TRAVEL

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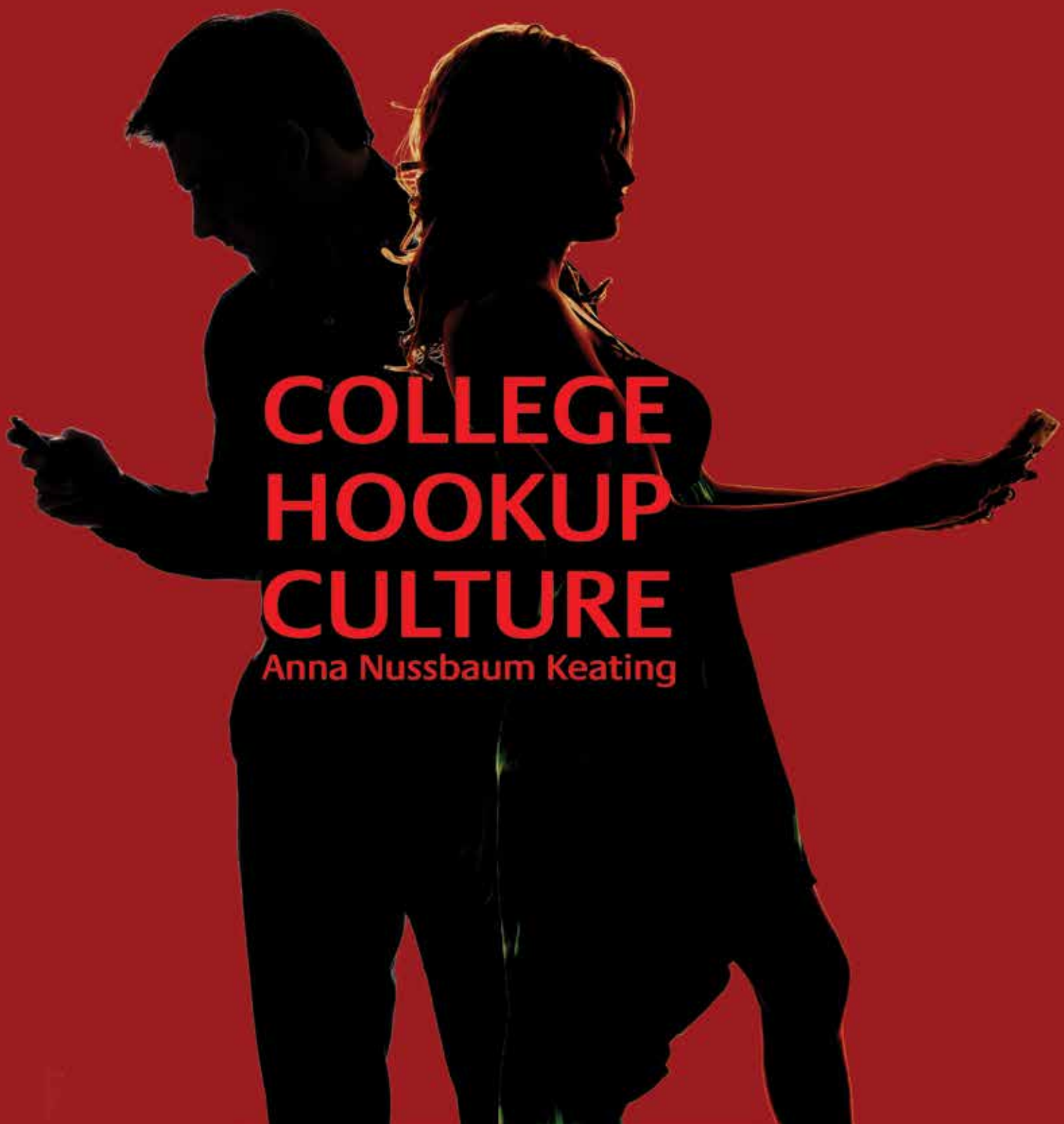

COLLEGE HOOKUP CULTURE

Anna Nussbaum Keating

OF MANY THINGS

Justin Bieber has gone from North American idol to tragic cliché in less than a year. It's all very sad. It's also very familiar. Countless others before him have endured this third act. The most disturbing part of Mr. Bieber's story, however, is not what it tells us about him but what it says about us. Truth be told, if I'd had his money, his talent and his phenomenally bad parenting when I was 19, I probably would have done precisely what he's doing. Not a few of us would, I'm sure. What disturbs me more than the well-known fact that 19-year-olds make bad choices is the fact that many people seem to derive some satisfaction from watching them do so.

Michael Jackson, Britney Spears, Macaulay Culkin—the list goes on and on. We pay these kids millions of dollars to entertain us. We celebrate them, emulate them, sometimes even stalk them. (Those prowling photographers outside Mr. Bieber's hotel—some of whom undoubtedly would have chased Princess Diana into a Parisian tunnel—work for us) We then buy those photos and plaster them on billboards and T-shirts. Justin and his friends become our vicars to a world of glamour, money and celebrity that we ourselves cannot inhabit. Through them, we learn what it's like to be them. Their triumphs become our triumphs: We glow with self-satisfaction when they tell a reporter: "Really, all that I have achieved I owe to my fans."

The relationship changes, however, when the inevitable fall begins. The celebrity transforms from model citizen to shunned scapegoat just as quickly as TMZ can post the mug shot. The very person we all aspired to be the day before is now the "other," a pathetic laughingstock. And the photographers and yellow journalists on our payroll now go to work crafting a narrative in which the celebrity does nothing right. The irony, of course, is that we shun and scapegoat the celebrity just at the moment when we realize that he or she is really just like us, a sinner, a fellow exile from Eden. We take no comfort in that, of course, because in a perverse way, deep down in places we don't like to talk about, we enjoy the tragic spectacle. For in addition to everything else, we secretly resent their glamour, their money and celebrity, and we quietly delight in seeing them get their comeuppance.

This sounds really harsh, I know. But if this weren't at least partially true, then why would we pay $226 million to watch "The Wolf of Wall Street"? After all, this sex- and drug-fuelled orgy "doesn't end with the 'lesson,' the moral of the story," as Jim McDermott, S.J., writes in this issue. The main character "does indeed lose pretty much everything, but he's still got a room full of strangers hanging on his every word. Two crowds, in fact: the one onscreen and the audience."

And isn't the disassociation between love and sex that Anna Nussbaum Keating writes about in this issue also an attempt on our part to emulate the lives of our celebrities? One of the privileges of celebrity, after all, is the power to determine who matters and who doesn't.

Perhaps I'm being too hard on us. But Justin Bieber is only the latest in a long line of broken young performers. My hope is that he will not become the latest in a long line of dead ones. In order to prevent that, Mr. Bieber needs to take a good hard look at his life.

But we also need to examine our role in all of this. And our role is subtler and much more powerful than you might think. As Father McDermott concludes in his film review: "Real temptation is a lot more attractive; it hides its victims and its consequences, and for a long time it's usually a lot more fun."

The fun, however, inevitably comes to an end. **MATT MALONE, S.J.**

America

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All at americamagazine.org.

Principals, Not Police

Twenty years ago, in response to a perceived uptick in violence on school grounds, Congress passed the Gun-Free Schools Act of 1994, which required an automatic one-year suspension for students who bring a firearm to school. Districts across the United States subsequently expanded this "zero-tolerance" policy, mandating suspension, expulsion and even arrest for a wide range of less serious disciplinary infractions, from drug possession to dress code violations and talking back at teachers.

The criminalization of disruptive but often age-appropriate childhood misbehavior is fueling what has become known as the "school-to-prison pipeline." Students who are taken out of school, or experience it as a punitive and unwelcoming place, are more likely to drop out and become entangled in the criminal justice system. And there is mounting evidence of discrimination in the enforcement of these policies. Black and Hispanic students are more likely than their white peers to be suspended, expelled or arrested and that this disparity cannot be explained by differences in misbehavior.

In January the Obama administration released recommendations that spell out schools' obligations to "avoid and redress racial discrimination" and encourage administrators to resolve conflicts through peer mediation, restorative justice programs and mental health interventions. These guidelines come at a key time. After the tragic mass shooting at Sandy Hook in 2012, voices clamored for more armed personnel at schools. But well-intentioned security measures of the past have unfairly pushed already disadvantaged students out of the classroom and have not created safer learning environments. This is an injustice we can no longer tolerate.

Watered-Down Protection

Just a few days after a chemical spill in the Elk River on Jan. 9 contaminated the water supply of 300,000 West Virginians, a federal official said it was "perfectly appropriate" to again use the water for drinking and cooking. Don't tell that to the 544 people who, in the two weeks following the spill, checked into hospitals with various illnesses apparently stemming from the spill. Even a state lawmaker ended up with a staph infection and nearly lost sight in her right eye after unknowingly taking a shower with the contaminated water.

As many as 10,000 gallons of chemicals leaked into the river when a storage tank used to prepare coal froze and ruptured. Freedom Industries, the company responsible, filed for bankruptcy protection barely a week after the disaster. In the aftermath, several questions must be answered. How did the spill happen, and why were the regulations regarding such operations not more forcefully applied? The incident sparked outrage, and state and federal legislators sprang into action with bills addressing this growing problem of lax enforcement and oversight.

Governor Earl Ray Tomblin has ordered the company to begin removing all 17 above-ground storage tanks from the Charleston site. The U.S. senators from West Virginia, both Democrats, are co-sponsoring a bill that would require states to strengthen inspections and put procedures in place to guard against such incidents. It will be a long time before the residents of West Virginia feel secure enough to use the tap again. Unless government officials take immediate action to address these concerns, accidents like this are bound to happen elsewhere.

Ukraine on the Brink

On the bloodied streets around Independence Square in Kiev, some priests have boldly taken a direct approach to peacemaking—placing their bodies, icons and prayers between the Molotov cocktails of demonstrators and the skull-shuddering batons of riot police. President Viktor F. Yanukovych has been backpedaling furiously in recent days, acceding to the demands of the demonstrators in an effort to stay in power. But the people in the streets are not ready to forgive the brutality of his riot police, nor will they forget his efforts to suppress democratic expression.

Protesters are no longer satisfied for the president merely to step back from authoritarianism. What began as a fight over which side of the border to cleave to—greater integration with Europe or a bear hug with the Russian Federation—is accelerating into a struggle for regime survival.

As protests spread around the country, a broader civil conflict is no longer unimaginable. While the heroic presence of Ukrainian clergy along the battle lines is welcome, more help will be required from the church toward a peaceful resolution of the crisis. Sviatoslav Shevchuk, the Ukrainian Greek Catholic major archbishop of Kiev-Halych, has in fact offered to mediate negotiations between government and protest leaders, but he has properly served notice that the bishops and other church leaders in Ukraine "are, have been and will be, with the people."

If Mr. Yanukovych is smart, he will take the archbishop up on this offer and seek a face-saving way out of this mess—even out of office if need be. As others have demonstrated, resignation from a position of high prestige and power can be the last great sacrifice a true leader can make on behalf of his people—even when they are mostly happy to see him go.

EDITORIAL

Our Digital Future

When Pope Francis remarked last month that the Internet was "a gift from God," his comments may have seemed a little tardy. After all, the Internet has been with us in one form or another for decades, and it is such a ubiquitous part of our lives that pronouncements pro or con seem moot. No matter what you may think of it, the Internet is here to stay.

On further reflection, however, the pope's words come at an appropriate cultural moment. The arrival of smartphones and tablets has introduced a whole new mode of social interaction. Online dialogue, which has never been known for its charity, has taken a horrific turn, with some anonymous Twitter users harassing women online and even threatening rape. The National Catholic Reporter chose to shut down its comments section last month because of the high level of vitriol. Meanwhile, even Hollywood is starting to question our digital addictions. Spike Jonze's film "Her" presents a dystopian look at a lonely man who falls in love with his computer's operating system.

Mr. Jonze might be surprised to find himself in agreement with Pope Francis, but they share some of the same concerns. "The Internet, in particular, offers immense possibilities for encounter and solidarity," the pope said in his message for World Communications Day. "This is something truly good," but "the desire for digital connectivity can have the effect of isolating us from our neighbors, from those closest to us." This digital isolation will only grow more acute as technology progresses. Imagine being attached to your computer at all times, whether through your watch or your glasses. Genuine human encounters will only be more difficult in a society filled with digital barriers.

So is the Internet truly a divine gift? Yes. Ask the elderly living on their own, who can watch their grandchildren grow up on Facebook even if they live in another town. Ask the parents of a soldier in Afghanistan, who can look their son or daughter in the eye while talking to them on Skype. These digital interactions will never replace human encounters, but they help to cultivate human connections. The writers among us may romanticize the age of letter writing, when correspondents opened up their hearts on the page, but surely they too would have embraced a technology that allowed them to speak to their beloved face-to-digital-face.

Even online communities, often derided as digital echo chambers, can serve to build community if moderated appropriately. Social media have been a source of genuine spiritual counsel and nourishment for many people. One recent discussion convened by an editor of **America** explored where readers find God. "In the suffering of my daughter who has cancer. I see his joy, his peace and his love," one reader wrote on Facebook. Another posted to Twitter: "In the colors of the goldfinch's wings. Today was the first time I ever thought about God's design of them."

To be sure, there are serious problems with Web sites that allow people to air their desires anonymously and without consequences. This is a sign of the sinful world that we live in. The Internet gives us a shocking look at the work of the evil spirit in our midst.

The Web is an unusually effective mirror, one that reflects human nature in surprising and scary ways. Perhaps no human invention to date has such potential to bring us together and tear us apart. Parents face a gamut of new choices and responsibilities related to the gift of the Internet. It will be their job to ensure that it enhances, not diminishes family life and to protect their children. The church, through practical and ethical guidance, should be prepared to assist them to assume this evolving burden.

