



The Franciscan Times

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

Pace e bene

Winter/Lent 2022

Space and Light

By Janet Fedders
Minister Provincial



The Abbey of Gethsemani, from above. God's presence at that retreat showed me clearly that this is a time to open our hearts, minds and souls to God for new direction and breathing room...to look up, or inward, and away from what may be stifling us. That is my wish for all of us in 2022...more space with Jesus.

PRAYERS FOR PEACE

LORD, MAKE ME AN INSTRUMENT
OF YOUR PEACE

HOSPODY, ZROBY MENE
ZNARYADDYAM TVOHO MYRU
(UKRAINIAN)

GOSPODI, SDELAY MENYA
ORUDIYEM TVOYEGO MIRA
(RUSSIAN)



Eternal God, in whose perfect kingdom
no sword is drawn but the sword of
righteousness, no strength known but
the strength of love: So mightily spread
abroad your Spirit, that all peoples may
be gathered under the banner of the
Prince of Peace, as children of one God;
to whom be dominion and glory,
now and for ever. *Amen.*

The Book of Common Prayer, p. 815

I recently got the chance to spend a weekend at Gethsemani, my favorite retreat spot. They only open certain weekends to women, and you have to reserve months in advance. As it happened, there was an opening for the weekend right after Thanksgiving. So, I packed a bag and went.

Gethsemani is about two hours south of where I live. Located in Kentucky's rural hills and hollers, it is definitely a thin space. There's a small sign at the Retreat House indicating the direction to Thomas Merton's grave, a popular visitor destination, although not mine. I checked in and rode the elevator up to my room on the third floor. It looked out into the canopy of a Kentucky Coffee Tree. And from the moment I entered the room, that canopy filled with birds. Over the course of my two days there, I saw goldfinches, nuthatches, cardinals, blue jays, hairy woodpeckers, a red-bellied woodpecker, a downy woodpecker, juncos and ultimately a flock of cedar waxwings, my favorite bird.

Set against this feathery backdrop I prayed and journaled. I had decided to dedicate this retreat to finding a way to carve out more time for self-care and non-TSSF activity. To find more space around what I do for the Order. And, of course, my prayers were answered and plans emerged for a different structuring to my days.

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from p. 1*

And then, things went beyond a day plan. The spatial openings I had “created” took on a new dimension. God gave me more space within my work for the Order as well. I could feel a loosening with more breath and air around me. More space was given to me for creative thinking. More prayer time opened up. And there was a sweetness to it all, and joy in the present. Isn’t it ironic that this “opening” came at a time when so many of us are struggling with re-imposed boundaries and closed spaces? God’s presence at that retreat showed me clearly that this is a time to open our hearts, minds, and souls to God for new direction and breathing room...to look up, or inward, and away from what may be stifling us. That is my wish for all of us in 2022...more space with Jesus.

Peace and All Good,

James



Enduring Questions, An Enduring Answer

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



*"As the appearance of the rainbow in the clouds on a rainy day,
so was the appearance of the surrounding radiance.
Such was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord.
And when I saw it, I fell on my face and heard a voice speaking."
Ezekiel 1:28*

Are these thoughts and questions still occupying your minds?
Here is my go-to answer.

When can I remove this uncomfortable mask?

***What is Jesus saying to me/us in this moment, and where
is the Holy Spirit inviting me/us to go?***

Do I/we touch elbows, “fist-pump,” or continue to stand at a
distance, appearing completely and utterly awkward and unsure?

***What is Jesus saying to me/us in this moment, and where
is the Holy Spirit inviting me/us to go?***

Do I/we venture out to a restaurant/cafe and enjoy food prepared
by another rather than remaining relegated to the same old fare?

***What is Jesus saying to me/us in this moment, and where
is the Holy Spirit inviting me/us to go?***

Do I/we go to the theater to watch *Spider-Man* on the big screen (a
must-see, I understand), or do I/we wait until it is available on one
of the streaming services?

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*Enduring Questions, cont.
from p. 4*

*What is Jesus saying to me/us in this moment, and where
is the Holy Spirit inviting me/us to go?*

Do I/we have people over for a proper barbecue and drinks if for no other reason than to see if I/we still know how to extend hospitality?

*What is Jesus saying to me/us in this moment, and where
is the Holy Spirit inviting me/us to go?*

And do I/we get out on my road bike with my “former” cycling group (it’s feeling like former) as it’s been two years of cycling on my/our own (*please insert whatever activity which has been typically communal and has become solitary over the last two years*)?”

*What is Jesus saying to me/us in this moment, and where
is the Holy Spirit inviting me/us to go?*

*These questions enable us to
remember who we are and
to Whom we belong.*

Seasons of the Christian Year

The Seasons of the Christian year — Epiphanytide and Lent are no exceptions — are designed to help us to remember the importance of pausing and asking the right questions in all circumstances and in all contexts. These questions enable us to remember who we are and to Whom we belong. These questions afford us the opportunity to continue to live into our baptism. These questions make it possible for us to continue to grow into the people, individually and collectively, we are **called to be**. These questions guide us to/ in the ways of Francis and Clare. And, these questions allow us to seek and reflect God’s radiance and to glimpse the richness and fullness of God.

Sisters and Brothers of TSSF, may this “radiance” gifted to you, be shared with all.



The Climate Crisis:
Reflections on Family, Politics,
and Our Common Home

By Jeff Golliher, Assisting
Minister for Sacred Ecology

Author's Note:

*I'm really hoping that our
members write their things for
their local papers. I think they
might be pleasantly (joyfully)
surprised at the difference it
can make.*

Reprinted with permission of Shawangunk Journal, January 27, 2022

We all know how helpful it is to remember important lessons that we’ve learned in life — lessons from Mom and Dad, family and friends, co-workers, teachers, clergy, political leaders, or whoever it might be. This is especially true in difficult and confusing times.

Don’t Ever Stop Working on This

I want to share one of the last face-to-face conversations I had with my mother, nearly two years ago. We were watching a news report about the climate and ecological crisis. She was well aware that I had been working on that issue my whole adult life.

Knowing that she wouldn’t be with us much longer, she turned to me with the kindest and most determined look. Her eyes held my attention for several seconds, and then she said, “Jeff, please don’t ever stop working on this.” As she spoke, she was thinking of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and she wanted to encourage me from the bottom of her heart.

Climate Crisis, cont. from p. 5

We talked about it a while longer. I had recently retired from nearly 30 years as the environmental justice staff person for the Anglican Communion, attending many UN conferences and helping to organize our member churches. Aware of that change in my life, she asked about my similar global work with the Anglican Franciscans today. She wanted to impress upon me that she perceived the depth of the crisis.

As we spoke, I remembered something my father, who was sitting with us, once said to me when I was a child: “Always tell the truth, and remember how hard it can be sometimes to know what the truth really is.” He wanted me to reflect deeply on what I might say to others, and what I might hear others say. In his distinctive way, he was instilling what the church understands as faith, morality, and discernment.

A few months later, my mom passed away peacefully at home with my father by her side. I thought a lot about them during the recent United Nations Climate Summit (COP26) in Glasgow. The disappointing outcome wasn’t a surprise. Some positive decisions were made, but those were mainly commitments and promises. The gist of it is that we must seriously double down on our efforts now if we want future generations to inherit a habitable Earth.

The Crisis is Already Here

The crisis is already here. The question is how severe we will let it become, how many millions of

The crisis is already here. The question is how severe we will let it become, how many millions of human lives will be lost, and how many endangered species will be destroyed.

human lives will be lost, and how many endangered species and ecosystems will be destroyed. Official representatives gathered in Glasgow knew all this—heads of state, government delegates, corporate spokespersons, religious and civic leaders. Yet, the outcome did not come close to reaching reasonable goals.



Increasingly, what we hear or read in the mass media about the climate is a kind of performance designed to shape public opinion and attract viewers. Some political and corporate interests work behind the scenes to shape the message. While this is business-as-usual in many ways, its power has become much more technologically sophisticated, and its consequences, unthinkable severe. I’ll give only two examples.

During the climate summit, one national spokesperson plainly stated to the press that his country is committed to stopping “illegal deforestation.” He omitted the fact that his country has redefined “illegal” so that many kinds of deforestation are now legal—which includes the exploitation of Indigenous people who live in those forests.

Another well-known head of state said that to stop the climate crisis, we must “lead by example.” At about the same time, his administration proposed new oil and gas drilling leases. Generally, countries that do the most damage create the most deceptive performances.

Genuine Hope or Wishful Thinking

There is hope for our generation and those to come, but genuine hope is not the same as wishful thinking. The latter makes us susceptible to those corporate and political forces, whether on the right or left, that distort what we think,

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*Climate Crisis, cont. from
p. 6*

*The good news is that
genuine hope is real and
within our reach.*

Notes from a Fellow Wayfarer:
Reflections on Formation,
Novice I

By Pamela Mooman



*Beautiful growth and change
can come in unexpected places,
as with this monarch butterfly
chrysalis. It attached itself to
the water meter on the east
side of this house, bathed daily
in the morning sun.*

how we think, and how we relate to each other. The good news is that genuine hope is real and within our reach. It depends on our faithful action and discernment in the here and now. Both can be cultivated and strengthened within ourselves and families, within our communities, and in our lives every day.

We can do this. Let us pray now, discern now, and act now. If we do, then we will give generations to come a bright future.



What is liminal space? It is a place in between. One could make a point for our entire lives being liminal space. If we are growing into God and moving where the Spirit takes us, then we have no set place to lay our heads.

But this is not all.

It is an unsettling place, where shadows dart and dance, where there is no fixed reference point.

But this is not all.

It is a place of exhilarating freedom, where masks are thrown away and the past melts like wax.

But this is not all.

When St Francis taught Brother Leo about perfect joy, he first taught him what it is not. While not presuming to teach anyone anything, I posit that liminal space is a time of asking. Seeking. It is the threshold upon which I stand to knock.

The first year of novitiate has offered hard teaching, pain, tears. It has been a time of waiting. Of listening. Of learning that something delicate, tenuous even, such as a spider's web that seems barely there, is strong enough to hold intense weight, able to take a blow and not give way.

Somewhere in this year of trudging, there was receiving. Answers came. Doors opened. I did not do any of it.

I have used novitiate to explore my expressions of spirituality as best I could. Yet explosive trials and frequent bouts of doubt assailed. The doubts were not about God but about me. Each time, through prayer and tears, I learned that when my gaze is on myself, even with good intentions, I will be unhappy, restless, discontent, and sometimes despairing. When I keep my gaze fixed on Jesus, then I can hold up, move forward. I have to remember this over and over again.

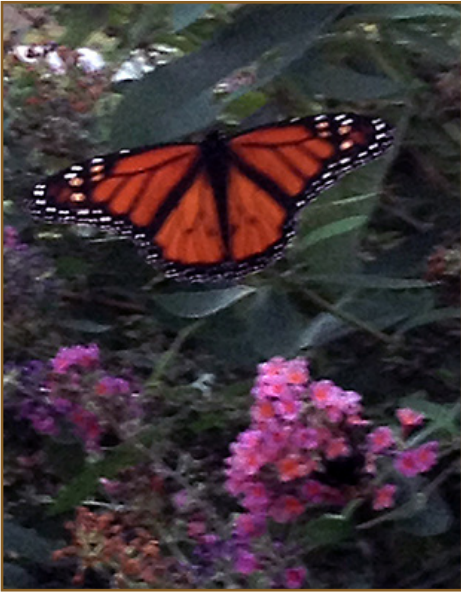
Do I think too much? Probably.

Turn to Psalm 131.

