



The Franciscan Times

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

Pace e bene

Advent 2021

From the Editor:

*Treasures from the First 50 Years of the
Franciscan Times, 1971 - 2021*

By R. John Brockmann, Co-Editor

We are very pleased to announce the publication of this nearly 300-page collection of some of the best writing that has appeared in this publication over our first 50 years. We are endeavoring to preserve the timeless insights of dozens of tertiaries from past decades that remain relevant and important.

The written and visual work of over 150 tertiaries is included in this book, complete with a table of contents and index for easy access and cross-listing.

The articles are collected under these headings:

- An Original Play-A Meeting of Franciscans
- Considering Assisi
- Franciscan Values
- Lives of Tertiaries
- Poems, Prayers, and Meditations
- Justice, Peace, and Integrity of Creation (JPIC)
- Franciscan Prayers
- Defining the Order
- Tertiary Humor
- Rest in Peace and Rise in Glory

The best of timeless illustrations from these first 50 years are interspersed in the pages with more than 14 coming from the work of Hawaiian artist Rik Fitch.

This paperback book is available from Amazon in the US for \$10.00, of which all royalties go to support the Provincial Library and its multimedia expansion. It is also available from Amazon in Canada (13.94 CDN); United Kingdom (7.30 Pounds); and Australia (13.94 AU).

To order from Amazon, [click here](#). ♦

Infinite Encounter

*By The Rt. Rev. David Rice
TSSF Bishop Protector*



At the time of this writing, over 700,000 people are no longer with us in the United States as a result of the Covid-19 pandemic. Even more alarming, almost 5 million people are no longer with us worldwide. Our world, both close by and far away, has been turned upside down as a result of this virus. And we and all those in our immediate and more expansive orbit will never be the same. How could we possibly? These numbers are completely incomprehensible, utterly unfathomable. More deeply, it is impossible not to carry the pain of this overwhelming loss.

As we approach the completion of two years of endeavoring to navigate through the horrific realities of Covid-19, we yearn for some semblance

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Convocation Dates
Profession & Novicing Dates
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email addresses at
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Infinite Encounter, by Bishop Rice, cont. from p. 1

We continue to be confronted by a level of self-absorption, of unfettered individualism, which tears at the very fabric of our communities, our country, and our world.

of normality from our pre-pandemic lives. And yet we are all too aware that the old normal will never be revisited. New normals are developing and will continue to evolve, and in many instances, these new normals will be a significant departure from practices of the past.

Honoring Our Fellow Human Beings *and* Ourselves

In our increasingly complicated world, everything becomes substantially more disheartening as a result of the politicizing of our very existence. As we mourn the loss of loved ones, colleagues, and acquaintances, we continue to be inundated by debates over one's individual rights. We continue to be confronted by a level of self-absorption, of unfettered individualism, which tears at the very fabric of our communities, our country, and our world — whether we choose to wear masks or social distance or get vaccinated, or whatever it is we might do to take care of one another and ourselves.

All of these are ways in which we honor our fellow human beings *and* honor our lives. And it is that honoring and social responsibility that run the risk of getting lost in all the noise. And let's be clear, for people of faith, if we allow the noise to overtake us, we run the risk of forgetting who we are and to Whom we belong.

Siblings in Christ, fellow travelers with St. Francis, this paints a rather bleak picture. Yet amid the devastating realities of our Covid-19 present, we have witnessed and experienced extraordinary acts of kindness and generosity and hospitality and love and mercy and justice and hope. Amid such calamitous circumstances we have seen reflections and evidence of Jesus and Francis and all that is good about us and in us. And we have made discoveries which, I deeply believe, will continue to serve us well in the days ahead.

I have been exceedingly grateful for the ways in which the saints of my Episcopal Diocese of San Joaquin (EDSJ) have followed the science, which is a gift from God; have taken care of one another; and have remained faithful. It hasn't been all smooth sailing — we have had our moments. There have been times when people have

Infinite Encounter, by Bishop Rice, cont. from p. 3



The theme of encounter was one that Bishop Rice discussed while Zooming into Chapter against an interesting virtual background.

We have an inclination to think that our exchanges with others are finite. We forget that these encounters will be shared....So the reach of that singular moment in time is infinite.

grown weary of suspensions of in-person gatherings. Times when we have wearied of mask-wearing and social distancing. Times when we have tired of Morning Prayer and we have missed sharing the Eucharistic chalice. People have grown weary of not singing. They have grown fatigued with our Zoom reality and our reliance upon social media.

What We Learned About Virtual Worship

And yet, it has been the virtual experience that has been the vehicle for many of our discoveries. During the months when we were in complete lockdown in EDSJ, virtual services were urged for all of our faith communities. And to ensure that there was adherence to our urging, our Diocesan Office bought cameras for every faith community throughout EDSJ. We accompanied these cameras with tutorials from our diocesan staff. And here is where the discoveries began to occur.

As soon as online worship started throughout the diocese, it became abundantly clear that people who had rarely or never darkened the doors of their respective churches were engaging virtually. People who, for reasons of age or distance or health or whatever, were previously unable to participate in the life of their faith community, were now connecting online. Our local faith communities were discovering that all sorts of people from all sorts of places were looking to participate in the life of faith and looking for ways to do so. Our saints of EDSJ were discovering that their impact was far more expansive, far broader, than what they could see physically right in front of them. And this, my Sisters and Brothers of TSSF, is the salient point of this reflection.

Infinite Encounters

We have an inclination to think that our exchanges with others are finite. We forget that these encounters will be shared. It's what we do and how we're built. Our encounters influence and impact us and the person we engage. So the reach of that singular moment in time is infinite.

I have made it a practice, since my arrival in EDSJ in 2014, that whenever sending one of our saints to a conference, convention, or formation experience provided by the Episcopal Church, I reminded them that their experience would not belong only to them. It belongs to everyone, particularly to their siblings in their own diocese and faith community. So we say, "Go forth and have a rich experience, and return ready to share and offer all that you experienced."

Again, similarly, our discoveries in our new virtual age as a diocese in these pandemic times remind us that our conversations don't simply belong to those in the immediate exchange and in the immediate moment in time. These conversations eventually belong to everyone. They are, again, infinite, as is their potential impact.

And so, Sisters and Brothers of TSSF, this is a reminder to give care to each moment as we seek the reflection of God in the other. Acknowledge that each relational moment, each conversation, will impact the lives of far more people than we can possibly imagine. And let us remember

Reflections on 2021

By John Hebenton
Minister General



In this screen capture from the Zoomed Chapter meeting, Third Order Minister General John Hebenton responds thoughtfully to a question from Bishop Rice. Hebenton said that the Third Order was in a unique position to offer a theological framework for living "a different way" vis-a-vis care of Creation, climate change, and listening to the indigenous voice. To view the video recording of the Chapter meeting on our website, go to <https://tssf.org/resources/articles-videos/>.

*Kia tau ki a koutou te atawhai me te rangimārie o te Atua –
Grace and peace to you from God.*

The last 18 months have been hard for all of us. Covid-19 has presented many challenges and a few opportunities. As we become increasingly aware of the cost of human-made climate change and biodiversity loss, the pandemic has been a sobering reminder of how fragile life is and how easily much of what we take for granted can disappear. This last 18 months have been difficult for everyone, even here in Aotearoa-New Zealand, where we have lived relatively unrestricted lives. And this is not over yet, not until most of the world is vaccinated. And probably not even then. This has been a time for us to dig deeply into the generosity, compassion, and justice of God, and to spend time once again discerning how we are called to live this out in our own time.

Or to put it in the words of St. Francis, to continue to discern what is ours to do.

Less Travel, Less Time Together

The Third Order is an Order living in dispersed communities around the world. Much of our life revolves around being able to gather with brothers and sisters in local area meetings. We mostly treasure these opportunities to be with each other. But over the last 18 months, for most of our Provinces, this has not been possible. We have had to learn new ways of gathering; by praying at the same time but in different places, using technology like Zoom, emailing, letter-writing, and making phone calls. Apart from the Pacific Province (Aotearoa-New Zealand, and the Solomon Islands), Chapter meetings have been held on Zoom. This has meant a lot less travel. I have been able to join the Chapter meetings for the Americas and Europe while staying in New Zealand. It has opened the possibility of attending other meetings as well. But it has come at the cost of not spending time with each other outside of business sessions.

Since the last Inter-Provincial Third Order Chapter (IPTOC) in 2017, the Provincial Ministers of each province have been meeting with me every two to three months on Zoom, both to support each other through these uncertain and difficult times; and to carry on the work set out at the last IPTOC four years ago and at the last gathering of the Ministers Provincial in Long Island, New York, USA. A gift of these regular times together is an increasing sense that we are one Order, with a growing desire to work together and to care for each other.

Renewing the Order Through Lifelong Formation

At IPTOC it was clear that the Holy Spirit is working in our Order, renewing us, and calling us further into our vocation as Franciscans. One of the main issues was the invitation to renew the Order through a greater emphasis on lifelong formation, both through resourcing local fellowships/groups, and by revising our personal rules in relation to Principles, with accountability for reporting at the local level. This has led to two ongoing pieces of work. The first is a working group on Ongoing Formation convened by Peter Stube from the Americas.