Making sure the Internet builds community instead of destroying it will fall to a new generation of digital curators. These people will need to be good conversationalists with attractive personalities, but also an instinct for finding common ground. Gatekeepers will also be necessary to dive into the maw of digital data and separate the gold from the dross. Some of them will work for traditional news operations, but no institutional affiliation is necessary. This is already happening on places like Twitter and Tumblr, but with varying degrees of success. Training digital curators and finding a business model to support them will be necessary if the tech revolution is to truly take root.

If the Internet is a gift from God, then it falls upon us to nurture that gift. As a Catholic media ministry, **America** is well aware of that responsibility and the great challenge it presents. The skills required to foster a true digital revolution are indeed unusual: part journalist, part diplomat, with a minister's eye for the troubled soul. The Catholic media may be uniquely positioned to serve in this role. Whether we succeed will depend on the daring and creativity of our best practitioners.

REPLY ALL

Who Is Incoherent?

Re "A.C.L.U. v. U.S.C.C.B." (Current Comment, 1/20): The editors dismiss the A.C.L.U. lawsuit but ignore the facts alleged in the complaint. The plaintiff's case was allegedly one of at least five cases in that hospital system, discovered by a public health educator/researcher, in which the patient miscarried due to "preterm premature rupturing of membrane" before viability. The hospital had not induced labor in any of the cases, according to a vice president of the hospital, because the U.S. bishops' directives prohibited Mercy Health Partners from inducing labor in that situation.

The editors cite Directive 47 of the "Ethical and Religious Directives," which allows treatments and procedures "that have as their direct purpose the cure of a proportionately serious pathological condition of a pregnant woman…even if they will result in the death of the unborn," as allowing the procedure. But is the "premature rupture of membrane" a pathological condition directly cured by inducing labor? Directive 45 says the "directly intended termination of a pregnancy before viability" is never permitted.

Is it so clear, as the editors say, that "the A.C.L.U. misunderstands... how the directives actually work in the field"? Are the editors suggesting that most Catholic hospitals would ignore the inconsistent directives, so the bishops should not be held to account? Who is being incoherent?

PAULA RUDDY
Minneapolis, Minn.

The Law of Love

The recent A.C.L.U. lawsuit against the U.S. Catholic bishops should challenge our complacency about the future of Catholic health care, but for more reasons than its threat to religious freedom. The fact is that Catholic hospitals, doctors and review boards risk censure from bishops should they interpret Directive 47 to allow the abortion of a non-viable fetus to save the mother's life. Directive 45 clearly prohibits direct abortions.

The problem is that the distinction between direct and indirect abortion in these cases is not relevant, because the moral purpose underlying the prohibition against direct abortion—to protect life—cannot be realized. Tragically, the child will die when the mother dies. The positive moral decision, then, is to save the mother's life. Medical professionals and the public at large know this, and the law of love requires it.

It falls upon the U.S. bishops to present a compelling case to the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith for allowing Catholic hospitals to take all necessary medical steps to save the life of the mother.

JACK KEHOE
Sugar Land, Tex.

The Decision to Leave

In "Post-Clerical Catholics" (1/6), Bill McGarvey writes, "Those of us who hope that Pope Francis' popularity will inspire a younger generation to enter our doors or lapsed Catholics to return would do well to ask ourselves difficult questions: What are we inviting them to? Are we simply welcoming them back to a church that reminds them why they left in the first place?"

Most formerly active Catholics that I know did not "fall away" or "lapse." The choice to leave active participation in the Catholic Church was deliberate and followed a great deal of thought and struggle and prayer and reflection.

Pope Francis is wildly popular—even with former Catholics like me. He is popular with the young, with atheists, with members of other religions and, of course, with the poor and outcast. But will it be enough if the teachings that have driven so many out of the church are not revisited—and changed?

Until the tiny group of men who define doctrine and govern the church recognize that the whole church (all 1.1 billion) must share in both doctrinal development and governance, there will be no real reason for most former Catholics to return to being active Catholics. Those Catholics I know who stay do so in spite of official teachings, not because of them.

ANNE CHAPMAN
Online comment

Bill McGarvey's response to Ms. Chapman: I have no doubt that there are enormous numbers of Catholics who have walked away because of very real issues they have regarding the church's position on any number of subjects. But the fundamental issue with younger generations regarding religion is one of relevance. Why bother belonging to an institutional faith community at all? They aren't "joiners" in the same way their parents and grandparents were. This is statistically true across the board for Jews and Christians in the United States and is even direr in mainline Protestant denominations—some of whom would appear to be more welcoming in terms of the issues [Ms. Chapman] mentioned.

Pope Francis' enormous popularity is grounded in the tone of what he says and, most important, what he does. He has not altered doctrines but emphases. His simplicity is transformative for many because it appears so authentic and Christ-like. That is all to the good but it hasn't yet resulted in a mass return among young people in the United States. For that to happen I think even more fundamental hurdles need to be overcome, like "why bother joining anything?"

What Is Necessary?

Another quote from Flannery O'Connor, regarding the Real Presence of God in the Eucharist, is relevant to "Post-Clerical Catholics." She wrote, "Well, if it's a symbol, to hell with it,"

adding, "It is the center of existence for me; all the rest of life is expendable."

The only possible reason a sane person could leave behind the sacramental gifts of eternal life is that they have ceased to believe those gifts are necessary for their salvation. In the end, whether lapsed, collapsed or prolapsed, the issue is fundamentally a loss of faith. All the rest—the quality of sermons, of singing, of priests or community—is beside the point, window dressing. The key question for our post-Vatican II generation is: How did so many Catholics come to lose the faith, to somehow think they can survive without it, all of it?

I have no interest in a Country Club Church that accepts me for who I am, or validates me in my personal opinions. I want a church that calls me to conversion, and has the divine sustenance to protect me from a final death. If it's not all true, and not essential for avoiding eternal damnation, then "to hell with it."

TIM O'LEARY
Online comment

Editor's Note: To follow the entire conversation among readers about "Post-Clerical Catholics," visit americamagazine.org/issue/post-clerical-catholics.

The Causes of Violence

Re "Push to Reduce Gun Violence Continues Despite Senate Setback" (Signs of the Times, 1/6): Gun violence is a symptom, not a cause. The causes of gun violence are endemic to the frayed fabric of our culture. Therefore, the question of the why of gun violence must take precedence over the how.

Consider some elements which contribute to our social disintegration: Conscience formation and discipline are woefully lacking. Many children live in divorced or single parent households. Ninety percent of prison inmates between the ages of 20 and 30 were raised without a father. Many children witness domestic violence, and are victims of abuse, neglect and/or bullying. Children are exposed to the rampant violence of video games, television and movies. No recent perpetrator of gun violence has lived during some period when the United States was not engaged in war.

All the above contribute to our dysfunctional milieu. The moral compass is impaired. Suddenly the end justifies the means, whether in war or an irrational outburst of violence that takes an innocent life.

Gun violence can be understood only within the context of America's moral crisis.

Meanwhile, legislating against weapons is little more than applying a Band-Aid to a hemorrhage.

CHARLES BUTERA
East Northport, N.Y.

Critical Thinking

"Saving the Humanities," by Raymond A. Schroth, S.J. (12/23), is a marvelous defense of the liberal arts. The late Senator Patrick Moynihan referred to the U.S. population as "dumbing down" due to the lack of emphasis on the study of the liberal arts. The digital age is sapping the lifeblood of the minds of young people. Multiple choice tests are replacing essays that stimulate thinking.

I sent the article to my sister-in-law, who taught at Duchesne High School in Houston for 26 years. She sent the article to the school president who, in turn, sent copies to the entire faculty. Writing and reading broaden the mind. Father Schroth wrote, "The liberal arts help make us human beings," which sums up the whole article.

It is critical that we increase the study of liberal arts before we turn out students who do not know how to think.

PATRICIA O'NEILL
Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Letters to the editor may be sent to **America**'s editorial office (address on page 2) or letters@americamagazine.org. **America** will also consider the following for print publication: comments posted below articles on **America**'s Web site (americamagazine.org) and posts on Twitter and public Facebook pages. All correspondence may be edited for length and clarity.

GLOBAL UNEMPLOYMENT

Too Many Workers, Too Few Jobs; World Youth Are Hardest Hit


NEXT GENERATION. Young workers in Binh Duong Province, Vietnam.

The U.N.'s International Labor Organization in January offered a sobering review of global labor conditions and projections for the future that were not much more heartening. According to I.L.O. researchers, almost 202 million people around the world were unemployed during 2013, an increase of almost five million over the 2012 numbers. Introducing the report, Raymond Torres, director of the I.L.O. research department, wrote that despite some encouraging signs of recovery in advanced economies, "the global labor market situation remains uneven and fragile." Researchers say the number of people out of work reflects weak employment expansion, which is not keeping up with the world's growing labor force. The problem replicates on a global scale the difficulties being experienced in the United States, where unemployment remains stubbornly stuck at an official rate of around 7 percent, despite an improving economy.

A global jobs gap that first opened up at the beginning of the worldwide financial crisis in 2008 continues to widen, according to the report. If current trends continue, global unemployment is expected to become even worse and affect more than 215 million job-seekers by 2018. During this period, around 40 million net new jobs are expected to be created every year, but that is about three million jobs shy of the number of people expected to enter the labor market annually. Young people continue to be especially affected by the lack of jobs; some 74.5 million young people—age 15 to 24—were unemployed in 2013. The global youth unemployment rate of 13.1 percent is almost three times as high as the adult unemployment rate—a historic peak—and is particularly high in the Middle East and North Africa.

Global unemployment, underem-

WASHINGTON

Little to Praise in House Farm Bill

The House finally passed a five-year farm bill on Jan. 29, more than a year after the previous agriculture program expired and two days before a stopgap extension was itself set to expire. While Catholic groups and other rural advocates had been urging passage of a farm bill, their enthusiasm for the version that finally made it through the House of Representatives was diminished by the $8 billion cut in food stamps it mandated and the removal of agricultural reform measures that had been negotiated by a joint House-Senate conference committee.

The reduction in the food stamp program will result in $90 less per month for 850,000 Americans. The Senate is scheduled to consider the bill sometime in early February; passage is expected.

Archbishop Thomas G. Wenski of Miami, chairman of the U.S. bishops' Committee on Domestic Justice and Human Development, sought out elements of the five-year package to endorse in a statement released on Jan. 29. "While we are disappointed that the final compromise continues to call disproportionately for sacrifices from hungry and poor people in this country and around the world, especially when large industrial agricultural operations continue to receive unnecessary subsidies," he said, "we are glad to see support will continue for domestic and international nutrition and development aid, rural development and conservation." In addition to nutrition programs—the Supplemental Nutrition Assistance Program, known as SNAP, and the Emergency Food Assistance Program—the farm bill sets policy across a range of programs related to U.S. agriculture, including crop insurance, conservation, subsidies to farmers and overseas food aid.

"We are disappointed to see that necessary reforms to farm commodity programs and payment levels have been struck down in the final bill," said James Ennis, executive director of Catholic

PHOTO: © ILO/AARON SANTOS

ployment and the lack of job opportunities for young people have been a frequently mentioned concern of Pope Francis. The problem of unemployment is "very often caused by a purely economic view of society, which seeks self-centered profit, outside the bounds of social justice," the pope said last year on May 1, the feast of St. Joseph the Worker. "I wish to extend an invitation to everyone to greater solidarity and to encourage those in public office to spare no effort to give new impetus to employment."

Pope Francis memorably described the young who face dismal job opportunities as a generation "crushed by the present" and commented on the problem formally in his apostolic exhortation, "Evangelii Gaudium": "Growth in justice requires more than economic growth...it requires decisions, programs, mechanisms and processes specifically geared to a better distribution of income, the creation of sources of employment and an integral promotion of the poor which goes beyond a simple welfare mentality" (No. 204). Pope Francis added that a just society guarantees education, access to health care "and above all employment, for it is through free, creative, participatory and mutually supportive labor that human beings express and enhance the dignity of their lives" (No. 192).

A fundamental challenge to better job growth, Torres reports, has been that the root causes of the financial crisis that devastated employment globally have not been properly tackled. "The financial system remains the Achilles heel of the world economy." Banking fragility has cut off "many sustainable enterprises, notably small ones," from access to credit, and "significant financial bubbles have reappeared in a number of advanced and emerging economies, adding new uncertainties and affecting hiring decisions." Further hampering progress, income from labor continues to increase at a slower pace than what is justified by productivity gains.

Finally, Torres warned, "little progress is being made in reducing working poverty and vulnerable forms of employment such as informal jobs and undeclared work."

Rural Life. In a post-mortem evaluation of the House vote on Catholic Rural Life's Web site, Ennis commented: "Reading the press releases by the House and Senate committee chairs, you would think a host of 'major reforms' have taken place. But the structure of agriculture is still very much unchanged, and the 2014 agricultural act doesn't seem substantively different from past farm bills. Well-off farm operations (and their investors) will continue to receive generous subsidies."

In an e-mail to its members before the vote, Catholic Rural Life had nevertheless urged a "yes vote" on the House bill, despite its "failings in reforms." The organization said passage would at least "ensure some stability in farm, food and conservation programs for the next several years." Ennis added: Catholic Rural Life "will not stop in working for real reform in farm and food policies. Much can be done at the local, state and regional levels. Much can change on the farm by the food choices we make at the store."

The Rev. Larry Snyder, president of Catholic Charities USA, also weighed in on the House measure. "We continue to be concerned that those who are most vulnerable will bear the greatest burden when cuts are being considered in any programs that address poverty in this country," he said. "However, we realize that tough choices may have to be made and encourage our country's decision-makers on this 50th anniversary of the war on poverty to commit to ensuring that millions of our brothers and sisters are not being left out or left behind."

