

America

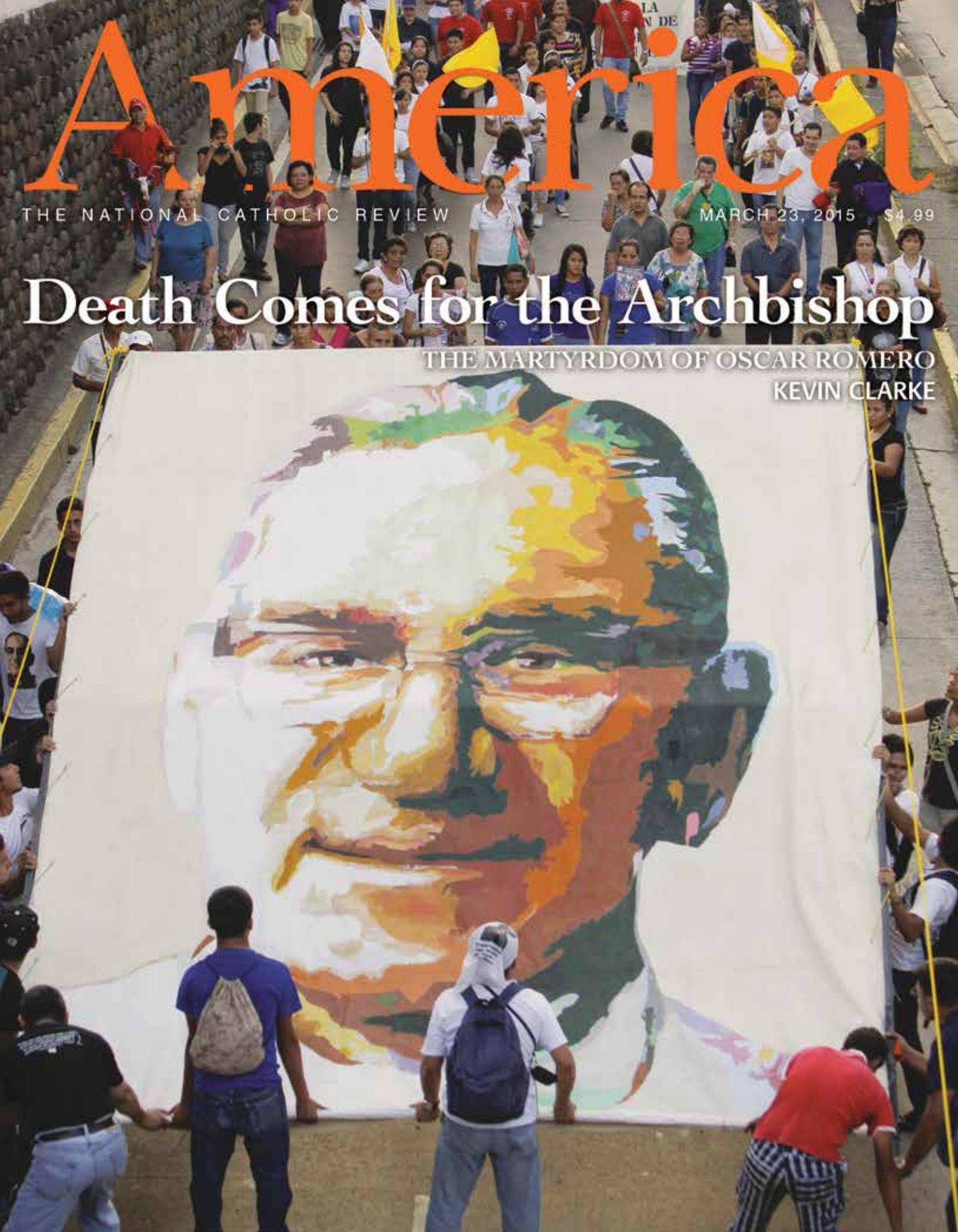
THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC REVIEW

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Death Comes for the Archbishop

THE MARTYRDOM OF OSCAR ROMERO

KEVIN CLARKE



Once again the fate of the president's signature domestic achievement is in the hands of the chief justice of the United States. That was clear enough last week when the U.S. Supreme Court heard arguments in the case of *King v. Burwell*, the latest challenge to the Affordable Care Act of 2010. Unlike the court's landmark decision in 2012, which upheld the constitutionality of the law's so-called individual mandate, the issue in *King* is not whether the law is unconstitutional *per se* but whether the federal government has exceeded the authority granted it by the statute itself. Apart from that, however, the dynamic on the bench looks very familiar. Chief Justice Roberts is the decisive vote.

Pundits and politicians spent much of last week spinning the proceedings. Across the nation, the conversation focused on whether Obamacare is good public policy. That conversation is interesting but irrelevant in the present context. The question before the court is not whether Obamacare is good law, but whether the federal government has acted beyond the law. Similarly, the question before the court in 2012 was not whether Obamacare should have been repealed, but whether it was constitutional.

These distinctions matter. When we treat the courts as mere extensions of our partisan politics, then we strip them of their essential, vital function: to state what the law is. "The interpretation of the laws," reads *Marbury v. Madison*, "is the proper and peculiar province of the courts." Now I'm not suggesting that the U.S. Supreme Court is above politics. By definition it is a political body, but it is a different kind of political body. It is not simply a third house of the U.S. Congress.

Another reason these distinctions matter: when we fail to appreciate the unique mission of the judiciary, we sidestep a very important question about our constitutional arrangement—namely,

what methodologies should the courts employ when interpreting statutes? More important, what methodology should the U.S. Supreme Court employ when interpreting the U.S. Constitution?

That conversation is really important, not least of all because there are two widely divergent methodologies at work. On the one hand, there are those who subscribe to one of the variant forms of "originalism," the doctrine that the Constitution should be interpreted according to the meaning of the words as those words would have been understood at the time of their adoption. Another group holds fast to the doctrine of "living constitutionalism." This is the notion that the Constitution is a dynamic document and that modern understandings of its meaning are therefore relevant, if not dispositive.

The living constitutionalists say that the originalists think the Constitution is dead. The originalists charge the living constitutionalists with thinking that the Constitution should mean whatever they want it to mean. Both characterizations are caricatures, of course, yet these are still radically different theories of law, with radically different starting points, that produce radically different outcomes.

We need to have a real debate about these two philosophies. At a minimum, the public might better understand that the ultimate outcome of the struggle between these two philosophical camps will determine not only how the Constitution is interpreted but also how it is amended and applied in real life. What we have instead is a dangerous dialogical mix of ignorance and grandstanding. But how and whether we change the Constitution is the most important decision we make as citizens, much more than choosing a president. That is because in our ingenious system it is the Constitution, not the president—or anyone else, for that matter—that is sovereign.

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Cover: People carry a banner of Archbishop Oscar
Romero in San Salvador, El Salvador, March 22,
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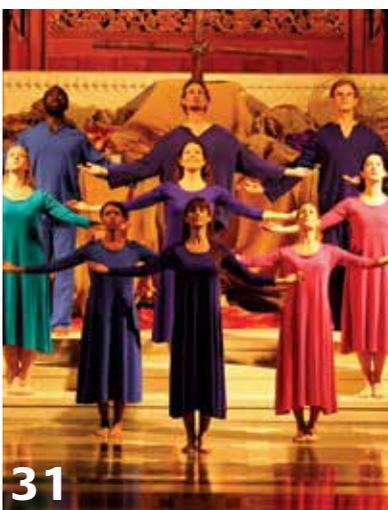


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ON THE WEB

A video profile of choreographer **Robert VerEecke, S.J.**, and excerpts from his work. Plus an interview with **Rudy López** of Interfaith Worker Justice. Full digital highlights at americamagazine.org/webfeatures.



Faith in Sinai

“This is a great day of joy for Catholics in Egypt,” said the Coptic Catholic Bishop Makarios Tewfik of Ismailia, hailing the consecration on Feb. 15 of the first Coptic Catholic church ever built in Sinai. The church will accommodate the worship needs not only of the tourists who flock to the region’s spectacular coral reefs but also of the sizable community of Filipino guest workers employed in the tourism, hotel and construction industries on the peninsula. A large foreign workforce in Bahrain has likewise spurred the construction of a new Catholic church there, slated for completion in 2016 (Current Comment, 4/14/14).

Before the church was built, people in Sinai were able to worship only in their homes or makeshift chapels. Financial assistance was provided by Aid to the Church in Need, an international Catholic charity. Work on the church had been ongoing since 2003, and the foundation stone was laid in 2005; but as with any ambitious project, roadblocks popped up. As Bishop Makarios noted, the logjam was broken when an influential advocate, who had been taught by Catholic sisters, came to the church’s assistance. Thanks to the support of Suzanne Mubarak, wife of the deposed Egyptian president, the church was finished and given the name of her choosing: Our Lady of Peace.

On the same day that the church was consecrated, an Islamic State affiliate in Libya released a video showing the beheading of 21 Orthodox Coptic Egyptians. Our Lady of Peace stands as a rebuke to such evil and shows, in a concrete way, that death will never prevail over life.

The Right to Rest

Across the country, local governments seeking to revitalize downtown areas, attract tourists or cater to wealthier residents have increasingly turned to laws that criminalize behavior associated with homelessness. A report by the law school of the University of California, Berkeley, published in February found that 58 cities in that state have enacted over 500 restrictions on activities like resting in public places, living out of a car, panhandling and sharing food, in what researchers call a municipal “race to the bottom.”

No one is winning this race—not taxpayers, who foot the bill for the costly enforcement of such measures, and certainly not the homeless people who are arrested or fined for basic acts of survival. If the goal is not just to clean up parks and sidewalks but to end homelessness, criminalization may in fact further entrench the problem. A criminal record can make it even more difficult for men

and women without stable housing to get a job, public benefits or supportive housing that could help get them off the streets. Some public officials seem to have realized this. In California, state lawmakers are considering the Right to Rest Act, which would guarantee the right to rest, eat and perform religious observances in public spaces.

A bill of rights for homeless people places an obligation on all residents: to confront the plight of those living on the margins. Proven, cost-effective solutions to homelessness exist, including housing-first strategies, collaboration between health and social service workers and law enforcement, and alternative courts. But first we have to see the problem.

The Rights of Unions

After a divisive and very public argument over public union contracts four years ago, Wisconsin finds itself embroiled in another scorched-earth debate. With the backing of Gov. Scott Walker, the state legislature adopted a “right to work” law that allows private-sector workers to opt out of a union—and union dues—even while enjoying the benefits of union membership. Twenty-four states have passed similar laws, and Missouri, Illinois and Kentucky are also considering “right to work” legislation. Supporters argue that these laws empower individual workers, but their long-term effects are not difficult to predict. The more people opt out of paying union dues, the weaker the unions will be.

The Wisconsin Catholic Conference released a public statement offering three questions to guide the debate. They included, “Does [the proposed law] protect the natural right of workers to assemble and form associations?” The statement stopped short of offering an answer, which might have been the prudent course at a moment when the state’s electorate was extremely polarized. Then again, the beleaguered union movement could use all the help it can get. Last year, the Interfaith Partnership of Greater St. Louis, to which Archbishop Robert Carlson belongs, published a statement calling right-to-work laws “obviously and admittedly anti-union in their intent and render impossible or at least weaken the process of collective bargaining between management and labor.” From the standpoint of Catholic social teaching, these laws are problematic: they privilege the rights of the individual over the good of the group.

