. 40

The stars, the universe, the earth, my cat, the rocks, the lawn, my grandmother's clothesline, me, all of it, were "pieces of God."

about how tiny we humans were, not even on the scale of ants. Invisible. Smaller even than atoms! Completely insignificant. My grey tomcat kitten came to me and rubbed against me. I picked up a rock, decomposed granite gravel from the driveway, and turned it in my hand, feeling the roughness. I dared not move.

I felt comforted. I felt cradled. I sensed, rather than heard, a voice telling me not to be afraid. The stars, the universe, the earth, my cat, the rocks, the lawn, my grandmother's clothesline, me, all of it, were "pieces of God." All equally important. None insignificant. It was all part of the fabric of God. God was in it all, God's life and essence flowed through it all, so I should never feel scared.

The weight of the entire universe taken off my 7-year-old shoulders, I felt incredibly happy. So relieved! The sky would never scare me again. I was not sure what God was, but I knew God was something good. Alive. Warm. Moving. Flowing. Inside everything. Vast beyond comprehension.

My epiphany that sunny summer day in 1945 has informed my life's desire—to discover who/what this God is who permeates all things, including me, yet counts the rocks and a small gray tomcat as equal to the stars, and comforts me when I am a frightened child. I have searched religions and my own heart, have read and studied, practiced and meditated, and will continue to do so. This blog is my attempt to put what I have learned and am learning into words. It is a step out into the Cosmic unknown.

I am feeling very blessed.

Yom Kippur 5774



Rest in Peace

**Rosemond (Rosie)
McFerran (1928 - 2005)**



***Professed 25 Years (1980 - 2005). TSSF Librarian.
Formation Counselor. Assistant Formation Director.***

Rosie and the Library, reprinted from *Franciscan Times*, Summer 2005, p. 21.

As a young child, Rosie McFerran played out her dream of being a librarian. She made her home into a library and asked her neighbors to come to her house so they could choose books they wanted to read. She pasted "Date Due" slips in all her books, and a code letter indicating if they were fiction or non-fiction. Some of her books still have these slips in them.

Thirteen years after graduating from college, she went back to library school. After graduating, she worked at Los Angeles State University, and then a private publishing company before moving to Davis to take a position in the library at the University of California at Davis where she worked up until her retirement. Rosie's house

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*RIP: Rosie McFerran, cont.
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"Some may remember Rosie from her service as a Formation Counselor, and for many years Rosie was the Third Order librarian. As she aged and her health failed, she asked to be released from her vows but always remained a Franciscan in her heart."

—Anne Harris

Editor's Note:

The library continues alive and well with an online catalog accessible from the TSSF website. (Go to tssf.org, and log on under Resources for tertiaries.)

in Davis is full of books, music, and jigsaw puzzles that she has generously shared with her friends. She opened her house for Quiet Days and prayer groups until her health required that she cut back her activities.

Rosie was professed in the Third Order in 1980 and was a founding member of the Sacramento/Davis Fellowship. She has served the Order as a Formation Counselor, Assistant Formation Director, and as the Librarian for the Order. She has also shared some of her poetry with the Third Order and her "Angelus" is included in the *Devotional Companion*.

When Rosie acquired the library in the mid 1980s, she bought many new books to reflect the changes in the church; like the "new" prayer book and women's ordination. "After I received the library books from Pat Mahon, the former librarian, I acquired material on both sides of all questions, and to reflect what had been happening in the church recently," Rosie said. "I also bought books on Francis and acquired a lot of tapes for the benefit of the sight-impaired. I brought the cataloging up to date and input it into my computer."

After more than 20 years as the Third Order librarian, Rosie felt the time had come to retire. A large amount of material that was not being circulated was donated to the Bread of Life Center in Davis where it is being widely used. The current library contains all of the Franciscan material as well material referenced in the reading lists in the Formation Letters and everything that has been borrowed over the years. ♦

Eucharist

by Rosie McFerran

No sudden, blinding flash of light,
No dazzling vision, shining bright,
No choirs of angels chanting psalms,
Nor even still, small voice of calm—
To me in waves of joy, in surge of love,
Your Presence overwhelms me from above.
I see You, hear You, feel You. You are here;
Your loving arms support me, hold me near.
I kneel sedate, with downcast eyes:
My soul is pirouetting in the skies.

Reprinted from Franciscan Times, November 1986, p. 13

Provincial Bursar's Report

Alison Saichek

Our 2019-2020 fiscal year is off to a good start. Many of you like to make your contributions in October, and December is always a good month for income because of year-end tax donations. We shall see if the trend continues, and I do anticipate we will at least meet, and possibly exceed, our income projections. Figures for the first quarter are always a little skewed, because October is when I make our outreach donations to our other Anglican/Episcopal Franciscan Orders, and to other organizations following in the steps of Francis and Clare. The Outreach numbers will smooth out as the year progresses. Except for the actual expenses for Outreach, all the other figures in the first quarter report are for three months.