FARMED IN THE USA. Grain arrives in South Sudan. International food assistance is just one component of the complex farm bill.

Child Migrants

Dangerous conditions in their homelands are leading tens of thousands more families in Central America and Mexico to send their children to cross the U.S. border illegally by themselves, according to a report by the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops' Committee on Migration. Citing data from two U.S. federal agencies, the report, released on Jan. 30, estimates that as many as 60,000 children traveling without relatives might enter the country this fiscal year. The report cited data from the U.S. Office of Refugee Resettlement, showing that an average of 6,800 unaccompanied minors were apprehended in the United States each year between 2004 and 2011. In 2012 the number doubled to 13,000 and in 2013 nearly doubled again to more than 24,000. Among the primary factors pushing the increase in traffic to the border by children and teens were poor economic conditions, gang violence "and a corresponding breakdown of the rule of law" that have "created a culture of fear and hopelessness."

Visitation Report 'Soon'

The Vatican Congregation for Religious hopes to release its final report on the 2009-10 visitation of U.S. women's communities "soon." Speaking to reporters on Jan. 31 at the Vatican, Archbishop José Rodríguez Carballo, O.F.M., secretary of the Congregation for Institutes of Consecrated Life and Societies of Apostolic Life, said: "We are working intensely on the final report, and after careful study and consideration, we think it will be made public soon. We're at a good point. I think we can conclude it before the beginning of the Year for Consecrated Life" in November. The former prefect of the congregation, Cardinal Franc Rodé, initiated the visitation in January 2009, saying its aim would be to study the community, prayer and apostolic life of the orders to learn why the number of religious women in the United States had declined so sharply since the 1960s. Cardinal Aviz noted that the visitation of U.S. communities of women is completely separate from the ongoing "doctrinal renewal" of the U.S.-based Leadership Conference of Women Religious, which is being undertaken through the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith.

'Encouraged' on Immigration Reform

House Republicans released a one-page set of "standards for immigration reform" during their annual retreat in Cambridge, Md., on Jan. 29. Bishop Eusebio Elizondo, M.Sp.S., auxiliary bishop of Seattle and chairman of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops' Committee on Migration, commented, "I am encouraged by the release of these principles, which hopefully will spark action in the House of Representatives to finally address our nation's broken immigration system." The bishop said, "Congress must seize the moment and end the suffering of immigrants and their families." Bishop Elizondo expressed concern, however, with some of the principles, particularly one that would confer legal status, but not a path to citizenship, to the undocumented in the country. The U.S. bishops have consistently called for a path to citizenship for undocumented persons and their families. Bishop Elizondo warned that the G.O.P. proposal threatens to leave immigrants "as a permanent underclass—a minority without the same rights and protections of the majority."

From CNS and other sources.

NEWS BRIEFS

Super Pope!

The global pope-apalooza continued in January as Pope Francis was featured on the cover of Rolling Stone magazine and in **"superpope" graffiti** that sprouted up on buildings around Vatican City. ⬩ It was announced on Jan. 27 that Pope Francis has accepted the **resignation of Melkite Archbishop** Elias Chacour of Haifa, Israel, as he contends with allegations of sexual harassment. ⬩ Following two **Boko Haram attacks** in January that killed 70 people, Bishop Stephen Dami Mamza of Yola, Nigeria, urged President Goodluck Jonathan to give military service chiefs the constitutional support they need to flush out the militants. ⬩ Pope Francis has chosen the theme, "He became poor, so that by his poverty you might become rich," from St. Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians, for this year's **Lenten message**, according to a Vatican statement on Jan. 31. ⬩ Bishops from the Church of England approved on Jan. 27 the start of "facilitated conversations" on sexuality, following an internal report recommending that **gay couples** should be permitted to celebrate their relationships in church. ⬩ In a statement released on Jan. 25, the leaders of the Christian churches in Iraq requested that Iraqi legislators explicitly guarantee to all adult citizens the right to **freely choose their religion.**

JAMES MARTIN

That He May Be One

Over the last few years, whenever I told friends that I was working on a book on Jesus, they invariably laughed. The most common responses were (in order of frequency) "Ha!" "Well, *that's* a small topic!" and "Oh, I've heard of him!" But one response stuck with me: "So, are you writing about the Jesus of history or the Christ of faith?"

Unfortunately, those two approaches are often seen as contradictory, when they are in fact complementary.

Most **America** readers know the distinction: In "historical Jesus" studies, scholars attempt to explain as much as we can know about the life and times of Jesus of Nazareth. Books and articles about the historical Jesus focus on topics like religious customs in first-century Jewish culture in Palestine, the socioeconomic realities of living under Roman rule and the ways that a carpenter would sustain his family in a small village in Galilee.

Such research helps us better understand Jesus within the context of his times. One quick example: In one of his parables, Jesus spins the tale of a steward who is given care of his master's "talents." If you know that a "talent" was an immense sum of money, equivalent to 15 years of wages for a day laborer, you'll have a better understanding of Jesus' reason for using that term in his story. You'll understand the parable—and therefore Jesus—better.

Historical Jesus scholars use all the tools available—our understanding of first-century cultures, knowledge of the local languages, even archaeological finds in the region—to understand his life and times. Such studies are often aligned with a "Christology from below," which attempts to understand Jesus by beginning with his humanity. The starting point is Jesus as a human being, again, the "Jesus of history."

Books and articles on the "Christ of faith," by contrast, focus less on the details of his time on earth and more about his place in the Christian faith. These writings consider topics such as the Resurrection, how Christ saves us and the nature of his relationship to the Father and the Holy Spirit. These studies usually begin with the divinity of Jesus Christ, and are aligned with a "Christology from above." Here the starting point is Jesus as Son of God.

> We need to meet the Jesus of history and the Christ of faith.

The two approaches are complementary, not contradictory, and both sets of questions are important. If we lose sight of either perspective, we risk turning Jesus into either God pretending to be a man, or a man pretending to be God. To fully meet Jesus Christ, the believer needs both to understand the Jesus of history, the man who walked the earth, and to encounter the Christ of faith, the one who rose from the dead.

Yet many books on the historical Jesus downplay or ignore such essential topics as Jesus' "works of power" (his miracles) and the Resurrection. Likewise, many books on the Christ of faith set aside "merely" historical considerations like life in first-century Palestine. The division is unfortunate and can lead to an incomplete picture of Jesus Christ.

It also waters down the Resurrection. For the person who rose from the dead on Easter Sunday was Jesus, not another person. In his commentary on John's Gospel, the late Stanley Marrow, S.J., said that the risen Lord had to be "recognizably and identifiably Jesus of Nazareth, the man whom the disciples knew and followed." He continues:

> For him to have risen as any other than the Jesus of Nazareth that they knew would void the resurrection of all its meaning. The one they had confessed as their risen Lord is the same Jesus of Nazareth that they had known and followed. Showing them "his hands and his side," which bore the marks of the crucifixion and the pierce by the lance, was not a theatrical gesture, but the necessary credentials of the identity of the risen Lord, who stood before them, with the crucified Jesus of Nazareth whom they knew.

So the answer to my friend's question about whether I would write about the "Jesus of history" or the "Christ of faith" was, "Both."

Otherwise, as Father Marrow understood, and countless believers know, what's the point?

JAMES MARTIN, S.J., *is editor at large of* ***America*** *and author of the new book* Jesus: A Pilgrimage *(HarperOne).*

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Separation Anxiety

What happens when we disassociate love and sex?

BY ANNA NUSSBAUM KEATING

In her article in The New York Times, "Sex on Campus: She Can Play That Game, Too," Kate Taylor describes a world of ambitious Penn undergraduates who put their personal interests and their résumés first. Many have chosen to avoid romantic relationships during college entirely in favor of "hooking up," no strings attached. As they (and their male partners) describe it, money and status matter; but they don't just happen—they are the result of hard work. If you want to become the head of the World Bank, you have to put in the hours. Relationships, therefore, become an afterthought at best. The theory is that anyone can find a partner later in life and then have a couple of children.

This situation is troubling—but not because these women want to "put themselves first." It is important to have a good sense of one's identity and needs before giving that self to another. The problem is that they seem so miserable while doing it. Much like the sex had by the characters on Lena Dunham's HBO series "Girls," the sex described by the Penn undergrads in the story sounds sort of grim; less like sex and more like work. One woman describes the man she regularly sleeps with this way: "We don't really like each other in person, sober. We literally can't sit down and have coffee." Talking about their hookup, she sounds bored, like the oldest 19-year-old in the world: "[W]e watched TV, had sex, and went to sleep."

One woman said, "I have to be drunk in order to enjoy it" and reported being barked at to "get down on [her] knees" and thinking, "I'll just do it...it will be over soon enough." Because the sex occurs outside of committed relationships and alcohol is involved, hookup culture can quickly lead to a culture of sexual assault.

Without love or friendship, we are left with the language of an economic exchange, the sexual partner as service provider. The women in the story speak of the "cost-benefit" analyses of having a relationship, and the "low risks and low investment costs" of hooking up versus putting the time and energy into a real friendship, which, they argue, may not lead to anything long term.

Surprisingly, these women may be avoiding relationships, friendships and even their own happiness, in order to live up to parental and societal expectations. They are following a script, which for many has been prescribed to them since puberty. It goes something like this: The worst thing that can happen to you between the ages of 18 and 30 would be to have a baby or get married; those are your prime achievement years. You went to a good college and you need to get a return on your investment. Then, in your late 30s, the worst thing that can happen to you is not to be able to have a baby or find a husband.

No wonder college-educated young women are stressed. It is a small window. And both messages are so extreme and so untrue that the result is a kind of constant, low-grade anxiety. But the message persists. When college-educated women hit the age of 30 or 32, they are pressured to suddenly flip a switch and settle down as a loving wife and mother with a great partner and a beautiful home in addition to being an impressive, lifelong careerist. And then they will "have it all." They will be happy.

There are many problems with this narrative. For one thing, happiness does not grow out of isolation. What struck me most about the Penn undergrads in Taylor's story was how lonely they seemed. They do not describe having close friendships with men or women, since they see other people primarily as competition. This is not the culture of free love. It is the culture of "cross sex off the to-do list after Pilates and before Marketing 101." It is joyless.

There is nothing wrong with women and men wanting to have successful careers, and there is a legitimate conversation to be had about how to manage the demands of work and family life, but this is not the conversation these women are having. They are making the objectivist assumption that the only things in life worth doing are things you can put on a résumé. But in the end, without friendship or romance there is not much to write home about. Sharing your true self with others in friendship and relationship is an opportunity for personal growth, and despite the range of opportunities open to women today, it is one they are missing.

In a culture that values individualism and personal choice, we have forgotten that we are social animals, interdependent from conception, and that our relationships and communities determine, to a large extent, the quality of our lives. As Pope Benedict XVI wrote in "Caritas et Veritate," "As a

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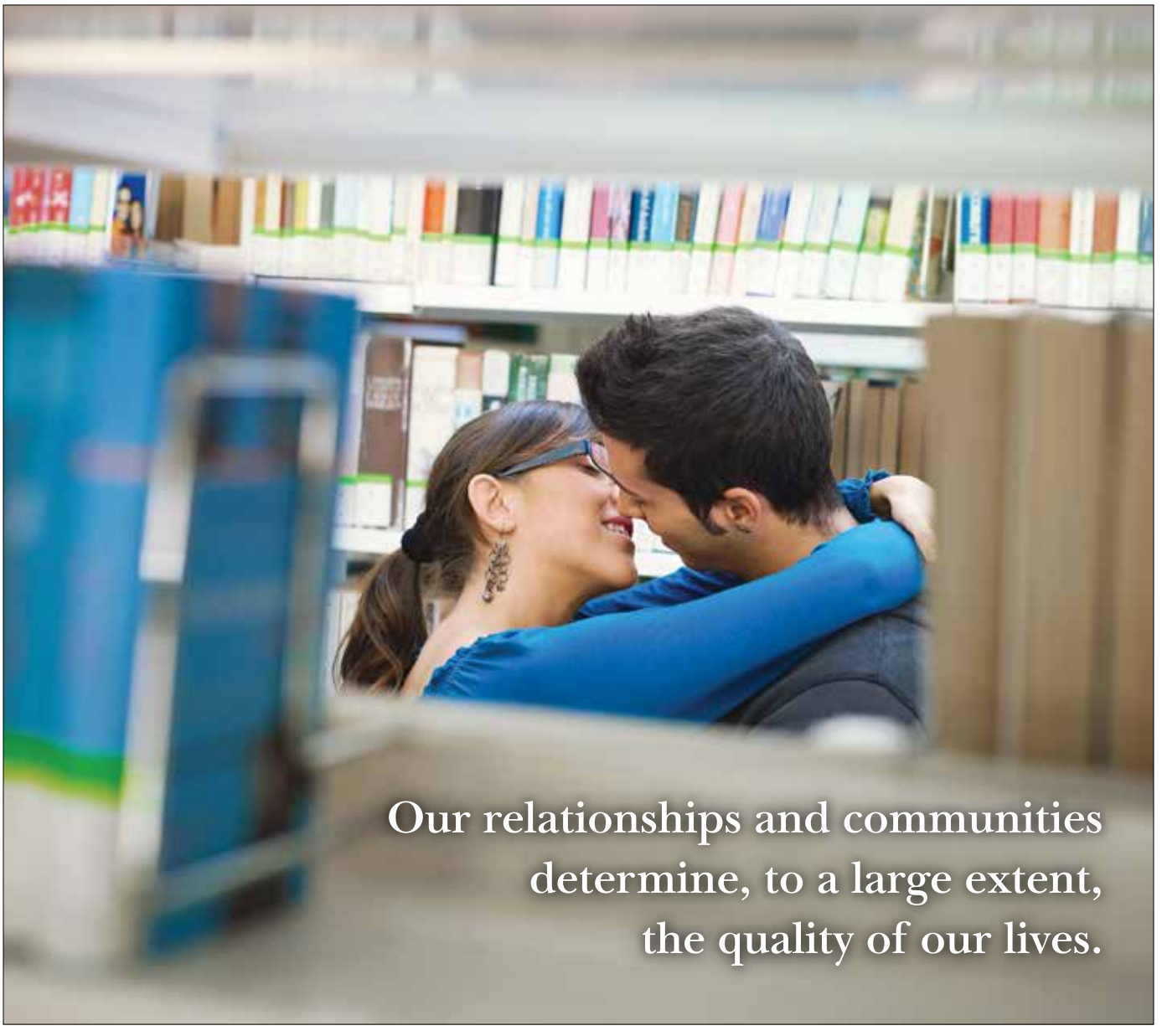

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK/ DIEGO CERVO

spiritual being the human person is defined by interpersonal relations. The more authentically he or she lives these relations, the more his own personal identity matures. It is not by isolation that people establish their worth, but by placing themselves in relation with others and with God."