Unions are imperfect institutions, but Catholics should resist political attempts to make them obsolete. As Pope Benedict XVI wrote in “*Caritas in Veritate*,” “the promotion of workers’ associations that can defend their rights must therefore be honored today even more than in the past.”

Peace and Toilet Paper

The issue of lethal force—employed by police against African-American citizens in Ferguson, Mo., Staten Island, N.Y., Albuquerque, N.M., and Cleveland, Ohio—remains in the public consciousness as the spotlight shifts now to another deeply embedded abuse of power: brutality in prison. In scandalous numbers, prison guards responsible for the rehabilitation of prisoners abuse them mercilessly—at times to death—and are rarely held to account for their crimes.

For the Christian, reports of this scandal recall images of Jesus the prisoner, whipped, ridiculed and crucified between a repentant and an unrepentant thief. For the U.S. citizen, this treatment brings to mind the truths embodied in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

Rikers Island, a complex of 10 jails located in the East River in New York City, holds about 11,000 inmates, mostly African-American and Hispanic men from low-income neighborhoods. About 85 percent of them have not yet been convicted of a crime; nearly 40 percent have a mental illness. Rikers has a history of violence, and now an investigation by The New York Times has identified 62 instances between last August and January in which correction officers seriously injured prisoners. As a result of these altercations, 70 percent of the inmates involved sustained head injuries and half sustained broken bones. In a typical case, on Sept. 2, 2014, four correction officers pulled José Guadalupe, a man classified as mentally ill, into his solitary confinement cell and beat him unconscious. Mr. Guadalupe suffered a concussion and spent three weeks in a wheelchair. According to data from the New York City Department of Correction, guards used physical force against inmates 4,074 times in 2014. In spite of millions of dollars spent to improve conditions, last week Rikers went into lockdown for 34 hours to curb escalating gang violence.

In Florida a record number of 346 prisoners died in 2014, and hundreds of these cases are under investigation. Jerry Washington, a prisoner at the Santa Rosa Correctional Institute, filed a sexual harassment complaint against two officers. Hearing of the complaint, the officers threatened to kill him. Mr. Washington wrote his sister warning her that if he were to die suddenly, these men would be responsible. A week later he was dead. The local medical examiner ruled his death a suicide, a claim his family rejects; a fellow inmate claims Mr. Washington was poisoned.

Now back to Attica, N.Y., the scene of the riot in 1971 that ended after four days only when Gov. Nelson

Rockefeller ordered state police to take back the prison from mutinous inmates. They killed 39 men, many of whom were innocent hostages shot down in the hail of bullets. Jump ahead to 2011 when, to punish a prisoner who had shouted a disrespectful expletive, three burly officers at Attica yanked 29-year-old George Williams from his cell and beat him mercilessly, breaking two legs, a shoulder and an eye socket. (Witnesses say he was not the man who yelled.) Unlike hundreds of similar victims over the years, Mr. Williams fought back and got legal support. The attackers were indicted and scheduled to stand trial on March 2 of this year, but a last minute plea deal saved them. They lost their jobs, but they will not go to jail.

Meanwhile, The Atlantic (February 2015) has chronicled the devastating effects of prison rape, particularly on young men housed with seasoned inmates, who will enslave a youth and rent him out to fellow prisoners. The authorities look the other way. In 2003 Congress passed the Prison Rape Elimination Act to address the issue, but implementation of the law has been slow.

A crisis this widespread demands an inclusive political response in which a national advisory committee investigates the problem and proposes congressional legislation to solve it. States should both strengthen the selection and training of guards and raise the salary (the median is now \$39,000 a year) to match regular police salaries. They should replace the current training programs, which last from three to 20 weeks, with a post-high school year at a selected university emphasizing social and ethical issues. Prison buildings should be redesigned to promote both security and surveillance but also private and communal space consistent with human dignity. At the same time, churches must make a coordinated ecumenical effort to strengthen their ministries in the jails. The bottom line: prisons must build character, not break spirits.

In 1971, before Attica exploded, two inmates prepared a letter to be sent to Governor Rockefeller. They wanted three things: better education, more religious freedom and more than one roll of toilet paper a month—for the basic human needs to learn, to pray and to be clean. Imagine the lives that could have been saved and transformed if those simple requests had been granted.



REPLY ALL

Health Care Rhetoric

Re “A Sense of Solidarity,” by Kevin P. Quinn, S.J. (3/2): I was very disturbed by the generalization and characterization of “most, if not all, conservative opposition” in the review of *Health Care as a Social Good*, by David M. Craig. The implication is that all conservatives believe health care should be a “privilege, rather than a right.” This generalization further contributes to the divisive political rhetoric and our inability to pursue logical discourse regarding true health care reform.

Is it not possible that many “conservatives” have equal concern for the long-term ability of our health care system to meet the needs of all citizens? I do applaud Father Quinn’s observation that “secular liberal and economic arguments” have not produced a “public narrative,” essential to long-term solutions in the health care reform debate. Perhaps the greatest benefit of religious engagement could be to force inappropriate political rhetoric out of the discussion in favor of a realistic planning process that excludes labels such as “conservative” or “liberal.”

“Constructive compromise” and ef-

forts at “social stewardship,” as suggested by Mr. Craig, must include a realistic and nonpolitical evaluation of short- and long-term economic models. I believe we must recognize that short-term political gain may not equal long-term good nor good stewardship.

PHILLIP JOHNSON
Online Comment

Football Fantasy

In “Good Sports” (2/23), Rabbi Martin Siegel presents a garbled discussion about “getting closer to God through athletics.” The entire piece is a mishmash of “five essential forces” that draw creatures—as fans, apparently—into a closer relationship with their Creator. By taking part in witnessing athletic events, “the fans are connected to [the Creator’s] energy through the imagery that the competition creates for them.”

Rabbi Siegel, who is working on a book entitled *Renewing Religion Through Football*, seems unaware of recent discussions about the physical savagery of American football and its ill effects on the participants, especially at the college and professional level. Apparently he has a thesis about how the Creator can be approached through sports activities, and he fits his data to

suit his preconceived thesis. The paragraph subtitled “Winning: Not the Only Thing” is, I’m afraid, another sign of the author ignoring the reality of the behavior of fans whose teams have lost big games and the acting out that results from the frustration of being a “loser.”

JOHN HOLLOHAN
Naples, Fla.

Benefits Ban

Re “Prison Addiction,” by Bishop Denis J. Madden (2/23): Many are unaware of the obstacles faced by prisoners at their release from incarceration—especially in finding a place to live and a job. In 1996 Congress added another major obstacle when it passed the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act.

This law, which applies only to felony drug convictions, prohibits for life a person from receiving federal food assistance (S.N.A.P.) or cash assistance (T.A.N.F.). Perhaps a well-intentioned part of the war on drugs, this law is now recognized by many states as a contributing factor to recidivism as well as a great hardship on the spouses and children of felons. Congress gave the states the discretion to opt out of or modify the ban. As of 2011, 37 states

STATUS UPDATE

Readers respond to the passing on Feb. 26 of Theodore Hesburgh, C.S.C., former president of the University of Notre Dame and one of the most influential Catholic priests in the history of the church in the United States.

Father Ted shaped my alma mater and by so doing shaped my life. He pushed for women joining the Notre Dame student body. I was a freshman the third year there were women on campus. He was one of the most humble, dedicated and good priests ever. His social justice teachings will go down in history as some of the most important.

ANNETTE GRANDE MAGJUKA

We met Father Ted on a visit to Notre Dame, when my wife was pregnant with our first child. Upon learning she was pregnant and as if on cue, he blessed Susan and our unborn child with these words: “May you grow up to be a child of Jesus.” We sent him photos of the visit, and he took the time to respond in writing. Bea is now 12, growing up beautifully, and probably tires of us telling her that story.

ROBERT BOLONGAITA

As a student, I had the rare privilege of speaking with Father Ted 20 or so times. First through the peace studies program he started, second through the Center for Social Concerns that he loved, but mostly because I pumped

gas for the priests’ fleet of cars. He’d stop me in the Corby Hall foyer with all the car keys and start conversations. “When I met Gorbachev, we talked about President Duarte and emerging democracy in the Communist sphere...” This was terrific and funny, because it showed two fundamental elements of his greatness of character: 1) He treated everyone like they mattered a great deal; and 2) he loved telling stories. After a conversation with Father Hesburgh, you felt as though he radiated history like an electrical current, and he couldn’t keep it bottled up. “How do you find yourself? Give yourself away.” A great man, certainly, but also a good one.

COLE McMAHON

fully or partially enforce the T.A.N.F. ban, and 34 fully or partially enforce the S.N.A.P. ban. While a number of states have modified these bans, placing conditions or requirements on benefits, 13 states continue to deny T.A.N.F. aid to drug felons, and nine states continue to deny them food assistance—for life—though they have done their time and paid their debt to society.

M. BRENDAN CONLON, O.S.U.
Louisville, Ky.

Keep Trying

Re “Saintly Sinners, Sinful Saints,” by James Martin, S.J. (2/23): The saints I love best are those who seem not to have led perfect lives. The saints who give me example and courage are not the ones who appear never tempted but the sinners who managed to triumph over their acknowledged demons—sinners, like me, who give me hope for myself.

Although not declared a saint, I love Thomas Merton because, while he was not perfect, he never gave up. He was a man: mortal, weak, brilliant, talented and dogged in his search for deeper communion with the divine. Robert Louis Stevenson said that the saints are the sinners who keep on trying. How I hope I will be one of them.

MARION BODEN
Hampton Bays, N.Y.

A Sound Process

In “The Annulment Dilemma” (2/16). Msgr. Paul V. Garrity notes the problem of applications not completed because of the obstacle posed by the autobiographical essay. As a graduate student in theology and an aspiring canonist who has interned in diocesan marriage tribunals, I can testify that most tribunals are very accommodating of people’s needs and capacities.

I have worked with people who prefer to converse rather than write their story, which I then type up and organize logically. The problem is not the process. The problems are: 1) insufficient financial and human resources being given to tribunals to aid individu-

als with the annulment process; and 2) pastors who are unaware of the resources to which they could be referring their annulment-seeking parishioners.

Monsignor Garrity also wants to see pastors have a greater role in the process. With all due respect to our priests, most do not possess a basic literacy in matrimonial jurisprudence. The current process for formal cases has been refined over the centuries; is much sounder than most people would suspect and protects the rights of both parties to the highest degree possible. Some priests should become canonists and work with marriage cases, but not all.

CHRISTOPHER SIUZDAK
Online Comment

Single Life Sacrament

I find myself wondering if part of our current dilemma regarding marriage, annulments, homosexuality, etc., might be caused by an “all or nothing” mentality. In the 12th century, marriage was declared by the Catholic Church to be sacramental. But no such support has ever been offered to the single state of life, unless one enters the priesthood or religious life.

How can this be, since both are essential for society as a whole? It is perfectly obvious that not everyone should marry, that many individuals can best thrive and serve others without the constraints that marriage and childrearing impose. Shouldn’t there be sacramental support for this large and vital part of any community? Such a sea change might make a wider variety of relationships valid in the eyes of the church without sacrificing the procreative quality of marriage as

a unique institution.

MARY-PATRICIA MURPHY
Idaho Falls, Idaho

True Marriage

I was perplexed, to say the least, on reading “Communion Change?” (Signs of the Times, 1/19). It is pretty amazing that 66 German bishops “favor allowing divorced Catholics living in new civil unions to participate in confession and receive Communion” and that the exclusion from these sacraments was no longer comprehensible to them.