Having no social skills, how can I offer anything to a loving community?

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Novice I, cont. from p. 7



Promise, realized.

Photo credit: Alice Baird 2015

Trust Jesus.

How can I move past the past, which is ugly?

Trust Jesus.

This past year, I was alive, but sometimes only in the half light. Doubts blended with heat, passionate insects, and wild green growth, like something dreamt in a feverish stupor. Occasionally I felt an odd, almost eerie sort of waiting for old terrors to emerge, wraiths watching lightning in the distance as the storm approached.

Then I sat. What else could this servant of Jesus do?

I listened.

I trusted.

And gradually, I have begun to be able to accept.

The Great Potter is re-shaping this clay.

Thanks be to God.

You approach and recede
like the rhythm of Your tides
Never letting go but stepping back
leaving me free to move away with my own will
or approach with deepening faith
Meeting me with outstretched arms
drawing me close, holding me near
So that I hear the beating of Your Heart
the universe pulsing
Flash of blue wings from that tree soaring upward
Fish splashing in rivers, each scale a rainbow
Flower opening to the sun,
Dewy moist, never before seen
Your Heart Is all life
I hear Your love echoed
in my own drumming pulse
And You give me —
the weak, broken solitary —
safe, warm refuge there.



PROVINCIAL NEWS

Growth & Change in Provincial Structure

*By Janet Fedders,
Minister Provincial*

During the past four years, we have seen more and more tertiaries connect with each other. In fellowships, in chaplaincy meetings, as Emmaus Travelers, and in other ways, tertiaries are no longer alone. The new connectedness is reflected in structural changes within our Provincial leadership.

New Positions

Assisting & Assistant Ministers Provincial

One of the first new positions was the Assisting Minister Provincial for Sacred Ecology (an appointed position, filled by Jeff Golliher). Seeing the climate crisis joined with economic and social justice issues, your leadership wanted to be pay attention, pray, and work on Franciscan responses to these big issues. *(See p. 16 for a review of Golliher's new book in this issue.)* In addition to the Assisting Minister Provincial, we also instituted an Assistant Minister Provincial. With some 24 to 30 different activities crossing her desk, our Minister Provincial sought help. Charlie McCarron fills this appointed spot.

Guardian of Our Loving Community

As our Safe Community policy developed, leadership saw the need for a Guardian there. Cleveland Beach fills this appointed position as Guardian of our Loving Community. He is assisted by two intake officers. You will read more about this entire effort in this issue of the Times.

Director for Lifelong Formation

We added a Director for Lifelong Formation, filled by Susan Pitchford, in response to the work in this area being done globally in the Third Order.

Tercera Orden

In a similar way, the growth of our presence in Latin America has showed us the need for a coordinator there. We call that group now the Tercera Orden, and Alicia Rauda is the Coordinator. Luiz Sirtoli serves as Formation Director for Tercera Orden.

Other Initiatives

We have other initiatives in progress as well. Our Team for Racial Healing is working to build awareness. Jim Hagen is heading up Abrir Aqui, our goal of becoming a truly tri-lingual Province with cross-cultural events and inspiration.

Changes in Titles and Appointments

New Guardians Title

We have also changed the titles of some of our regular positions, making Directors and Coordinators into Guardians (Fellowship Guardian Peter Stube and Formation Guardian John Rebstock).

Creation Peace Justice is the new iteration of JPIC, with Tom Mariconda as Animator.

Provincial Chaplains

Anton Armbruster is the newly elected Provincial Chaplain, and Harvey Hill is the newly appointed Assistant Provincial Chaplain.

In addition to these, you can see our ongoing initiatives in the front of the new 2022 Directory, along with the point persons for each one. And as always, volunteers are welcome to join in.



Growth & Change in a Franciscan Mode

By Janet Fedders,
Minister Provincial

Do Franciscans living by a Rule of Life need a Safe Community Policy?

Do Franciscans living by a Rule of Life need a Safe Community Policy? Can one policy fit a community of dispersed members? How do you frame the talk about prevention of abuse in a language of love?

Concern for Souls and Reflecting Christ

These are some of the challenges our Province has faced ever since 2006, when we first began talking about a Safe Community Policy, about conflict and power and abuse. The conversations began around the House of Bishops' safeguarding requirements being put in place for religious orders within The Episcopal Church. Wanting to be in compliance, Chapter began exploring what Safe Community means for the Third Order Province of the Americas. They considered the interface between Franciscan theology and best insurance company practices. The working group quickly saw that their direction lay more in concern for souls and reflecting Christ, and in protecting against anything that disrupts the spirit of gospel love and harmony.

Chapter approved the Safe Community and Conflict Transformation Policy in 2008. Steve Best and Susan Pitchford presented their ideas to the 2011 Provincial Convocation. All of the deliberations had been greatly aided by then-Bishop Protector Gordon Scruton, particularly in the area of conflict resolution/prevention. A few tertiaries balked at what they saw as the constraints of such a policy, saying that our Rule of Life should be sufficient to take care of these things, and Franciscans need to maintain their spontaneity.

Eventually, however, consensus was reached, and the Safe Community and Conflict Transformation Policy came into being. This pioneering work was begun under the leadership of Masud Ibn Syedullah, and continued during the Provincial Ministries of Ken Norian and John Brockmann.

Steve Best said that it was hoped that Formation would be an integral part of their findings. They hoped to address inappropriate conduct and take a look at what would happen if the leadership in power were to overstep. (Clearly such an act would make it difficult for some folks to step forward.) Bishop Scruton, in particular, was vocal about how to be open and get to the bottom of things without violence. The group was clearly ahead of its time in its approach to healing and truth-telling.

One aspect of this 2008 Policy involved tertiaries signing off that they had read the policy and would comply with it. At first, every tertiary was asked to sign. Then when Chapter adopted the policy, it was changed to asking only leadership to sign: Chapter members, formation counselors, area chaplains, etc. Then each department was asked to have its people sign. Only Formation was able to follow through.

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*Safe Community, cont.
from p. 10*

Revisions to the Initial 2008 Policy

The Safe Community Policy subsequently underwent two successive revisions. The first of these, with Liz Peacock leading the way, spent much time discussing safe church training. That document required safe church training only for those who would be working with children. You will see in the second revision that safe church training is broadened to include anyone in leadership. In fact, the second revision delves more deeply into awareness, mentoring, and training. In other words, prevention gets more emphasis. Our Guardian of the Loving Community will be working closely with leadership to see that effective training gets implemented.

Very legalese protocols were translated into a language of love and simplified because we are Franciscans.

Bill Carroll worked closely with Bishop Rice's Chancellor in developing policy and procedures for the Order. That set of very legalese protocols was then translated into a language of love and simplified, because we are Franciscans. Creating the position

of Guardian for our Loving Community is standard procedure and makes the implementation and training components more achievable.

Intake officers will facilitate handling of any complaints or concerns.

All of this work could not have been accomplished without the intense work and input from the following folks: Steve Best, Susan Pitchford, Ken Norian, Masud Ibn Syedullah, John Brockmann, Liz Peacock, Bill Carroll, our Bishop Protector David Rice and his Chancellor Michael O. Glass, Charlie McCarron, Rick Bellows, and Janet Fedders.



Cleveland Beach: Newly
Appointed Guardian of
the Loving Community

By Cleveland Beach



The Third Order has for some time been in the process of developing the Province's Safeguarding Policy and the Procedures for Investigation and Discipline. These were approved at last Chapter. This includes several screening steps for us as tertiaries, including completion of Safe Community Training courses. There are also other aspects to these requirements that are presently being worked on which will be made available as they are developed.

My name is Cleveland Beach, and I am the newly appointed Guardian of the Loving Community. In taking on this ministry, I spent much time discerning the importance of these issues in my walk as a disciple of Christ in the way of St. Francis. Jesus instructs us to love God, everybody else, and ourselves. In our Baptismal Covenant, we commit ourselves to strive for justice and peace among all people and to respect the dignity of every human being. In our Third Order Principles, we accept as our Second Aim to spread a spirit of love and harmony among all people, to be achieved only in a spirit of chastity that sees others as belonging to God and not as a means of self-fulfillment. From my Zen training years ago, I got in the habit of reciting the Metta Sutra daily, which states in part:

cont. on page 12

*Cleveland Beach, cont.
from p. 11*

Let no one deceive another, nor despise any being in any state; let none by anger or hatred wish harm to another. Even as a mother, at the risk of her own life, watches over and protects her only child, so with a boundless mind should one cherish all living things, suffusing love over the entire world—above, below, and all around without limit. So let *one cultivate infinite goodwill toward the whole world.*

These teachings or vows are inclusive. For all. Not just children or vulnerable adults, but all. After all, we are human, vulnerable, fragile, broken, fearful, hurt; bringing all of our varied and accumulated baggage to our interactions with others. This encourages me to be mindful of these issues, to continually educate myself in areas of injustice, prejudice, and abuse awareness; and to consistently work to lessen my inner pride, greed, lust, anger, laziness, envy, and gluttony.

All this is definitely not easy, but it becomes easier with a contemplative mind and a life of prayer. In contemplation (whatever form, manner, or practice one likes) we become less judgmental, more open to the presence of God in our lives, and we develop the ability to respond more appropriately when these existentialist issues arise.

So I am excited about this new ministry, both for my own growth and for the growth of the Third Order. I ask you all to join me in this ministry.



The Lord Be With You:
Let Us Pray

*By Janet Fedders
Minister Provincial*

When I became Minister Provincial, I had two initial priorities, other than getting to know the job. One was Love. How I wanted Love to reach into all corners of our Province! The other was prayer. I had worn various hats for the Order over the years, but my main personal ministry was prayer. I knew we had the Stu Schlegel Saturday Prayer List, but it seemed to me that all our activities and ministries within the Order needed the undergirding of dedicated prayer teams.

I approached several people about getting this going, but it wasn't until I mentioned it to Brother Willy that it took off. And in true Brother Willy fashion, it grew into something large and meaningful. In the process of setting it up and getting it running, he shared with me the idea of having Beth Harris as its Administrator. Beth generously accepted this trust placed in her, and we are grateful to her.

Beginning in January of 2018, the progress of this ministry was shared with Chapter. You can find out more about the Prayer Cell Ministry in Beth's article, which follows.



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Beth Harris, Administrator
of the Prayer Cells Ministry

By Beth Harris



My name is Beth Harris, and I have been the administrator of the Prayer Cells Ministry for the last two years. This ministry has been in existence for over five years, but it has never been officially publicized, and as a result, there are many tertiaries who don't know anything about it. I want to change that.

Currently, there are 24 prayer cells with 2-4 members in each cell. The prayer cells cover many TSSF ministries and events. There is a Contact for each prayer cell, who supplies the prayer(s) that the members pray. There are a total of 48 members praying in these cells, and there are 14 Contacts, with 7 Contacts also being prayer cell members. Members and Contacts agree to serve in their positions for one year, beginning in January, and many have been prayer cell members and Contacts for three or more years.

Each member will get a prayer slip with the names of the members in that group, the prayers to be prayed, and the name of the Contact. The Contact will also get the prayer slip. If there is a need for a prayer to change during the year, or if one needs to be added, the Contact can let me know, and I will revise and mail out a new prayer slip to the members of that particular prayer cell. Otherwise, I will begin contacting everyone toward the end of the year to ask if they can continue for another year. There were only a few this year who had to decline for various reasons, in addition to two members who transitioned into new life with Christ. This ministry is blessed to have so many dedicated, prayerful members, and I'm blessed to be a part of it.

If you would like to know more about this ministry, or if you would like to be part of it, please email me at harris.spirit60@gmail.com.