In his book *Outliers*, Malcolm Gladwell illustrates this point by telling the story of the village of Roseto, Italy. In the 1800s villagers from Roseto migrated to a town in Pennsylvania, where they created a prosperous community for themselves. Traveling physicians noted that, despite eating a high fat diet and exercising no more than normal, no one in the village of Roseto suffered from heart disease. There was also no suicide or violent crime. Rosetans lived long lives and died of old age. Nothing could be found in their genes to explain this anomaly. Researchers finally concluded that their close-knit community must be the source of their good health: multi-generational families living under one roof, neighbors knowing one another and stopping to chat in the street, respect for children and the elderly and everyone getting together for church on Sunday. The medical community had previously made the materialist assumption that only things such as genes, diet and exercise could be the cause of longevity, but Roseta proved what had already been codified in religion and myth: communities and relationships matter.

In the end, happiness requires more than having an impressive title to announce at a cocktail party, satisfying as that may be. True happiness is more than a fleeting feeling of bliss. It requires knowing that your life matters to other people. According to a recent study conducted by Princeton University, 50 percent of our happiness is based on our basic disposition, something that does not change. What is more

interesting is that the study concludes that money and status account for only 10 percent of our total happiness after our basic needs are met. Despite living in comparative poverty, the average rickshaw driver in India reports about the same level of happiness as the average American. This is due in part to the conclusion that the remaining 40 percent of our happiness comes from our relationships. The study concluded, "If you want to be happier, improve your relationships." It also found that people in the United States with an annual household income of $75,000 a year are about as happy as anyone gets. After that, making more money did not mean greater well being, since happiness came from the feeling that you had enough money to spend time with and do things for other people.

But this is a lesson many of us have yet to learn. In the United States we equate an ordinary life with a failed one. Wendell Berry describes the modern marriage in *Feminism, the Body and the Machine* as, "an intimate 'relationship' involving (ideally) two successful careerists in the same bed...a sort of private political system in which rights and interests must be constantly asserted and defended. Marriage in other words, has now taken the form of a divorce." Berry lives on his family's farm in rural Kentucky, and his point is simple: If you always have to argue about who does what, you will be unhappy. If everyone just picks up a shovel and does their part, you can do great things. It is not possible to be a good co-worker, spouse or friend if you are a narcissist.

ON THE WEB
A video profile of three professional Catholic women.
americamagazine.org/womenchurch.

Too often the simple act of being present to another human being is perceived as detrimental to career goals. Taylor, in her article, writes: "Her classmates tried very hard to separate sex from emotion, because they believed that getting too attached to someone would interfere with their work. They saw a woman's marrying young as either proof of a lack of ambition or a tragic mistake that would stunt her career."

Of course, every generation tries to correct for the mistakes of the generations that came before. Too often women sacrificed all their passions and interests in order to provide for husbands and children, who were unwilling or unable to sacrifice much in return. But the answer is not to give up on sacrifice. It is to realize that in the best relationships the sacrifice goes both ways.

As Aristotle knew, our characters are formed by what we repeatedly do. We cannot just flip a switch when the time is right and care about other people. If we spend the first half of our lives looking out for ourselves and our careers while treating other people like disposable objects that exist to serve our needs, that will influence our characters. Later, if we decide to get married and have children, our spouse, children and co-workers, who interact on a daily basis with a selfish person, will suffer.

There is nothing wrong with women and men striving for fulfilling careers. There is something wrong with an objectivist narrative, which says that the only things worth doing are self-serving. In this narrative all of life becomes a means. Nothing is a good in itself. Everything becomes instrumentalized (sex, kids, job, spouse, house, income). We spend our lives accruing honors trying to prove that we have value, when what truly makes us happy is to contribute to our communities in a meaningful way, to love and be loved.

In a detached environment, the message from the church sounds impossibly strange, and yet it is one worth remembering: It is not unambitious to want to have a good marriage or close friendships or to get along with one's family or know one's neighbors. It is, in fact, extremely ambitious. People do not accidentally have harmonious relationships, any more than they accidentally become secretary of state. They put in the hours, and their practices become their habits and their habits become their virtues and their virtues become their lives.

There are many ways to live a happy and fulfilled life: single, married, with children, without them. Goodness is diverse. But we are made for love and friendship. As Cicero wrote, "Friendship improves happiness and abates misery," not by scoring us the corner office, "but by doubling our joys and dividing our grief."

Mission Trail

A journey through California's Catholic past

BY KIRK WHITNEY

My wife and I were standing in the courtyard of Mission San Juan Bautista, but my mind was on Rome. It was early March 2013. Pope Benedict XVI had just resigned, and Pope Francis had yet to be elected. For two weeks, Rome seemed to be the center of the universe. The Year of Faith was well underway, and I found myself wishing that we were in Rome observing the year with a pilgrimage to the major basilicas. Alas, time and money conspired against us, so we opted for a night in Monterey instead. On our way home, we decided to stop at the mission there.

In front of the mission church was a sculpture of St. John the Baptist, depicted with the features of the region's native Ohlone tribe. I snapped a picture with my phone and, as I uploaded the photo to Facebook, noticed a friend's recent post about Mission San Antonio de Padua. It was a plea for donations to help keep the mission open. The isolated parish was down to about 35 families and received few visitors.

Mission San Juan Bautista

PHOTO: CNS PHOTO BY GREG TARCZYNSKI

We had yet to visit Mission San Antonio. I didn't even know where it was. In fact, we had only been to a handful of the missions, despite their relative proximity to our home in Fresno, Calif., (even the farthest ones certainly are closer than Rome). But I can take a hint. Before we made it back to our car, we resolved to visit them all before the Year of Faith was over. As we planned the trips, I was pleased to learn that four of the missions are home to minor basilicas.

We live within a four-hour drive of most of the missions, so we were able to visit all 21 in a series of seven trips between April and November, accomplishing our goal with a few weeks to spare. Pope Benedict held out the promise of a plenary indulgence to all who made a pilgrimage during the Year of Faith. I'm not sure we deserved it. The founding padres traveled up and down El Camino Reál mostly on foot, sleeping rough along the way. We traveled the Camino in a Subaru and stayed in some pretty nice rooms.

Colonial Times

By 1765 both the Spanish and the Catholic Church had been a presence in the New World for more than two centuries. Both were firmly established in New Spain (Mexico). Spain had made claim to Alta California as well, but had explored only a fraction of its coastline and had yet to settle the territory.

That all changed in 1765. After decades of exploration by Russian fur traders, Catherine the Great ordered that colonies be established along the Pacific coast as far south as San Francisco Bay. When word of the Russia's plan reached Madrid, settling California became a priority.

As the desire to colonize Alta California grew, Spanish love for the Society of Jesus withered. Conflicts between the order and the Spanish government led to the expulsion of the Jesuits from all Spanish territories in 1767. This included a string of Jesuit-founded missions in Baja California.

It was this series of events that led to the appointment of Junípero Serra, a Franciscan priest and college professor, as president of the Baja Missions. Instructed to expand northward, he went on to found nine missions in Alta California. Over the four decades following Father Serra's death, a dozen more missions were established resulting in a chain of 21 missions spanning 650 miles, from San Diego to Sonoma.

It would be hard to overstate the impact of the missions on California's history. They were at the center of the three-pronged Spanish approach to colonizing the region. First, *presidios* (military bases) were established, which provided protection to the missions that sprang up nearby. The mission

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Mission Santa Barbara

PHOTO: COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

padres would reach out to the local Native American population, and upon conversion and baptism, families were brought into mission life. At that point they were considered neophytes, baptized but not yet ready to function as Catholics or as citizens of the Spanish empire. A complete conversion required learning the Spanish language and a trade. They were instructed in farming and raising livestock, masonry, carpentry and a variety of trades. Once the mission infrastructure was in place, the Spanish were able to establish secular towns (pueblos). These grew into the first cities of California.

Considering its lasting influence, the mission era in California was surprisingly brief. The missions survived in their original role for only a decade or so after the chain was complete. Mexico became an independent republic just months after Mission Solano, the final and northernmost mission, was established. Ten years later, the Mexican government secularized the missions. Mexican rule over the territory was itself short-lived. California was ceded to the United States in 1848 and became a state two years later. In 1859, an act of Congress returned mission lands to the Catholic Church. Unfortunately, after more than 25 years of disuse and neglect, the missions were mostly a chain of ruins.

The Modern Missions

Today, the California missions are a collection of restorations and recreations of the original churches. Some are breathtaking restorations that capture the feel of the 18th and 19th century, a few are only pale reflections of the original churches, rendered in 20th-century construction methods and materials. They range in ambition from the modest, one-third-scale replica chapel in Santa Cruz to the sprawling 2,000-acre park and museum that is Mission La Purísima Concepción.

For pilgrims and tourists, the missions are conveniently spaced along the California coast. Since Father Serra's goal was to have a chain of missions that were only a couple of days' walk from each other, most are now 30 to 90 minutes apart by car. This makes it possible to visit two or three missions in a day.

Of course, it does not hurt that they are situated among some of the most beautiful vistas in California, if not in the entire United States. Since most of the missions are set in or near popular tourist destinations, a pilgrim does not need to forgo much in the way of food, drink or comfort along the way. More than half the missions are at the center of the cities that bear their names: San Francisco, San Diego, San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara. A few are tucked away in quiet rural settings. The aptly named Mission Soledad sits in an isolated, arid patch of land in the Salinas Valley.

Our intention was to make a meaningful Year of Faith pilgrimage. We succeeded for the most part, but staying on schedule and finding places to stay or eat often provided distractions. On a couple of occasions, schedule complications made for less-than-ideal visits. Visiting Mission

Buenaventura on a Saturday afternoon in June seemed like a good idea. We had not planned on three back-to-back *quinceañeras*. We only had about five minutes to sneak into the chapel between services.

People I spoke to along the way often asked which was my favorite mission. I would usually reply, "This one." In truth, I have a soft spot for a few of them.

San Juan Bautista feels like home to me. The town and mission are at the edge of the Salinas Valley (and sit directly on the San Andreas fault). The Mission itself has a beautifully tended courtyard that features an extensive collection of roses (a common feature among the missions). Adjacent to the mission is a California state park that replicates the town square as it may have looked in the early 19th century.


Mission San Antonio
PHOTO: COURTESY OF AUTHOR

My favorite mission church is San Antonio de Padua. Its remote location, pristine natural surroundings and rustic brick facade make you feel as if you have traveled back in time. On the day of our visit, there were dozens of volunteers working on the restoration of a garden wall. The courtyard was filled not only with fountains and flowers but also with music and conversation. Mission San Antonio is home to a Franciscan retreat center. The group in attendance that weekend had a variety of instruments set up in a meeting room. Those who were not rehearsing were out in the courtyard visiting with tourists as they passed by. We were impressed by the strong sense of community we found in California's most remote mission.

I also find myself encouraging people to visit Mission Santa Inés. It is nicknamed "the hidden gem" of the missions. In the heart of the Danish-themed village of Solvang, the mission is blocked from visitors' view by the back wall of its courtyard. Beyond the village itself lies some of California's most beautiful wine country. Santa Inés has all the elements one would expect to find in a California mission: arched adobe walkways, a tall, three-bell *campanario*, a beautiful chapel and splendid courtyard. But I was most impressed with a modern addition to the church, the *Calvario*, an outdoor Stations of the Cross. The gravel pathway of the Calvario is lined with pepper trees and follows the bluffs adjacent to the mission grounds. It is a splendid blend of natural beauty and religious imagery, an ideal feature for visitors on pilgrimage, particularly during Lent.

ON THE WEB
More photos from the California missions.
americamagazine.org/slideshow

It is hard for me, a modern visitor, to appreciate fully what motivated the early missionaries. As someone who can practice my faith with little sacrifice and can evangelize from a laptop while wearing my pajamas if I so choose, it is humbling to reflect on the sacrifice required to build and maintain the missions.

But in reading about the lives of the neophytes, I came to realize that the relationship between local populations and the padres was complicated. Although Native Americans were not forced out of their villages, it is clear that at some missions, they were forced to remain in the settlement once the mission was established. Indeed, the first autopsy in California was performed on a padre who had been poisoned by neophytes at Mission Santa Cruz in retaliation for his cruelty.

There are also examples of cooperative relationships between local communities and the missionaries. Mission San Luis Rey was so popular with local tribes that the mission was unable to meet the demand for housing. As a result, families took turns living at the mission, alternating between mission and village life.