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Reflections by the Minister General, cont. from p. 5

This group is encouraging us to work at the local area level to further help our area groups/fellowships to be communities that:

- allow people to be secure, loved, and encouraged in what they do well;
- seek ever deeper prayer and contemplation and wholehearted unity;
- act on our call to the poor and Creation;
- embrace the inclusiveness of Francis and Clare by developing relationships with other Franciscan orders and with other faith groups, *e.g.*, Muslims;
- and give special attention to the gift of discernment and of learning to speak only when given something to say.

The second is the request that each province has been asked to explore the possibility of revising our personal rules under headings that come from the principles rather than those included in the constitution. This request has had a variety of responses, from very little action to enthusiastic embracing. We are hoping to bring some recommendations about this to the next IPTOC in 2023.

Responding to Climate Change From Our Franciscan Charism

At the last ministers' meeting two years ago, when such things could happen, we spent time on the most daunting issue we face as an Order, as a church, and as a planet — climate change and biodiversity loss. We were fortunate to have Rev. Canon Dr. Jeff Golliher, the very recently retired Adviser for the Environment, Climate Change and Sustainable Communities at the Anglican Communion Office at the United Nations, join us for a morning. We could well have spent much more time with Jeff. He carefully laid out the scale of the calamity that awaits us if we do nothing, and the scale of the calamity if we act now. At that meeting we wrote "Hearing the Cry of the Earth" and encouraged all tertiaries to take time to become as informed as possible, and to prayerfully find ways to respond from our Franciscan charism. Rather than more fear what is needed is an urgent reframing of our relationship with God's gift of Creation and for people to act on this. Or as Jeff says, "We, like Francis, need the Spirit to open our souls to the sacred in the whole fabric of life so that we might put our Franciscan principles into action." Several initiatives have come out of this work.

"We, like Francis, need the Spirit to open our souls to the sacred in the whole fabric of life so that we might put our Franciscan principles into action."

Out of his years living as a Franciscan priest immersed in the issues of climate change, Jeff has written three reflections that have now been drawn together as a short book that will shortly be available both as a PDF file and as a paper booklet. He invites us to deepen our understanding of the Rule and Principles of our Order. This is not a manifesto of actions. There are already many of those. Instead, he offers this as a means for the Spirit to lead us in the Franciscan way of hope and discernment. The purpose of our Rule and Principles, he says, is to deepen our relationship with God and Creation and to provide a vehicle by which we might weave our souls within the fabric of life. Considering the climate crisis, he invites us to take up our cross and follow the hopeful way of Christ through intentionally living out our three forms of service: prayer, study, and work.

In this wonderful little book, Jeff explores each of the ways of service individually as a means of weaving our souls, while reminding us how they are also deeply interwoven themselves. In the intentional living of our three ways of service, he suggests that our task is to discern the extent to which we, as Franciscans, are helping to weave the fabric of life in life-giving ways. It is also to discern the ways we have taken part in the whole colonizing process that has been so destructive for many indigenous people and that exploits, disrupts, and deforms.

Incredibly Hard Work

This is incredibly hard work for many of us of European descent. I am the vicar of a church which sits on the site of one of the last battles in the New Zealand Conflicts of the 1860s. I have become much more aware lately of how our understanding of our place in this land as settlers is so tied up with a narrow and mostly inaccurate version of our story. Too many people talk about Māori being ignorant, warmongering savages who were saved from themselves by European settlers who brought peace, education, and economic advance. There are so many problems with that story. It ignores the wars that Europeans fought amongst themselves in Europe (Crimean War, Franco-Prussian War) and the wars that they started or fought in elsewhere to expand

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Reflections by the Minister General, cont. from p. 6

In this work of discernment, we are reminded that The Third Order began as a Penitential Order for the “conversion of life.” Jeff [Golliher] reminds us that Francis was committed to more than rebuilding a church; he wanted to renovate a whole way of thinking. This conversion happens through prayer, study, and work.

or cement their colonial endeavours — all of which includes WWI. And it ignores the desire by Māori for education and economic advancement on their own terms, and in this land the role that missionaries (Māori and European) played in providing that. And it ignores that Māori were more educated than the average European settler arriving here and that they were already using European technology to farm and export their produce to the world market. European settlement did not bring peace, education, and economic benefit. It brought violence, land loss, and deprivation. That story is retold around the world. British colonialism was built on the assertion that the Englishman was superior to all others — especially to non-white people. That misguided attitude is alive and well today.

European colonialism came with an assumption of the right, even the need, for Europe to dominate, rule, and use all other people, and Creation. It saw people, animals, plants, minerals — this world that we share — simply as a resource to be used for the benefit of the colonial masters. Using the Genesis 1 command to have dominion over all Creation, God’s gift has been treated only as a source of raw materials and a place to dump waste. The cost of European colonialism to indigenous people and to Creation has been and continues to be catastrophic.

Increasingly around the world, Anglican churches are talking about the role of colonialism in creating our current crisis. We need to tell different stories of our past to offer a different way of understanding our relationship with each other, Creation, and what the future might hold. And we desperately need imagination in how we construct that. To know the way forward, we need to repent of how we have and still contribute to this current crisis. In this work of discernment, we are reminded that The Third Order began as a Penitential Order for the “conversion of life.” Jeff reminds us that Francis was committed to more than rebuilding a church; he wanted to renovate a whole way of thinking. This conversion happens through prayer, study, and work.

At our meeting in Long Island, we were also greatly helped by the words of Archbishop Mark McDonald, the National Indigenous Anglican Archbishop of the Anglican Church of Canada, who offered us the ecological vision of Indigenous peoples around the world. In September last year, we released a statement entitled “Franciscans and Indigenous Peoples: An Urgent Appeal for Collaborative Action and Communion in a Perilous Time,” in which we invited Anglican Third Order Franciscans in every Province to consider Archbishop Mark MacDonald’s appeal, inviting every fellowship to prayerfully reflect on and find ways to live out its meaning and implications in their communities, cities, and eco-regions. We stated that together, we can make right the wrongs that have been made in the past, and help to form a truly living relationship between humankind and God’s Creation today and for generations to come.

Walking with Our Indigenous Brothers and Sisters

The six-minute video, entitled “Walking with Our Indigenous Brothers and Sisters,” may be viewed on YouTube at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PmxnP-kL7cs>. Stunning visually, its narration adds a poetic dimension. But the video’s message is an urgent call for metanoia: for rethinking, with repentance, the ways we have thought about indigenous peoples’ stewardship of nature throughout the history of the world.

In light of this statement, the Province of the Americas, on behalf of the whole Order, has produced a video (see above link) to further open up what standing with the Indigenous during this time of climate crisis looks like, and to help create space for discussion and action. In this video we are asking the important question, “Do we matter?” Do we matter as followers of Christ? Do we matter as world citizens? And ultimately, how do we matter? This video takes apart the sections of our statement, walking through moral complicity, standing with the Indigenous Peoples, the idea of ecological

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*Reflections by the Minister General, cont.
from p. 7*

wholeness, and then moving out of a place of fear and into one of hope and the question of do we matter. It does not prescribe or preach. The whole projection is one of the mutuality and implicit harmony of all creation. This statement and video have been offered to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the organisers of the Lambeth Conference, The Anglican Indigenous Network, and the Anglican Communion Environment Network. Our hope is that each province will offer it widely to encourage prayerful discussion as we discern how we might join Francis rebuilding God's gift of this world, our common home.

Do we matter? Do we matter as followers of Christ? Do we matter as world citizens? And ultimately, how do we matter?

The next gathering of IPTOC will meet with the Joint First Order Chapter (JFOC) in 2023 in England. I recently attended a Zoom JFOC as part of the process of planning what that gathering will look like. It will be a significant event for all three Orders within our Society. Please hold all those responsible for its design in your prayers.

As we continue to look to an uncertain future, we continue to pray that we might, in the footsteps of Francis and Clare, be icons of hope for this troubled world we live in.

*Christ our Lord,
we ask you humbly to gather us under the wings of your love.
Keep us alive with the water of remorse,
the air of contemplation,
the fire of love
and the earth of humility,
so that we may join you,
who are life itself and blessed through all ages. Amen*

(Sermons 11.394, Anthony of Padua)

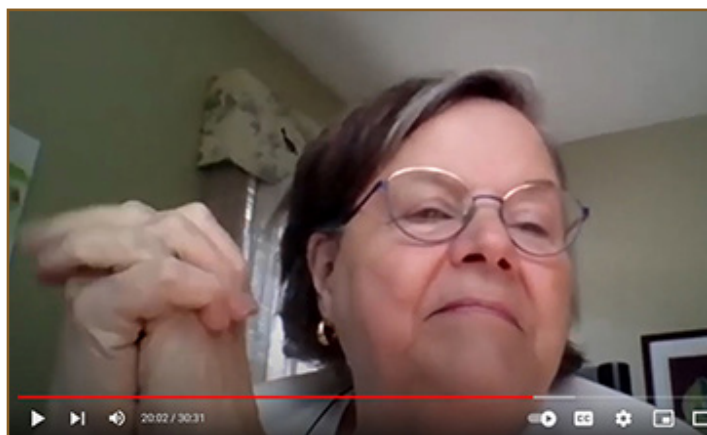
Te pai me te rangimārie (peace and all good).