Prayer is powerful! ♦

CURRENT PRAYER CELLS

Saints Wisdom Project
Emmaus Travelers Program
The Rosary & Prayer Bead Society
The Rhythm and The Beads Newsletter
The Medical Mission Fund
Companions, SSF
The Prayer Cells Ministry
360 Feedback Chaplaincy Program
2023 Provincial Convocation
Intercessory Prayer Group
Hispanic Ministries Outreach
Northern Mexico Outreach

Roots & Branches
Sacred Ecology-No Plan B
2022 Provincial Chapter Meeting
FAN & JPIC
Technology Outreach
Mental Health Issues
Rule & Principles Experiment
Death, Loss, & Grief
Perugian Community Ministry (Prison Ministry)
Third Order Formation
2022 Provincial Ministers Meeting

And a prayer cell just for Emergencies.

When is a Library Not Just Another Library?

*When it is the TSSF
Provincial Library of the
Americas*

*By R. John Brockmann,
Janice Syedullah, and Neil
Tumber*

*The Library of Congress we
are not. Such opulence would
offend Franciscan sensibilities!*



Many of you who have used our online library and online catalog on the TSSF website already know it as a rich resource of Franciscan books and books written by members of our Province. Borrowing only requires a library ID, easily available upon request at <https://tssf.org/resources/third-order-library>. The library covers the mailing charges out to you, and you cover the return charges.

Free Downloads

HOWEVER, did you also realize that many of the items in the library are available online with free downloads?

Have you noticed how Janice has worked to transform our library into a curated, single source of online materials and streaming content? How if you pick a familiar book or movie, there are now many suggestions for other similar items?

Well now, with Neil Tumber's help, you can easily participate in growing the library in a new direction—as a free exchange of book recommendations and reviews.

What's your favorite biography of Francis? Chesterton's? Kazantzakis's? Jorgensen's? etc. Well, what if you could include your suggestions and comments in the library catalog itself so that your knowledge and experience can be shared with the whole community?

Now it's possible!!

Check It Out!

In the catalog entries of the library you will find this:

If you would like to share your joy in this book, please
[mailto:janissyedullah@gmail.com?subject=Book Review](mailto:janissyedullah@gmail.com?subject=Book%20Review)

cont. on page 15

*Provincial Library, cont.
from p. 14*

All you need do is click on it, and an addressed email will pop up into which you can insert your comment on the book. Janice will look it over and ensure that nothing untoward gets posted (after all, I have heard some sharp responses to Kazantzakis's biography over the years). And then it will get posted.

Consider how wonderful it would have been to have this resource available years ago—why even though Emmett Jarrett, Dee Dobson, or John Scott are no longer with us, their comments could have lived on to aid generations of readers in the future.

Want to participate? Request a library ID, and come join us. ♦

WELCOME, CUBAN POSTULANTS!



The Third Order is growing in Cuba!

Pictured here are two professed members, six postulants, and one hosting rector as visitor. From left to right, Rev. Armando Delgado Orozco, profeso; Marino Maldonado Padín, postulante; Carlos Millet Martín, postulante; Moraima Cazull Imbert, postulante; Lídice Cotrín Legrá, postulante; Daysi Broom Howell, postulante; Tania Martín, profesas; Carmen Jiménez Ferrer, postulante; and Rev. Alfredo Nuño, Rector de Todos los Santos de Guantánamo.

Welcome, Brothers and Sisters in Christ!

Do You Feel Called to be The Next Provincial Secretary?

This is how Day 24 of our Principles is worded in Plain English in Papua New Guinea:

If someone asks them to do something which they think they are not good enough to do or cannot do, they do not refuse because they want to be humble, but instead they accept, knowing that Christ's power is greatest when they are weak.

The duties of a Provincial Secretary are many, and they call for diplomacy, attention to detail, the imaginative ability to balance multiple projects simultaneously, and a sense of Franciscan humor to keep it all in perspective.

Our current Provincial Secretary wrote this:

Do you love databases? Does a box of new file folders make your heart flutter?

However, the role is much more, and you will learn much serving a whole Province stretching from the Yukon to the South of Brazil.

The Province of the Americas has begun looking for the next Provincial Secretary, who will take office in December 2022. To learn more, please contact Lucinda Dyer at 615.794.0310 or secretary@tssf.org.

Will you accept the call?

BOOK REVIEWS & POETRY

The Franciscan Forms of Service: Hopeful Reflections in a Perilous Time, by Jeff Golliher

Review by Scott Robinson

Addressing ecology, the interplay between unity and diversity within the Order, colonialism, the objectification of nature, the potential for common understanding and unified action between Franciscans and Native Americans, and other related issues, this booklet is loosely organized around the three forms of Franciscan service—Prayer, Study, and Work. (Unfortunately, this is never clearly stated, but rather vaguely hinted at towards the bottom of page 9; not until the section on Study, which began on page 19, did I grasp this organizing principle.)

There is much food for thought in the document. Among other topics, Golliher addresses:

- the loss of reverence for what he calls “the sacred fabric of life,” and the openings this loss leaves for colonial exploitation; (p. 6)
- the Lakota ritual phrase “all my relations” as an invocation not only of human families, but of all life upon the earth; (p. 6)
- the insight that Wall Street is on the side of colonialism and exploitation; (p. 8)
- the realization that “the spirit of global co-operation would be undermined by the rise of authoritarian political movements;” (p. 9) and *cont. on page 17*

*Franciscan Forms of Service,
cont. from p. 16*

- the absolute necessity for conversion of life as a prerequisite for effective action.

The Road to Union With God

Golliher also touches upon an important truth, not always fully realized or adequately emphasized within Christian traditions, that, “in the West a misleading but popular assumption has been that to receive mystical experiences of God we must ‘get out of our bodies.’ In practice the process is usually the opposite, while the path feels circuitous. The road to union with God is through a process of healing reconciliation that brings our minds, souls, and bodies into a genuine relationship with the love of God, the Body of Christ, and the sacred Body of Life.” This truth, I believe can hardly be overemphasized, both in the effort to make the Gospel “real” to a general population that has come to regard it as otherworldly, and in finding the places in which the Good News can have a genuine, real-world impact in those areas devastated by centuries of colonial exploitation, often with the cooperation and blessing of the churches.

Golliher also touches upon an important truth, not always fully realized or adequately emphasized within Christian traditions, that “in the West a misleading but popular assumption has been that to receive mystical experiences of God we must ‘get out of our bodies.’ in practice, the process is usually the opposite.

The Franciscan Forms of Service Hopeful Reflections in a Perilous Time



“Saint Francis and the Wolf of Gubbio”, Cristoforo di Bindaccio and Meo di Piero, c. 1363
Fresco, Chapel of San Francesco, Pienza, Italy

Rev. Canon Jeff Golliher, PhD

Assisting Minister Provincial for Sacred Ecology TSSE, Province of the Americas,

2021

which Golliher makes the very cogent point that only interior silence can empty us of our incessant colonialist inner monologue, and that the “Jesus Prayer” is an ideal way of achieving the inner stillness that allows us to discern rightly, unfiltered by our own prejudices.

Prayer

Golliher goes on to affirm, “The present emergency is a consequence of colonialism, and it’s simply not true that we live in a post-colonial age.” For me, the most useful — and surprising — part of this first section on prayer is the subsection entitled, “Discernment and the Prayer of the Heart,” in

Study

The second section, on Study, emphasizes the interrelatedness of our Franciscan Rule and Principles, our three ways of service (Prayer, Study, and Work), and the Faith, Reason, and Tradition that are

cont. on page 18

*Franciscan Forms of Service,
cont. from p. 17*

...only interior silence can empty us of our incessant colonialist inner monologue, and ...the so-called "Jesus Prayer" is an ideal way of achieving the inner stillness that allows us to discern rightly, unfiltered by our own prejudices.

the three pillars of Anglicanism. A particularly powerful paragraph in this section reads:

There are many ways in which our seemingly reasonable thoughts and actions can become unreasonable and immoral. Setting recent disruptions aside, one tendency of the Western world has been to take things apart rather than preserve the integrity of the whole. This is rationalized by an attitude of moral exemption and entitlement, coupled with the economic exploitation that drives much of corporate culture. In the process, a dominating world order is imposed, based supposedly on 'reasonable exploitation' and sometimes rationalized by versions of Christian theology which have occasionally included Franciscans. (p. 20)

Work

In the third section, "Rebuild My Church', Weaving our Life Together: Reflections on the Service of Work", Gollhofer takes the view that, of all the three Franciscan ways of service, Work is the most challenging. Because we ourselves are so entirely woven into the "sacred fabric of life," the difficulty of repairing a fabric in which we are ourselves threads can be extreme. "Our lives," he writes, "are continuously woven into a single, hugely diverse, sacred fabric of all life which is our common home and life together. Ultimately all justice issues, racial, social, political, economic, or ecological, are confronted and healed here, and so are all prayerful contemplative struggles with the worldly powers." ♦

The Cosmic Pause
By Diana Turner-Forte

Review by Pamela Mooman

2021 by Balboa Press, A Division of
Hay House

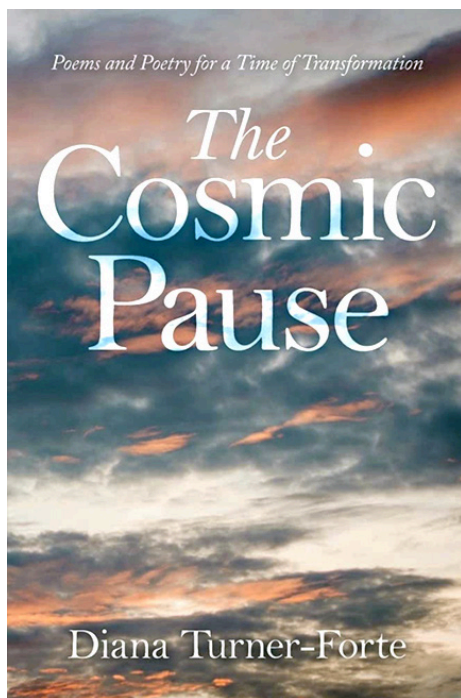
ISBN: 978-1-9822-7203-6 (hc), 978-
1-9822-7201-2 (sc), 978-1-9822-
7202-9 (e)

Breaking patterns shifts perspectives. New possibilities unfold, and hidden opportunities take shape. Like volcanoes forming islands with fire and heat, unfettered thoughts bubble up and offer new landscapes. When Covid-19 spread around the world and affected almost every area of modern life, tertiary Diana Turner-Forte used the eerie sense of displacement to create and explore. Her second book of poetry and prose, *The Cosmic Pause*, was born from her choice to reach out and say "yes" rather than crumble inwardly into fear. (Her first book of poetry was *A Feather in the Wind: Poetry for the Mind, Body, Spirit and Soul*, 2018.)

In a note to readers at the beginning of the book, Diana encourages us also to break patterns by starting at the back of the book. While this may initially feel strange to Western minds, it is an effective way to explore Diana's offerings, for that is what these poems and short prose reflections are—tender gifts placed on an altar of love.

cont. on page 19

Cosmic Pause, cont. from p. 18



A Cosmic Pause, along with Diana's first book of poetry, A Feather in the Wind, is available from our Provincial Library.

A Cosmic Pause, along with Diana's first book of poetry, A Feather in the Wind, is available from our Provincial Library.

Poems of the Dark Night

The third and final section of this collection is called “Poems of the Dark Night.” Here, Diana explores the general turning away from the problems of homelessness and need, communal pain and its consequences, and the horror and disbelief many felt as a mob rioted at the nation’s capitol on 6 January, 2021—the feast day of Epiphany. Indeed, these wounds unveiled and revealed how divided this country and humanity are.