Today, many of the missions are home to active parishes. We were able to attend Mass at five of them. In every case, it was a pleasure to hear and receive the word of God in such beautiful, historic churches. The congregations we joined ranged from poor to affluent, from rural to urban. We felt welcomed by each one. And as we traveled to these places that were established, thrived and were abandoned in the 18th and 19th centuries, and then were restored or rebuilt in the 20th, I was reminded that they continue to serve people today. Each year, millions of visitors who would never dream of setting foot in a Catholic church tour of the California missions.

At Mission San Luis Rey, we were standing next to two women who were staring, awestruck, at the church's interior. "Really?" we overheard one say, "This is a Catholic church? I never knew the missions were Catholic!"

"Of course," replied the other. "You can tell by all the statues."

Through our visits I came to realize that these places are still active parts of the church—not just former missions. They were founded to stake Christ's claim on the New World and live on to remind us of his presence in the world today.

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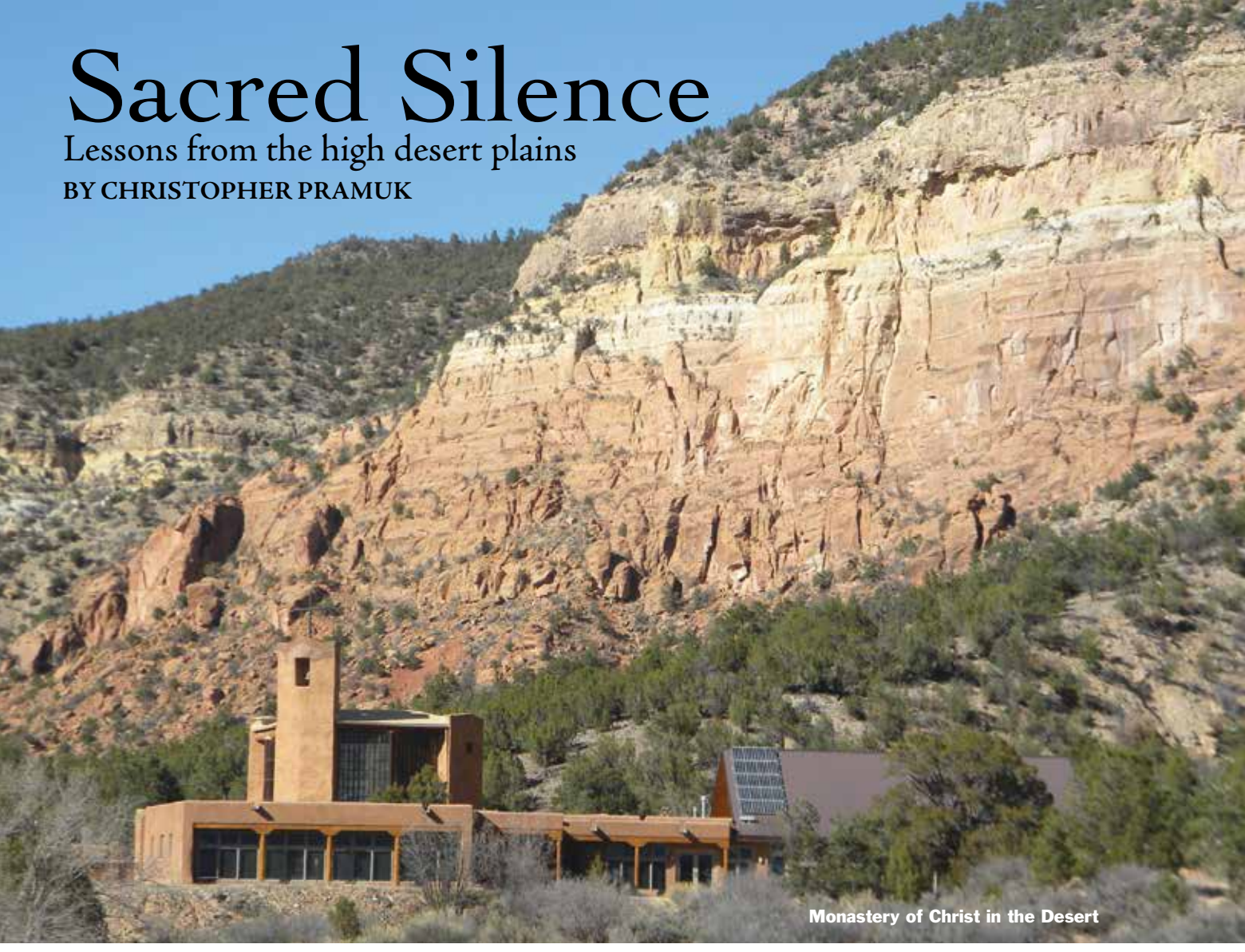
Sacred Silence

Lessons from the high desert plains

BY CHRISTOPHER PRAMUK



Monastery of Christ in the Desert

I was 32 when I made my first trip into the high desert plains of northern New Mexico, known to many as the landscape that inspired artist Georgia O'Keeffe, and to a few as the home of the Taos Pueblo Indians. About an hour's drive from Taos and 20 minutes more up the state highway from O'Keeffe's home in Abiquiú, near Ghost Ranch, there is a small Benedictine monastery called Christ in the Desert, set against cliffs of red rock in the Chama River Canyon. Having read about the monastery in the writings of Thomas Merton, I was determined to see the place, and during spring break one year, I recruited a fellow teacher to join me. We drove all night from Denver, parked the car just off the main highway and, at dawn's first light, shouldered our backpacks and set off on foot down the winding, single-lane dirt road that would lead us through the Chama Canyon and, some 12 miles later, to Christ in the Desert.

What I remember most about that long hike with my friend is the palpable, pregnant silence of the place. To leave the city with its constant din of automobiles, machines and the assault of words, words and more words—most of them trying to sell you something—and to be plunged into the silence of the desert is overwhelming, and not a little discombobulating. For me, at the time a high school theology teacher immersed daily in the challenges of communicating the faith, the silence was liberating.

Bathed in the blue-bright exposure of the New Mexico sun, I felt able to breathe again, just to be, without explanation. From head to toe I felt embraced by the stark beauty of things, things heard and seen with sudden clarity under the broad desert sky. The arc of an eagle alighting from a cluster of pine trees at river's edge seemed almost apocalyptic, hitting me with a force of recognition I had never felt before, yet somehow seemed familiar. The nakedness of the landscape—my own nakedness, suddenly, precariously within it—seemed to strip bare all lesser concerns. I was alive; the dry breeze kissed my

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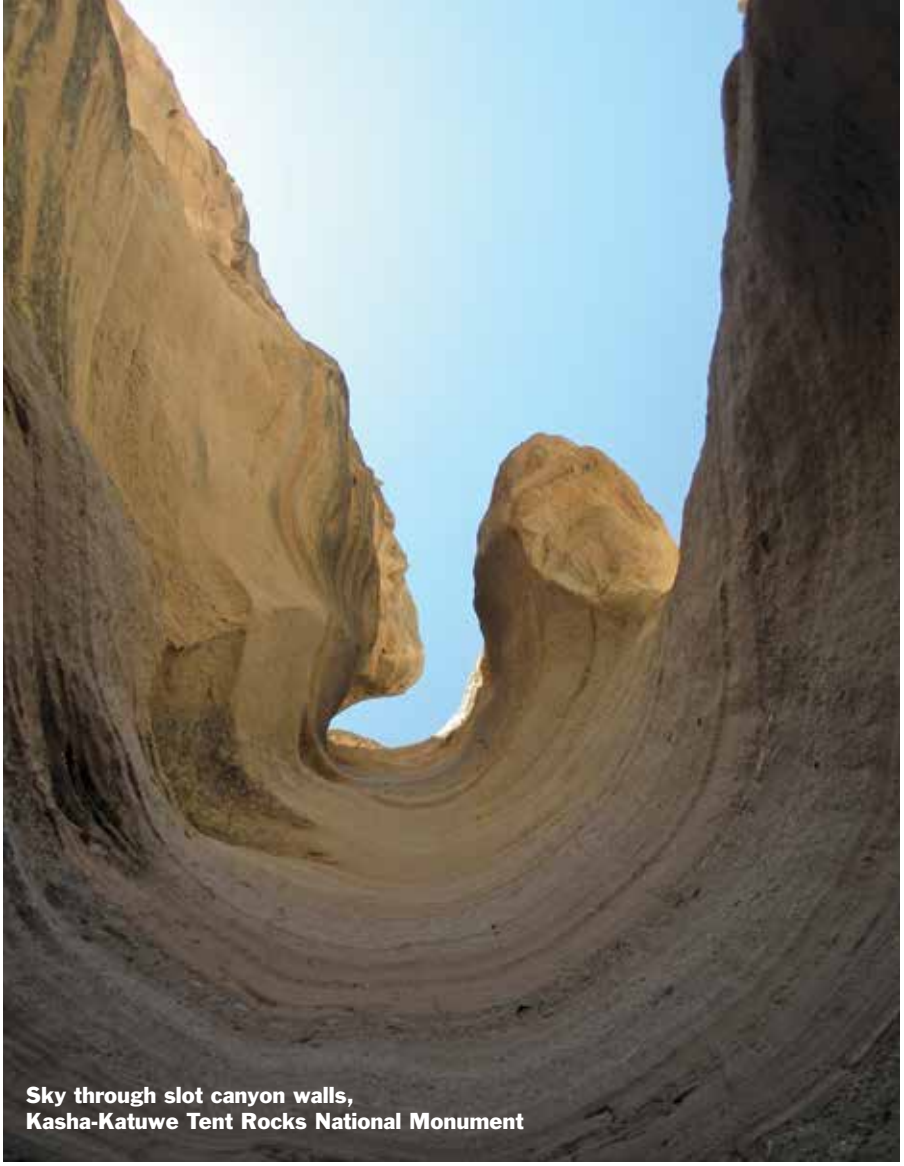
PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

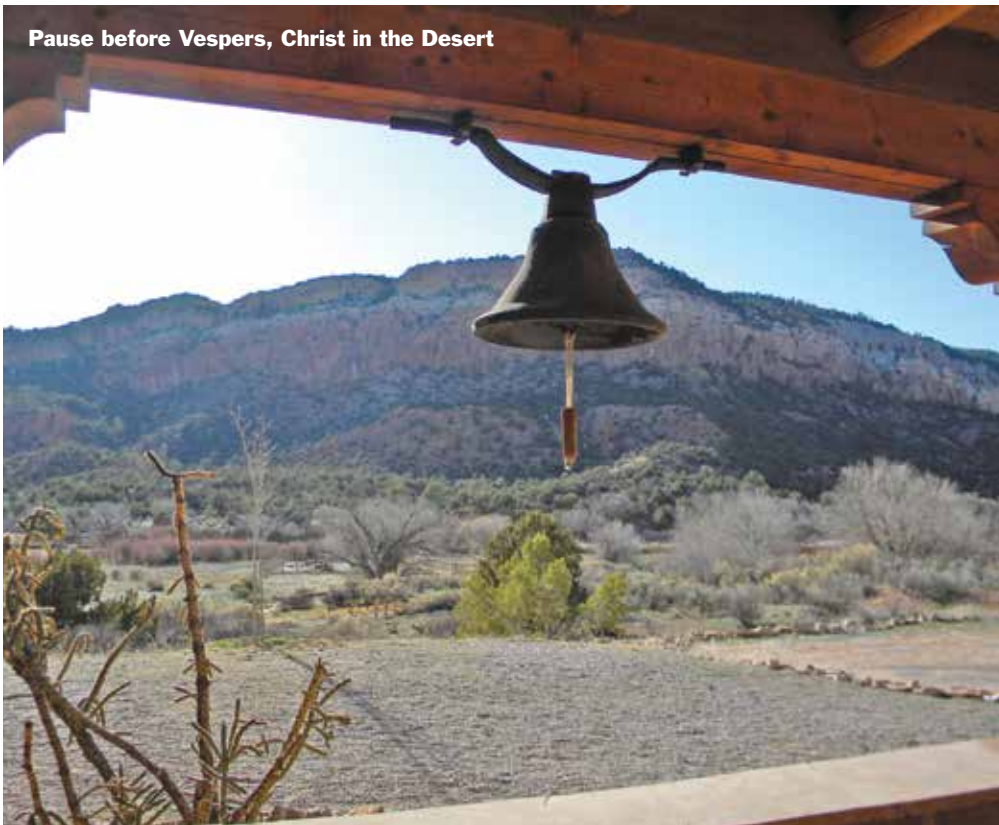
face, and that was gift enough for the moment.

Many years later, trying to understand better the particular magic of northern New Mexico, I came upon the remarkable writings of Mabel Dodge, a wealthy New York socialite who in 1918 left her privileged life behind to discover in Taos and its native peoples what she felt was the answer to both her emptiness and the discontentment of white, "cultured" American society. It was Dodge—later Mabel Dodge Luhan—who lured Georgia O'Keeffe and many other artists to New Mexico, convinced that its austere beauty and Pueblo peoples could teach America something essential and beautiful about itself; that in helping to preserve the sacred lands, waters and memory of the Native people, we, as modern-day Americans, might even save ourselves. For the Pueblo Indians, God speaks not only through the word, framed by human flesh, speech, ritual and action; but God sings, too, in the hushed splendor of nature, the looming symphony of silence. Incarnate life in the Spirit calls for the harmony of these two languages.

The greatest silence of all, of course, is death. The desert nakedness of northern New Mexico where the monks of Christ in the Desert dwell is a stark reminder of death, a confrontation with mortality. "You can't make a big thing of yourself in New Mexico. It shrinks you down," the Rev. William Hart McNichols, a well-known iconographer from Taos, once said to me. "It shrinks everybody down," he said, in ways that human-centered environments like towering cities and air-conditioned shopping malls do not. Father Bill describes that feeling of smallness and vulnerability as a good thing, even a precondition for prayer. So long as we remain ensconced in the artificial womb of our own buildings, experiments and gadgets, and continue to place our faith as a nation in fabulously inhumane killing machines, how will we ever taste and see that great mystery of communion in



Sky through slot canyon walls, Kasha-Katuwe Tent Rocks National Monument



Pause before Vespers, Christ in the Desert

which all things live and move and have their being and that beckons us, even now, from behind the veil of nature and our own inescapable mortality?