The relatively new *Catechism of the Catholic Church* makes it clear why the exclusion should be very understandable. Nos. 1650–51 speak to this issue and discuss why confession and the reception of Communion cannot be condoned or permitted for those Catholics so encumbered. It would seem clear that a second marriage cannot be embraced by the church while a first, earlier one remains indissoluble.

I do not for one minute doubt the erudition or sincerity of those bishops, priests and others with genuine concerns for the need for mercy as called for by Pope Francis. But true marriage is under assault as it is, and one wonders how much more undermining it can stand.

GERARD V. McMAHON SR.
Syracuse, N.Y.



TURKEY

Bishops' Delegation Reports Syrian Refugee Crisis at 'Tipping Point'

Officials of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops warn that the Syrian refugee crisis—four million people have fled the war-torn state—has reached a dangerous “tipping point.” Turkey alone has absorbed almost two million refugees from Syria and is now the only regional power allowing more refugees in. But for how much longer, officials wonder, can Turkey accept the burden? In addition to the Syrians, waves of other refugees—as many as 103,000—have already washed across the Turkish border from Iraq. Meanwhile, conflict in both nations continues to rage, driving more Christians, Yazidis and both Shiite and Sunni Muslims from their communities.

Worried about its capacity to absorb many more refugees and the possibility of terrorist infiltration, Jordan has already closed its borders to people seeking to escape from regions controlled by the Islamic State. “Without more international support, we will find Syrians fleeing extremists being turned away and forced back to danger,” said Anastasia Brown, interim executive director for the U.S.C.C.B.’s Migration and Refugee Services. Turkey has continued to allow refugees in but now, especially in communities near the border with Syria, faces becoming “overwhelmed” by the crisis.

A delegation of U.S.C.C.B. officials that visited the region in late 2014 released a report on March 6—“Refuge and Hope in the Time of ISIS”—looking at the plight of Syrians in Turkey and during a growing and perilous migration to Europe through Greece and Bulgaria.

Many other Syrians seeking to escape the violence have become part of the vast undocumented exodus across the Mediterranean, a humanitarian crisis frequently lamented by Pope Francis.

Of special concern is the impact the crisis is having on as many as two million Syrian child refugees. Among those are many children who have lost or been separated from parents or family members and who have a special claim on protection. “The number of unaccompanied children and other vulnerable children from Syria and elsewhere is rising, yet there are few protection mechanisms in place to identify and rescue them from harm,” said Nathalie Lummert, director of special programs for M.R.S. “What we are seeing is an exodus of the next generation in Syria, with little hope for their future.”

The delegation also expressed grave concern for the plight of religious mi-

norities, who are targets of extremists in the region. The lives of Assyrian and Chaldean Christians, along with Yazidis, are at risk. “Without a dramatic response to this unprecedented humanitarian challenge, we will continue to see ongoing suffering and even death in this population, especially among the most vulnerable,” Brown said. “The global community, led by Europe and the United States, needs to increase its support in order to prevent a humanitarian crisis.”

How vast is this humanitarian problem? Brown explains that so many are now fleeing Syria and Iraq that those able to meet with U.N. refugee officials are being put on waiting lists—not to be extracted from the troubled region, but just to be registered as refugees—that are backlogged until 2020 and 2022.

That means families will be “strand-



A MAKE-SHIFT LIFE. A young Syrian refugee in Lebanon in February.

ed” in these Turkish communities without a legal status that will allow parents to properly settle their families, find health care, enroll their children in school and accept work. Worse, according to Brown, most unregistered refugee families have allowed their children to skip school and take whatever jobs they can find. It is far easier for children to find gray market employment than it is for their parents, and the need to survive is now trumping concern for the future.

Brown argues that the United States and the European Union not only have to do much more to assist the resettlement, support and protection of refugees scattered across the region; they must quickly reset refugee quotas to levels that more reasonably address the severity of the crisis. “Right now, hundreds of Syrians have come to the United States,” Brown complained, “ver-



PHOTO CREDIT: CARITAS LEBANON MIGRANTS CENTER/ JEAN KHOURY

sus the thousands who need assistance.”

Last year, the United States accepted fewer than 70,000 refugees from the entire world. Many thousands need to be extracted from this troubled region alone. U.S. refugee policy needs to be re-evaluated, Brown said, to effectively function as the “timely and...lifesaving mechanism it is meant to be.”

KEVIN CLARKE

NEW YORK

City Bids Farewell To Cardinal Egan

Cardinal Edward Egan’s time as leader of one of the nation’s largest archdioceses was haunted by the unfolding child abuse scandal, shocked by the terror spectacle of Sept. 11, 2001, and troubled by a period of fiscal uncertainty and parish closings.

But Cardinal Edward Egan, archbishop emeritus, 12th bishop, ninth archbishop and seventh cardinal of the See of New York, steadied the archdiocese’s finances, managed increases in school and parish enrollments and walked with New Yorkers as they struggled to overcome an unprecedented trauma. He died of a heart attack on March 5 at the age of 82.

Pope Francis offered his condolences in a telegram to Cardinal Timothy Dolan of New York. “I join you in commending the late cardinal’s noble soul to God, the father of mercies,” the pope said, “with gratitude for his years of episcopal ministry...his distinguished service to the Apostolic See and his expert contribution to the revision of the church’s law in the years following the Second Vatican Council.”

For the Rev. Jonathan Morris, parish administrator of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in the Bronx and a media commentator, Cardinal Egan was the grandfatherly archbishop emeritus who welcomed him into a new role as a diocesan priest of New York. He worked closely with Cardinal Egan to develop Sirius Radio’s Catholic Channel.

Cardinal Egan did not always find the programs on the channel to his tastes, said Father Morris, “but he told me, don’t program it for what an old bishop likes, but think about the people who need to hear the Gospel in a way they can accept and be attracted to it.”

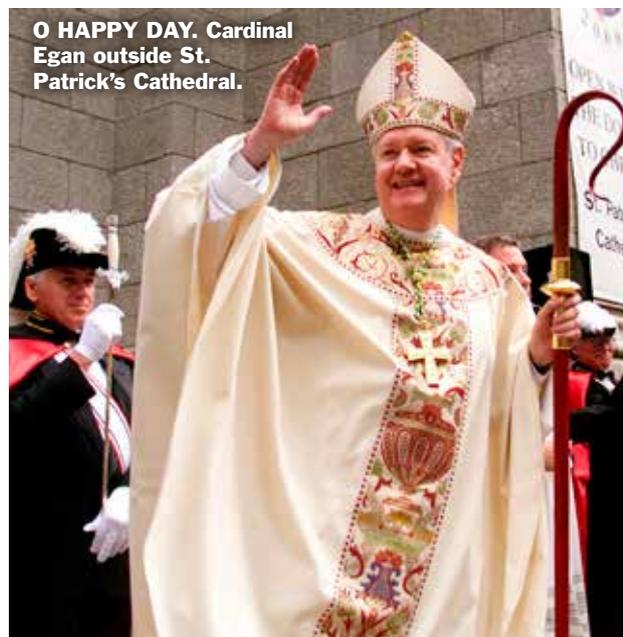
Cardinal John O’Conner was a difficult act for the former bishop of Bridgeport to follow, Father Morris said, “and he didn’t try to imitate him.” Instead, “he was an analytic and precise manager,” skills that served the archdiocese well, he said, and set it on a long-term

path of fiscal health that freed his successor of a heavy burden.

America’s editor in chief, Matt Malone, S.J., commented, “New York has lost a good and holy pastor. **America** magazine has lost a true friend.” Father Malone added, “He ordained me a priest just before I took over as editor in chief. He opened doors for me in this city and elsewhere, always championing our work and all the ministries of the Jesuits. He was a quiet, but truly generous man.”

America’s church correspondent, Mary Ann Walsh, R.S.M., remembered in a post on the magazine’s website how the cardinal “may have had one of his greater moments as a churchman during 9-11 at ground zero.” She wrote, “On that September morning Cardinal Egan began days of ministry to workers, injured and deceased.... On the scene he risked contamination to the point that each night he had to get rid of all the clothes he wore—even his shoes.”

Just a few days after the attack, before hundreds of people crammed into St. Patrick’s Cathedral for a Mass of



mourning, he had urged a level-headed response to a stunned and grieving nation. "I am sure that we will seek justice in this tragedy," Cardinal Egan said, "as citizens of a nation under God in which hatred and desires for revenge must never have a part."

Cardinal Egan was born on April 2, 1932, in Oak Park, Ill. He was ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Chicago on Dec. 15, 1957. In 1988 he was appointed bishop of the Diocese of Bridgeport by Pope John Paul II. In 2000 he was appointed archbishop of New York and made a cardinal in 2001.

Like many in the U.S. church, Cardinal Egan struggled to come to terms with the sexual abuse crisis. His handling of cases in Bridgeport and New York was criticized, though he supported and helped implement the zero-tolerance policy that eventually became the official stance of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops.

End of Death Penalty?

The Catholic Church firmly opposes the death penalty and urges all states to move toward its abolition, said the Vatican's permanent observer to United Nations agencies in Geneva. "My delegation contends that bloodless means of defending the common good and upholding justice are possible and calls on states to adapt their penal system to demonstrate their adhesion to a more humane form of punishment," Archbishop Silvano Tomasi told the U.N. Human Rights Council on March 4. The archbishop said the Vatican "fully supports the efforts to abolish" the death penalty and suggested two steps to reach this goal. The first is to "sustain the social reforms that would enable society to implement the abolition of the death penalty, and the second is to improve prison conditions to ensure the human dignity of prisoners." Archbishop

NEWS BRIEFS

Barbara Moore, a sister of St. Joseph of Carondelet who 50 years ago this March participated in the civil rights march in Selma, Ala., said that events in Ferguson, Mo., and elsewhere show that more needs to be done on race relations in the United States. • Marking **International Women's Day 2015** on March 8, leaders from the United Nations' three Rome-based food agencies gathered to remind the world that women farmers play a central role in achieving food and nutrition security. • The Catholic Church in Russian-occupied Crimea fears it will **lose its legal status** after it refused to adhere to a March 1 deadline for reregistering under Russian law. • Addressing the United Nations in Geneva on March 6, the Holy See's permanent observer, **Archbishop Silvano Tomasi**, said no one is exempt from the impact of climate change. • Delighted by "a new beginning," Maria Lioba Zezulka, prioress of the Visitandine Order, described in early March how **Germany's 12th-century Beuerberg Abbey** will be converted to housing for refugee families who have fled from Syria, Iraq, Nigeria, Afghanistan and other conflict zones.



Selma Witness

Tomasi said the "steady improvements in the organization of the penal system" in most states make it "evident nowadays that means other than the death penalty" are sufficient to protect public safety against aggressors. In an unprecedented joint editorial on March 5, four national Catholic journals—**America**, **The National Catholic Register**, **The National Catholic Reporter** and **Our Sunday Visitor**—urged, "Capital punishment must end."

Ferguson Reports

On March 4, the U.S. Justice Department released the results of its investigation into the killing of Michael Brown last August in Ferguson, Mo. It concluded in an 87-page report "that the facts do not support the filing of criminal charges against Officer Darren Wilson." But a second, parallel investigation revealed "a pattern or practice of unlawful conduct within the Ferguson Police Department."