However, healing cannot begin until wounds are uncovered and cleansed. Sometimes this process takes courage, especially when the wounds are deep.

Diana befriends the Angel of Despair in another poem, refusing to turn away from fear and discomfort: “Darkness’s refuge. Sweet solace engulfed in down-comforting wings....”

In the poem “Sixth Sense” Diana talks of flashes of understanding and insight, of *knowing*: “...a universal place we can claim though unseen / A gift close as skin....”

Diana’s exploration of the Dark Night of the Soul, as some mystics have termed it, does not leave readers languishing in a dark void. Reading from the back of the book, the last poem in this section is called “In the Chaos.” While that title may not sound heartening, in this poem Diana explores how new life is born from seeming disharmony: “...In the chaos, there’s always Light.”

The middle section, “A Bridge of Prose,” looks hard at multiple issues and situations—letting go, prejudice and hatred, physical pain and illness, holding on, and forming connections.

Poems of Light

Finally, if reading from the back, Diana presents “Poems of Light.” The book closes—or opens, depending on the reader’s perspective and how one approaches this collection—with a poem called “One Hundred Thousand Beats.” While this poem examines the functioning of the heart organ, an inexorable, unbelievable natural pump that fuels life, on a deeper level it is an exploration of mindfulness: “Awake to its actions or ignorant of its impact: 100,000 beats per day keep you alive.” It raises the question, “What else might I be missing?”

Indeed, in the true Franciscan fashion of following both Jesus’ actions and teachings, this latest work by Diana gently emphasizes the importance of paying attention. For in the end, what else is life made of but moments we see? In these moments we find treasure, even if we have to dig for it.

Two poems from The Cosmic Pause follow this article.



Two Poems

By Diana Turner-Forte

One Hundred Thousand Beats

Sentimentalized with a special day:
memories of youthful romances
like hummingbird wings sends my heart fluttering
No mere pump,
 life its fullest function
Called to attention—an unsynchronized blip
 signaling potential physical danger
 we gasp and grab our heart chakra.
A secret courier centered in our body
 encasing intimate secrets, the heart's inner landscape knows:
 joy and sorrow, love and forgiveness, truths and lies.
Hardy as *dicentra spectabilis*.
Harmonious rhythm in less than 12 ounces synchronizes our entire being.
Awake to its actions or ignorant of its impact—100,000 beats per day
keeps you alive.



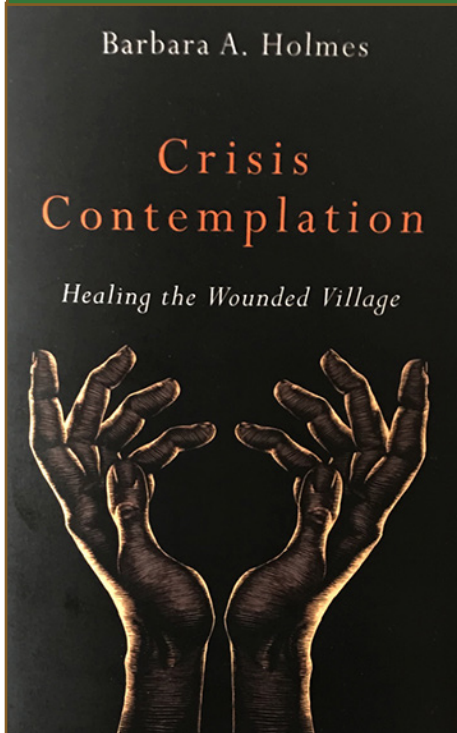
Clouds: Morning 'Til Dusk

Looming above, a close-fitting mass of greyness reinforces the forecast
A day of drizzle, pelting rain, soft showers, dissipating into more drizzle
Until the sky becomes a pinkish-rose-colored hue
Descending Sun's radiant dance of Beauty and Light
Showcasing wispy wings, wide-open spaces with ruffled edges, puffy
cotton-like layers,
On a pale blue backdrop
Sky's portrait, lustrous iridescence the cloud's signage
Driving through the countryside at dusk awed by Mystery.



Crisis Contemplation:
Healing the Wounded
Village, by Barbara A.
Holmes

Review by Diana Turner-
Forte



We are living in a society in need of transformation, and we (the spiritually grounded) are the harbingers of change, claims Holmes. We are meant, for these times, to serve and to act.

Barbara Holmes establishes her understanding of our times with these words: “We cannot save ourselves from what is happening. All we can do is breathe and survive.” Dr. Holmes’ latest book, *Crisis Contemplation: Healing the Wounded Village*, is a testament to a life rooted in faith and spiritual practices. She is writing from real-world personal experiences as both witness and advocate for those on the margins. Whatever the issue — for example, US colonialism, as in the slow response to New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina and to Puerto Rico after Hurricane Maria — the author reminds us of our ongoing call to “love your neighbor as yourself” (*Mark 12:31*). Holmes’ fortitude, perseverance, and, in fact, the theses of the book are grounded in the words of the Old Testament prophet, Isaiah (43:2): “We will be protected and restored.”

These times are not unforeseen events that have been suddenly thrust upon us as a society. They are centuries-old embedded structures of a society holding on to brewing disharmony, imperialism, colonization, and police brutality. We are living in a society in need of transformation, and we (the spiritually grounded) are the harbingers of change, claims Holmes. We are meant, for these times, to serve and to act.

As a Christian, Holmes identifies contemplation as the way into and through the experiences of the Covid-19 and racism pandemics, as well as the environmental and health crises. All of these historic events have awakened us, and we are being shaken to the core of our being. The cornerstones, which define our government and institutions, are in question. According to Holmes, contemplation allows for a slowing down and inward reflection. From that place of inner centeredness, we can recognize that the very rhythm of our lives has been thrown asunder and we have chosen “a type

of exclusionary patriotism over freedom, enslavement to market forces rather than exploration of our call and gifts. We harm one another and our environment because we cannot honor the s(S)pirit that enlivens everyone and everything and respects our differences.”

Holmes does more than point out the multiple crises that have brought the world to its knees. She also empowers the reader with spiritual tools and resources for community building. This small and accessible volume of fewer than 150 pages contributes significantly to the range of topics explored between its covers. *Crisis Contemplation* is a book that can support and strengthen various Franciscan roles of service on behalf of the common good and can potentially shift the planetary and spiritual crisis in which we find ourselves as a global community.



Snow

By Carole Hoerauf



Carole lives in Bellingham, Washington. Brrr!

Two days ago the winds did blow
And brought with them dark clouds of snow
Which dumped eight inches everywhere
In frigid clime of three below.
Outside the windows we did stare;
No ground, no rooftop saw we bare
Nor any branch which did not bend.
No sign of life was anywhere.
We're told the storm will sometime end
So that outside we can attend
To fallen branches and piled snow
And helping hand to neighbor lend.
The snow is glistening and cold
But we must wait for we are told
That Thursday's weather front will dump
More snow — it is so cold, so cold!

MILESTONES

Welcome the Newly Professed

Newly Professed

Charmaine Pavy



Charmaine Pavy has been a Field Supervisor at the Central Statistical Office (CSO) Ministry of Planning for over thirty years. She is actively involved with the extra-curricular activities of the company such as the planning for sporting events, Christmas dinners, retirement functions, etc. She also assists with the training and retraining of field workers.

Ms. Pavy's ministries in the Church started when she was a young child going to church with both of her grandmothers and assisting with the cleaning and other activities of the church. She has been involved in the pastoral ministry of her parish, St. James the Just, Sangre Grande, as a licensed Lay Minister since 2008. She received a Bishop's Diploma in Pastoral Ministry (2016), and is a recent recipient of a certificate in Preaching Level 1 from Langham Preaching Trinidad and Tobago. She joined the Deacon Preparation class in 2020 where she completed Ministerial Ethics and the Ministry of Healing.

Ms. Pavy is a part of her parish sanctuary guild, assists with Confirmation classes, and has been a member of the vestry for more than 10 years. ♦

Newly Professed

Niambi Mercado



Hi friends! My name is Niambi, I am so excited to become a tertiary! TSSF has brought order, structure, and focus to my faith journey. I am so grateful to be able to continue it with all of you. I look forward to our journey together.

MILESTONE PROFESSION ANNIVERSARIES

50 -20 YEARS

*Congratulations on these Milestone Profession Anniversaries
(1st Quarter)*

50 Years

Jeanne Willis, February 6

40 Years

Alonzo Pruitt, February 20

Charles Roland, March 24

30 Years

Paul Ledwitz, January 9

Carolyn Scott, March 8

20 Years

Marcia Ashley, January 14

Finn Pond, February 28

Jones Richards, January 28

Celian Roland, January 28

Dorina Williams, January 28

My Return to the
Third Order

Daniel Johnson



I am pleased to have this opportunity to describe the story of my return to the Third Order. I think of it as “sitting between two tails,” one named Tulip and the other Francesco.

Just to reintroduce myself, my Franciscan journey began when I was in high school and fell in love with the spirit of St. Francis. I lived in northern Wisconsin at the time. It was there that I learned to pray, dance, and sing in the solitude the surrounding woods provided. During my high school years, I attended the Lutheran Church, which wasn't “big” on saints or religious orders. We only had Holy Communion once a month. When I was introduced to the Episcopal Church, I realized that I had found home, not only liturgically and spiritually, but theologically as well.

Soon after my high school graduation in 1972, I was confirmed in the Episcopal Church by the Bishop of Eau Claire. While attending the University of Wisconsin-Superior, where I was a music major studying voice, I considered my vocational options: whether to become a full-time musician, a religious brother, or work toward the priesthood. The idea of religious life had captured my imagination.

cont. on page 24

Daniel Johnson, cont. from p. 23

After I came out of the closet as a gay person, I realized that I'd have to reconsider my life plans.

Shortly after moving to Philadelphia and coming out, I met my life partner, now husband, Ed, and began my studies at Temple University where I earned a B.A. degree in Religion in 1981. I had first become interested in theology when I was in the Lutheran Church. But now I began to take it seriously. I decided to work toward a Master of Arts in Religion degree, majoring in Practical Theology, at Lutheran Seminary; I graduated in 1986. This provided me with the skills I needed to find employment in the addictions counseling field.

In 2011, I also earned a Master of Sacred Theology in Systematic Theology from the same seminary. I found myself working as a counselor with communities that would soon be seriously affected by HIV/AIDS. This set the stage for my entire work life as an AIDS and addictions professional. I worked as a program analyst in the AIDS Office of the City's Health Department where I remained until my retirement. I initially entered the Third Order while working for the City of Philadelphia.

I was inspired to apply to the Third Order because of my boyfriend Ed's beagle named Tulip. She had been the animal companion of our friend Mikal who had died from complications from AIDS. Shortly after Mikal died, Tulip developed a condition in which she could not walk. She was admitted to an animal hospital. The prognosis was poor, and a few days after she was admitted, her doctor told us it would be a miracle if she could ever walk again. His recommendation was to put her to sleep. After that conversation I prayed, begged, through tears, for this gentle companion's recovery. Ed and I were going to discuss it that evening. However, after work there was a message on our answering machine: her veterinarian had called to tell us that Tulip was walking, and we could pick her up from the hospital at any time. Here was our miracle!

Soon after I put in my application to the Third Order. I professed in October of 2004. Nine years later, in 2013, I withdrew from the Order. In 2018 I became aware that I was ready for another change. Unfortunately, the catalyst for this change came unexpectedly when our beloved companion animal Francesco suddenly became ill and died. During the experience, I realized my need to reconnect, with community, church, the sacramental life, and perhaps with the Third Order as well.