"One has to be alone, under the sky," observed Thomas Merton in *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*, "before everything falls into place and one finds one's own place in the midst of it all." To feel the maternity or womb of the earth as the Pueblo Indians do, submerged in their earthen kivas, is no romantic abstraction or New Age flight from reality. Especially for us who dwell in large cities, bathed in concrete, commerce and the relentless rhetoric of conflict, when we long for healing and replenishment, it is to the earth that we must return and find ourselves again. Indeed as we fill the skies in distant countries, and increasingly here at home, with unmanned attack and surveillance drones, our latest means of "communication" with the distant and feared other, how much harder will it be to recover our true selves, cut off from nature and others, and resigned to a functionally scientific or utilitarian view of nature without God?

For if the skies are nothing more than a theater of "enhanced security," if nature is only an arid desert wearing a mask of beauty, to be mined, plumbed, penetrated and fracked for its resources, then death and burial for human beings—even for Christ, buried in an earthen tomb!—can be nothing more than void, darkness, suffocation. Georgia O'Keeffe discovered intimations of quite another possibility in the desert landscape of northern New Mexico. "When I think of death," she mused, "I only regret that I will not be able to see this beautiful country anymore…unless the Indians are right and my spirit will walk here after I'm gone." It is that hint and rumor of another possibility, seeded in the rocks themselves, that beckons me to be still and hear the silences speaking everywhere in the desert canyons of New Mexico.

Recently I returned to Taos with my teenage son, hoping he might feel something of what I felt during my sojourn many years ago to Christ in the Desert. As I watched my son skip rocks across the Chama River, my prayers reached beyond my family to embrace the country of my birth. I found myself praying, perhaps in the spirit of Mabel Dodge Luhan, for the United States and all its peoples, that we might learn the gift of gratitude and humility from the original inhabitants of this ancient and beautiful land.

When death comes among the Navajo, the family of the deceased traditionally sits for four successive days outside the chamber where the body lies, facing east and "chanting prayers to help the departing soul on its way." Their prayers end with the following peroration:

In beauty, it is finished.
In beauty, it is finished.
In beauty, it is finished.
In beauty, it is finished.

Anchored in Faith

Serving God at sea

BY JAMES M. SHAUGHNESSY

LIFE BOAT. Travelers find time for contemplation during a trans-Atlantic crossing.

About 10 years ago a fellow Jesuit put me in touch with the person in charge of booking all the entertainers for one of the major cruise lines. Her job includes managing the singers, the dancers, the jugglers, the magicians—and the priests. While I had long admired the large cruise ships floating in New York harbor, I had never been on one until I took on some part-time work as a cruise ship chaplain.

For the past 30 years, I have worked in academic medical referral centers and now spend most of my time ministering to individuals in medical, surgical and neurological intensive care units. Every day I have conversations with patients, families and staff about life and death decisions. I help struggling family members discern the appropriate time to offer comfort rather than machines and tubes and artificial life support. In addition, on Sundays and holy days, I am the Roman Catholic presider at the federal prison in Massachusetts where I minister to approximately 1,800 men who are serving sentences for any number of unfortunate decisions.

At first glance, my work ashore and on board seem entirely separate, and it has taken me a while to discover how to live out my priesthood and my ministry on the water. I have completed about half a dozen trans-Atlantic crossings, but only recently have I felt that I know what I'm doing and come to see how my three pastoral venues can inform one another.

First, each of these ministerial settings involves fear, courage, acceptance and healing. All three can be highly charged, and in many respects, unnatural ways for humans to live. In general, we Americans embrace our sense of freedom as sacred, and we do not do well when asked to give up our autonomy and independence. Many people who are ill and hospitalized are terrified of losing their ability to choose the next step of their treatment, and they often seek control through more aggressive treatments that are in many cases painful, futile and expensive. Individuals in prison know all too well what it means to lose control and freedom. Both the people in hospitals and those in prison come to know and experience in ways they never imagined what it can mean to have faith in a God who loves them, and companionship with Jesus, who will never abandon them. It is not uncommon for religious faith to finally emerge as vital and personal in ways unimaginable before illness or crisis become part of their living and breathing everyday.

For many Americans, a common complaint is a lack of time in the day to really relax or be still. We say we want to be more reflective, more prayerful and more grateful. People in hospitals and prisons—and now the ones I meet on ships—do not have the same complaint. There is more than enough time to wait for the illness to heal, the sentence to finish or the port to come into view. Time is abundant, which can be both wonderful and burdensome

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PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

when we are in places where we no longer call the shots.

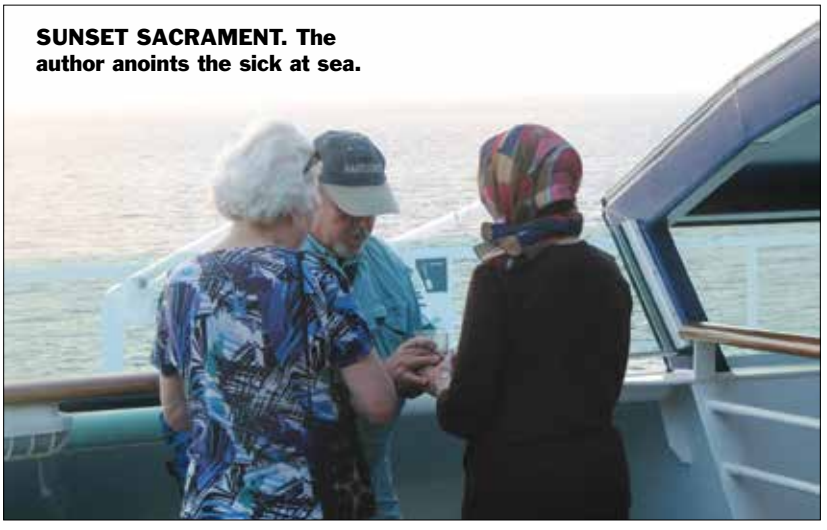
Reflection on the Water

For some, a cruise with few stops can become like a retreat experience. It also provides me with the opportunity to preach every day to the same group of people, which means we make this spiritual journey together and create a unique experience. The people who come to Mass everyday on a ship can range from unusual characters to individuals who in effect run the local churches they attend and manage.

During a trans-Atlantic journey three years ago, I offered the option of a retreat during the long days at sea, based on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. Many passengers already knew what I was talking about and were intrigued. I made it clear that we would have Eucharist, then go off to breakfast on our own, then meet back for "points," then find at least an hour in a quiet place to pray and then come back in the late afternoon for a communal sharing of what happened. Each day I used a different meditation. About two-thirds of the participants finished the retreat, and there were always more retreatants than reflection books to go around.

I've repeated the retreat since then. The prayer is real and the sharing can be intense, especially after the members of the group find that sense of trust. I have heard from church lay ministers who realize they don't always have to say yes; from a professional woman ending a sabbatical; from people reflecting on their lives as they begin retirement; from many a widow and widower who are turning a little more toward gratitude from grief. A woman who was a school principal said, "I've never talked about my faith and God in such personal terms."

Many of the cruise passengers are retired or qualify as senior citizens, or both. Often, on the retreat and in my homilies—after people already have proven their patience and trust—I preach about aging and our fears surrounding it. I mention my own awareness of advancing age and the beauty of the sacraments once called the last rites. I suggest that a better way for those who want to experience the power of this sacrament might be to receive the Anointing of the Sick in a more substantial and less dramatic way. For three or four evenings, I invite whoever wants to come and be anointed to gather at the bow of the ship at sunset. I remind them that we are a courageous and trusting people, floating over water a mile deep. We are vividly reminded of our fragility. Praying together, as the red sun sets into the ocean, that God will grant us a safe last voyage, without too many storms or winds and surrounded by people who love and care for us, seems to make a lot of sense to the hundreds who have come.



SUNSET SACRAMENT. The author anoints the sick at sea.

Though we are all afraid of giving up our independence, our lives on the ship, for a time, require the acknowledgment that we are not in control. I encourage my faithful companions by saying that the good choices we've made along the way have given us the faith and courage to make good choices in the future and to appreciate the long and adventurous trips that make this last phase of our lives more exciting than we expected. There is no reason to fear the future; rather we should make prudent, careful and thoughtful choices about our needs and the needs of our families.

The final, vital, element of our prayerful cruise is the crew. They are men and women who serve from scores of different countries, where they have left behind their wives, husbands, children and parents. I often ask the passengers to pray for the people who are serving us and to remember their dignity and the sacrifices the crew made by leaving home. One man, who was the chief legal counsel for an archdiocese, remarked to me that this offered him a new perspective on his journey and appreciation for it. Many of the crewmembers with whom I have spoken dream of a better life, and they have the courage and faith to live and work toward that dream. They inspire me with the dignity of their service and their kind patience toward guests who are older, fragile, sometimes grieving and often living with chronic pain or illness. They have a highly developed work ethic and keen sensitivity toward both the pleasant and the difficult guests. When I look at their faces at Masses, scheduled late at night, I see tired faces from around the world, and people who have courage and freedom and faith that humbles me. The power of the Eucharist comes alive once again, just as it does in the hospital and the prison, when we let God move us through a caring community.

Walk On

Navigating expat life in Nairobi

BY NATHAN J. BYRD

While walking home from a nearby shopping mall in Nairobi one evening, I was assaulted and robbed at gunpoint. Most of my friends, family and colleagues responded along two somewhat predictable and justified lines: 1) "Why were you walking in the evening? It's dangerous—stop walking in Nairobi!" and 2) "I can't believe someone could be so vicious; this place is becoming so violent!"

It *was* a rather vicious attack. Out of the three men who assaulted me, two had guns. One fired his, and all of them kicked, punched and hurled nasty verbal insults throughout the entire ordeal. I felt fortunate to make it out alive and limped the 100 meters to my door with a cracked left humerus, cuts and bruises all over and ruptured muscles in my left thigh that would require surgery two days later.

But as I sat recovering on bed rest, I was not struck by a personal sense of violation, an overwhelming grief about what the world is coming to or any real anger in any form toward my attackers. That is not to say that I agree with what they did, but I think I understand it. This understanding is responsible for my sense of tranquility around the incident.

In my career, I have always worked with issues relating to children and young adults in developing countries. Invariably after forming a relationship with each group of kids—whether it be in Guatemala City, Nairobi or in my own United States—these kids would protect me, advise me and in general demonstrate a tremendous sense of loyalty toward me. And it was not because of my money (I have never had that much anyway); it was because I reached a hand across an aisle that is almost never crossed. This aisle is the invisible and oft-ignored socioeconomic and racial barrier that separates us.

Taking a peek into history, why were the infamous Mara Salvatrucha, known as MS-13, or the 18th Street Gang founded? I would argue, and have publically done so on many occasions, that these groups were founded as a method of protection, as no one on the other side of the socioeconomic/racial aisle attempted to help these young gang members. The 18th Street Gang began in the 1960s in the Rampart District of Los Angeles—a group of Latino teen boys trying to make it as immigrants in a new place. Imagine what it must have been like to be a dark-skinned, Spanish-speaking Latino immigrant in the United States at the height of racial strife throughout the country. No right to vote. No access to medical care. No money or social support network for clean or safe housing. No interpreters at the courthouse. White and black police protecting their own socioeconomic and racial interests before those of the communities they patrolled.

This is not a case of social marginalization; it is a case of social exclusion. The same is true for the advent of youth gangs in Nicaragua in the 1980s. Isolated from the stronghold of the Nicaraguan Revolution, communities could not vote, were cut off from education, health care, access to food and water and were stuck on the front lines of a Contra War they knew little about. When your government cannot provide even basic survival security for your community, what is the natural reaction? Recruit young men and older boys and protect yourselves-,economically as well as physically. I do not think anyone will disagree that throughout the course of history this has been precisely the common reaction to such circumstances (think U.S. military drafts for World War I, World War II and Vietnam—or even a pack of wolves).

In many ways, living in Kenya has taught me about the immigrant experience and how, in the great melting pot, the most comfortable thing to do in one of life's most uncomfortable integrations is to find those who are like you. But a stark division down the middle of a community is not socially healthy for humans and never has been. Still, in the United States, we have many ethnic neighborhoods—Iranian communities, Pakistani

ART: SEAN QUIRK

NATHAN J. BYRD, *a Jesuit-educated Catholic, serves as a portfolio manager for a global Christian nongovernmental organization. He is based in Nairobi, Kenya.*

pockets, Chinatowns and the like—formed not so that locals could try new theme restaurants, but to recreate a bit of the home-grown comfort that we, as humans, rely upon.

Nairobi is no different. I am a member of a group called the Nairobi Expat Social, in which members of the Nairobi expat melting pot can come together in social fellowship. Everyone is welcome in the nearly 3,000-member group—except for Kenyans. As expats, we learn to "pocket" ourselves. We drive from compound to shopping mall to compound; we park behind barbed wire; and we raise our windows at stoplights. We create our own pockets of N.E.S. participants. We meet at ArtCaffé at least once a week, and we have lunch bills equivalent to what our house cleaners earn in a single month.

Kenyans living in the Kawangware slum, where my young attackers came from, are young, excluded men. They live under a government that steals their money, abuses its position and uses its citizens only when its personal power centers are at stake. They wait for hours in emergency rooms at public hospitals. They have no social welfare programs and suffer community-wide unemployment. Homes are typified by inhumane living conditions for children born in Kawangware—bathrooms are the infamous "flying toilets," or excrement-filled plastic bags tossed into ditches next to the homes.