Meeting of Chapter 2021

By Janet Fedders, Provincial Minister

Chapter 2021 is “in the books.” It was wonderfully initiated by Sr. Margaret Carney’s fascinating presentation on Wednesday in celebration of the 800th anniversary of the founding of the Franciscan Third Order. Sr. Margaret (OFS, former President of St. Bonaventure University in New York) took us back to 1221 and before that, to Francis’ being a penitent and what that meant, especially about conversion of life. Conversion of life lies at the heart of what it means for us today as “descendants” of the Order of Penitence. Her remarks are available on our website under Resources and Videos, a must-see; visit <https://tssf.org/resources/articles-videos/>.

Everyone agreed that a high point of Chapter 2021 was the Nexus Prayers. Members of our Nexus novice group (the second-year novices) prepared short



Minister Provincial Janet Fedders enjoys the discussion during the Chapter meeting on Zoom. If you would like to learn more about the work of the Tercera Orden (referenced on the following page), visit the group’s English-language blog at <http://adelantehispanicministrytssf.blogspot.com/>.

videos to open each Chapter session. The prayers ranged from a Psalm reading to a poetry reading to
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Chapter Report, cont. from p. 8

**DO YOU READ AND WRITE
Spanish and/or Portuguese?**

In order to strengthen our bonds with and better communicate with our fellow tertiaries in Central and South America, the Province needs volunteers who can write in these languages and/or translate them from or to English.

Please contact Janet Fedders and let her know what you can do to strengthen our international connections within the Province of the Americas.

a demonstration of Qi-Gong with meditation. One even featured small churches made out of clay, as a response to *Rebuild My Church*.

In addition to Chapter members, we had visitors from our First Orders and from the Ecumenical Franciscans. Our Bishop Protector, David Rice, was with us, along with our Minister General, John Hebenton. Several ministry leaders were also there: Tom Mariconda (Creation, Justice, Peace), Susan Pitchford (Director for Lifelong Formation), Cleveland Beach (Guardian of our Loving Community), Mark MacDonald (Indigenous Initiative), and Alicia Rauda (Coordinator of our Tercera Orden).

A special time of every Chapter is the approval of Profession for nominated novices. We had three this time around from the English-speaking parts of the Province: John Long, Mary Tarantini, and Joseph Pae. We also accepted six Professions from Brazil.

Jim Hagen (former Coordinator of our Tercera Orden) shared demographic data he has been gathering. One highlight is that our Province is growing quickly in Latin America; over a fifth of our current members are from Latin America, and close to half of those in Formation are in our Latino program.

Plans are underway for the next Inter-Provincial Third Order Chapter (our global governing body) in 2023 in England. The worldwide Order wants to increase our bonds across Provinces and to continue collaboration on lifelong formation and urgent challenges like the climate situation and indigenous rights.

If you want to delve into the business end of what we accomplished, Chapter minutes will go up on the website in December. Margaret Carney's remarks and Bishop David's reflections are already on our website for you. As for new directions taken up by Chapter, there was discussion of a Lenten event designed to take us deeper into being Franciscan on this earth. We also embraced the intention of opening up our Province to become tri-lingual in communications and in sharing our common lives and spirituality. ♦

Current Members of Chapter Province of the Americas

Officers

Janet Fedders, *Minister Provincial*

Charles McCarron, *Assistant Minister Provincial*

Jeff Gollhofer, *Assisting Minister Provincial for Sacred Ecology*

Lucinda Dyer, *Secretary*

Alison Saichuk, *Bursar*

David Rice, *Bishop Protector*

Humberto E. Maiztegui Gonçalves,
Regional Bishop Protector Brazil

Bro. Damien Joseph, *SSF Visitor*

Sr. Pamela Clare, *CSF Visitor*

Pastoral Officers

Richard Simpson, *Chaplain*

John Rebstock, *Formation Guardian*

Peter Stube, *Fellowship Guardian*

Chapter-elected Members

Desiree Archer

Claude Berkley

Edie Burkhalter

Celso Franco de Oliveira

William Graham

Josiah (Jotie) Noel

Janet Strickler

Nothing Can Deter the Generosity of TSSFers

By Alison Saichek
Bursar

We wrapped up another fiscal year as of September 30, 2021. It seems nothing can deter the generosity and dependability of TSSF members and Companions. A few highlights of the year:

- A special appeal for the Guarani tribespeople in Brazil was made in May, and the response was overwhelming. We raised over twice the amount requested.
- The Medical Mission Fund purchased and shipped an ultrasound machine to the Scarborough General Hospital in Tobago.
- The Schlegel Emergency Needs fund supported the health and safety of some tertiaries and their families.

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TSSF Province of the Americas Financial Summary 10/01/20 - 09/30/21

Fund Balances	10/1/2020	9/30/2021
Operating Fund	21,885.38	29,848.20
Savings Account & CD	126,298.22	161,550.99
JCFU Account	6,456.46	5,786.46
TOTAL FUNDS	154,640.06	197,185.65
Schlegel Urgent Needs Fund	-	21,044.66
Kay Miller Scholarship Fund	34,281.96	30,740.16
Medical Mission Fund	675.68	1,025.68
Guarani Appeal Funds		1,275.00
Tom Johnson Mission Fund	1,300.00	-
Memorials	2,189.74	2,057.74
Companions Funds	3,740.89	5,033.77
Reserve for ProvCon 20??	-	40,000.00
Reserve for IT Support	-	10,000.00
TOTAL RESTRICTED FUNDS	42,188.27	111,177.01
UNRESTRICTED FUNDS	112,451.79	86,008.64
Fiscal Year 2020-2021 As of 09/30/2021	Budget	Actual
Contributions	60,000.00	63,492.00
Other Income (Amazon Smile, Interest)	1,475.00	1,024.00
Total Operating Income	61,475.00	64,516.00
Operating Expenses		
Servants (Ministers, Chaplains, Officers)	25,050.00	13,947.00
Formation	2,900.00	58.00
Outreach (Support for other Orders & Organizations)	11,550.00	6,650.00
Communications	6,150.00	3,428.00
Meetings Chapter 2020	10,000.00	-
Overhead (Insurance, bank charges, website)	13,600.00	2,020.00
Total Operating Expenses	69,250.00	26,103.00
Income less Expenses	(7,775.00)	38,413.00

Generosity, cont. from p. 10

A reminder that the address for donations is:

*Alison Saichek, TSSF
17040 SE Naegeli Dr., Apt. 2
Portland OR 97236*

If you are making monthly payments through your bank, please doublecheck to make sure the bank has the new address.

- The Kay Miller Fund sponsored the “Knee on My Neck” presentation so all could benefit by it.
- The Companions took off like a rocket.
- The Memorials Fund is being used to plant trees through “One Tree Planted” in honor of members who die.
- The Rosary and Prayer Bead Society and its newsletter are practically self-sustaining now.



Update on Our Guarani Appeal

*By Janet Fedders
Minister Provincial*

In May, an appeal went out to all of you, detailing the opportunity to help the Guarani peoples of Southern Brazil. The appeal was tied to the work of our Brazilian Regional Minister, Antonio Terto. He had put forward a grant proposal for \$8,000 to help with educating and bringing back the language and traditional culture of the people. You responded.

Over \$16,000 was received. Our bursar was able to route the money to Terto through the Diocese of Pelotas in Rio Grande do Sul. We received a letter from the Bishop there, Bishop Meriglei Borges Silva Simim. She provided not only receipts for all the purchases that had been made, but also a listing of what they had been able to do with your donations.

They were able to buy a tractor with an attached cart for moving and transporting building materials, etc. And a car was found for Terto to get back and forth to the village from Pelotas, as well as for transporting the beautiful handwork of the Guarani to market for sale. They bought a printer, a notebook, and computers for the school. And building supplies for renovating the Central Building there, a structure that will house the school, among other things.

As Bishop Simim put it, *“The project’s recipients, very vulnerable people, thanks to the grant, will have access to resources that will certainly have a positive impact on a more dignified life. We are walking together with the Regional Education Coordination so that together we can advance further.”*

Of course, these words are wonderful to hear, but they have a special resonance for us, as she says: *We Are Walking Together*. This perfectly meshes with our Walk With Us initiative (Standing with the Indigenous and the video we produced)! This synchronicity points clearly to the work of the Holy Spirit, as I think you will agree.

Just to continue the idea of synchronicity, the latest Report from Franciscans International details the work they in turn are doing with the Guarani peoples in Mato Grosso do Sul (also in Brazil).

And, although not directed to the Guarani specifically, we also just received a statement from CIMI-Sul, an Indigenous Ministry Council in Southern Brazil, about land leasing there (a scam to take land away from the indigenous) and some of the natives who were murdered in that scheme. The Third Order is carefully considering a statement to stand with CIMI-Sul on this matter. So stay tuned for that.