Announcing the outcome, Attorney General Eric Holder said, "This investigation found a community that was deeply polarized, and where deep distrust and hostility often characterized interactions between police and area residents." He said, "Our investigation showed that Ferguson police officers routinely violate the Fourth Amendment in stopping people without reasonable suspicion, arresting them without probable cause and using unreasonable force against them." He added, "It is time for Ferguson's leaders to take immediate, wholesale and structural corrective action. The report we have issued and the steps we have taken are only the beginning of a necessarily resource-intensive and inclusive process to promote reconciliation, to reduce and eliminate bias and to bridge gaps and build understanding."

From CNS, RNS and other sources.

Scotland's Martyr for Freedom

A significant celebration occurred on March 10 this year in Glasgow, Scotland. The city lauded St. John Ogilvie, S.J., on the 400th anniversary of his martyrdom. On the previous weekend at the Church of St. Aloysius in Glasgow, staffed by the Jesuits, many gathered for liturgical commemorations of this Scottish Jesuit martyr who was put to death for refusing to abjure his faith and thus became a symbol of religious freedom everywhere.

In our own time, as in John's, religious freedom and tolerance are center stage, as Christians everywhere reel in dismay at the outrages and persecutions visited on fellow Christians, particularly the horrific murders, the images callously posted online, of hostages and of 21 young Coptic martyrs. Across four centuries and two very different contexts, a common thread runs. Religious affiliation is used as an excuse for inhuman barbarity.

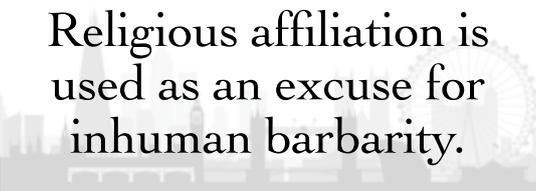
The dystopian distortion of what we have come to call social media cruelly mimics the travesty of religion it broadcasts, much more horrifying now than in John's time because more people get to see it, but just as unrepresentative of true faith, be that Islamic or Christian.

There are other, less obvious and less shocking persecutions, too, not least in 21st century Britain, where many voices are heard denouncing faith as regressive and ridiculing people of faith as bigots. These are voices that seem unaware of the irony of their own position. In the time of John Ogilvie, similar voices would have been heard

voicing similar views in a Glaswegian accent. At stake in these different contexts is religious freedom, and also civil tolerance of one another and of difference itself.

Who, then, was John Ogilvie? What led this proud Highlander to the scaffold on that gray Glasgow afternoon 400 years ago?

His father had conformed to the recently established state religion by the



Religious affiliation is used as an excuse for inhuman barbarity.

time John Ogilvie was born in north-eastern Scotland in 1579. So John grew up a Calvinist during a tormented period of religious and political upheaval. Those turbulent years were marked by several fluctuations, now toward Episcopalianism, now toward Presbyterianism, while the skilled political philosopher King James VI (of Scotland, 1st of England—the crowns would be united in 1603) played one faction off against another.

James's kingdom had dabbled with state-appointed bishops. But those policies infuriated the Calvinist Presbyterian camp—which had no tolerance for anything that suggested episcopal authority rather than *sola scriptura, sola fide*—so Roman Catholics were beleaguered from both sides. John Ogilvie, repudiating the claim that the monarch could dictate and delimit anyone's religious beliefs, was killed for that refusal.

John, absent from his native land

for 22 years of travels around Europe, during which he became a Catholic and entered the Jesuits, was arrested after only 11 months of ministry. His arraignment, torture and trial were vicious.

He would suffer terrible tortures, including being forcibly kept awake for eight days and nine nights and a torture called “the boots,” in which iron shackles forced the very bone marrow from his legs, to make him reveal the identities of other Catholics. Ogilvie did not relent and was convicted of high treason for refusing to accept the king's religious jurisdiction. On March 10, 1615, at age 36, John Ogilvie was paraded through the streets of Glasgow and hanged at Glasgow Cross.

We honor John Ogilvie this month, in this 400th year since his execution, as a martyr for religious freedom. Our 21 young Coptic martyrs, murdered by terrorists, did not have the choice to die for practicing their faith that John was offered but that he could never accept, such was his integrity. Both he and they died with a prayer on their lips, powerful symbols of our need to protect and struggle for religious freedoms because, once again, that very freedom is becoming a pressing concern in our day.

John's was a local struggle in a small European state; the martyrdoms of our 21 young Coptic brothers were displayed on the global screen. The pressure on religious tolerance is, arguably, an aspect of that “globalization of indifference” that the pope has repeatedly emphasized; we can define that as rooted in individualism and selfishness, intolerance and bigotry. Those celebrations in Glasgow on March 10 will have been a success if they stimulate even a few of us to think about our own intolerance and what counts as true or false faith today. **DAVID STEWART**



‘No White Man Is Innocent’

One night William Stringfellow dreamed that he was stabbed with a knife on 125th Street in Harlem, at the hands of a black man who had asked him for a light. Stringfellow then lived in Harlem not far from there. He was a white man who graduated from Harvard Law School and, in 1956, promptly put his training to use in the streets. He was doing his part. Yet it was clear to him in the dream, he later wrote, that “the murder was retribution.” Further: “No white man is innocent.”

The re-emergence during the past year of outrage over racial injustice has prompted many white people to wonder what they might do. What policies might one propose and advocate to combat economic inequality along the lines of skin color? What condolence might one offer to the victims of mass incarceration?

A leader in the Black Lives Matter protests, Alicia Garza, has said, “We need you defecting from white supremacy and changing the narrative of white supremacy by breaking white silence.” But well-meaning speaking-out can have its hazards, too. Another activist’s exasperated blog post, titled “Dear White Protestors,” repeats as a refrain, “This is NOT about you.”

Much of Stringfellow’s output as a lay theologian takes up the challenge of what can usefully be said by white allies about racism in the United States of America. (He died 30 years ago this month; a collection of his writings, *Essential Writings*, is now available from Orbis Press.)

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Stringfellow wrote from the echoes of Harlem, the North’s subtler but no less cruel counterpart to the Jim Crow South. Harlem taught him a theology of the demonic principalities—institutions, ideologies, idolatries—that lure us into the dominion of death. Racism, as a principality, is not an aberration of a few cross-burning racists but a condition that manifests itself most pervasively among those who pretend to be innocent of it. Again, “No white man is innocent.”

“If you want to do something,” Stringfellow told an audience of concerned members of the clergy in 1963, “the most practical thing I can tell you is: weep.”

This was both a reprimand and a policy proposal. The challenge before white people was not more ingenuity or eloquence but, as he wrote in *My People Is the Enemy*, “they must surrender their prerogative of decision.” It is for the people who know injustice best, by having suffered it, to choose the path of liberation and lead the way. It is for white people to follow and to relinquish the privileges of supremacy. “The preface to reconciliation,” he continued, is when white people begin “risking their lives and the future of this society in the hands of the Negroes.”

Though I have no statistics on the matter, the bylines and photographs that tend to appear in this magazine suggest that its readership is far more white than the actual makeup of the Catholic population in the country today. I wonder if to such an audience Stringfellow’s words ring as scandalously today as they did in the early

1960s. They ring at least as true.

Partly in anticipation of the coming papal encyclical on the environment, I have been meeting with a group that seeks to support those on the front lines of the climate crisis, who are disproportionately people of color. We shared a supper recently with a group of organizers in the Black Lives Matter movement. This society heaps on our communities the waste it can’t

put anywhere else, they reminded us. Yet in the white-dominated environmental movement, their voices remain on the margins.

White people have managed not only to reap the profits from climate change, and to predominate among its deniers, but also to weaken efforts to stop it by making others feel

unwelcome. As the journalist and activist Naomi Klein has written, “White supremacy is the whispered subtext of our entire response to the climate crisis, and it badly needs to be dragged into the light.”

William Stringfellow had a tragic tenor to his white ally-ship, but he also sought to be a Christian in it. (He was an Episcopalian, to be precise.) He affirmed the gospel of life as much as he railed against the kingdom of death. And he believed them to be integrally related.

“My hope,” he wrote, “begins in the truth that America is Babylon.” Only when we recognize our fallenness is there the possibility of redemption. “The good news is relative to the veracity of the bad news.”

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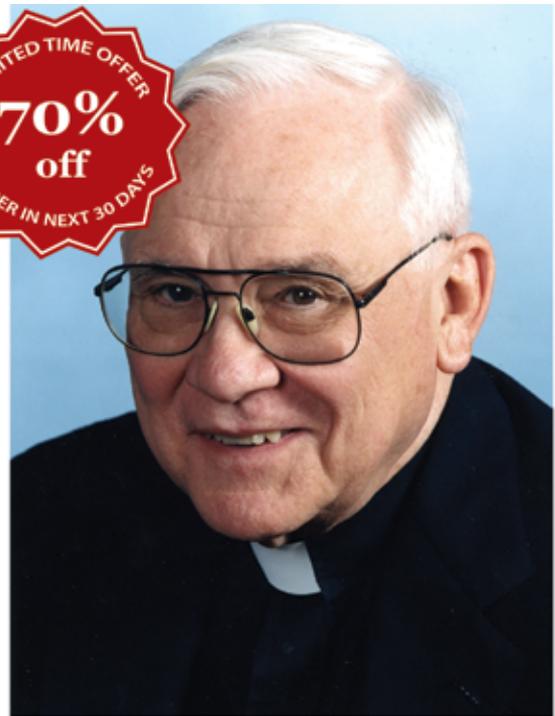
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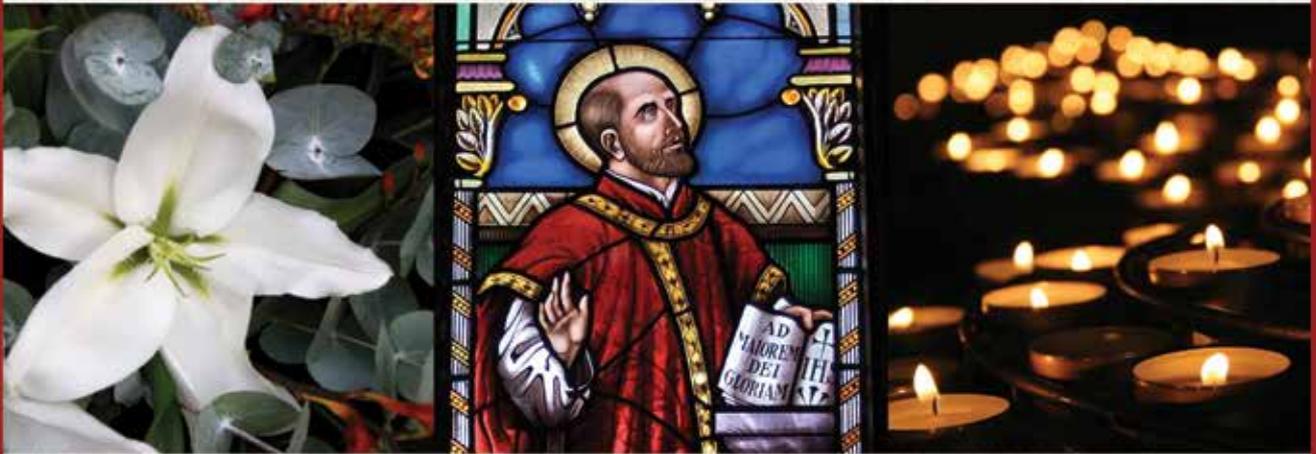
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THE MARTYRDOM OF
OSCAR ROMERO

Death Comes For the Archbishop

BY KEVIN CLARKE

No one may have noticed the red Volkswagen Passat as it glided slowly to a stop near the modest chapel of Divine Providence Hospital. Two other cars haunted the streets outside the small church: one filled with armed men working as “security” for the assassin and, in the other car, two men who loosely supervised the operation waited to assess its outcome.