Thanks to our wonderful small business adviser, Ben, at Bank of America, I had the opportunity to divert some funds to higher-interest accounts. They had been sitting in the checking account but won't be needed until the runup to Provincial Convocation 2022.

Two bits of news: there is now a PayPal "Donate" button located at the bottom of the TSSF.org home page, as well as on the Resources for Tertiaries page. You can make donations using this, but please also add a note telling me if it's a regular pledge, a memorial, or a contribution to one of our special accounts, like the Medical Mission Fund or the Tom Johnson Hispanic Mission Fund. Also, very soon the 2018-2019 financial reports and the current year budget will be in the restricted area under Governance. ♦

Financial Summary 10/1/19 - 12/31/19

Fund Balances	<u>12/31/18</u>	<u>12/31/19</u>
Operating Fund	\$62,302.00	\$47,649.00
Savings Account & CD	30,804.00	50,605.00
JCFU Account (Joint Committee on Franciscan Unity)	3,889.00	2,672.00
Medical Mission Fund	7,350.00	9,426.00
Tom Johnson Mission Fund	1,275.00	1,300.00
Memorials	2,794.00	2,175.00
Companions Funds	3,208.00	2,130.00

Fiscal Year 2019 - 2020 Q1 As Of 12/31/19

	Budget	Actual
Contributions	\$16,250.00	\$19,730.00
Other Income (Amazon Smile, etc.)	38.00	124.00
<u>Total Operating Income</u>	\$16,288.00	\$19,854.00
<u>Operating Expenses</u>		
Servants (Ministers, Chaplains, Officers)	\$5,988.00	\$3,277.00
Formation	725.00	240.00
Outreach (Support for Other Orders & Org.)	3,921.00	5,560.00
Communications	988.00	713.00
Meetings, Chapter 2020	3,750.00	500.00
Overhead (Insurance, Bank Charges, Website)	550.00	11.00
<u>Total Operating Expenses</u>	\$15,922.00	\$10,301.00
<u>Income Less Expenses</u>	\$366.00	\$9,553.00

ADDENDUM

It was while we were editing this issue that COVID-19 changed our world. We invite your submissions for our summer issue describing your experiences of worship, fellowship, prayer, and companioning during this time and your reflections from a Franciscan perspective. Deadline is June 15. Send them to jbrockma@udel.edu.— And, rather than leave you with an almost-blank page, we offer two poems below.

God Moved Into the Neighborhood

Mary Tarantini

*God moved into the neighborhood
I opened my front door
A surge of swallows swept down
the street
And shook me to the core*

*I followed to the ocean shore
A dove with silver wings
Flew past me with a knowing
smile
On her way to crown the King*

*A wave reached up and blessed
the sky
And then returned to me
Enveloping my soul in bliss
Then flowed north with the sea.*

Until our next issue, read what your fellow tertiaries are experiencing, thinking, and praying about during this pandemic in the COVID-19 Chronicle at <https://tinyurl.com/wqrk99d>.

Blessed Be the Mystical Blood

Alice Baird

*Blessed be Earth, O Lord, for receiving Your Mystical Blood:
dripped from Your brow,
desiccated in dust,
pooled below Your cross.*

Blessed be Earth.

*Blessed be Stone, O Lord, bathed in Your Mystical Blood:
pillar of marble, veined red
with Your stripes, sun-scorched street
where You staggered and fell.*

Blessed be Stone.

*Blessed be Cloth, O Lord, for absorbing Your Mystical Blood:
purple cloak, Mary's dress, Veronica's veil,
garments ripped from Your body, blood splattered
on what the soldiers, Your tormentors, wore.*

Blessed be Cloth.

*O Lord, blessed be Metal, for bringing forth Your Mystical Blood:
metal-tipped whips,
infamous nails,
lunging spear.*

Blessed be Metal.

*Blessed be Wood, O Lord, for soaking in Your Mystical Blood:
Gethsemane's trees, thorny crown,
splintering cross, wood of shame—
Tree of Life.*

Blessed be Wood.

*Blessed be Water, O Lord, for cleansing Your Mystical Blood:
Bitterness of Mary's tears,
water spurting from Your side,
bathing water for burial.*

Blessed be Water.

*And blessed be Wine, O Lord, drink of Your Mystical Blood:
wine of the Eucharist,
blood of the Lamb,
fount of everlasting life.*

Blessed be Wine.

*But most blessed are we, your people, O Lord,
for we are fortified
by sacramental wine,
holy Mystical Blood.*

Most blessed are we.