We will continue to update you with more information on all this goodness in the months to come. Thank you for seeing Christ in these Guarani lives. And emptying your pockets accordingly. ♦

This synchronicity points clearly to the work of the Holy Spirit.

MILESTONES

Welcome the Newly Professed

Newly Professed

Mike Brown



"World peace, one cup of tea at a time."

Mike Brown is the second son of an Episcopal priest and grew up in an army town during the Vietnam War years in a large and loving household with six brothers. Mike retired in 2019 after a 40-year library career, most of them as a children's librarian with the Marcellus Central Schools, the same town he and his wife currently live in just west of Syracuse, New York. He is married to Janet Brown, professor of voice at Syracuse University Setnor School of Music. Mike and Janet have two grown children who live in the greater Syracuse area.

For the last eight years Mike has been involved with Hopeprint, Inc., a small refugee agency whose vision is to enable refugees to thrive through friendship and mutual mentorship. Most recently Mike has worked directly with asylum seekers who fled their homes in Africa to seek safety for themselves and their families in the United States. His personal motto is, "World peace, one cup of tea at a time."

Mike has a Master of Theology and Social Justice degree from Northeastern Seminary at Roberts Wesleyan College. He is a certified spiritual director, and he sees his ministry as living the presence of Christ among those at the fringes of society.



Newly Professed

John Long



My journey of faith has had many detours throughout my life, but a loving and patient Creator has always been ready to welcome back this prodigal son. I grew up in a suburb of Chicago and attended a Lutheran Church (LCA) every Sunday. I was active in Luther League, Summer Church Camp, and many other youth activities.

When I graduated from high school and attended a local community college, I quit going to church. After a year at the community college, I enlisted in the Army and found myself in the jungles of Vietnam (1967-68). After being discharged from the Army in 1969, I used the GI Bill to return to college and went on to attend graduate school. My wife and I met in 1970 and have been married for 51 years.

We decided to move to California after graduating from college and moved to the San Francisco Bay Area where we have lived for 38 years. For over 40 years of our marriage, we did not feel the need to be a part of a community of faith. We were both Union Representatives, and were very active helping people we represented in their personal and work lives.

Something Was Missing

I retired in 2005 and kept busy volunteering at a local hospital. When my wife retired in 2008, we moved to the Phoenix area. We

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John Long, cont. from p. 12

both felt a need to join a community of faith; “something was missing in our lives.” We were called by the Holy Spirit to the local Episcopal Church, and I began discernment with my parish priest to explore the call to either the diaconate or the Third Order. Living in California for most of my life, I had visited all 21 Franciscan Missions on the Camino Real numerous times, where I became interested in the Franciscans. Our retired rector was a TSSF brother, and I visited the TSSF website.

After I was certain about what God wanted me to do, I began Formation and have recently been professed. My Rule of Life, my virtual fellowship, my sisters and brothers in the Order, my spiritual director, TSSF mentors, and formation counselors all have become a part of my life and lifelong journey into the Franciscan charism. I aspire to live my life following in the footsteps of St. Francis and St. Clare, with humility, love and joy; to “preach the Gospel at all times, and when necessary, use words.”



Newly Professed

Joseph Pae



Joseph was born in South Korea and came to the States when he was fourteen. He finished high school in Southern California, attended the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, and completed his M. Div. degree at Yale in Connecticut. He has been ordained since 2003 and served in the various ministries of the Diocese of Long Island. Currently, he is rector of All Saints Church in Great Neck, New York. He is married to Prisca, who is also an Episcopal priest, and they have two children, Ethan (13) and Evelyn (10).

He enjoys traveling, and it has been a significant part of his life. He has driven across the country twice, from Philadelphia to Seattle and from Seattle to New Haven via Canada. Visiting new places and meeting new people have been exciting and rewarding experiences for him. He also likes walking and hiking, watching movies, Tai Chi/Qi Gong, playing guitar and violin, and writing icons.

He is interested in the contemplative tradition and mystics. He is drawn to the passion and joy of St. Francis and is looking forward to living out his call as a Christian, a priest, a father, a husband, and a brother in the frame of Franciscan spirituality within the wider community of TSSF. ♦

Can't wait to read
Treasures of the First 50 Years of the Franciscan Times,
 1971 - 2021?

Order your copy from Amazon today at
<https://tinyurl.com/f39ta2xk>.

Newly Professed

Mary Tarantini



*From an early age,
writing has been my
passion and my calling.*

Thirty years ago I fell in love with Saint Francis in a movie theater in Siena, Italy. I was studying in Florence in a college junior-year-abroad program. Between then and now, my life has been a journey full of joy and difficulties, as with many others. I am from southern New Jersey and, with the exception of my year in Italy, I have always lived here. I graduated from college with a degree in English and then studied at seminary for a Master of Arts in Theological Studies. I married and had three sons, Patrick, 27, Jamie, 20, and Jesse, 15. (They all have the same middle name. You guessed it—Francis!)

My boys have special needs ranging from mental health disorders, ADHD, and autism. During that first marriage I went back to school to obtain degrees so I could teach. I am now a high school English teacher, and I also taught special education for a number of years. As I mentioned, there were many difficulties, yet I found guidance and support through groups like Al-Anon and the family support organizations here in New Jersey. In 2010 my husband and I divorced. I remained single for seven years until I met my wonderful, loving husband, Michael.

I was raised Roman Catholic and thought I would always remain in the Church. In fact, I started to profess a number of years ago with the Secular Franciscans. However, I always felt like I was residing on the inside of the edge. There was so much in the Catholic Church I wanted to walk away from and so much I wanted to embrace. My conscience and searching led me to find an intentional Eucharist community within the Roman Catholic Women Priests Movement. In addition to being a member of this community, I also attend services with my husband, who joined our local Episcopal church after we were married.

From an early age, writing has been my passion and my calling. Seven years ago I started writing poetry. Since then my love of words and God have found expression in rhyme and stanza. I look forward to sharing this gift and my life with my TSSF brothers and sisters.

Devotion

A steady stream of force and motion
 Surges past my wooden pew
 Discharging what some call devotion
 Time reels — then follows through
 Devotion anchors faith and heeds
 Not one can float adrift
 Bury deep the tiny mustard seed
 Your deeds, your song, your soul He sifts
 May the oil in your lamp swell
 Have you heard?
 Emmanuel



Rest in Peace

Rest in Peace

Jonathan Steinhart

Professed 36 Years



From Spokesman-Review, Spokane, Washington

Jonathan Ralph Steinhart (age 74) passed away on August 7, 2021 while hiking near Moscow, Idaho. Jonathan was born the only child of Ralph and Helen Steinhart on June 12, 1947. Following graduation from the Pingry School of Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1965, he graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Amherst College. Following college, he completed a Master of Arts in Teaching degree at Harvard University, obtained his medical degree from Rutgers University-New Jersey Medical School, and a Master in Public Health degree from the University of Washington.

Trained as both a family physician and obstetrician/gynecologist, he joined the United States Public Health Service (USPH) in 1980, as a commissioned officer and retired with the rank of Captain in 2009. His longest term of duty was in Shiprock, New Mexico, where he lived and worked on the Navajo reservation for over twenty years, having served for a time as chief of the department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. After retiring from the USPH, he moved to Spokane where he worked as an urgent care physician, most recently with Concentra.

He married Ashley Shultz, Ph. D., of Spokane, in Durango, Colorado, in 2002.

Always active, he set records in track and field for both his high school and college teams. He loved the outdoors and hiked, skied, camped, and biked in the beautiful terrain of the South and Northwest. An Eagle Scout himself, he was an active leader for Troop 22 in Spokane. He enjoyed many outdoor activities with his Eagle Scout sons and other Boy Scouts.

He enjoyed musical activities, particularly singing, and he sang locally with Pages of Harmony, a barbershop chorus; Hubberstan Nonesuch, a madrigal performing group; and the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist in Spokane. He was active in Episcopal Church for most of his adult life and was a member of St. John's Cathedral.

Both his parents and Dr. Steinhart had a long relationship with a mission community in Port Au Prince, Haiti. Many years ago he and his family developed a supportive relationship with a young Haitian boy, Willex Roger, who now teaches at the Union School in Port Au Prince.

He is survived by his wife and his twin sons, Jordan and Andrew.



Remembrances by three TSSF tertiaries follow.

cont. on page 16

*Rest in Peace, Jonathan
Steinhart, cont. from p. 15*

Finn Pond

*Finn Pond offered this eulogy at
St. John's Cathedral in Spokane,
Washington, at Jonathan's
Memorial Service, August 20.*

A very consistent, almost insistent, ethos of service and prayer.

My name is Finn Pond, and I am a professed member of the Third Order of the Society of St. Francis. It was through this religious Order that I came to know Jonathan.

I was excited when I first learned that Jonathan and his family were moving to Spokane. I had never met or spoken with him, but I knew that he, like me, was a professed member of the Third Order. For years I had been the only member of our Order in this region, but now another Franciscan was coming to Spokane, and I was thrilled.