Soon after Francesco's death the Philadelphia Episcopal Cathedral held a retreat dedicated to Creation, which Ed and I both attended. This became important to us, and soon thereafter we joined the Cathedral congregation. I began to use the Daily Office SSF.

Perhaps because of my Lutheran roots, theology has also been an important part of my spirituality. I would often identify myself as a trained theologian as well, nearly in the same breath, as a "former Franciscan." I would often express the "expansive interconnectedness of

Theology and Franciscan spirituality have never been in opposition for me but have always "danced" together, and I realized that I needed to once again connect to the Third Order.

the Universe" that I had so internalized as a Franciscan. Theology and Franciscan spirituality have never been in opposition for me but have always "danced" together, and I realized that I needed to once again connect to the Third Order.

In September 2020, I decided to act on this growing awareness, so I approached the Order to help me discern whether or not to return. The outcome of that process was my (re)Profession on September 4th, 2021. This is my "tale between two tails." I give thanks for once again being a part of this community. ♦

Rest in Peace

Rest in Peace

Lucy Pierce

Professed 74 Years



Lucy was the longest professed tertiary in our province: 74 Years (only 10 days shy of 75 years).

Obituary From Peoria, Illinois Journal Star

Louise (Lucy) Seitz Pierce died peacefully at her home in Peoria on November 11, 2021; she was 97 years old. Lucy was born February 22, 1924, in Ironwood Michigan, the only daughter of the Rev. William Clinton Seitz, Sr. and Florence Seitz. She grew up in Gambier, Ohio. She excelled academically and was a talented artist and violinist. She earned a B.S. from Mather College of Case Western Reserve University in 1945. In January 1946, Lucy married The Rev. Nicholas Dana Ulmer Pierce in Granville, Ohio. From 1946 through 1970, Nick and Lucy moved as he served Episcopal parishes in Sharon, Pennsylvania; Staten Island, New York; Milton, Massachusetts; Pekin, Illinois; and Peoria, Illinois. Lucy was active in altar guilds and women's clubs at each parish, while raising their eight children.

In 1962, Lucy became an elementary school teacher, working at public and parochial schools in Boston, Massachusetts, and throughout central Illinois. In central Illinois she taught at Peoria's Lincoln Elementary School, Holy Family School, St. Joseph School, St. John and Boniface School, and Peoria High School, as well as substituting throughout Peoria city and county. She earned her M.A. in special education from Bradley University in 1984 and spent the latter part of her career teaching at Kiefer School of Children's Home Association of Illinois. This job was her favorite, as she was a loving, patient, empathic champion of children who had experienced childhood trauma.

Nick and Lucy traveled extensively throughout the U.S. and Canada and enjoyed trips to Great Britain and Israel. She enjoyed hiking and frequently explored Forest Park Nature Center, Wildlife Prairie Park, and other nearby trails. She was an avid reader, especially of mysteries and British detective novels. She sewed many of her daughters' clothes and made the world's best potato salad. After retiring from teaching, Lucy derived great joy as a volunteer train engineer at Wildlife Prairie Park.

Nick and Lucy were members of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Peoria where Lucy was a member of St. Martha's Guild. From the early 1970s until the early 2000s, Lucy accompanied Nick as he did supply at Episcopal parishes throughout west central Illinois. After 65 years of marriage, Nick died in 2010. Lucy is survived by seven children. ♦

*On the following page read a reprint from
The Franciscan Times: An Interview on Lucy Pierce's
52nd Profession Anniversary, 1998*

*An Interview on Lucy
Pierce's 52nd Profession
Anniversary*

*From the Franciscan Times,
Fall 1998 and reprinted in
**The First 100 Years In the
Americas: 1917-2017—The
Third Order Society of St.
Francis** (2017), pp. 38-9.*



*Lucy's longtime
TSSF Directory
photo.*

My husband was the first one interested in the Third Order, and we started off together in it. He later became a Priest Associate of the Holy Cross, but I stayed on in the Third Order, I think by the tenacity of the Holy Spirit. I knew that I wanted some framework to carry me through life, to keep me from ever getting lost, to keep me in the faith. As I look back over the years, I'm somewhat amazed that I'm still here.

I've never had much contact with other Franciscans. In the early days, under the American Order of St. Francis, I reported to the First Order Priests. It was a numerical sort of report — how many times omitted grace before, after meal, morning, evening prayers, meditation, etc.

The reply contained a penance and counsel. I still have a few of the letters that were especially helpful. I don't remember much about the change from OSF to SSF, but I knew enough about the English Franciscans to welcome the change and to be glad to be part of a worldwide Order.

I once went to a retreat conducted by Father Joseph, and I knew Fr. Vivian Peterson, who helped the First Order get started. One of the Sisters of St. Helena, whom I knew at school, was in the early Cincinnati Third Order group. I also knew Fr. Baxter Liebler, who worked with the Native Americans in Utah, and the peripatetic bishop, Br. John Charles.

Most of the time I have been an isolated tertiary busy with children or with teaching school. There were times I kept a minimum rule not very well, and hoped that some day I would do better.

I have received a great deal from TSSF and other tertiaries, and from OSF and SSF. I am grateful to have lived for so many years as part of the worldwide and ages-old Franciscan Order.

It's hard to look back over 50 years and come up with anything special. There's too much — the ups and downs, the good, the bad, the ugly, and the mountaintop beautiful.

The rather surprising thing is that it really is always a journey. There is never a feeling of having arrived. I always feel that I know a bit more now than I did before.

Looking at Gospel Readings Without a Lifetime of Familiarity

At the moment, I am impressed with the literalness of St. Francis: the way he seemed to take every reading, every occasion in simple concrete terms. This is what it says; this is what it means. That's a great way, it seems to me, to look at psalms, lessons, and prayers. I stop and look closely at phrase in a collect. I try to look at gospel readings without a lifetime of familiarity. I stop and really immerse myself in an idea such as "in whom we live and move and have our being." Peter said that Jesus walked on water — there wasn't a sandbar. The water didn't suddenly freeze. That's what it says. That's what it means.

There are some commonsense rules to go with literalness: not taking things, for example, out of context, and being aware of cultural and linguistic analysis, that's for another time. Right now, I'm just trying to take a fresh, close look at old truths. It's a simple idea, and that's about where I am at the moment. ♦

*Rest in Peace***Kathy Tripses***Professed 37 Years**From the Des Moines Register, January 19, 2022*

Kathleen Tripses, 89, of Overland Park, Kansas, formerly of Ankeny, Iowa, passed into Life Eternal on Dec. 29, 2021. She was a graduate of Roosevelt High School, Des Moines, Iowa, and of the Iowa State University Food Science program. Kathy was employed by Hormel Corp. in Madison, Wisconsin, upon graduation. Kathy married Richard Tripses, of Millersburg, Iowa. Four children were born to the couple.

Kathy was a creative and inventive mother of four, making homemade play dough, sewing children's clothes, gardening, becoming a Cub Scout Den Mother, Girl Scout leader, active in church, camping with her husband and children, attending ball games and wrestling matches, and always reading. Her activities expanded to employment as the first School Crossing Guard on 86th St. in Clive, Iowa. She was steadfastly present for this job many early mornings, in wind and snow in Iowa winters.

Returning to school, Kathy graduated with a Medical Technologist degree and worked at Methodist Hospital in Des Moines. She advanced to gain her registered Nuclear Medical Technologist designation. Kathy was a presenter of original research in the medical technology field. She finished her career working for the State of Iowa laboratory performing newborn screening tests.

Kathy and husband Dick became founding members of the St. Anne's by the Field Episcopal Church in Ankeny, Iowa. She served as a Deacon at St. Anne's and was deeply committed to serving people through the church. Kathy was an active member of the Third Order of Franciscans. She also regularly volunteered at the food bank and at New Horizons Adult Day Care in Ankeny.

Surviving Kathy are her four children, four grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Kathy's husband preceded her in death.

**From barbara d. bennett**

I first knew Kathy through the formation program. As a counselor and Assistant Formation Director, she was insightful, a straight arrow, and gentle. I had great admiration for her, and we became friends.

In the early 90s, on our way home from dropping our daughter off for college in Indiana, we stopped to spend a night with Kathy and her husband. Our son, then 15, had fallen and broken his arm while skateboarding on the last morning in South Bend. We waited until we arrived at the Tripses' home in Iowa before seeking medical attention because the swelling needed to lessen before it could be casted. We arrived at Kathy's with the news that we needed a physician to care for our son's broken arm. She took the news in stride and quickly obtained the care needed for our son. This also meant we needed to stay at the Tripses' home an extra night. We were welcomed with open arms. Kathy had the graciousness to take what could have been a stressful situation and instead make it a moment of comfort and ease for all of us. ♦

Rest in Peace

Kenville Chambers

Professed 28 Years



Kenville Chambers died on November 13, 2021, at age 88. He was a member of the Northern Trinidad Fellowship.

Lisa Stanley (Kenville's Niece)

Uncle Ken was a funny, well-informed, and educated person. He was my godfather and always treated my siblings and me to weekend trips to the beach and cinema, and with lots of treats too! He was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ and was always willing to help people along in his journey of life. He was a firm believer in caring for his pets and animals. As a young person, he enjoyed traveling and helping in any way in his church. He will be missed.

Pamela Redhead

When the brothers were resident in South Trinidad, Kenville used to visit with them regularly. He attended meetings and retreats, but he was a person who always kept to himself — quiet and reserved.



Rest in Peace

Lystra Barclay

Professed 21 Years



She died on Saturday January 29 at the age of 80, and her funeral took place on February 5.

**Pamela, Brenda, Charmaine and Pat
on Behalf of the Caribbean Tertiaries**

Lystra Barclay spent most of her career as a dedicated primary school teacher. She taught in many schools, including St. John's Anglican, San Fernando Girls' Anglican, and Marabella Girls' Anglican. She retired as the Principal of Eckel Village Anglican.

After retirement she obeyed the call of the Lord and was ordained Deacon on January 25, 2000; she was ordained to the priesthood on September 29, 2001. As clergy, she served in many parishes throughout Trinidad. Although retired from parish administration, she continued to assist with services in the parish where she resided and would visit the sick and shut-ins, taking communion to them.

Lystra also obeyed the call to the Third Order, and became professed in February 19, 2001. She was a member of the North Trinidad Fellowship and was an Area Chaplain for the Caribbean Area for many years. She assisted in organizing Francistide Services, Retreats and Convocations and attended Convocations in Tobago, Nevis, and Guyana. Lystra, accompanied by Pamela Redhead, visited the tertiaries in Guyana and engaged in fellowship with them, especially the professed.

Sadly, Lystra died on Saturday January 29, the second day of our Virtual Annual Convocation, which she had planned to attend, even though she was not in the best of health. She was last with us on

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*RIP Lystra Barclay, cont.
from p. 28*

Saturday, January 15, during our planning session. She did our closing prayer that day. Instead of the programme we had planned for Sunday, January 30, a memorial service was held with hymns, prayers and tributes from every tertiary present. Archdeacon Edwin Primus of the South Fellowship gave words of comfort and encouragement. Our memories are summed up here:

She had such a calming personality that when you were around her, all your angry and anxious feelings would dissipate.

She was a teacher, mentor, counselor, confidante, and friend to all of us. In her gentle, humble and calm way she would put across her points. She had such a calming personality that when you were around her, all your angry and anxious feelings would dissipate. She opened her home to everyone, and she loved being with her family. She loved caring for people; no matter what the situation was, her presence would be calming. She was always willing to give of her time and talents to help. She was the most humble, caring, and gentle person. She also loved her Franciscan family. She travelled throughout the Caribbean to counsel and give spiritual advice to us. She will be sadly missed.