A thin, bearded man, the Passat’s passenger and a stranger to its driver Amado Garay, told Garay to crouch down and pretend to repair something.

On another typically hot evening in San Salvador, the Carmelite sisters had kindly left the wing-shaped chapel doors open, hoping for a breath of air to cool the congregants inside. Through the open doors of the Divine Providence chapel the assassin had a clear view of Archbishop Oscar Romero at the altar as he made his way through the homily he had

¡ROMERO VIVE! A protest march in San Salvador on Dec. 16, 2014.

KEVIN CLARKE is senior editor and chief correspondent of *America* and the author of *Oscar Romero: Love Must Win Out* (Liturgical Press), from which this article is excerpted.

prepared for this requiem Mass, one he agreed to celebrate for the mother of a friend.

“My dear sisters and brothers,” the archbishop was saying, his homily gathering steam. “I think we should not only pray this evening for the eternal rest of our dear Doña Sarita, but above all we should take to ourselves her message...that every Christian ought to want to live intensely. Many do not understand; they think Christianity should not be involved in such things,” Archbishop Romero said, referring to the “things” of the physical world, the problems of the times in which we live. “But, to the contrary,” he continued, “you have just heard in Christ’s Gospel that one must not love oneself so much as to avoid getting involved in the risks of life that history demands of us and that those who try to fend off the danger will lose their lives, while those who out of love for Christ give themselves to the service of others will live, live like the grain of wheat that dies, but only apparently. If it did not die, it would remain alone.” He was wrapping up yet another memorable homily for those gathered in the church and those who would listen to his words later on the radio. “The harvest comes about,” he said, “only because it dies, allowing itself to be sacrificed in the earth and destroyed. Only by undoing itself does it produce the harvest.”

Soon he would elevate the host above the altar, and he would speak the words of consecration; his eyes, as so many hundreds of times before, would be on the host held high before him. If for a second then he had glanced through the open doors of the chapel, would he have seen the young man taking aim? Would he have been afraid? Would he have been tempted to flee? It hardly matters.

We know Archbishop Romero was focused on prayer at the moment of his death, preparing for that prayer said during the Eucharist at Masses each day all over the world. We know also that as he spoke his last homily the archbishop knew that death was seeking him out; he knew his words were pulling death closer to him. He surely knew, too, that if he were only to remain silent, to stop speaking out about the killing and the oppression and the poverty, death just might lose interest in him. There were so many others on death lists in El Salvador in those days on whom it could slake its thirst. But he would not be silent.

“Dear brothers and sisters,” he said in this final homily, his

final moments, “let us all view these matters at this historic moment with [hope], that spirit of giving and of sacrifice. Let us all do what we can...because all those longings for justice, peace and well-being that we experience on earth become realized for us if we enlighten them with Christian hope.”

Outside in the red Passat, Garay heard a shot, turned around and saw his anonymous passenger “holding a gun with both hands pointing towards the right side of the rear right window of the vehicle.” Garay could smell gunpowder. The bearded man turned to him and calmly told him, “Drive slowly, take it easy.” He did as he was asked; no one interfered with the assassins as they departed. The two men drove in silence to meet with the supervisors of the operation. “Mission accomplished,” the thin, bearded man told them.



A CHURCH OF THE POOR. Archbishop Oscar Romero in Chalatenango, El Salvador, in 1979.

The Power of the Word

Everyone in El Salvador who could reach a radio or visit with the Monseñor in person at Mass listened to his homilies. His words brought hope and courage to thousands. But to some who listened—just as intently—they provoked only a cold, seething hatred. The archbishop’s homily was “the little morsel for the day all over,” as one of the conspirators in the murder would remember later. Everyone tuned in for them: the poor, the workers, the revolutionaries, surely, but also the leaders of the death squads and the members of the

business and landowning class alarmed by the growing social consciousness of El Salvador’s peasants.

On the night he was murdered, there was much celebrating among the military and members of El Salvador’s patron class, those who had ordered the killing of the archbishop and those who were merely cheered to discover it had taken place. There was much contentment on a farm in Santa Tecla, where the Salvadoran anti-Communist leader Roberto D’Aubuisson had been waiting with a group of his followers to hear the outcome of the operation. But 30 years later, few of those directly responsible would feel like celebrating. D’Aubuisson was dead—killed by throat cancer—as were many of those directly involved in the assassination of the archbishop, some under highly suspicious circumstances. Perhaps there remain a few who are happy to have their role in Archbishop Romero’s death whispered only to the grave. The man who pulled the trigger, in fact, has never been caught.

Captain Álvaro Rafael Saravia was among those who celebrated the night of March 24, 1980, but his delight was to be short-lived. One of the few direct conspirators today still among the living, his experience since the Salvadoran peace sputtered into life in 1992 has been one of exile and diminishment. But back then, as one of D'Aubuisson's most trusted lieutenants, he could only have been gratified about how well the "operation" had turned out, how professionally it had been conducted.

He had long been suspected of being the man in the Passat, the man who pulled the trigger. But, tracked down after years hiding in the United States and Central America in flight from a civil judgment against him for the killing of the archbishop, Saravia is finally ready to come clean, to tell what happened that night.

After running for so long from the assassination, Saravia is happy to set the record straight when he is brought to ground by Carlos Dada, a founding editor and investigative reporter from El Salvador's El Faro, a digital newspaper.

"You wrote this, right?" Saravia says, referring to an article that speculated that Saravia himself had pulled the trigger that felled the archbishop. "Well it's wrong.... It says here, 'several years after murdering archbishop Romero.' And I didn't kill him."

"Who killed him then? Someone from outside El Salvador?" Dada questioned. "No," said Saravia. "An 'indio,' one of our own. He's still out there somewhere." Was Saravia denying that he had a role in the murder?

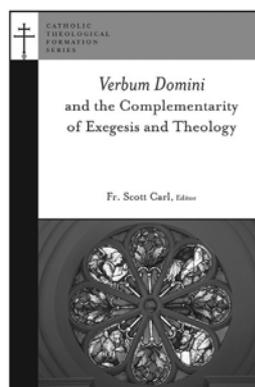
"Thirty years and this is going to persecute me until I die," Saravia mutters to the journalist. "Of course I participated. That's why we're here talking."

The man he helped kill can be said to have unknowingly begun to walk the path to martyrdom on Feb. 17, 1980, when he addressed a letter to President Jimmy Carter pleading that the American president not send military aid to the Salvadoran government. Archbishop Romero warned President Carter that whatever material support the United States provided would quickly be turned against the people of El Salvador themselves. That gesture was provocative enough, but the archbishop would soon generate even deeper animus among the men who held his life and death in their hands.

'Cease the Repression'

The night before his murder, the archbishop made a personal appeal in a desperate attempt to place some sort of moral obstacle before the escalating pace of the killing in El Salvador. He spoke directly to those soldiers of the night who were most responsible for the growing horror. "I would like to appeal in a special way to the men of the army," he said, "and in particular to the troops of the National Guard, the police and the garrisons. Brothers, you belong to our own people. You kill your own brother peasants; and in the

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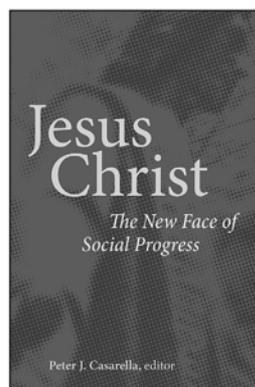
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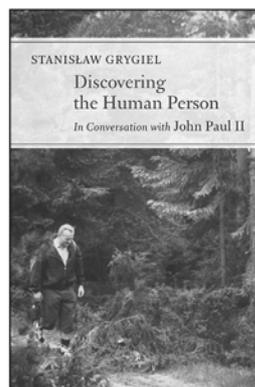
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face of an order to kill that is given by a man, the law of God that says 'Do not kill!' should prevail. No soldier is obliged to obey an order counter to the law of God. No one has to comply with an immoral law. It is time now that you recover your conscience and obey its dictates rather than the command of sin.... Therefore, in the name of God, and in the name of this long-suffering people, whose laments rise to heaven every day more tumultuous, I beseech you, I beg you, I command you! In the name of God: 'Cease the repression!'"

The applause was so thunderous the radio station's beleaguered audio technicians at first took it for some sort of short circuit or feedback in the system that had knocked the good archbishop off the air.

For Archbishop Romero to have said such words after receiving so many warnings and direct threats is a testament to his faith and his courage. As far as the men who were directing the violence against the "leftists" in El Salvador were concerned, he was speaking the purest blasphemy to the soldiers.

Salvadoran newspapers had already essentially called for assassination. They had condemned him as "a demagogic and violent archbishop" who "preached terrorism from his cathedral." One menaced, "The armed forces should begin to oil their weapons."

And just two weeks before he was shot through the heart, a briefcase containing an unexploded bomb was found behind the pulpit of the church where, the day before, he had

said Mass for a murdered government official.

He must have known they were coming for him and that it was too late to turn back. He certainly knew that death was stalking him. Since the killing of his dear friend, the Jesuit Rutilio Grande, Archbishop Romero understood where the path that he was following would lead.

Though he dismissed the concerns of others, he was acutely aware that he could be preparing the ground for his own martyrdom, and he knew in all likelihood that his death would be violent. He had already seen what had become of many who had threatened the political order in El Salvador, and that specter of his own fate filled him with dread as it would any person. He loved life; he loved his people. He was not eager to leave either behind.

In his last retreat, he made a note of one of his final discussions with his spiritual director. "It is not easy to accept a violent death, which is very possible in these circumstances, and the apostolic nuncio to Costa Rica warned me of imminent danger just this week. You have encouraged me, reminding me that my attitude should be to hand my life over to God regardless of the end to which that life might come; that unknown circumstances can be faced with God's grace; that God assisted the martyrs, and that if it comes to this I shall feel God very close as I draw my last breath; but that more valiant than surrender in death is the surrender of one's whole life—a life lived for God."

Certainly there were men in El Salvador the night before who heard the assassination of Archbishop Romero's imploring words to the soldiers in the streets of her cities and the hills of her countryside who knew exactly what he was doing with those last words. He was signing his own death warrant. The men of the death squads had long ago gotten over whatever superstitions they might have had about killing a priest. Now they were ready to kill a bishop, even one standing before an altar.

At the Mass for Doña Sarita, Archbishop Romero was finishing the homily. "In this chalice the wine is transformed into the blood that was the price of salvation," he told the assembly before him. "May this body immolated and this blood sacrificed for [humanity] nourish us also, so that we may give our body and our blood to suffering and to pain—like Christ, not for self, but to bring about justice and peace for our people."

The instant when a shot cracked the quiet of the church has been captured for eternity on audiotape. The assassin found his target, and Óscar Romero, mortally wounded, tumbled to the floor behind the altar. Some sisters and others at Mass quickly reached his side, indifferent to the possible threat to their own lives as pandemonium erupted in the chapel. But the archbishop was already dead, and the red Passat, with the young man inside, was drifting away into the streets of San Salvador.