That was 12 years ago and the beginning of an active Franciscan fellowship group in Spokane. Since then, we have met every month, almost without exception and taken annual retreats together. We have shared meals, studied together, shared the happy and sad experiences of our lives, and worked side-by-side on community projects. Those times spent with Jonathan showed him to be a man of deep faith, a person motivated by a sincere desire to follow Jesus in the way of love.

Jonathan had a long history with the Order. In June of 1980, while living and working in Oklahoma, he participated in a Cursillo weekend. There he met Masud Ibn Syedullah, at that time a novice in the Order and convener of a Third Order fellowship group. Their friendship developed as Masud shared with Jonathan the nature of Franciscan spirituality and the discipline of the Third Order. What Jonathan learned about following Jesus in the way of St. Francis resonated with his desire to live a deeper and more intentional Christian life, and that led him to apply for postulancy and begin the process of discernment. He took his vows of profession in October of 1985.

Throughout his Franciscan journey, wherever his work took him, Jonathan sought out other members of the Order and became active in local Third Order fellowship groups, at times taking on the roles of fellowship convener and formation counselor. For Jonathan, the Third Order was a central pillar of his faith journey.

The Jonathan that we in the Third Order remember and carry in our hearts displayed a gentle humility, abundant generosity, and a joyful spirit. He was someone who recognized and celebrated the goodness in God's Creation, seeing in Creation the outpouring of God's love. Jonathan's faith was characterized both by action and contemplation, as he relentlessly sought to grow ever deeper in his relationship with God and to be a tangible expression of God's love in the world. One member of our fellowship group said of Jonathan, "He had a very consistent, almost insistent, ethos of service and prayer." All of which speaks to his Franciscan heart.

Jonathan's Work Among the Navajo

Jonathan's work as a physician with the Public Health Service led to
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Rest in Peace, Jonathan Steinhart, by Finn Pond, cont. from p. 16

He was known and respected by people on the reservation. They said he had "sticky feet" because he came and stayed with them. Carol [Tookey] notes that when St. Francis reflected on the time he spent living and working with lepers, he said, "I made mercy with them." Jonathan came among the Navajo and "made mercy with them."

a position with the Indian Health Service in Shiprock, New Mexico. There he continued a Franciscan journey of love and service. The Rev. Carol Tookey, a social worker and member of the Third Order, knew Jonathan during his time in Shiprock. She noted that her clients could rarely tell her who their doctor was because doctors came and went so often—they came to help pay off student loans, but left when their obligation was over. But Jonathan stayed and cared for women's healthcare needs for more than twenty years. He

was a person known and respected by people on the reservation. They said he had "sticky feet" because he came and stayed with them. Carol notes that when St. Francis reflected on the time he spent living and working with lepers, he said, "I made mercy with them." Jonathan came among the Navajo and "made mercy with them."

Many in the Order remember his love of music and singing, which he shared with us. I will carry with me the memory of Jonathan, in his deep and richly resonant voice, singing the hymn *Ubi Caritas*, a hymn traditionally sung on Maundy Thursday when the Church commemorates Jesus taking on the role of a servant to wash the disciples' feet. The hymn calls us to lives of love and service to others, two hallmarks of Franciscan spirituality. The liturgy used when taking Third Order vows, and for renewing those vows each year, includes the singing of this hymn, the chorus of which is "*Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est*"—"Where charity and love prevail there our God is found."

Indeed, Jonathan's life was marked by charity, love, and service, and in him God was found.



Beth Harris *The Sacred Ordinary*

Monday morning I saw an email, opened it, and was stunned to read, "Jonathan Steinhart died." I had to read it again for it to sink in. Then I cried. I have been Jonathan's Area Chaplain through two cycles of annual reports, and I was shocked and devastated at this news. He was a very spiritual man, and in this year's report, he said something about the "sacred ordinary." That phrase really hit me, and we talked about it via emails. He suggested I watch "Our Town" (the Thornton Wilder play), saying that the ending addressed the sacred ordinary. Netflix had it, so I watched it, and Jonathan was right; the ending blew me away. And it's so true—we have "sacred ordinary moments" every day, but we get so caught up in our busyness that we pay no attention to them.

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RIP Jonathan Steinhart, by Beth Harris, cont. from p. 17

Monday night I felt led to read a chapter in the book *Love Heals* by Becca Stevens. Part of the last sentence in that chapter was: “When we look with new eyes at this incredible gift of Creation, we can find the sacred in the ordinary...” When I read that, my eyes immediately filled with tears. I don’t believe in coincidences. I know that I was led to read that chapter that very night, and I also felt compelled to write this.

Jonathan had great insight, and I will always be grateful that he opened my eyes to the “sacred ordinary” of life. Life is so very fragile, and we should strive to see each moment as sacred. I am deeply saddened by his death, and my heart goes out to his wife and family, especially his sons, and his friends. My sadness is tempered, though, with the knowledge that Jonathan is now living an extraordinary sacred life with our Lord. May God’s peace embrace all who loved him.



Dianne Lowe *A Franciscan who showed many what it means to be a Franciscan.*

Yesterday, my friend died.*

(I wasn’t his closest friend.)

He was my brother in the Franciscan Order.

He was faithful, he was a servant leader, a mentor, a Franciscan who showed many what it means to be a Franciscan.

He was a physician, a healer, one who listened with his whole being.

He always welcomed me to meetings.

He cared about this earth.

He loved to walk Moscow Mountain in Idaho. Perhaps it reminded him of Brother Francis walking the hills of Assisi.

His friends went looking and found him.

They found him lying on his side, peaceful.

One of his friends cradled his head, made the sign of the cross, said Psalm 23; then said goodbye.

Jonathan, may the Holy Angels who have escorted you into glory take you anywhere you want to go—to see and hear what earthly eye and human ears could not have thought or imagined.

Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into joy....



* The last sentence of this tribute is particularly poignant because three months later Dianne herself died, on November 18. We will include an article about her in the Spring issue of The Franciscan Times.

Rest in Peace

"Jesus, Remember Me"

By Jonathan Steinhart

Reprint of an article first
printed in Anglicans Online,
July 22, 2007

*Once when Jesus was praying in private
and his disciples were with him,*

he asked them, "Who do the crowds say that I am?"

*They replied, "Some say John the Baptist; others say Elijah;
and still others, that one of the prophets of long ago,
has come back to life."*

Luke 9:18-19

On Thursday evening, September 21, 1972, I left the apartment I shared with two other first-year medical students and turned onto Clinton Avenue in Newark, New Jersey. It was 5:30 in the evening and Mass started at six. It was the first day of fall, and the light and leaves had begun their subtle changes, even in the city. Thirty years earlier these streets had been an ethnic ghetto, Italian, and Jewish, Phillip Roth's neighborhood. Today, almost all the faces I passed were black.

The streets bustled. Kids played on the sidewalks. Teenage boys hung together on the corner. Middle-aged women exited the grocery store. An old man leaned against the wall and sipped something from a brown bag. "These folks will soon be my patients," I thought. "Great!"

I held my head high with the invincibility and confidence of youth and the idealism and naiveté of a fledgling medical student. I had finally made it. Three years after graduating from college with an English degree, I had finished my pre-med requirements, while teaching high school in Boston, and, with a little luck and some powerful prayers, had been admitted to medical school.

I was headed for Mass, but I was not Roman Catholic. On my way to church, I reflected on the twists of faith that brought me to the streets of Newark this fall evening....

As a boy, I had been confirmed in the Methodist church in nearby Roselle, New Jersey. My parents were active in church life: Sunday school superintendent, church treasurer, choir. I had been through every grade of Sunday school and flown on eagle's wings to the highest rank in Scouting from the church troop. I knew the Nicene Creed and the Boy Scout Oath by memory.

I had spent time in Newark in high school, when my parents took an unusual religious turn. My mother, a primary school teacher, met some African-American women from Newark at a teacher's conference. They invited her to their church, which was called Deliverance.

Deliverance held services in an old movie theater, 800 seats and always full. After the staid Methodist Sunday service in Roselle, we went to Deliverance in the evening. We were one of a small handful of white families. "Here comes Sister Steinhart and her family," Pastor Skinner would say. The choir rocked. Every Sunday was Pentecost. "Thank you, Jesus." "You tell'em, Pastor." "Glory fits" and "dancing in the Spirit." I was scared but fascinated.

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RIP Jonathan Steinhart, "Jesus, Remember Me," cont. from p. 19

Before I left for college, I was “prayed up” at Deliverance, and, for the first couple of years, my faith held. By my junior year other priorities, academics, or sleep, seemed more important on Sunday morning.

After college, I moved to Boston and my faith revived, as I was exposed to another expression of the Spirit, liturgy. I had an Irish-Catholic girlfriend, and we went to the Paulist Center on the Common. In those heady ecumenical days, I would take communion. My mother, seeing my leanings toward Roman Catholicism, gave me a copy of Thomas Merton’s *Seven Storey Mountain*, and I devoured it like Easter candy.

My final year in Boston, my girlfriend and I broke up; my students became unruly, and getting into medical school proved harder than I thought. Good fortune did not come to me so easily anymore; I was getting my first taste of adult life, and I stopped going to church.