Estelle Yallery, Brenda Cummings, and Pamela Redhead represented the tertiaries at the funeral, where we did the Litany for a Departed Franciscan. May Lystra Rest in Peace. Amen. ♦

*From a Newsday Article of
January 18, 2011*

“Reverend Lystra Barclay Retires”

“A Service for the Ending of a Pastoral Relationship and Leave-taking from a Congregation” had been organized by the parishioners with whom she had bonded over the nine-year period as parish priest.

The former teacher was ordained priest on September 29, 2001, by Bishop Calvin Bess. Not a very long tenure of service when one looks at those recently celebrating 50 years in priestly service, but then the ordination of women into the Anglican priesthood only started in 1997.

Lystra Brereton-Barclay always wanted to be a priest but says: “Initially that was not in the cards. When the opportunity came, I grasped it.”

She studied for a diploma in Theology, and served as a deacon for ten months at All Saints in Newtown, Trinidad, with Canon Winston Joseph; then completed three-and-a-half months as deacon at St Agnes in St James, before moving to Belmont, and while there was ordained priest on September 29, 2001, and became rector of the parish.

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*RIP Lystra Barclay, cont.
from p. 29*

Born in Ste Madeline, Trinidad, this very soft-spoken woman graduated from St. Stephen's College in Princes Town, completed her teacher's diploma at Naparima Training College and was posted to San Fernando Girls Anglican School. However, she was soon absorbed into the Junior Secondary Schools system for 14 years, but wanted to go back to the primary school system where the children were smaller and easier to keep in order and, as she said, "moved back before I put myself in trouble."

She was made vice principal of Marabella Girls Anglican and eventually retired as principal of Eckelsville Anglican Girls School.

Reverend Barclay, whose husband is deceased, and is the mother of seven children, is sad about leaving the "parish beat" but has problems with her eyes and says, "I think my health should come first."

However, this is certainly not the end of activity for the Reverend, since she plans to conduct Stonecraft Bible classes in homes at least once a week.



Rest in Peace

Marilyn Joy Capel Levetan

Professed 15 Years



From the Salt Lake Tribune, December 7, 2021

After a long and fulfilling life, Joy Levetan started her next journey on Dec. 7, 2021.

Joy was born in Saskatchewan, Canada, the 6th of seven children of Frank and Mary Capel. She lived in the Canadian prairie until her teen years, in which she, her parents and younger brother moved to Utah. She married Eugene Levetan, had four boys together (Brent, Cory, Jeff, and Daniel), and later divorced.

Mom had a zest for life and a spirit of adventure.

Mom had a zest for life and spirit of adventure: from getting her pilot's license at a young age, raising four equally high-spirited boys, spending many fun-filled summer days at the Swimming and Tennis Club, starting her own business (The First Infant Care Center of Salt Lake), earning a U of Utah diploma at middle age, becoming a Sister of the Third Order in the Society of St. Francis, plus countless other undertakings. She made sure her life was eventful.

Love and care for family were her priorities, along with her faith. Attending services and being with her many friends at St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral was a love of her life. She leaves behind her four sons, 11 grandchildren and many great-grandchildren. All of us will carry forward her love and spirit.



From Anita Miner

*Joy Levetan, cont.
from p. 30*

...we toured some sights in Boston. When we got to the Christian Science building in city center, with its huge fountain in the Plaza, Joy willingly ran through it, getting totally "baptized with water."

A Fellow "Utah-ian"

As one of two tertiaries in the whole state of Utah, Joy Levetan was passionate about the Franciscan way of life. Until recently, when her memory began to fade, we would get together periodically. She was always joyful and playful with a huge smile on her face.

I recall well the TSSF Provincial Convocation we attended together in 2007 at Endicott College in Beverly, Massachusetts. To begin our adventure, we stayed overnight at St. John the Evangelist in Cambridge, Massachusetts, for one night. Every night is a retreat night there since silence is observed 24 hours a day. It was good for the soul to be among the Society of Saint John the Evangelist (SSJE) brothers and other guests. The monastery itself is a peaceful sanctuary, which occupies a beautiful piece of property along the Charles River.

After leaving Cambridge we toured some sights in Boston. When we got to the Christian Science building in city center, with its huge fountain in the Plaza, Joy willingly ran through it, getting totally "baptized with water." Mary Baker Eddy founded the Church of Christ, Scientist, which is a well-known tourist spot. Eddy studied the Bible tirelessly to seek answers to spiritual healing, as she herself had experienced healing after an accident.

Leaving Boston proper, we finally arrived at the Convocation spot where Joy was thrilled to meet and interact with other Franciscans. We definitely felt like isolated Franciscans from Utah.

Despite the fact that no other professed Franciscans lived in Utah, together we sponsored several Quiet Days in the Episcopal Diocese there. They were open to anyone—Benedictines, Dominicans, Carmelites, and hangers-on—lay and clergy. It was a time in the diocese when people from various Episcopal churches hungered for the spiritual disciplines. Various Utah-ians tried their vocation as postulants with the Third Order but did not stick around long. I'm happy to report that Joy and I persevered.

One year, we did sponsor a TSSF Regional Convocation in the nearby town of Ogden. The late Brother Jon Bankert was the retreat leader at that event. He mystified and baffled the host Dominican Sisters of the Convent when he constantly appeared without shoes or sandals! On another occasion, the two of us did a private retreat at a Roman Catholic convent in Ogden.

Joy Levetan was one of the guests at my ordination to the diaconate in 2011 in Salt Lake City, along with some far-flung Franciscans, such as David Burgdorf (CA), Bett Wood (WY), Simon Fong (Hong Kong), Sam Dessordi (Brazilian priest but living in Berkeley at the time), and Joan Verret (FL). It was a wonderful occasion with Joy being the hometown-Franciscan presence. I appreciated her kindness and strong witness in helping "therefore to make Christ known" (First Aim-Day 6) in what sometimes seemed like an alien land.

Marilyn Joy Capel Levetan was exemplary in living a Franciscan life of simplicity and joy. ♦

Rest in Peace

Lorne Elroy Kirby

Professed 13 Years



Sermon for Lorne Kirby, Nov. 12, 2021

By Reverend Christine Lynch, Rector of the Parish of Bay Roberts/Coley's Point

Lorne was born in St. Johns to Henry and Anne on May 15, 1932, and he grew up in Pouch Cove with his seven siblings.

Upon graduation from high school, he completed one year of training, which was the requirement back then to begin his teaching career. During one of his early teaching jobs in Hodges Cove, he met Doreen, and they were married. Doreen and Lorne had five children: Harry, Mary, Karen, Fred, and Wanda. Their family later grew with the addition of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Lorne was born to teach. His love for knowledge was passed on to his children and his students, many of whom went on to be teachers themselves. He made such an impact on his students that he was even invited to some of their weddings. In the course of his career, he taught school in many locations in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, such as Stephenville Crossing, Norman's Cove, and Harbour Grace.

While in Harbour Grace, he was also vice principal of the school and, for a time, he was Sunday school superintendent. At the end of his career, he was working at the board office, and it was from there that he retired.

Lorne was born to teach.

Roses, Salmon Fishing, and Reading

Lorne had a love for growing roses and for salmon fishing, but mostly he loved to read, especially books on philosophy and religion. He had a fantastic memory and could retain much of what he read.

Lorne's faith was an important part of his life also. In his early days as a teacher, he became a lay reader with the church — an expectation of teachers in those days. As Sunday school superintendent, he was responsible for faith formation of children, and he taught his own children the importance of faith as he brought them along to worship on Sunday mornings.

On Nov 29, 2008, Lorne was admitted to the Third Order of the Society of St. Francis. Members of this Order adopt a Rule of Life which encourages participation in the Holy Eucharist, regular examination of obedience to Christ, personal prayer, self discipline, retreat, study, simple living, and daily work that serves others. Much of that was reflected in how Lorne lived his life ever since he was a young man.

He was very dedicated to personal prayer, and, once when I visited him, he told me that he did the litany from the Book of Common Prayer every day. In Sept 2020, when we reopened our doors after a Covid lockdown, Lorne was eager to return to public worship. It was a blessing for us to see his dedication to coming to worship in these uncertain times.

He lived to be the wonderful age of 89, which most probably meant that he spent time thinking about the day that he would leave this life and move on to the next. Knowing that day would come,

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*RIP Lorne Kirby, cont.
from p. 32*

Lorne planned out the service for his funeral. When I met with his children, Harry and Mary, Harry passed me a piece of paper and said, "This is what dad wanted."

Everything was selected: readings, hymns, collects, and even the Eucharistic Prayer. He was very specific in what he wanted. I would expect nothing less from a man whose faith was so important to him.

So as we bid farewell to a man who, during his life, was a son, brother, husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, uncle, teacher, co-worker, friend, follower of Jesus, and so much more, we release him into God's hands, knowing that God's mercy will safely guide him back home. ♦

Josiah (Jotie) Noel, Paradise, Newfoundland

A peculiar crossing of paths through life — my relationship with Lorne!

My first encounter was with Mr. Kirby, the Assistant School Board Superintendent, when I was nine years old in Grade 4. I had missed the return ride home on the local school bus. My irate mother called the School Board Office to complain about the routine of dropping off the primary and elementary students at the high school, leaving the younger children to walk three blocks. My mother offered Mr. Kirby a piece of her mind, and true to fashion, the next day the whole bus system was changed—dropping off children at each of the three schools.

My first encounter was with Mr. Kirby, the Assistant School Board Superintendent, when I was nine years old in Grade 4....The next time I met Lorne it was as his parish priest for 5 ½ years.

I did not actually speak to Mr. Kirby, but, in our family, he was someone at the School Board Office one could speak to and reason with when a problem might arise — a heavyweight and good guy well-placed if needed! As an aside, neither the bus driver nor the school principals wanted to contend with a young mother from the south side of the harbor

because she had friends in high places. I do not know if my mother actually ever spoke to Mr. Kirby after that incident.

The next time I met Lorne it was as his parish priest for 5 ½ years. We had countless conversations on his favorite subjects: English Literature, Shakespeare, Anglican spiritual giants such as Thomas Cranmer, and the Book of Common Prayer (Canada, 1959). When we met in his home, at the door of the rectory, at the door of the Church, I never knew which direction the conversation would unfold. Lorne was also a member of the Prayer Book Society, meaning that, generally, he felt anything new in the field of theology or philosophy written after 1700 was suspect. He was a fervent, faithful believer and regular worshiper. He loved poetry and possessed an elephantine memory, allowing him to recite poems and literature at the drop of a hat! He loved his family and spoke often with meticulous detail of the events and characters he encountered in his life, especially his elders and siblings, who had a profound impact on his spiritual and academic formation.

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*RIP Lorne Kirby, cont.
from p. 33*

I was delighted and humbled on November 29, 2008 to be invited to officiate at Lorne's Profession to the Third Order, Society of St. Francis. I was surprised to be informed that he was attending a nearby parish with a focus on sacramental liturgy in a modern context. During his formation and discernment he had come to an awareness of God that was conveyed in new liturgies with the same depth and enthusiasm of spirituality.

Boy! Did He Love to Talk!