Whether our group likes it or not, we are on the other side of the socioeconomic/racial aisle, rarely offering our hands across. This does not mean we are racist, and it does not mean we are bad people. It means we are human, in an unnatural environment, doing what the standard human reaction is. The problem, however, is that these common reactions continue to cause neighborhood wars, spark ethnic conflict and contribute to the creation of armed robbers. I am, therefore, unintentionally and unknowingly complicit in my own assault.

We expats at times complain about poor service, saying, "We are creating an economy for these people" or "They should work harder for everything that I'm providing them." But as a friend constantly reminds me, we choose to live here, and we have the financial and personal capacity to leave if we do not like it. What we do not discuss is that we not only arrive and create an economy, but we also disrupt an economy—and a society—that already exists. Every ArtCaffé that goes up behind the concertina wire was built atop someone's land. Every dollar spent at big-name restaurants and shopping malls broadens the socioeconomic/racial aisle.

I am going to challenge the first and most common comment people made in response to my story. I would argue that the problem is not that we walk in Nairobi; rather, it is that we do not walk. In not walking, we do not make friends with the street kids en route, we do not know the first names and life stories of our security guards and we have never met the gangs in the daytime. We do not close the socioeconomic/racial gap; and unsurprisingly, our Kenyan neighbors do not protect us, feel a sense of loyalty toward us or blink at robbing us of our goods in their attempt to create a better economic and social reality for themselves—or, as they may see it, protecting their already precarious socioeconomic reality.

In short, by not recognizing the humanity—and the human reactions—of our Kenyan brothers and sisters living just down the road, we do not elicit a very loving reaction. I would argue that we are not being attacked; rather, we are being pushed off someone else's land, and not because we are not welcome there. In fact, much to the contrary: it is because we never shook the hand of its owner.

Our local office is located in a building in one of Nairobi's business districts, and a few months ago, before hiking back home, I ducked into the cantina next door, abuzz with life and energy and full of Kenyans on their lunch breaks. I stepped up to a counter and ordered chicken and chips while everybody stared at me (I am used to it by now). The waitress came up, and, in a far-too-complimentary tone, said, "Thank you so much for coming to eat with us." This broke my heart. So few of us expats actively attempt to bridge the gap that it is actually notable when we do. We did not walk into an "us vs. them" reality. We created it.

So maybe we do not walk at night until things get a bit safer, but I also humbly submit that we have a role to play in the repair of the social structures surrounding the individuals we find assaulting us in the evening hours on footpaths—footpaths on which we all too rarely stride.

FILM | JIM McDERMOTT

BLOW THE HOUSE DOWN

The big, bad 'Wolf of Wall Street'

I recently forced myself to see Martin Scorsese's new film, **The Wolf of Wall Street.** It's strange to describe going to a Scorsese movie as something I had to talk myself into; often the trailers alone grab me by the throat and won't let go until I see the thing. But hearing star Leonardo DiCaprio describe his character in the film as a latter day Caligula gave me pause. I can take three hours of a lot of things, but I wasn't really sure what the point of that particular exercise might be.

Neither were a lot of critics. Chris Nashawaty in Entertainment Weekly (1/15) wrote that "the feverishly paced film is hell-bent on making the audience feel like they just snorted a Belushian mountain of blow." Others have noted how little attention is given to the real life victims of the scams DiCaprio's Jordan Belfort perpetrates. After a screening at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences one Oscar voter went so far as to yell "Shame."

Having seen the film, I can confirm: it truly is a three-hour ride into eager and enthusiastic debauchery. Unlike Oliver Stone's "Wall Street" (1987) and so many other films in which the hero is a narcissist with a god-complex—a distinctively American genre— Wolf doesn't end with "the lesson," the moral of the story. In the end, Belfort does indeed lose pretty much everything, but he's still got a room full of strangers hanging on his every word. Two crowds, in fact: the one onscreen and the audience.

ON THE WEB
Bill McGarvey and Tim Reidy discuss the Oscar nominees.
americamagazine.org/podcast

But to read the film as a glorification of greed seems to me a gross misunderstanding. It is true, Belfort and his pals spend much of the film having a fantastic (and often hilarious) time. I'm not sure that DiCaprio has ever before been as funny as he is here; he shows a talent for physical comedy in particu-

BAD BOY. Leonard DiCaprio in "The Wolf of Wall Street."

PHOTO: MARY CYBULSKI © 2013 PARAMOUNT PICTURES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

lar that is nearly irresistible.

He is also at his most charismatic—which for DiCaprio is already a very high bar. He gives ferverinos to his traders as powerful as anything you'll see in a Leni Riefenstahl film, and seduces us as well, with charming asides spoken directly to the camera.

Even as things go south—and when you have snorted as much coke as Belfort and company do, how could they not?—it's clear Belfort is having the time of his life.

But the sheer repetition of the drug use and the orgies and the sheer bravado of DiCaprio's performance does add up, for us if not for him. In a strange way the whole thing is not dissimilar from the exhausting destruction of Metropolis in the last half hour (or was it eternity?) of this summer's "Man of Steel." Except, instead of pummeling you into oblivion, Scorsese works like a consummate chef boiling his frogs. He turns up the heat little by little until only at the end do we realize how sick we feel.

Or should feel, anyway. Some reports suggest that traders on Wall Street are watching the film as a sort of gleeful celebration of the life they want. I'm sure they're not alone. But I think that, too, is part of Scorsese's point. Tell me what you will about how you live your life, the charities you support, the moral compass you follow, that ferocious, never sated hunger for excitement and the new and "More! Now! More!" has hooks in all of us. And what separates us from Belfort may be as much a matter of opportunity as moral fiber. Even the "hero" of the story, Kyle Chandler's F.B.I. agent Patrick Denham, seems to wonder at the end whether he made the right choice in refusing DiCaprio's staggering bribe.

Speaking of Chandler, one thing "Wolf" does glorify is great writing and great acting. In a single script Terence Winter has produced not one but multiple scenes better than any in recent memory, including one between DiCaprio and Chandler that makes you wish the Academy gave out an award for best scene. Likewise, the resurgent Matthew McConaughey has a monologue that all by itself probably merited a second Oscar nod.

Jonah Hill as Donnie, Belfort's partner in crime; Jon Berenthal as Belfort's money laundering drug dealer Brad; Rob Reiner as Belfort's father; Jean Dujardin, Jon Favreau, Cristin Milioti, Margot Robbie and quite a few unknowns all put on an amazing display of talent.

Much as been made over the course of Scorsese's life about his Catholic roots and undeniable use of religious imagery. This summer he is slated to shoot an adaptation of "Silence," the 1966 Shusaku Endo story about the Jesuits and companions martyred in 17th century Japan. In 1988 he did an adaptation of Nico Kazantzakis's "The Last Temptation of Christ." If "Last Temptation" served as Scorsese's meditation on the life of Jesus, "The Wolf of Wall Street" serves as the opposite bookend, his meditation on Hell. And like "Last Temptation," it is both important and controversial because it takes temptation seriously. What did we expect the devil to look like, a guy with a cape, twirly mustache and tail? Michael Douglas peddling greed? Real temptation is a lot more attractive; it hides its victims and its consequences, and for a long time it's usually a lot more fun.

JIM McDERMOTT, S.J., *is a screenwriter in Los Angeles. He tweets about pop culture at @popculturpriest.*

The Crocodile

This ruse, enduring for days,
will eventually cease, but now
even the birds mistake him for a log,
or a stone the fleeting drought
has lifted above the current.
Because there is a current, even in this cocoa-dark

side-pool, and the solution to hiding
so plainly under the sun is to glide as
the magnolia petals do, or the fallen limb of a tree,
as though alive not at all except secretly,
to hunger.

No other creature
could survive and be so torpid.
And yet he is ready,
the humid vault of the wetland
his camouflage. Wit and song
he leaves for others, prime

in his vigil, knowing without
memory, trusting without faith.
The door of his heartbeat opens,
and the same door slowly shuts. His sleep
and his waking are the same. Noon

sifts downward, and then the sunset
and soon, he knows, surely
very soon some quicker more beautiful
sojourner will discover
with what swiftness comes the end.

MICHAEL CADNUM

Michael Cadnum's *35th book,* Seize the Storm, *has just been published by Farrar, Strauss and Giroux. He also writes haiku on Twitter, @MichaelCadnum.*

GOD'S PLAYBOOK

When a football team scores a touchdown or beats a rival, students of the game might credit the coaching strategy or its execution by the players. For Pat Solitano Sr. (played by Robert De Niro) in the film "Silver Linings Playbook," the outcome on the field for his beloved Philadelphia Eagles largely depends on the placement of his remote controls, a lucky handkerchief and where his son Pat (Bradley Cooper) sits on the couch.

When the elder Solitano loses confidence in the Eagles' chances of beating the New York Giants, he claims that Pat's new friend Tiffany (Jennifer Lawrence) has brought a curse upon the team. But she swiftly rebuts the accusation by rattling off five recent occasions when she and Pat were together and a Philadelphia sports team won. Snap! (The streak did in fact occur, during the 2008 season, when the Eagles won three straight games and the Phillies advanced to the World Series.)

Sports fans can have unorthodox views of cause and effect, thinking it worthwhile, for example, to shout at the TV and plea for self-interested outcomes. Some even engage in rituals not unlike those in the Solatano household. In a survey released on Jan. 16 by the Public Religion Research Institute, 60 percent of Americans identified as a fan of a particular sports team—and of those fans, half believe that some aspect of the supernatural is at play in sports. About one-fifth of fans practice some sort of ritual before or during the game, like wearing a team jersey or doing a special dance.

A quarter of sports fans, mostly in the Midwest, believe their team has experienced a curse. Apparently, belief remains strong in the Curse of the Billy Goat, the consequence of ejecting the owner of the Billy Goat Tavern in Chicago from Wrigley Field in 1945 because of the foul smell of his pet goat. Anyway, the "evidence" is supposedly incontrovertible: the Chicago Cubs have not returned to the World Series since the incident.

Some sports fans move beyond superstitious belief in unnamed forces and actually invoke the God of Abraham and Sarah to deliver their chosen team. More than a quarter of sports fans (26 percent) have prayed for God to help their team, and 22 percent of all Americans "completely" or "mostly" agree that God plays a role in who wins. What besides the intercession of Our Lady could explain Doug Flutie's successful Hail Mary pass that sent Boston College to victory over the defending national champion University of Miami in 1984?

Some sports fans invoke the God of Abraham and Sarah to deliver their chosen team.

Superstition, in my view, is contrary to faith in Christ. But I firmly believe that a supernatural force is at play in sports. That force is God. God is intimately involved in every sports contest, everywhere. I do not think that God wears particular team colors, is primarily concerned about who wins or wants to satisfy the shallow desire to have bragging rights at the office on Monday morning. Rather I have a conviction that God is in each person's life. God is present in all things, including sports.

As a sports fan and a believer, I think it is important to step back and critically reflect on our practices as fans. What unseen forces do I believe in? Do I invoke the spirit of God or some other spirit? Are my rituals and prayers focused on self-interest or others? Do I objectify coaches and players as means to my own satisfaction, or do I recognize them as individuals with dignity? Can I cheer for my team without turning the opponents (and their fans) into enemies?

It can be helpful to reflect on the real-life hopes and struggles of players and coaches involved in the contest. God is laboring in each person's life. Perhaps a point guard in basketball struggles with selfishness but decides to make the extra pass to a teammate. Maybe a linebacker's mother has breast cancer, and he is quietly playing on her behalf. The invitation is to pray for people, not points.

If God does cheer for a team, I imagine God showing partiality to the heavy underdog or a team from a city suffering from a poor economy. God has a track record—and makes a promise—of orchestrating great reversals and lifting up those who are poor (see the Magnificat). These great events, in my view, have nothing to do with superstition and everything to do with God, who has compassion for people, on and off the field.

LUKE HANSEN, S.J., *is an associate editor of* ***America****.*

THE RESTLESS MORALIST

IN SEARCH OF THE GOOD
A Life in Bioethics

By Daniel Callahan
The MIT Press. 232p $29

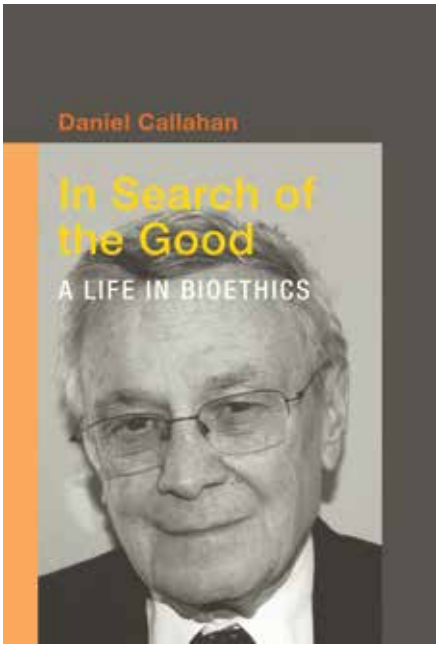
THE ROOTS OF BIOETHICS
Health, Progress, Technology, Death

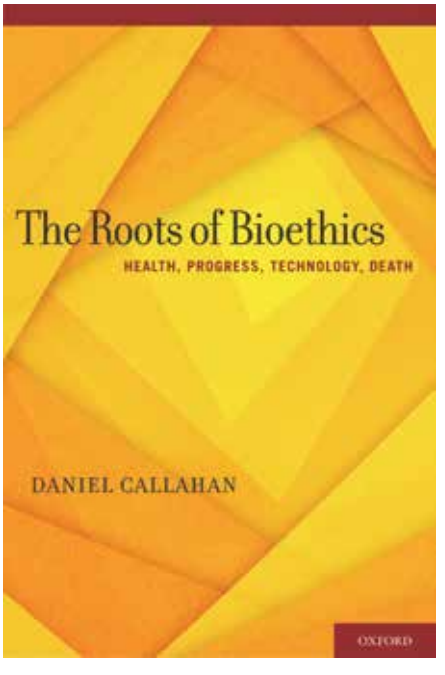
By Daniel Callahan
Oxford University Press. 256p $57.50

Many people claim that baseball is the "thinking person's sport," but I now believe that claim rightly applies only to *spectators*. After reading Daniel Callahan's most recent two books, one a memoir, and the other a collection of essays spanning almost three decades of his career, I became convinced that the thinking person's *participatory* sport of choice is actually swimming.