That summer I was accepted in medical school and moved back to New Jersey. My parents were thrilled to have me close to home again. Before school started, we made a visit to Deliverance. It had prospered and moved to a former Jewish synagogue with a golden dome, not far from my new lodgings. Pastor Skinner greeted me warmly and prayed for the challenges ahead for me.

I was very thankful to be in Newark in medical school, and, with my new life before me, I wanted to open my life to God again. In Boston I had resonated with the symbolism of the Mass, the words of Merton, and the candlelight of liturgy. This seemed like a good place to begin, so a couple of weeks after school started, I attended Mass at a Roman Catholic Church, which turned out to be literally across the street from Deliverance. Afterwards, I chatted with the priest, and he invited me to return on Thursday evening for Mass and dinner afterwards...

I enjoyed the service and dinner, a welcome break from routine study. After dinner, I stood at the door of the rectory and bade the Father good evening. It was almost dark. There was a chill in the air. No one was on the street; no cars were to be seen. The streetlights cast long shadows. Before I crossed the street, I looked up at the cross on the steeple behind me and then across the street to the golden dome of Deliverance.

Two young men appeared, out of nowhere, and approached me in the middle of the street. They had been hiding in the shadows. They were boys really, maybe 16 or 17. I could not see their faces well in the twilight. The taller one said, “You come with us.” I did not see his .38 revolver. I did not know what they wanted, probably to rob me, but flight came before fight. I turned to run, and he fired, point blank.

I went down. The boys ran. I put my hand on my hip: blood. Somehow, with the power of adrenaline, I made it back to the rectory door, banged on it, and collapsed. The priest called an ambulance from Martland, the teaching hospital of the medical school. With sirens whining, off we went.

“Is this Mr. Steinhart?” “Yes.” “Jonathan’s father?” “Yes.” “This is Father M... your son has been shot. He has been taken to Martland.” What did my parents think when they received that call, that their only son was shot? They told me afterward they prayed, and then called Thelma, a middle-aged black teacher, a member of Deliverance, and friend of the family. “Thelma,” my father said, “Jonathan’s been shot. Pray for him and meet us at Martland.”

I lay on a stretcher in the ER, and IV, blood work, and X-rays were ordered. The bullet had gone through my hip into my abdomen. There was blood in my urine, and I could not move my right leg. The bullet had missed major vessels, but it could have entered the bowel, bladder, or the spine. I would need exploratory surgery. The last thing I remember before they took me into the operating room was Thelma’s strong and faith-filled voice saying a prayer.

There was silence for a long time. Some time after 4 a.m. I awoke in the recovery room. I moved and felt a searing pain in my abdomen at the incision site, but I could move all my limbs. I was alive, and the nurse told me I would be all right.

I lay there in a sweet state, still feeling the after-effects of anesthesia. In an hour or so, I could see the first light of dawn through the window, then pink and gold, and the sun rose. For everyone else, it was just another day; but, for me, it was the rest of my life.

I had dodged the bullet of death. It had just nicked the colon, which was repaired with a few stitches. I was very lucky. I recuperated for a week at my

cont. on page 21

RIP Jonathan Steinhart, "Jesus, Remember Me," cont. from p. 20

parent's home. The first few days were golden. Every meal tasted like haute cuisine, and the sun rose every day just for me. In about a week, I was back to school.

My assailants were never apprehended. It is likely, given the dismal statistics for young black men in urban ghettos, then and now, that I have long outlived them. I became streetwise from my experience and never walked the city streets again without some specter of fear. Throughout medical school, I hung on to the fringes of the church. From time to time, I would sit in the back of a church for Saturday night Mass. I continued my slow dance with God, flirting on the edge of real faith.

I finished medical school and moved to Louisiana for my residency. A close friend, an Episcopal priest, visited, and we went to a service at the local Episcopal Church, St. Michael's. My faith, grounded in the Bible-based faith of my youth, nurtured through my exposure to Roman Catholicism, was open to this new expression of worship, which seemed to hold the Word and liturgy in creative tension.

I began to attend St. Michael's. At first, I was an observer, standing at the door, peering through the window at the feast within. I became more active. I sang in the choir, went to potlucks, attended two series of Inquirer's classes, but could not bring myself to join. I stumbled through the Creed. I started to take communion.

One day, the rector asked me what I believed about Jesus. "I'm not sure," I said. "If you're not sure, you shouldn't take communion," he replied. I felt affronted. My beliefs were personal. Wasn't everyone welcome at the table? I told my parents. They agreed with the rector. I stopped taking communion, but continued to attend.

In the spring of my final year of residency, I worked in the emergency room of Charity Hospital, New Orleans. It had a very busy ER, lots of stabbings and shootings, just like Martland. I was on duty one warm Saturday night in May, when, about 10 p.m. a stretcher quickly rolled off the ambulance into the trauma room, where the ER team waited. I noted a few policemen standing outside the room. I later learned that the patient had pulled a gun and been shot by the police in a drug raid.

On the stretcher lay a young white man, about thirty, tall and thin. He had a disheveled look, patchy beard, a few tattoos, and the appearance of a prodigal son who was still feeding the pigs. His pale face matched the sheet, which was stained red at the chest level, where the bullet had penetrated.

"Call the O.R. stat!" someone said.

The young man looked up anxiously at the faces of the ER team who worked on him. IV, blood work, X-Rays were ordered.

"Am I going to die?" he asked.

Silence, and then one of the nurses spoke, "You'll be fine. They're taking you to surgery."

He looked to the ceiling and said, "Jesus, I never should have left you. God forgive me." This thief on the cross was whisked to the operating room: he died on the table.

Over the next few days, I was deeply shaken. I remembered my own shooting and its more fortunate outcome. The young man seemed a shadow of myself. No, I had never been a drug pusher, a thief, or a murderer. But if sin is selfishness, I was guilty in spades: toward my parents, my close relationships, toward the world. I had been spared and still supped at life's banquet. Was I living in a way that fully honored my Redemption? No, and on my own effort, I never would.

Like Samuel, since I was a child, God had been calling me, and like Samuel, I was slow to heed the call. He would advance, and I would retreat. I flirted, even danced with God, as though I were the leader and He the follower, an ungainly dance at best, two steps forward and one step backward. Now it was time to let God lead and I, the reluctant catechumen, follow. When the Bishop visited our parish a few months later, I surrendered to His call, was confirmed, and joyfully communed.

"But what about you?" he asked.

"Who do you say that I am?"

Peter answered, "The Christ of God."

Luke 9:20



Rest in Peace

Rest in Peace

Lucille Marshall

Professed 15 Years



We are grateful to Brenda Mae Stewart for sending us a recording of Lucille Marshall's funeral service, which is the basis for this remembrance.

Lucille Marshall was “like balm in Gilead,” said The Rev. Franklyn Jackson, who conducted her requiem service on October 13, 2021, at Roman’s Funeral Chapel in Jamaica. It was an apt metaphor: the balm of Gilead was a rare perfume with soothing powers, and as he reminisced about her, it became clear that theirs was a rare friendship. She was “more than a friend,” to him, and Father Jackson turned to her often for the support she gave him.

At first, he admitted frankly, “I took a shining to her because she seemed like such a peaceful, gentle lady, and I was such a loudmouth.”

He recalled meeting her after celebrating his first Eucharist at the parish. She welcomed him and said, “You could be my son.” “Well, take me then,” he replied, “and she did just that. So the relationship we had was not a pastor/member one, and that was very endearing to me. She was always looking out for me and seeing to my well-being.”

Visibly moved by her passing, Father Jackson recounted how he and his entire family were “bawling” together in his home at the news of her death, until his six-year-old granddaughter announced, “All this crying has given me a big headache. I know what will make it better. Make a milkshake and give it to me and that will make it better.”

She was “like balm in Gilead.”

It was clear that no one will be able to replace Lucille in his family’s affections, and we surmise it is the same with everyone in their church community.

May she rest in peace, knowing how dearly she was loved on this earth.



Rest in Peace

Father Edwin Lewis

Professed 9 Years

We have received notice that Father Edwin Lewis has died. He was the parish priest of St. Silas, Kurutuka Village, Upper Cuyuni River in Guyana. He was professed in 2012 as a member of the Third Order.

We regret that no additional information has been submitted concerning Father Lewis.

*May his soul
and the souls of all the faithful departed
rest in peace.*

Amen.



BOOK REVIEWS

Book Review

Soul Training with the Peace Prayer of St. Francis

Review by Troubadours of the Light and Poverello Fellowships

Book by Albert Haase, OFM, Franciscan Media (2020), ppk. \$12.49 and also Kindle and Audiobook

Our Book Study group is a fellowship that crosses time zones from Pennsylvania, Arizona, Oklahoma, Montana, and California. The group includes two internet fellowships, with individuals from various levels of Franciscan formation from postulancy to profession.

Yet, through using the book's discussion reflections, we have each grown into our understanding and practice of living the Franciscan Way as expressed through the Peace Prayer of St. Francis. Though written from a Roman Catholic perspective, this book on living the Franciscan life can be used by any Christian.