Though we did not live near each other in recent years and his restricted mobility limited his travel, we occasionally enjoyed each other's company and, boy, did he love to talk. He relished the moment with a fellow tertiary to tell yarns about Third Order news, his prayer life, and his Rule of Life. True to form, Lorne read everything he could on Francis of Assisi and, in humble, academic fashion, counted his vocation as something of worth only to him. I have never heard him compare himself to anyone else. I do not believe he was ever an active member of a Fellowship. The physical isolation of the island of Newfoundland and his lack of comfort with the internet may have prohibited him from meaningful engagement. He was restricted to emails and snail mail. I believe that the genuine dedication and discipline of character required to discern a Franciscan spirit in the midst of physical isolation unfolded in this saint, as it does in all saints, and is worthy of note and memory for any who live in a similar circumstance.

Lorne, may you rest in peace and rise with the larks at the dawn of that new day!



Rest in Peace

Dianne Lowe

Professed 2 Years



From The Rt. Rev. Gretchen Rehberg, Bishop, The Episcopal Diocese of Spokane

It is with immense sadness that I report the death of Deacon Dianne Lowe this morning (November 17, 2021), at 11:10 a.m. Dianne died with family and friends at her side, modeling for all of us faithful living and faithful dying. She prayed Compline last night with Mary Beth Rivetti and was ready to see God fully. Dianne served at St. James in Pullman until her retirement, as a member of the Standing Committee, and on the bishop search committee.

Dianne at age 72 retired as a deacon after 16 years in The Episcopal Diocese of Spokane where she worked at the Gritman Medical Center and Pullman Regional Hospital. ♦

Here's how she described herself two years ago upon profession.

Welcome the Newly Professed: Dianne Lowe

Hello from Pullman, Washington, a small town in the far southeast corner of Washington. I am a retired risk/safety manager after

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*RIP Dianne Lowe, cont.
from p. 34*

having worked in industry in many capacities. I am the mother of one son, and a widow.

I started my Franciscan journey as a member of the SFO (Secular Franciscan Order) Roman Catholic, and was professed in 1974. I would say, I have always been a Franciscan and living that charism, even after I left the RCC and joined the Episcopal Church in 1993. It wasn't just the Franciscan life—I always perceived a call to the diaconate. In 2008 I began the process and was subsequently ordained a deacon in 2012. My wife (of blessed memory) was alive to assist my son with the vesting of the stole at my ordination; she died the following year. There was always a yearning for the wonderful fellowship I had known when a member of SFO.

I was busy with work, family, and church responsibilities, so when I retired, and had some time for earnest and honest reflection, I contacted TSSF about transferring. That was a very fortuitous contact. It began a year of formation as a transfer under the able guidance of John Rebstock and the Rev. Carol Tookey, as my formation counselors. The highlight of my formation year was a reconnection with the life-changing reacquaintance with Br. Francis, and Sister Clare, and their Companions on the way. I so enjoyed reading the testimonies of how they lived out the Gospel within the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; to which I added detachment and penitence as another way to commit to living the Gospel following the Franciscan charism.

Since ordination, I have served St. James' Episcopal Church in Pullman, Washington, as that is the congregation that raised me up and sponsored me for ordination. In the world, I am a volunteer chaplain at two rural critical care access hospitals, both very small. I am a Crisis Intervention Stress Management Team member doing debrief for hospital employees who experience stress. A ministry within the church has been to help the dying and those who keep vigil with them.

In preparation for Profession, I met with a priest for the Reconciliation of a Penitent. I hardly have words to share about how profound was that experience. I don't know why I didn't do it before. On February 17, 2019, in the presence of friends and my fellowship—with people present from nearly every time zone across the USA—I made my profession of vows via Zoom. I am part of the virtual fellowship, Il Poverello, convened by the Rev. Deacon Chris Ledyard. I am strengthened

daily by the habits of my Rule that I laid upon the altar at Eucharist in my parish prior to presenting myself for Profession. We probably pushed the technology beyond the bounds intended—but it was lovely, and it worked. I am grateful. ♦

From Kimball Funeral Home Obituary

In addition to the many religious icons that adorn her life, one of Dianne's favorite images is of Kokopelli, the dancer, stepping off into the unknown, an image that captured her lifelong blending of spirituality and medical science.

In addition to the many religious icons that adorn her life, one of Dianne's favorite images is of Kokopelli, the dancer, stepping off into the unknown, an image that captured her lifelong blending of spirituality and science.

Notable stops along the way included living in a rescue mission in Bakersfield, taking her 8-year-old son John on a medical mission to Honduras in 1978, exploring faith in a variety of Christian denominations until she settled in The Episcopal Church. Dianne met Jerri Pedersen in 1993, and they solemnized their vows of lifelong love and commitment as often as church and state would allow: in 1993, in 2004, in 2008, in 2012, and prior to Jerri's death in 2014. They came to Pullman, Washington, in 2005, where Dianne has made her home since. Dianne and Jerri made a habit of welcoming and always inviting people into their home, and reaching out to those who were shut-in, homebound, and forgotten with stories, prayer, rides, and the rites of the church.

Dianne maintained a level of involvement in issues of equality, hope, and inclusion that could not be matched, gently but firmly insisting on her baptismal promise to see the face of God in all she met. Dianne was a member of St. James Episcopal Church in Pullman, and was ordained as a Deacon at the Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist in Spokane in 2012, following which the bishop officially deployed her to St. James, where she served for many years. In addition, Dianne served as a member of the chaplaincy teams at Pullman Regional Hospital and Gritman Medical Center, supporting patients, their families, volunteers and staff in their hardest moments, especially in the years of this pandemic.

Dianne was an important part of the Palouse Community Center and maintained a high level of

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*RIP Dianne Lowe, cont.
from p. 35*

involvement in end-of-life education and hospice. Failing health did not deter this spirit, as she hosted book studies in her living room, distributed her religious textbooks to those seeking holy orders, taught ukulele to her neighboring children, Nashmia and Rumaisa, provided her notary services to all who were in need, and on the day before she was admitted to hospice, conducted a marriage ceremony in her living room. As each gathering ended, she would send her friends away with this blessing, "Remember always, you are held gently, and deeply loved." ♦

As each gathering ended, she would send her friends away with the blessing, "Remember always, you are held gently, and deeply loved."

From Beth Harris

For the second time, I was saddened by an announcement from John Brockmann, this time about Dianne Lowe's passing. I had been Dianne's Area Chaplain for two years, and during that time, we talked numerous times by phone and Zoom. She had multiple health issues, yet she was always upbeat about life and firm in her faith. She emailed me and said she was going on hospice, so we set up a time to talk on Saturday, Nov. 13. During our conversation, she talked about hospice and how a friend was going to stay with her, her faith, and the many people for whom she had been a mentor. I told her she had also been a mentor to me, and that I was always uplifted after a conversation with her. We laughed and talked about all the questions we wanted answered when we "got to the other side." But when she said the doctor told her she had "hours, days, or a week," I was shocked and thought that surely couldn't be right, because she sounded so good. And I was equally shocked when I saw John's email four days later announcing her passing that morning.

Dianne had no reservations about dying. She knew where she was going and whose arms would be wrapped around her upon entering heaven. I am sad, but also happy for her, because I look forward to the thrill of that day myself. I thank God that Dianne was such a blessing to others, including myself, through her words, her songs, her generosity, her art, and her caring, and I

know she is continuing to be a blessing in heaven. I will never forget how she always ended her conversations and emails:

"Let us live each day in joy and peace, knowing we are held gently and loved deeply." ♦

From Beverly Hosea

I didn't know Dianne very long, but in that length of time I was able to come to appreciate her posts on Facebook. We were in the same diocese, not that far distant from each other, but her main fellowship was a virtual one. I appreciated being able to join that group for her profession via Zoom.

Dianne had a tremendously personal pastoral ministry that touched many people. Her most obvious charisma was joy. If I needed a morale boost or a good laugh, I'd go to her Facebook postings. Here is a sample: "You know, supply chain problems disrupting holiday shopping is technically Franciscan paradise." She closed each post with this sign off, "Thanks for listening to this deacon's heart."

I also appreciated her honest personal sharing about her health, especially as her health declined. She chose hospice when the time was right, and when there was no more that could be done for her health, I was deeply touched by her stunning witness of what she believed in when she chose to discontinue the dialysis that was keeping her alive.

Here is one of her last posts, to which I reply with a reverent "Amen."

No matter how good you think I look, thank you for saying so...and you wishing me well is to ignore the obvious will not add a single day to my life. I will not live in another's denial. But...

I am determined to leave this earth with a smile on my face. Indeed, I hope the last sound you hear is my laughter.

As a Franciscan I often say—"Oh perfect joy," which is not based in circumstance as happiness is. Joy is a fruit of the Holy Spirit...more a state of thinking and being. I have given her free reign in my life.

Believe me when I say....If you do not look for the joy in the day you will not find it!." Go looking for that perfect joy.

This is my rant for the day.

Thanks for listening to this deacon's heart. ♦

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RIP Dianne Lowe, cont.
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From Alice Baird

I miss Dianne.

Shortly after she was professed, we were paired together as Emmaus Travelers, and, for about two years, we spoke almost every Monday evening, she from the West Coast before dinner, and I from the East, after the dinner dishes had been put away. Our wide-ranging conversations often spanned two hours, until I had to plea “bedtime,” or she opened her door to one of the many visitors who appealed to her for music lessons, notary services, or pastoral comfort.

Dianne had a very sharp mind (and, in fact, she had a Ph.D. in, I believe, risk management from her career in the insurance industry). At times people mistook her pointed questions, but I loved it that she was often able to get right to the heart of things, whether we were discussing Scripture, life experiences, the news, or the culture. She had a great sense of humor, and, in each of our conversations, we often had to pause to catch our breath from irrepressible laughter. She shared her many experiences as a deacon, hospital chaplain, and former executive with wisdom, grace, and frequent hilarity. Yet she was also deeply pastoral; she sensed when I was low in spirit and listened with compassion and encouragement, often concluding with her signature blessing, “Remember, always, you are held gently and loved deeply.”

It was clear from the time we began speaking together that she was quite ill. She knew she was facing death but never flinched from it. Recounting the medical tests she might have had since we last talked, she explained them to me with dispassionate scientific terminology, never complaining. If I remarked, “That must have been painful, Dianne,” she might acknowledge the fact, perhaps describe her symptoms clinically, then change the subject. She displayed no sentimentality (except, perhaps, when she spoke of Jerri, her deceased partner “of sainted memory”). Since I am not on Facebook, she would occasionally send me the day’s entries from her blog, “From This Deacon’s Heart.” Less than a week after she emailed me that hospice would be coming in a few days, she died.

It is not often in life that one is fortunate enough to encounter a "soul friend." She was such a friend to me, and I miss her.

When we were initially paired together as Emmaus Travelers, it was not immediately clear to me whether we would connect, except, of course, in our love for the Third Order. But it was not long before I was looking forward to our Monday evening conversations. We continued the practice right up to the end, even after I had resigned from TSSF.

It is not often in life that one is fortunate enough to encounter a “soul friend.” She was such a friend to me, and I miss her. ♦

Rest in Peace

The Rt. Rev. Remi De Roo
Ecumenical Friend to the
Society of St. Francis

*By The Rev. Andrew Twiddy
Companion, SSF*



Bishop Remi, a self-styled "apostle of Vatican II," was both a Bishop Protector of the Roman Catholic Orders of the Franciscans of Western Canada, and a witness to the ecumenical inter-spirituality of the Franciscan Orders, particularly to SSF.

Photo from Vancouver Island Free Daily, February 4, 2022.

It is with sadness at our loss, and appreciation for an extraordinary life in ministry, that I acknowledge the passing of our good friend, Bishop Remi De Roo. He died peacefully on the night of Feb 1, 2022, in Victoria, Canada, following a period of gentle decline in his health over recent months. He died just short of his 98th birthday.