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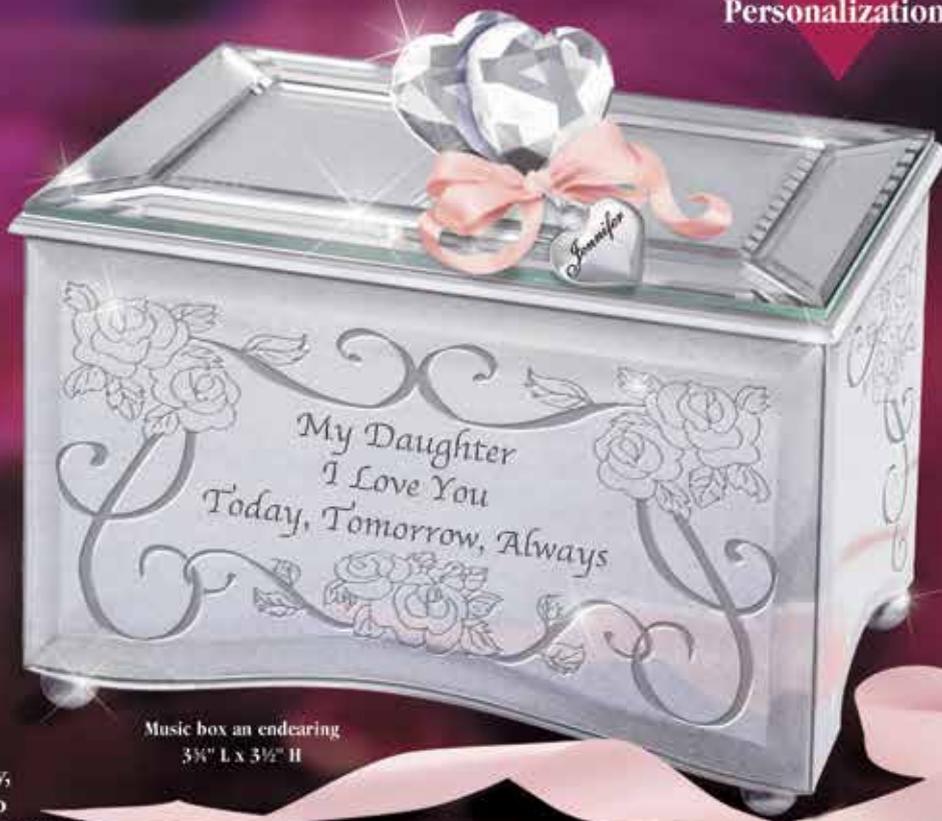
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The Prison Trap

Though the crime rate in the United States has fallen sharply over the past quarter-century, our federal and state prison population has been frozen for nearly a decade at a historic high of 1.6 million. By one estimate, America has 5 percent of the world's population but 25 percent of its prisoners.

A 2014 report by the National Research Council found that the number has gone up and stayed up not because more crimes are being committed but because more arrestees end up behind bars for longer sentences. Mandatory sentencing and other “tough on crime” measures have contributed to a prison system that is financially and morally unsustainable. Pope Francis, in an address last year to the International Criminal Law Association, called for reforms to a system that prevents too many individuals from successfully returning to society (see *Am.*, editorial, 8/4/2014).

Criminal justice reform is one of the few areas where activists of all ideological stripes have found some common ground. In February, the Coalition for Public Safety, a new group dedicated to reducing the U.S. prison population, announced that its supporters range from the American Civil Liberties Union to Grover Norquist's Americans for Tax Reform. Last year at least 30 states enacted reforms to reduce sentences or provide alternatives to prison. These changes are not entirely altruistic. Taxpayers stand to save millions of dollars when fewer people become wards of the state and when fewer

ex-convicts engage in behavior that sends them back to prison. The incarceration of juveniles is especially costly, as the failure to complete high school is likely to lead to recidivism and much longer prison sentences.

But our political system does not always reward sensible reform. A single violent act, even if it is not indicative of a rising crime rate, can frighten the public enough to cause a return to blindly punitive policies. The benefits of criminal justice reform, including financial savings and the repairs to communities damaged by mass incarceration, do not necessarily redound to prosecutors and judges, so they may not be motivated to tighten the prison pipeline. The N.R.C. report estimated that only 5 percent of felony convictions come from juries; most often, prosecutors exact guilty pleas from defendants by threatening to seek longer sentences at trial.

Even when policymakers want to cut prison spending, there is a temptation to take the cheapest and most short-sighted approaches. These can include bigger prisons that are more cost-efficient but provide fewer educational opportunities and rehabilitation services. In some cases, incarceration can be outsourced to private companies with little oversight or accountability. (The private prison industry has contributed more than \$45 million to political candidates and lobbyists over the past decade.) Local governments may save money by transferring prisoners to out-of-state facilities, as Wisconsin did a decade ago when it shipped 5,000 inmates as far as Oklahoma, mostly to privately run pris-

ons. This is an especially cruel turn of events for family members and others who want to keep in contact with inmates and ease their eventual re-entry into towns and neighborhoods.

The “ban the box” movement, which seeks to limit the circumstances in which employers can ask job applicants about criminal backgrounds, is one way to reintegrate prisoners into society, but it's also a hot-button political issue, easily characterized as the government “forcing” businesses to hire ex-felons. Egged on by too many of our political leaders, Americans have come to see those released from confinement as untouchables, and we cut them off from jobs, housing and public assistance programs. We see in-prison education programs as bad investments, despite the lower rates of recidivism associated with college attendance.

Though criminal justice reform is mostly a state issue, it is always at risk of being derailed by national politics. Tough-on-crime grandstanding has benefited both parties—perhaps the Democrats more, at least during the administration of President Bill Clinton. Next year brings a presidential election, and we have not seen much nuance or compassion so far when candidates for national office talk about crime. For that reason, 2015 represents a better opportunity to make gains toward a more humane and more farsighted criminal-justice system. There is no time to waste.

ROBERT DAVID SULLIVAN

ROBERT DAVID SULLIVAN is a freelance writer and editor who lives in the Boston area. Twitter: @RobertDSullivan.

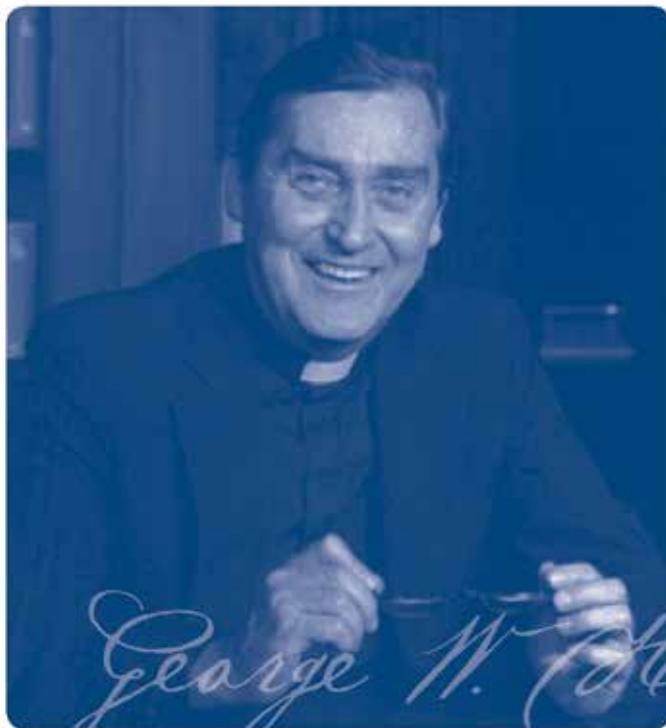
GEORGE W. HUNT, S.J., PRIZE

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THE LIFE OF GEORGE W. HUNT, S.J. (1937-2011)

George W. Hunt, S.J., served as the 11th editor in chief of *America*, the national Catholic review published by the Jesuits of the United States. A native of Yonkers, N.Y., Father Hunt entered the Society of Jesus in 1954 and was ordained a priest in 1967. He earned a theology degree from Yale Divinity School in 1970, later remarking that his decision to study Kierkegaard with Professor Paul Holmer was "the best and most fruitful decision in my entire academic life," for it set the stage for a life-long study of the literary arts.

George W. Hunt, S.J., retired as editor in chief in 1998, at the conclusion of the magazine's most prosperous year to-date. He remains the longest serving editor in chief in *America's* history. Later that year, Father Hunt was named director of the Archbishop Hughes Institute for Religion and Culture at Fordham University, where he dedicated himself to "exploring the relationships between religion and other aspects of contemporary life." George W. Hunt, S.J., Jesuit priest, author and friend, died in 2011 at the age of 74.

THE MISSION OF THE GEORGE W. HUNT, S.J., PRIZE

The Hunt Prize is to be awarded annually and is made possible through the vision and generosity of Fay Vincent Jr., former commissioner of Major League Baseball, who sought to honor his long-standing friend, Father Hunt. The mission of the Prize is five-fold:

- I. To promote scholarship, the advancement of learning and the rigor of expression;
- II. To support and promote a new generation of journalists, authors and scholars;
- III. To memorialize the life and work of George W. Hunt, S.J.;
- IV. To forge a lasting partnership between *America* and the Saint Thomas More Chapel and Center at Yale University;
- V. To support the intellectual formation of Catholic young adults.

CRITERIA

The Hunt Prize will be awarded to a single individual whose body of work has focused on one or more of the following topical areas:

- Catholicism and Civic Life
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- U.S. Sports
- U.S. History
- Jazz or Classical Music
- American Film and Drama
- Poetry
- Spirituality & Literature

Only English language works of which the nominee is the sole or principal author will be considered.

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Recipients of the George W. Hunt, S.J., Prize must dedicate a substantial portion of their professional energies to writing and must fulfill the following additional criteria:

- He or she must be 45 years of age or younger on the day the prize is awarded;
- He or she should be familiar with the Roman Catholic tradition;
- He or she should be of sound moral character and reputation and must not have published works that are manifestly atheistic or morally offensive.

NOMINATIONS

Nominations for The Hunt Prize will open on George W. Hunt's birthday, at 12 a.m. on January 22, 2015 and the nomination period will close at 11:59 p.m. on March 31. All submissions may be made at: huntprize.org.

FORMAL AWARD AND CEREMONY

The winner will be announced in June 2015. The winner will be awarded a gift of \$25,000. Formal awarding will take place at the Saint Thomas More Chapel and Center at Yale University in September 2015.

The recipient of the award will deliver a lecture that is related to his or her primary works, and the lecture will be published as a cover story in *America* within three months of its delivery.

For more information: huntprize.org



The Church's Asian Soul

During Pope Francis' recent visit to the Philippines, I had the joy of meeting once again a man I have known for over a decade and greatly respect: Cardinal Gaudencio Rosales, the emeritus archbishop of Manila. We talked about many things, but two in particular stood out: the vocation of the Filipino people in Asia today, and the future of the church in China.

The tall, distinguished looking 82-year-old cardinal attributed great significance to the fact that three popes had visited his homeland over the past half century: Paul VI, John Paul II (twice) and now Francis. "I think it's about time that we Filipinos realized our position in Asia, what we are as a people, what we are as believers, what we are as disciples of Jesus Christ, what we are as a nation," he said.

All three popes delivered the same challenging message, he said. "They told us Filipinos: 'You are a special people, with a special mission in Asia.' They said, 'You are a different kind of people in this part of the world, maybe in the whole world but certainly in this part of the world. Your mission is special, as is the extraordinary grace that you have received. You must be touched by God.'"