Each chapter includes turning towards the deep peace of walking in a path of Francis's faith. Following a forward by Murray Bodo, eleven chapters reflect the message of St. Francis and living and dying into this love as expressed through the Peace Prayer. We learned that when we empathize with others through faith, hope, and love, we are living into our Franciscan journey.

The Peace Prayer book has taken each of us into a deeper and deeper level of prayer, from our hearts. Through hearing from one another, we become affirmed in our faith. Interestingly, we didn't use the questions provided at the end of each chapter. The facilitator for each week presented the topic chosen for its relevance to the chapter, which then was opened to the entire group for discussion and sharing.

We conclude with this feedback from the Book Study group:

The Peace Prayer Book has taken each of us into a deeper and deeper level of prayer, from our hearts.

It is not what I expected. What I expected was to just talk about the Peace Prayer. Each chapter took us deeper and deeper by hearing the insights of one another. Through these in-depth sharings, we grew closer together as a community, deeper into our own faith, and deeper into our Franciscan calling. Without having this opportunity to meet on Zoom, we would never have grown in our faith as we have. The use of these reflection discussions resulted in us growing by hearing the voices of others in the fellowship. Put simply, this book is for everyone.



Review by Dave Scheider

Inspired! Fr. Albert Haase takes us on a panoramic tour into the human drama using the verses of the Prayer attributed to St. Francis. With each phrase of the prayer, Fr. Haase opens up a dimension of human pain and invites us to see the lives of those who have not only suffered but found spiritual freedom. Most interesting to me as a tertiary are the stories from Francis's life that illustrate how this great saint emptied himself of all privilege and power in order to be transformed by the suffering. In this volume, the reader encounters real people's stories, including the author's, the examples of numerous saints, and the spiritual principles that lead to a life of joy in following Jesus. ♦

A Prayer for Uncertain Times

by Kathyann Corl

Author's Note:

I had been asked to share the Closing Prayer we used during a book study of Soul Training with the Peace Prayer of Saint Francis. We were studying Chapter 6, "Where there is despair there is hope." After hearing this prayer, our convener, The Rev. Chris Ledyard, suggested sending it to The Franciscan Times.

Lord, today we have reflected on the fear and anguish of the people of Gubbio living in fear of the wolf. Yet these are times when we find ourselves dealing with a virus that we are facing and cannot fully understand.

While our questioning is not as tangible as the people of Gubbio, we are filled with ponderings and a sense of confusion and fear, since we do not know what to expect next. At a time when we experience so much division, we continue to find ourselves as a community having challenges in being able to treat our brothers and sisters with Love.

Lord, as Francis was able to speak to the soul of the wolf, we ask that you be with us at this time. Walk with us when we are uncertain, prepare our hearts to be open to the guidance that you desire to give us. Offer to each of us opportunities to begin opening up doors that we have been blind to see and to embrace the hope that you are offering us each day.

Fill us with your presence, that walking with you, we may know the peace that you can give us each day. Let us hold inside of ourselves the peace from the heavens that you are calling us to embrace as we walk the path of St. Francis.



Book Review

Motivos: The Life of St. Francis

Review by Pamela Mooman

*Book by Gabriela Mistral
Bilingual edition and English
translation by Elizabeth Horan
2013 by Bilingual Press/Editorial
Bilingüe ISBN: 978-1-931010-93-1*

The provided definition of a *motivo*, as with any explanation or definition, sounds detached and analytical. According to the note about this edition at the beginning of the book, "A *motivo* is a 'contemplated reality' that sparks a poetic idea and sentimental commentary that are channeled into prose or verse. The *motivo* arises from a meditative reverie." However, this volume is anything but detached. It is searing, soaring, and opulent, with images that make the heart ache from the beauty of it all.

Gabriela Mistral (1889-1957), a Chilean poet, diplomat, educator, feminist, and the first Latin American to win the Nobel Prize in Literature, was a Third Order Lay Franciscan (Roman Catholic) who was outspoken, bold, and mysterious. Her love for St. Francis and his experiences and values was deeply rooted in her soul.

Her 1965 collection of *motivos* about the saint and his life are snapshots of a sort. They resemble observations from one standing back a short distance, one who is a friend of the subject and who wants to share their affection for the friend with others.

These brief reflections, an exquisite blend of poetry and prose, explore St. Francis's perceptions, his body, and those close to him with a startling sensuality that compels attention.

Mistral seems to ask, "What is beauty?" In the *motivo* entitled "Precious Stones," she tells a story of St. Francis's eyes turning into beautiful stones. "In their

These brief reflections, an exquisite blend of poetry and prose, explore St. Francis's perceptions, his body, and those close to him with a startling sensuality that compels attention. Mistral seems to ask, "What is beauty?"

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Motivos, cont. from p. 24



Chilean poet, diplomat, educator, feminist, Nobel-prize winner, and Third Order Franciscan Gabriela Mistral appears on a Chilean postage stamp.

reflection,” she writes, “they recognized the roses, the round white lambs, the birds, the roads. They turned them about, and the whole earth passed through them.”

Such beauty as Mistral is trying to write about is arresting. It is pure essence, and the work of anyone trying to capture it is about overcoming inadequate words to capture sublimity. Often, Mistral succeeds. Though some poetry is beautiful in itself, poetry’s ultimate purpose is to send readers into uncharted realms, to take them on journeys far away from familiar shores. They refresh the reader’s viewpoint, like dew restoring a thirsty landscape.

In Mistral’s hands, the Bible becomes a floral fantasy: “...the Gospel, that red dahlia of the New Testament.” St. Francis’s voice changes into “...ointment that poured forth, relieving the sore” of lepers. Not surprisingly, she makes parallels between St. Francis and Christ throughout.

The *motivo* entitled “Naming Things” brings to mind Ursula K. LeGuin’s stunning short work “She Unnames Them,” a fantastical reverie about Eve unnamming God’s creation, removing labels that hamper freedom. Here, Mistral praises St. Francis for his ability to look below the surface and reach into the heart of God’s creatures, where fire becomes robust and water is lovingly acknowledged as humble and chaste.

“Sun, fire, and the earth’s dark furrow are but sisters, three different beauties, each of them perfect. Water is mystic like crystal: it forgets itself in the clear fountain. And like few lovers, you received the gift of knowing how to bestow names, precious names, on the world’s creatures. The world’s creatures loved you, Francis, not just for your saintliness but because they liked your naming them precisely, neither spoiling nor being stingy with them.”

She offers the same attention to flowers. In “Frostbitten Rose,” she tells of St. Francis laying a rose, not warmed enough to fully open, on his chest to give it warmth. She describes the slow opening of the bud, “...the happiest fate of being a rose.”

“So did Francis learn that when the last petal is about to loosen, the song of the flower is heard, the word of fullness. That word is so soft that hearing it requires a stopped pulse. It is the praise of the rose.”

Some of the *motivos* take on the form of dialogues with St. Francis, in which he teaches her important values. She ponders his mother, tells stories of his birth, and meditates on his childhood. Mistral even explores the nature of his garment in “The Robe.”

...poetry’s ultimate purpose is to send readers into uncharted realms, to take them on journeys far away from familiar shores.

“If you had tossed it onto the hyena, sister to Gubbio’s wolf, she would have become sleepy, feeling its tepid warmth spread over her back.”

Although beautiful images and strings of words are tucked throughout this rich volume, the most poignant and intensely beautiful piece is the final one. It is called simply “The Wolf in Heaven,” and it is told from the viewpoint of the Wolf of Gubbio. Though infused with St. Francis’s love and tenderness, the creature never lost his wildness for all that. As he aged and his limbs grew stiff, he wandered from town to the woods and waited

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Motivos, cont. from p. 25

for St. Francis at the spot where he had given the saint his paw in a loving truce for eternity.

"I faced morning after morning for you until I realized that we would never see each other again in these places, divided between forests and cities. Then I went off to lie on the grass of our first meeting and let myself grow cold under the stars."

With this final *motivo*, the eyes moisten and the heart softens. Warm love blends with deep, hot grief about the transitory nature of even the most beautiful things here in this life, in this creation. The ultimate comfort, though, is that God alone remains.

"The people of Agubbio found me silver with frost, and when I saw them pick me up lovingly and take me to church, I barked a thunderclap at them before running toward the stars."

Amen.



Book Review

Motivos: La vida de San Francisco

Una revision por Pamela Mooman

Translation by Iván R. Díaz Buxeda

Edición bilingüe y traducción del inglés por Elizabeth Horan, 2013 Bilingual Press/Editorial Bilingüe ISBN: 978-1-931010-93-1.

La definición provista de un motivo como una explicación o definición suena detallada y analítica. De acuerdo a la nota de esta edición al comienzo del libro, un motivo es una "realidad contemplativa" que enlaza una idea poética y un comentario sentimental que es analizado en prosa o verso. El motivo que emana o surge de una meditación. Sin embargo, este asunto puede ser detectado. Puede ser atraído con imágenes que son misteriosas. Su amor por San Francisco y sus experiencias y valores no pueden ser cuestionados.