After winning a District of Columbia state championship and an athletic scholarship to Yale, Callahan gave up swimming competitively at the end of his junior year. But his subsequent career and life amply manifest the virtues associated with his sport of choice. Years of swim practice teach perseverance, while its attendant insulation from the bustling world facilitates independent rumination.

Callahan's career, spanning over four decades, amply manifests both perseverance and intellectual independence. Together with his neighbor Willard Gaylin, M.D., Callahan conceived of the idea of an independent Institute for Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences, at a Christmas party in 1968. That institute, which became known as the Hastings Center, overcame its shaky financial beginnings to become the preeminent locus for the discussion of medical ethics in the country. It is not a university institute nor an advocacy-oriented think tank, but a true *tertium quid*—a freestanding center for study, debate and discussion that crosses not only disciplinary boundaries, but also bridges the even deeper chasm between scholars and practitioners, particularly in the fields of medicine and law. While physicians, philosophers, theologians and even lawyers wrote about medical-moral issues before Callahan came along, it was undeniably his vision that gave "bioethics" its initial shape as a distinct field of study.





Born in Washington, D.C., in 1930, Callahan came of age in a post-war America of expanding and fluid horizons. Yet Callahan would have made his own opportunities in any era; he is something of a restless soul. After graduating from Yale, he went on to earn a Ph.D. in philosophy at Harvard. Disenchanted with analytic philosophy and lukewarm about spending his days grading term papers, he made the decision to leave the academy. During the exciting and tumultuous years before, during and after the Second Vatican Council, Callahan served as an editor of the liberal Catholic magazine Commonweal. But journalism wasn't his calling either. It was in the late 1960s that Callahan began to forge his true life's work, as he conceived and built the Hastings Center, which has also provided the setting for his own prodigious writing projects over the years.

Callahan's work in bioethics and health care policy is deeply shaped by the vocational options he tried and left behind. He rejected a teaching career in analytic philosophy because of the cramped and crabby scope of the field at the time he finished his doctorate. But his clear, precise and no-nonsense mode of inquiry bears the mark of his graduate training in the British analytic philosophical tradition. His commitment to writing for an educated general public rather than a tiny coterie of specialists reflects his experience as a magazine editor. In fact, so much does Callahan prize pithy, accessible, tightly reasoned prose that he considers it a greater accomplishment to get an opinion piece in The New York Times than to get an article published in a peer-reviewed academic journal.

Callahan's work is also influenced by the faith he tried and left behind. He and his wife Sidney, a distinguished psychologist and ethicist in her own right, constituted a veritable Catholic power couple in the mid-1960s. The parents of six children, the Callahans were at the center of important conversations in the church about the Second Vatican Council's renewal, as well as deeply involved in discussions of more specific contentious issues such as contraception, abortion and feminism.

By the end of the decade, however, Daniel's faith had slowly drained away, while Sidney's had grown stronger than ever. Although this divergence of belief understandably created some familial tensions, it did not fracture their relationship, as Sidney details in a moving recent online essay in Commonweal ("Learning Humility, Learning Patience," 11/25/13). Indeed, the Callahans' differences have proven fruitful not only for their own intellectual development, but also for the broader conversation. For example, their jointly edited volume, *Abortion: Understanding Differences* (Hastings Center, 1984), continues to illuminate the debate three decades after publication. Sidney is pro-life, while Daniel is pro-choice; years of discussion have not yielded agreement, but have strengthened mutual respect and understanding for the other's position, while also prompting important nuances in their respective views. Perhaps the Callahans no longer qualify as a Catholic power couple. But their intense, enduring and comprehensive partnership models what many Catholics would see as a richly blessed marriage.

For the past 40 years, Daniel Callahan has been a secular thinker, albeit one who is not hostile to religious believers. At the same time, as his volume of collected essays reveals, he is a thinker who has secularized from Roman Catholicism, not from a version of American Protestantism. Not all "secularization" looks the same; it very much matters which religious tradition is being left behind.

Callahan's writings in bioethics cover a wide range of issues, including reproductive technology, distributive justice in health care and euthanasia. Three moral themes that resonate with a Catholic worldview can be traced throughout his work. First, Callahan emphasizes the social nature of the self, which finds its place in a web of familial and cultural relationships. He opposes, for example, artificial insemination by donor because it deprives children of their right to a connection with a biological father. Second, Callahan's anthropology attends to both body and soul; he does not treat human beings as minds that happen to be encased in flesh. He therefore reflects perceptively not only on issues of death and dying, but also on those of the diminishment associated with aging. Third, and most importantly, Callahan writes about bioethical issues with a lively sense of the common good in mind. He therefore has tackled, sometimes controversially, difficult questions about the allocation of scarce health care resources.

The Roman Catholic moral tradition has persistently emphasized that key moral norms not only apply to everyone but are also in principle intelligible to all people of good will, not merely to religious believers. Nonetheless, American Catholics have not been particularly successful in making their case in the public square, particularly on issues pertaining to bioethics. For a model of how to argue rigorously, perceptively and non-defensively about difficult issues of broad import, Catholic moralists would do well to turn to the work of Daniel Callahan.

CATHLEEN KAVENY *is a theology professor at Boston College Law School and the College of Arts and Sciences.*

BILL WILLIAMS

HOW WE FIGHT

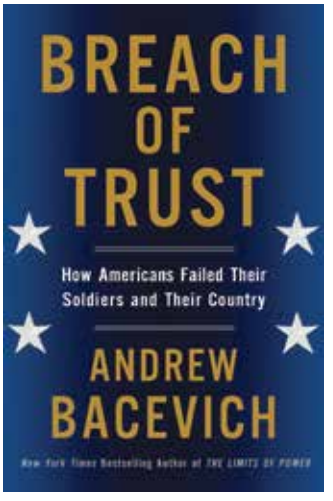
BREACH OF TRUST
How Americans Failed Their Soldiers and Their Country

By Andrew Bacevich
Metropolitan Books. 256p $26

Americans support United States interventions abroad "only so long as someone else's kid does the fighting and future generations get stuck with the bill."

So concludes Andrew J. Bacevich in this passionate new book about military policy in the post-Vietnam era. Bacevich has excellent credentials, having served for 23 years as an officer in the U.S. Army. He currently teaches at Boston University.

After the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, President Bush encouraged Americans to carry on as usual by getting "down to Disney World." The nation's all-volunteer Army would fight in Iraq and Afghanistan at no additional cost to taxpayers. In fact, the president persuaded Congress to cut taxes.



Bacevich argues that the United States has entered an era of perpetual war. Iraq and Afghanistan are the two longest wars in U.S. history, and they are not the only interventions in recent times. U.S. ground forces have also entered Lebanon, Grenada, Panama, Somalia, Haiti, Bosnia and Kosovo.

Few would argue that the outcomes in Iraq and Afghanistan have been a success. For starters, the financial and psychological costs have been staggering.

To deploy one soldier to a war zone for one year costs $1 million. Bacevich says the psychic toll of multiple combat tours has been "downright horrifying"—drugs, alcohol, depression, suicide, domestic violence. Annual disability benefits paid to veterans have skyrocketed from $15 billion in 2000 to $57 billion today.

Bacevich makes only passing reference to the fact that his son was killed by a roadside bomb while serving in Iraq, but that loss surely must inform his reservations about endless military

interventions abroad.

After Vietnam and the end of the draft, the Pentagon said that long, futile wars would be replaced by "neat, tidy ones, ending in absolute and unquestioned triumph." Iraq and Afghanistan dramatically ended that wishful thinking.

Some of *Breach of Trust* updates what Bacevich has written previously—several books about U.S. military policy in the post-World War II period, most recently *Washington Rules: America's Path to Permanent War*.

The most provocative argument in this new book involves Bacevich's assertion that the United States now embraces Israel's aggressive policy of military superiority and a strike-first mentality. Among hawks in both political parties, "Israel's kick-ass pugnacity struck a chord."

America adopted the view he writes "that the real key to successful self-defense was to attack the other guy first." As part of that belligerent policy, President Obama "established targeted assassinations as the very centerpiece of U.S. national security policy."

"Assassination," Bacevich writes, "once considered beyond the pale, has now emerged as a core function of the chief executive, the president himself choosing individual targets and periodically updating the nation's 'kill list.'"

For Obama the downside of targeted drone missile attacks on suspected terrorists is minimal. Americans are satisfied to leave military matters to the president, the Pentagon and an all-volunteer "warrior class."

Although Bacevich generally makes a persuasive case that Congress should bring back the draft, he occasionally engages in rhetorical overkill, as when he writes that citizen apathy toward war "is symptomatic of advancing civic decay." As examples, he cites childhood poverty and illegitimacy, among other issues, which is a bit of a stretch.

Overall, Bacevich has written a bracing call for Americans to "revert to a concept of citizenship in which privileges entail responsibilities." He recommends that future wars be funded on a pay-as-you-go basis and that soldiers be drawn from all segments of society.

"Imagine a lottery with Natasha and Malia Obama at age 18 having the same chance of being drafted as the manicurist's son or the Walmart clerk's daughter." Bacevich favors a mandatory program in which some 18-year-olds would enter the military and the rest would choose other service opportunities like the Peace Corps.

Bacevich is not optimistic that this will happen. People are too comfortable with the present broken system, in which volunteers do the fighting and future generations pay the bill.

ON THE WEB

The Catholic Book Club discusses a history of the North American martyrs. americamagazine.org/cbc

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My Enemy, My Love

SEVENTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME (A), FEB. 23, 2014

Readings: Lv 19:1-18; Ps 103:1-13; 1 Cor 3:16-23; Mt 5:38-48

"Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you" (Mt 5:44)

In the movies, a persecuted protagonist can exact revenge on the evil antagonist and the theater audience cheers! Movie heroes and heroines have limitless scope to exact vengeance on the villains because "they have it coming." Moral considerations melt away in the shared reverie of personal payback. We in the cinema seats can relate because we share the desire to take vengeance on those who have hurt us or a loved one. When we are harmed, intuitive, pre-rational feelings begin to bubble up that propel us to hurt the person who injured us.

Feelings of anger and a desire for vengeance in response to harm are more than ancient; they are primal, something human beings have been struggling to manage individually and communally for ages. In Chapter 19 of the Book of Leviticus, Moses outlined the commands of God for those who had been harmed, directing the Israelites not to "hate in your heart anyone of your kin" and not to "take vengeance or bear a grudge against any of your people, but you shall love your neighbor as yourself." God's commands direct the Israelites away from hate, vengeance and grudges, not only in actions but in their hearts as well.

While these commands are directed to the Israelites alone in Leviticus, as behaviors essential for holiness, Jesus extends their application to all of his followers in the Sermon on the Mount. Jesus cites Lv 19:18 when he tells his followers: "You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, so that you may be children of your Father in heaven." Jesus gives only a portion of the verse from Leviticus, but adds a phrase, "hate your enemy," which is not found in the Bible.

Since "neighbor" in the Leviticus passage originally related to relations among fellow Israelites, some scholars have seen Jesus' additional phrase as proverbial wisdom indicating how "other" people beyond the Jews were to be treated. One of the Dead Sea Scrolls, The Rule of the Community, even states that the members must "love all the sons of light" and "detest all the sons of darkness" (1:9-10). Since the sectarians of the Dead Sea included many of their own Jewish people among the "sons of darkness," however, it is clear that the definition of who is a "neighbor" or an "enemy" transcends ethnic or religious limits.

So where might Jesus' additional phrase to "hate your enemy" have come from? He might have drawn it from a common saying, but more likely he draws it from the reality of human hearts. To hate someone is to not love them. This becomes explicit when we designate someone an enemy. Where do people say, "Hate your enemy"? Wherever there are enemies. Hate, that is, knows no boundaries; it can be found within families or directed toward a distant enemy, and it can be found wherever people hurt each other.

Hate's reach is universal, which is why love also must know no boundaries if it is to transform the lives of both persecutor and victim. The love of enemy to which Jesus calls us is counterintuitive and foolish. It challenges us not just to love the ones we already love, but those who have given us every reason not to love them. Yet Jesus calls us to "be perfect, therefore, as your heavenly father is perfect." And Paul challenges us to be fools for Christ, and to be holy as God is holy, as he reminds the church in Corinth, "God's temple is holy, and you are that temple." In both verses, *you* is plural. We, the church, are called to be perfect, are named that holy temple and are called to love so that we "may be children of your father in heaven."

It is this desire, grounded in the longing to be holy as God is holy, that allows us to rise above our feelings for vengeance, feelings which the world understands, accepts and might even urge on us, to love our enemy. In the love of enemy we convert not only our own hearts, but the possibility exists that when we forego destroying enemies with weapons of vengeance, then love, the weapon of the spirit, will transform them.

JOHN W. MARTENS

PRAYING WITH SCRIPTURE

Take in Jesus' words on the love of enemy and ponder them. How does this command shape and order your life?

JOHN W. MARTENS *is an associate professor of theology at the University of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn.*


Nazareth
"And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us."
(John 1:14)
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