Cardinal Rosales revealed that when Francis drove into Manila on the night he arrived in the country and saw the enormous crowds lining the route, he whispered to Cardinal Antonio Luis Tagle, "Look at these people, the crowds, the Holy Spirit must be touching them!"

He said Francis knows that the church in the Philippines is providing formation for priests and religious from many Asian countries, including China; and Filipino priests, religious, lay missionaries and immigrants are bringing the good news of Jesus to many lands and giving new life to many local churches worldwide. For these reasons, he said, Francis also emphasized the "special role" of the Philippine church in today's world.

Cardinal Rosales said he is particularly impressed by Francis and his extraordinary ability to reach the Asian soul through his humility, humanity, empathy and concern for the poor. When I mentioned that like Francis Xavier and Matteo Ricci, Jesuit missionaries who preceded him, the first Jesuit pope has his eyes firmly fixed on Asia because he believes the future of the church lies there, Rosales responded: "He's right. It's unfolding before our eyes. It's being realized now. What the missionaries have done is beginning to unfold before us today." One sees this not only in the Philippines, he said, but also in Korea, Vietnam and China.

Like so many Filipinos, and four other members of the College of Cardinals, Rosales has Chinese blood in his veins. He hopes and prays daily that relations will improve between China and the Holy See. But, he insisted, achieving this goal requires great sensitivity on the Vatican's part.

He recalled attending a conference of the Federation of Asian Bishops Conferences in Taiwan in the early 1980s that brought together bishops and missionaries from all over Asia, in-

cluding mainland China. He had told that "if God is the God who wants people everywhere to know him, and every people to know what goodness, kindness, compassion and mercy there is in Jesus Christ, then there must be another chance for mainland China." He said he is convinced that "God will give another chance to China; he's a God who gives many chances."

Asked by participants what he meant by "another chance," the cardinal explained that "historically there were miscalculations, mistakes [by Rome]. Remember Matteo Ricci? He was on the right track. Just imagine if Rome had allowed Ricci to do what he was doing then, we'd be reading a very different history of the world today. The entire world would have been different, but they bungled the whole thing!"

Rosales told me that at the end of that conference he raised a question that remained unanswered: "If God gives another chance to China, are we ready? Are we ready spiritually? Are we ready psychologically? Are we ready in terms of understanding their history and culture? Or are we still tied to our former interpretations of their history and so on?" He believes these questions are still relevant.

And when I put it to him that Francis appears to be on the verge of a breakthrough with China, Rosales said: "Pray for that! I pray for that. And maybe, being a Jesuit, God will give him a special light, special guidance, accompaniment and inspiration to accomplish this mission."

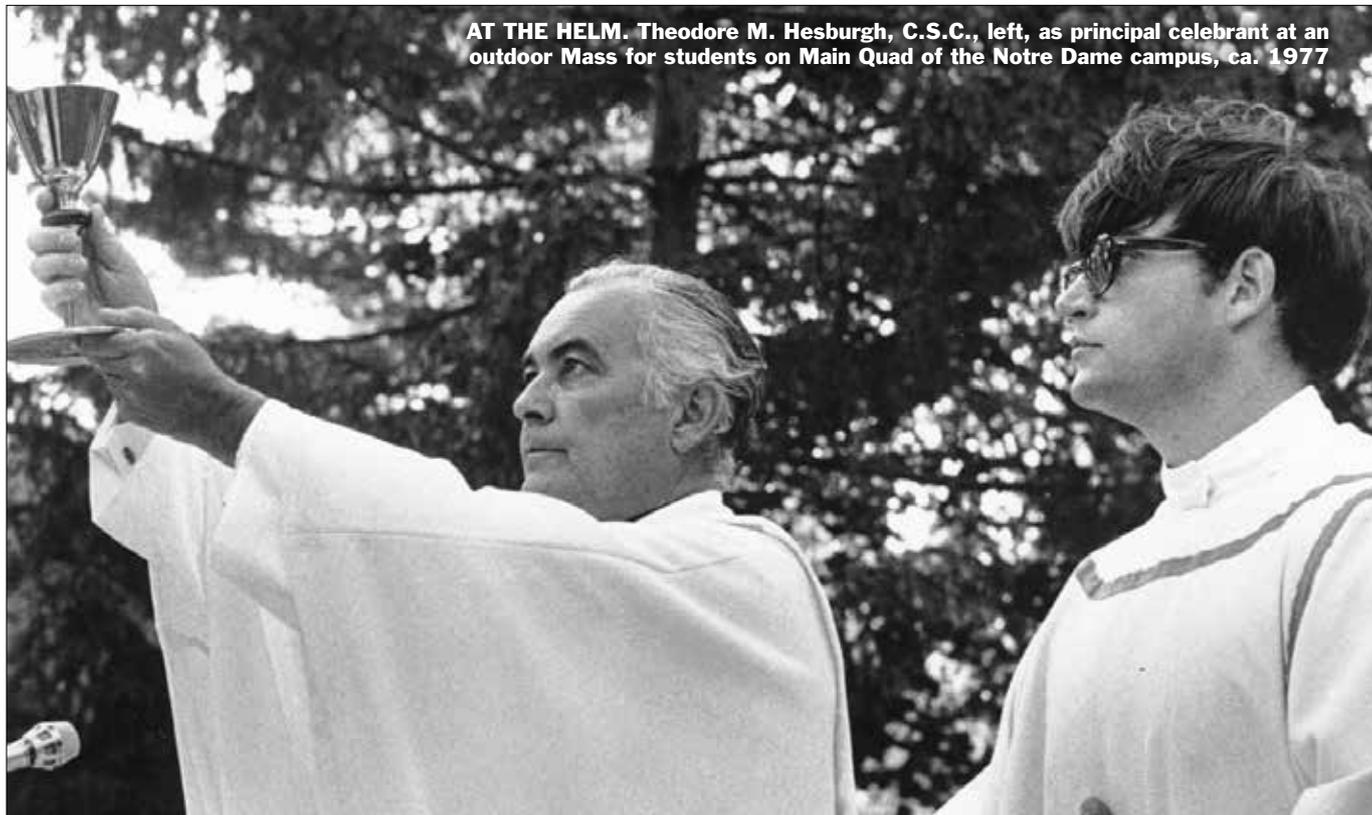
'Look at these people, the crowds, the Holy Spirit must be touching them!'

GERARD O'CONNELL

GERARD O'CONNELL is *America's Rome correspondent*. *America's Vatican coverage is sponsored in part by the Jesuit communities of the United States*. Twitter: @gerryrome.

Looking Back at Newman

BY THEODORE M. HESBURGH



AT THE HELM. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., left, as principal celebrant at an outdoor Mass for students on Main Quad of the Notre Dame campus, ca. 1977

When anyone writes about the idea of a Catholic university today, or any other day out of the last century, there is always the temptation to repeat in substance what Cardinal Newman said in his incomparable classic on the subject. To suggest that there is something new or important to be said is to lay oneself open to plenty of criticism and even denunciation.

I am about to take this risk, but

THEODORE M. HESBURGH, C.S.C., was the longest-serving president of the University of Notre Dame and one of the most influential priests in the history of the American church. He died on Feb. 26 at the age of 97. He was known, among many other things, as an innovator in Catholic higher education. This article was originally published on March 3, 1962.

before I do, let me say clearly that Newman happens to be one of my heroes, too. I cannot recall how many times I have read and admired his great essays on the idea of a university. Yet it did occur to me recently, while harried by the many developmental and administrative problems that face a university president today, that Newman, in fact, never did create the university he wrote about, nor did he have to administer it.

There are many historical reasons to explain this, but it remains a fact that it is easier to write about what a Catholic university should be than to create and administer one in reality—to bring the total idea into being.

There is another cold fact that is often overlooked by those content

to concede the last word to Cardinal Newman. Think of what our world is today in comparison with the world in which Newman wrote. Newman foresaw trouble, but hardly could have imagined all the trouble that actually occurred. Politically, the Pax Britannica has been followed by two devastating world wars, and by a militant philosophy antithetical to all that Newman's world accepted. This same perverse philosophy now ruthlessly governs one-third of mankind and covets the rest. We have also seen another third of the world come to new political independence and strong nationalistic autonomy, with the revolution of rising expectations strong in the souls of millions. Then there is the Cold War, another modern reality that

constantly erupts in local volcanic action, as widely separated as Cuba, the Congo and Vietnam.

Economically, we have had the Industrial Revolution and all of its aftermath. Scientifically, there has been yet another revolution which might successively be categorized as the motor and electric age, the nuclear and electronic age, and now, most recently, the space age. Space has shrunk, time is compressed: “around the world in eighty days” becomes around the world in eighty-odd minutes. Now for the first time in human history—again viewed not as a few thousand, but some hundreds of thousands of years—man can liberate himself from those ancient evils of ignorance, disease, grinding poverty, homelessness and hunger—or he can utterly destroy himself and all that he has created in the name of culture and civilization.

Let us not chide Cardinal Newman for writing in the middle of the 19th century instead of the middle of the 20th. But also let us not assume that what he had to say then, about a human institution in a particular historical situation, had absolute and unconditioned validity for all such institutions in all times.

Am I saying that the substance of the Catholic university changes from age to age? By no means. But I am saying that the mission of the Catholic university is also redemptive, and that what needs redeeming today is quite a different kind of world from Newman’s. The man to be educated is the same, but what he must be prepared to face is a world unimagined in Newman’s day. Newman is still with us, however, for he portrayed the university as “not a convent, not a seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world.”

Teaching and learning were most essential to Newman’s university. They

are still essential today, but what has been learned in certain areas since Newman would fill a new library with millions of volumes yet unwritten in his day. Research has grown by a factor of hundreds of thousands, if not millions. Over ninety percent of all the scientists who have lived during the course of human history are living today. And practically all of the behavioral scientists in the world’s history are still alive. Many legitimate new academic disciplines are born each decade, such as astrophysics and cybernetics.

Theology and philosophy must effectively play an important role in the intellectual life of a university in our times.

Something else has taken place in recent years, almost without university people realizing it. The university has been drawn, through its faculty, administrators and students, into this new world in which we live. University people from America are scattered everywhere in the world today—founding new universities in Asia, Africa and Latin America; planning the ancient city of Calcutta’s new development; beginning the first systematic research in rice in the Far East; testing the depth of the ice in Antarctica and the composition of the earth’s crust in the ocean depths; studying native languages in New Guinea; planting new breeds of corn in Mexico, Colombia and Chile; digging up subhuman fossil remains in Tanganyika; advising a new Nigerian government on its legal system; and doing myriad other domestic and foreign tasks undreamed of in Newman’s age.

Should we say that this is bad, that the ivory tower has been defiled, that the government should send all the university people back home? And

when they get home, should they be forbidden to confront their students with the monumental and unprecedented problems that face modern man all across the world? Should we keep the university isolated from the changing times and restrict ourselves to developing the idyll of knowledge for knowledge’s sake envisioned by Newman?

I am sure that there are some who would answer: “Yes, by all means.” If you do not answer yes, then you have the difficult problem of balancing the university and the times without losing the university in the balance. If this can be done, then the university, especially the Catholic university, becomes one of the most important institutions of our day.

To justify this last statement, I must reveal at least one assumption about the Catholic university with which Newman would heartily agree, as would some of his Anglican contemporaries, especially Dr. Pusey—and, it might be added, the present president of Harvard, who bears the same name. This assumption is that somehow, some way, theology and philosophy must effectively play an important role in the intellectual life of a university in our times.