Gabriela Mistral (1889-1957), una poeta chilena, diplomática, educadora y feminista fue la primera mujer latinoamericana en ganar el Premio Nobel en Literatura y una terciaria franciscana de la Iglesia Católica Romana fue una exponente del amor de San Francisco y sus experiencias y valores no pueden ser cuestionados.

Su colección de 1965 de motivos acerca del Santo y su vida con ciertos acercamientos. Se resumen en una observación desde cierta distancia. Al acercarse al asunto y querer compartir el afecto de un amigo con otras personas.

Esta breve reflexión es una exquisita mezcla de poesía y prosa que explora la percepción de San Francisco, su cuerpo y los más cercanos a él con una sensualidad que compele su atención.

Mistral pregunta, ¿qué es bello? En el motivo titulado "Piedras preciosas", ella dice una historia de San Francisco de sus ojos que se convierten en piedras maravillosas "En su reflexión", ella escribe, "ellos reconocen las rosas, los caminos, los pajaros y el ambiente". Ellos se tornan acerca de toda la Tierra que pasa a través de ella.

Tal belleza como Mistral trata de escribir de su arresto. Eso es pura esencia y el trabajo de cualquiera tratando de capturar acerca de sus pobres palabras para capturarlo sublimemente. Mistral tiene éxito. Con la poesía tiene su último propósito para enviar a los

cont. on page 27

*Motivos, translation by Buxeda,
cont. from p. 26*

lectores un mensaje real para tomarlos en un viaje hacia el exterior. Eso refresca al lector en su punto de vista como un paisaje.

En las manos de Mistral, la Biblia se convierte en una fantasía floral, el evangelio propio del Nuevo Testamento. San Francisco es la voz que cambia el sentido relevante a las cosas. No es algo sorprendente, ella hace un paralelo entre San Francisco y Cristo.

El motivo titulado “Nombrando Cosas” viene a la mente de Ursula K. Le Guin’s en su corto trabajo “Que es nombrado” una aventura fantástica acerca de la creación de Dios que remueven etiquetas que buscan la libertad. Aquí Mistral expone la habilidad de San Francisco para mirar a la superficie y alcanzar el corazón de Dios a las criaturas, donde el fuego es robusto y el agua es amable y dulce.

“El sol, fuego y la tierra son hermanas, tres diferentes bellezas cada cual perfecta. El agua es mística como el cristal, se olvida a sí misma en la fuente clara”.

Algunos amantes han recibido el regalo de conocer los nombres sobre las criaturas. La criatura mundial te ama, Francisco no sólo es su santidad porque a sido llamado.

Ella ofrece la misma atención a las flores. En la “Rosa Prohibida”, ella dice de San Francisco dejando una rosa sobre el pecho. Ella describe la apertura y la alegría de ser una rosa.

Francisco aprende cuando el último pétalo puede perderse, la canción de una flor es escuchada, el mundo de la totalidad. La palabra es blanda y se escucha un pulso. Es el tono de la rosa.

Algunos de los motivos tomados en forma de diálogos con San Francisco en el cual él enseña a ella valores importantes. Ella pone a su madre , cuentos de su nacimiento y meditación sobre su niñez.

Amén.



Book Review

*True Tales from My Time
in Tanzania: A Missionary's
Story, by Donna Fuller, 2019*

*Review by Peter
Prewandowski*

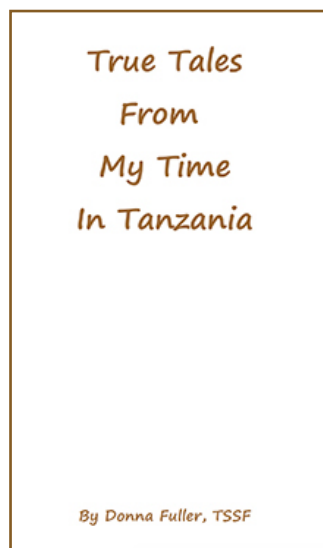
It was the Muslim holiday of Eid al-Adha, so when the family across the street came to my door with a tray filled with specially prepared foods, I took it gladly, thanked them profusely, and then later bragged about my rich multicultural experience, which included Googling the Arabic words “Ramadan Mubarak”... and eating.

Was that a true multicultural experience? Perhaps, to some, it was. Yet it seems to pale in comparison to Donna Fuller’s three years of service in Tanzania. She accepted the call to share her skills as a nurse but soon discovered the joy and wonder of learning, growing, and sharing in the lives of those she came to serve. Dodoma, the city where she served, is peopled with Muslims, Christians, Hindus, Sikhs, and many others of various tribal briefs. She embraced it all with humility and joy.

Donna writes not only of the cultural and religious differences she encountered but of the political differences as well. At the time,

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True Tales, cont. from p. 27



Tanzania was a socialist country, and many of the freedoms and attitudes we take for granted were nowhere in sight. This she accepted as she followed the Lord's calling.

Hers is a story filled with curiosity, discovery, wonder, adventure, and miracles, as well as a clear sense of mission and duty. Learning as well as teaching, receiving as well as giving, are the marks of any good missionary, and to read Donna's story, one comes away confident that she fit the bill in every way.

Her sharing is sincere and down to earth, and the picture she gives us of mission work is clear and heartfelt. Whether caring for infants and their mothers or teaching sewing to handicapped girls, we see in Donna a woman who is focused on her purpose and intent on giving, as well as receiving, all that her time in Tanzania had to offer.

Donna's story touches me personally because I too served as a missionary in the same diocese. I never got the opportunity to meet her because my term of service as a teacher, in the diocesan English medium school, was concluding just as Donna's was beginning. I never knew of her service there until I read her memoir.

I encourage you to do the same. We don't get enough opportunities to meet such dedicated Christians, yet we owe it to ourselves, and to them, to hear their stories. Treat yourself to a reading of *True Tales from My Time in Tanzania*. You'll find what it is to have a truly rich multicultural experience, and you won't need to Google anything in order to do it.



Review by Terry Rogers

In my years of working as a community health nurse, and also after retirement, I've always felt a special kinship with other nurses (of which there happen to be many in TSSF). When I agreed to review this booklet of memories from Donna Fuller, I didn't know she had been a nurse (actually you never stop being a nurse). So that discovery was a pleasant surprise.

She starts out like a nurse giving a report (on herself) at the change of shift, with her name, age (88), and location (South Dakota). What follows is her movement from hospice work in Hawaii, to her calling to be a missionary in Tanzania, followed by another mission assignment on a Sioux reservation in South Dakota.

She briefly describes this arc of ministry, interspersed with her calling to TSSF, her formation and profession, and her perseverance as the only tertiary in South Dakota for many, many years.

A good part of the booklet contains stories taken from her time in Tanzania, where she taught not only sewing to disabled people but also rural agriculture. She worked on public sanitation, prenatal checkups, and baby vaccinations. Her stories are down to earth, straightforward, and varied. She writes about living in a Muslim country, Easter in an African village, hospitality, and adventures on the road.

cont. on page 29

True Tales, cont. from p. 28

Part of her story, and part of the arc of her ministry, is her stepping down from different levels of service in South Dakota as she gets older and progressively more disabled. She asks, “So how has aging changed my ministry? It has changed from an active doing ministry, to and for others, to a slowed-down, listening-and-praying one.”

So how has aging changed my ministry? It has changed from an active doing ministry to a slowed-down, listening-and-praying one.

I believe that living in other cultures, using her nursing skills for individuals, families and communities, and her commitment to a life of prayer — all these experiences have helped show her, and can inspire us to see, how many, many ways there are for us to love our neighbors.

For those of us who are getting to be seriously old, it can be humbling to slow down, listen and pray. Donna writes, “I am here with God and St. Francis, and it’s okay.”

POEM / PRAYER

Labyrinth Prayer for the Journey

by Alice Baird

Alone in Your sight
at the labyrinth’s mouth I stand:
let it swallow me
as I enter here the circle,

*enter with humility,
enter with penitence,
enter with grace,*

this path to what is holy,
sacred center,
Spirit of God.
At each turn let fall my sins,

*fall from my heart,
fall from my mind,
fall from my anguished soul:*

I here abandon them.

Lord, the way to You is neither straight
nor easily discerned—
I turn and turn again,

cont. on page 30

*Labyrinth Prayer for the
Journey, cont. from p. 29*

*turn from my desires,
turn from grief,
turn from guilt.*

There are times I wander,
almost aimlessly,
and times I think that I am
almost close to finding You,

*close to Your mercy,
close to Your mind,
close to Your will,*

and then I turn again, away.
Walk with me, Lord, walk with me
along these paths, away from sin,
towards the center,

*center of knowing,
center of believing,
center of eternal love.*

Here let me linger
in the heart of the Mystical Rose
before You send me out again
on a new journey,

*journey of faith,
journey of hope,
journey of love,*

where at every turn
I may follow in Your gentle way,
and turn, ever and again, to You:

*inspired,
healed,
renewed.*

Then, send me out into the world
in peace, to love You, Lord,
with gladness, and to follow You
with singleness of heart.