Remi was the longest-serving Roman Catholic bishop in Canada, and the longest surviving member of the Second Vatican Council (1962-66), which inspired reform and renewal around the world in both church and society

So many wonderful things can be said of him and his committed, faith-filled life, and obituaries have arisen from many sources in the media.

Remi was made Bishop Protector of the Roman Catholic Orders of the Franciscans of Western Canada in 1963, and, as he advised me with a smile in 2019, at age 95 this responsibility had as yet never knowingly been withdrawn from him!

A Deep Commitment to Inter-religious Cooperation

Remi was witness to the Anglican Franciscan journey when three of us made commitments in his presence (one Third Order profession, two Companionships) within the Society of Saint Francis (SSF). He shared jointly in the service with Andrew Hutchison, retired Archbishop and 12th Primate of the Anglican Church of Canada, himself a one-time founding priest of a parish of St. Francis. Our location was the interfaith chapel at Bethlehem Centre, Nanaimo, for which Remi was the foundational inspiration in the 1970s. This gave an ecumenical and inter-spiritual context that was fitting for the breadth of Remi's vision and the depth of his commitment to social and inter-religious cooperation and reform, consistent with his self-understanding as an "apostle of Vatican II."

When I first started listening in 1993 to cassette tapes (remember those days!?) from the Queenswood Centre Library in Victoria on the topic of the Enneagram system of spiritual wisdom and personality study with Franciscan and Vatican II priest Richard Rohr, OFM, I did not realize how much this would shape my formation in ministry for the decades to come. It led me not only to the Center for Action and Contemplation in Albuquerque, New Mexico, but also in due time to my first personal meeting with Remi. This occurred in the context of taking related sessions of inner spiritual work and teaching, which he shared with Pearl Gervais, as we studied the spiritual and psychological insights of the wisdom teachings of the Enneagram. It helped bind together the work I was putting together as I embarked on my ordained ministry, just as Remi was coming to the end of his epic 37-year episcopacy (1962-1999) for the Diocese of Victoria.

I had the privileges of attending Remi's retirement dinner in 1999, hosted by Christ Church Cathedral, and also of being present in 2001 at the Bethlehem Centre at his book launch for *Enneagram*

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*RIP Bishop Remi, cont.
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and Biblical Characters that he co-wrote with Pearl Gervais and Diane Tolomeo.

Nearly all of my time in ordained ministry has been based in Central Vancouver Island, and Remi and Pearl have been good friends throughout this time, since Remi retired to live in Nanaimo. I worked with him over the years on his inter-spiritual ventures through the Bethlehem Centre, and I continued to work alongside him in sharing the spiritual and psychological insights of the wisdom teachings of the Enneagram.

In 2016, he and Pearl Gervais joined me as directors in the founding of our ministry, Spirituality Beyond Borders. I was honoured to share the floor with him for his last public retreat and teaching sessions in our program on ecology and spirituality, Creation-Centered Spirituality, at the Bethlehem Centre last summer. At the age of 96, he was able to inspire us with lucid and thoughtful contributions in our hybrid online/in-person sessions, as in turn, I took the role of Francis of Assisi, Pearl took the role of Hildegard of Bingen, and Remi interpreted Thomas Aquinas for the present day.

My favorite formal image of Remi, arising from his trip to the Vatican in 2014 for the beatification of Pope John XXIII and Pope John Paul, was of Pope Francis reversing everyone's expectations after the mass by pausing to kneel and kiss the ring of Bishop Remi, rather than offering him the customary expectation in the opposite direction.

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kneel and kiss the ring of Bishop Remi, rather than offering him the customary expectation in the opposite direction.

Informally, Remi always signed off "fraternally yours" in his notes and emails to me — he truly crossed boundaries without hesitation and always saw me as a brother to be appreciated and encouraged. And this from a man who, as a bishop, has been personally in the presence of six successive popes. "Keep up the good work," he cheerfully and enthusiastically told me often at the end of our sessions and programs. He entertained our parish youth and summer students in his home and was able to share exceptional stories of his life's work.

Pearl encourages me that his prayers have been with me and us, as ours are with him in this time of his passing over, for the continuation of the good work we have shared together, rooted in the Gospel, rooted in the reforms of Vatican II, and rooted in our common desire for a spirituality that transcends boundaries and borders in the service of the common good. ♦

Rest in Peace

Tilden José Santiago
Novice of TSSF-Brazil

By Antonio Terto Lima



Note: An English translation follows the original article written in Portuguese by Antonio Terto Lima.

Tilden José Santiago Nasceu em 13 de Julho de 1940 Faleceu no dia 02 de Fevereiro de 2022 dia da Apresentação de Nosso Senhor Jesus Cristo.

Sua entrada na TSSF data de 20/09/15 Foi nesse período que conheci o Tilden. Tivemos apenas esse encontro por ocasião do Concílio Diocesano na DARJ. Ele muito comunicativo descreveu em pouco tempo sua experiência política e suas discordâncias religiosas com a Igreja Romana. Depois disso não tive mais contato com ele pessoalmente. Pelo que sabemos sempre teve interesse de manter-se na nossa ordem. Pelo seu engajamento Político percebe-se que sempre esteve ao lado do Povo trabalhador fiel aos princípios Éticos. Uma postura digna de ser lembrada. Agora encontra-se em Deus na companhia de Francisco e Clara.

Segue abaixo mais informações da sua vida política.

DEPUTADO ESTADUAL NOS PERÍODOS DE 1991 A 2003(3 MANDATOS).

Ordenou-se padre em 1967, abandonando o sacerdócio na década de 70.[3] Foi embaixador brasileiro em Cuba durante o primeiro mandato do presidente Lula (2003-2006). O exercício do cargo de Embaixador gerou algumas polêmicas. Formado em Filosofia e Jornalismo, ingressou na Ação Libertadora Nacional (ALN) depois do golpe militar de 1964, é um dos fundadores da Central Única dos Trabalhadores (CUT) e do Partido dos Trabalhadores (PT).

Trabalhou no governo Itamar Franco como secretário do Meio Ambiente e Desenvolvimento Sustentável. Foi deputado federal por três mandatos consecutivos. Mesmo depois de sair da Câmara Federal, algumas propostas de Tilden Santiago feitas quando ele ainda exercia mandato continuaram em pauta, como a inclusão da guarda compartilhada dos filhos de pais divorciados no Código Civil Brasileiro.

Em 2002 foi o terceiro colocado na eleição para Senador em Minas Gerais, pleito em que foram eleitos os dois mais votados. Conseguiu 3.301.171 votos, o equivalente a 20,57% do total. Por assumir cargo na estatal Cemig no governo de Aécio Neves em 2007, teve suspensa sua filiação no Partido dos Trabalhadores. No segundo semestre de 2008 Tilden filiou-se ao Partido Socialista Brasileiro (PSB).

Em julho de 2010, foi anunciado como segundo suplente na chapa de Aécio Neves ao senado. O primeiro suplente foi Elmiro Nascimento, do DEM, enquanto a outra vaga para a disputa ao senado ficou com o ex-presidente da República Itamar Franco, filiado ao PPS, e falecido em 2011.

Em 2012, foi ameaçado de expulsão do PSB por denunciar o partido de fraude na eleição em Contagem, em que o partido apoiou Durval Ângelo (PT), enquanto Tilden declarou apoio a Carlin Moura (PCdoB).
Fonte: Wikipédia, a enciclopédia livre. ♦

Edited Translation by Google

Tilden José Santiago was born on July 13, 1940, and died on February 2, 2022, the day of the Presentation of Our Lord Jesus Christ. [Ed. Santiago died of respiratory complications from COVID-19 at the age of 81.]

Due to his political engagement, it is clear that he has always been on the side of the working people, and he was faithful to his ethical principles — a posture worthy of being remembered.

He joined TSSF on 09/20/15. It was around this time that I met Tilden. He very quickly described his political experience and his religious disagreements with the Roman Church. After that, I had no further personal contact with him. As far as we know, he always had an interest in keeping to our Order. Due to his political engagement, it is clear that he has always been on the side of the working people, and he was faithful to his ethical principles — a posture worthy of being remembered. Now he finds himself in God in the company of Francisco and Clara.

From Wikipedia, Brazilian Edition

He graduated with degrees in Philosophy and Journalism, and joined the National Liberation Action (ALN) after the 1964 military coup becoming one of the founders of the Central Única dos Trabalhadores (CUT) and the Partido dos Trabalhadores (PT). He was ordained a [Roman Catholic] priest in 1967, but left the priesthood in the 1970s. He was the Brazilian Ambassador to Cuba during President Lula's first term (2003-2006), and, as ambassador, caused some controversies.

[Earlier,] he worked in the Itamar Franco government [1992-4] as Secretary of the Environment and Sustainable Development. He was a federal deputy for three consecutive terms. Even after leaving the Chamber of Deputies, some proposals made by him, while he was still in office, remained on the agenda, such as the inclusion of shared custody of children of divorced parents in the Brazilian Civil Code.

In 2002, he placed third in the election for Senator in Minas Gerais, in which the top two vote-getters were elected — Tilden won 3,301,171 votes, or 20.57% of the total. However, when he took up a position at state-owned CEMIG [a Brazilian power company] under Aécio Neves in 2007, his membership in the Workers' Party was suspended. In the second half of 2008, Tilden joined the Brazilian Socialist Party (PSB).

In July 2010, he was announced as the second substitute on Aécio Neves's ticket to the Senate. The first substitute was Elmiro Nascimento, of the [Democats] DEM, while the other seat for the senate was the former president of the Republic Itamar Franco, a member of the [centre-left Popular Socialist Party] PPS, who died in 2011.

In 2012, Tilden was threatened with expulsion from the PSB for denouncing the party [because] of fraud in the election in Contagem, in which the party supported Durval Ângelo (PT), while Tilden declared support for Carlin Moura (PCdoB). ♦



MESSAGE OF CONDOLENCES TO THE BEREAVED FAMILY OF ARCHBISHOP EMERITUS DESMOND TUTU

The hearts and prayers of members of the Third Order of the Society of St Francis in the African Province go out to the bereaved family of Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu. As a Franciscan in spirit, word and deeds, Tata Tutu was a wonderful person. Not only did he support and encourage The Third Order of the Society of St Francis on the African Continent, but the entire Society of St Francis in the Anglican Communion as a religious life for the ordained and laity. It was an honour for many of us Franciscans in Cape Town, nationally and globally, to have known and worked with such a great person, a man of God, who fought for the rights of the deprived and marginalised not only from the pulpit, but also from any platform that was availed to him. He will truly be missed.

The African Province and the Southern Region of the Third Order of the Society of St Francis have never missed the opportunity to send the Arch (as affectionally called) at the end of our Chapters, our well wishes. As we write to console the bereaved family, we do so with the word of God that: for we brought nothing into the world, and we can take nothing out of it [1 Tim 6:7], so naked we came from our mother's womb, and naked we will depart, therefore, the Lord Almighty gave Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu to the Tutu family, and the Lord has taken him away; may the name of the Lord be praised [Job 1:21]. O gracious Lord, do not bring Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu into judgment, for no one living on this earth is righteous before You [Psalm 143:2].

On behalf of the Third Order of the Society of St Francis, African Province, and on my own behalf, Mama Leah and the children, may you comfort one another with these words.

PAX ET BONUM.

Rev Fr Dr Michael Twum-Darko, tssf
Minister Provincial (African Province)
27 December 2021

CC: Desmond & Leah Tutu Legacy Foundation