Many ask in our day: Why a Catholic university? What unique contribution has it to offer? It is no mere chance that Newman, faced in his time with this same question, began to consider, first of all, three key subjects: theology as a branch of knowledge, the bearing of theology on other knowledge, and the bearing of other knowledge on theology. I shall not repeat what he had to say on these matters, but I do say that his remarks are relevant today, indeed even more relevant than they were in his own day, a century ago.

Someone asked me recently: “What is the great problem for the Catholic

university in our modern pluralistic society?" I was obliged to answer that the modern Catholic university faces a dual problem. First, because everything in a pluralistic society tends to become homogenized, the Catholic university has the temptation to become like all other universities, with theology and philosophy attached to the academic body like a kind of vermiform appendix, a vestigial remnant, neither useful nor decorative, a relic of the past. If this happens, the Catholic university may indeed become a great university, but it will not be a Catholic university.

The second problem involves understanding that while our society is called religiously pluralistic, it is in fact, and more realistically, secularistic—with theology and philosophy relegated to a position of neglect or, worse, irrelevance. Against this strong tide, the Catholic university must demonstrate that all the human problems which it studies are at base philosophical and theological, since they relate ultimately to the nature and destiny of man. The Catholic university must strive mightily to understand the philosophical and theological dimensions of the modern problems that face man today, and once these dimensions are understood, it must show the relevance of the philosophical and theological approach if adequate solutions are to be found for these problems.

It goes without saying that the Catholic university cannot fulfill this essential function in our day unless it develops departments of philosophy and theology as competent as its departments of history, physics and mathematics. We cannot adequately understand philosophical and theological dimensions unless we have in the university talented philosophers and theologians, fully skilled in their science, as cherished as other scholars on the faculty, and deeply involved in the full range of university intellectual endeavor. At this point, we might recall

with gratitude that Newman did write a book on the development of dogma.

It has been alleged that the university is cheapened by contact with modern reality in all its complexity. I would agree, if this means that the university is looked upon as a kind of service station to train people in superficial skills like hair-dressing, fly-casting and folk-dancing. There are, however, modern realities that fully challenge the university as an institution dedicated to teaching and learning, in the context of the age in which it lives.

Can the university, its faculty, students or administrators be indifferent to such problems as racial equality, demography, the world rule of law, the deteriorating relationship between science and the other humanities, the moral foundations of democracy, the true nature of communism, the understanding of non-Western cultures, the values and goals of our society, and a whole host of other human problems that beset mankind caught in its present dilemmas of survival or utter

destruction, life or death, civilized advance or return to the Stone Age? These are real problems—of intellectual content, of urgent consequence, of frightening proportions. Where are they going to be studied in all of their dimensions, and where are truly ultimate solutions to be elaborated, if not in that one institution that is committed to the mind at work, using all the disciplines and intellectual skills available?

The truest boast of the Catholic university is that it is committed to adequacy of knowledge, which in effect means that philosophy and theology are cherished as special ways of knowing, of ultimate importance. If, then, philosophy and theology do not in fact give special life and vigor to the Catholic university of today, we will not be faithful either to the ideal that Newman so well enunciated, or to the very special challenges of our times. They are times which provide an unparalleled opportunity for the Catholic university really to come of age. **A**

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Hope and Joy-Joy

Experiencing the Gospel in Manila

BY ANDREW SMALL

“What can possibly make a difference in these kids’ lives after all they have been through?” I asked. The director of the children’s shelter we were visiting that Sunday morning took her finger off the “enter” button she was using to flick through a PowerPoint presentation and sat back in her chair. She exhaled at the ceiling, perhaps scanning the slides in her head of all the kids she had dealt with over the years, suddenly focused on the summons before her. “For these girls, it’s hard to tell. Perseverance I would say is important, but not always. It’s about teaching them how to cope. Oh, and loving them.”

The children’s home we were visiting that morning blended purposefully and perfectly into this suburban subsection of Manila. For over 15 years, the “Home of Hope” had rescued and sheltered some 600 of the Philippines’ most forgotten daughters. For me, the visit was another stop on my trek through global suffering and the Catholic Church’s response. Like hearing confessions, there was seldom anything new or shocking in these concocted drive-bys. But in terms of my odyssey through the sheer messiness of other people’s lives, I might have found, in the Home of Hope, the holy grail.

Abused and exploited children present a particular case of messiness, one that is hard to compare with poverty or disease, with or without a recent typhoon. It also has the distinction of be-

ing a subject close to my church home. The intentional strangling of a person’s identity before it ever has the chance to appear should be too horrible for anyone to contemplate and a sure sign that evil comes from or leads to hopelessness. *Where might hope show itself this morning?* I wondered, smiling as the home’s residents greeted me warmly. What could really bring about change in mangled lives? What could move things along? What actually gets people through? If a change serum could be discovered, then surely this home for abused and abandoned street children was a good place to look for it.

Show and Tale

The format for visitors like me at the Home of Hope (and so many places like it) was standard: a brief presentation by the director followed by a mini-“X Factor” show by the residents. Gifts, applause, juice and a cookie and we’ll say farewell, never to see each other again. All in approximately 90 minutes.

Stories came pouring out describing unrelenting cruelty, and any hope that change was possible for these girls and young women grew so foreign as to seem absurd. I became distracted by a menagerie of stuffed toys looking down from the top of the filing cabinet in the corner. It was presided over by a brown plastic teddy bear atop which someone had squashed a tiara. The bear looked indignant—resigned perhaps—like so many dolls and animals obliged to go along with the whimsical dress-up games of their owners. But why had he wound up in the director’s office next to a bottle of perfume and a bouquet

of plastic flowers? What had he done wrong to warrant such quarantine, apart from the tiara business perhaps? Had he stolen it? What kind of a bear does such a thing? I wondered. What’s going on?

I tuned back in, alighting on the story of one of the residents in particular—it is easier to fix on a few core issues that way, I have found, and provide a moving story afterwards. I was—in this instance—a chronicler, after all. The director was sticking to statistics and trends, and I wanted to know the “what” of this untold story. I probed for specifics.

Joy-Joy was born on the streets—literally on the streets. Abandoned early on, she found her way to one of Manila’s large cemeteries, which she called home, bedding down each night on a piece of cardboard laid on top of a gravestone. She was one of thousands of Manila’s stewards of the dead. They are crammed into a grim residency within the capital’s cemeteries—except for the month of November, when they all politely vacate their tombs so the city’s bereaved can come and recite a simple Ave for the eternally resting.

Joy-Joy was truly stateless. She was Filipina for sure, verified by the many people who talked about her and her kind in Congress and on television. She was Filipina in that she was a Filipina problem. Joy-Joy was stateless in that she possessed none of the fundamental attributes that make somebody who they are. Or to be more precise, she had them; she just didn’t know what or who they were, which is tantamount to the same thing. She had come from no-

ANDREW SMALL, O.M.I., is national director of the Pontifical Mission Societies in the United States, New York, N.Y.

where and no one.

She had no name. So she went by a nickname until recently, when she claimed her constitutional right to acquire a surname; she decided on the one used by a volunteer she had grown close to in the shelter. She combined her nickname with that borrowed name: Joy-Joy Seng.

Undocumented

With no traceable relatives, no history and no paper trail, Joy-Joy had no birth date. This created two problems. First, she didn't know how old she was. In fact, when she came to the refuge she was sent for a bone scan to calculate her age. I surmised that it makes perfect sense to use a bone scan to calculate the age of someone from a cemetery. But to use it on someone who is still alive was macabre.

So, after figuring out her age, the next trick was to keep track of it. For this, one needs a birthday. Joy-Joy was allowed to pick hers. She selected Dec. 25 because it was the birthday she felt people would remember. A real amateur in the affection business, Joy-Joy failed to realize that Christmas babies always get shortchanged. I remonstrated with the director. But Joy-Joy had simply wanted to share in Jesus' special day. And what was I worried about anyway? Who celebrates their first birthday at age 11?

The abuse she had suffered had caused massive psychological scarring, requiring constant treatment that included heavy medication. Still, Joy-Joy had run away from the shelter more than a dozen times, harming herself frequently, mostly by cutting, but more recently by drinking a bottle of perfume. This explained the tiaraed Teddy Bear's solemn guard over the perfume bottle in the director's office.

During her latest flight from the Home of Hope, Joy-Joy had become pregnant. Transition from the appar-



Home of Hope children's refuge in Manila

ent independence of the streets to an ordered routine designed to foster a common life among the 25 residents had been less than smooth for Joy-Joy, as it is for many of her fellow street survivors. The shouting fits and trauma attacks by and among the residents are a feature of the journey from where they came from to where they are headed. Complaints from Joy-Joy and company's esteemed neighbors, however, had grown so loud that the authorities were running them out of the suburbs to the outskirts of town. Joining the call for their ouster was the city's mayor, who lived a couple of blocks away, as well as more than one member of the National Congress. I wondered what the opposite of neighbor might be.

The briefing part of the visit had gone on far too long, largely because I pestered the director on the means needed to mediate between the normative and the alien worlds being described. The younger residents had be-



gun to peek around the open door of the director's office where the briefing was taking place, wondering when they would get the chance to perform a song for the visitors as rehearsed.

I kept coming back at the director, badgering her for the formula to the change serum that would help me understand not just their world but also this world, my world. I had run through some usual scenarios from natural selection to God's will, presuming a basic belief in human goodness and a desire and ability of every human being to recognize what was good for them.

Such explanations all seemed unsatisfactory, and not for the first time. And

then the director paused, as if annoyed, and took a deeper breath than usual. Gazing at the desk between us, she curled her bottom lip between her teeth and shook her head slightly and once. Then she slowly placed her hand palm-side down on the desk like a counselor moving me toward a breakthrough: “We help them to build a bridge that can bear the load of their impossible questions and then we wait—patiently—for answers to come.”

I stared at her hand with the fingers spread out as if protecting as much of the desk as possible and coughed out one last protest: But how do you build a bridge when you’re under water? How does everyone not drown? This preacher was going to need some fresh magic.

Ode to Joy-Joy

I sat through the concert, offended by the lyrics the residents lip-synched: “I got gloss on my lips, a man on my hips.”

At the same time, it was hard not to be charmed by their coy confidence. Joy-Joy sat this one out because of her advanced pregnancy.

The briefing had been intense and draining. Scanning the room and taking in the performance, I now felt oddly guilty, not just for what I knew about Joy-Joy but because I sensed that she knew that I knew. Knowing Joy-Joy, I felt responsible for having done nothing. Was this the genesis of the change I was looking for?

Joy-Joy had spoken of two perfectly normal reactions when asked about giving birth. First, she said she was afraid. And second, she said she was excited about having the baby. That’s nice, I thought, even though baby Luisa would likely be put up for adoption soon after her birth.

Joy-Joy was not thrilled about being a new mother as such or about having a child to call her own. Rather what offered Joy-Joy some brand-new, actual delight was the prospect of having—for the very first time—the certainty that she was connected in a vital way to another human being. Being sure that she belonged to someone was to Joy-Joy something full of promise.

You see, knowing is beyond imagining. Knowing jostles with mystery, shucking it. Knowing is something to be pursued and seized. Knowing enables us to tell the untold stories that mediate meaning between our world and us, making sense of both. Knowing makes us responsible. It goes beyond seeing and feeling; it forces us to understand and then to act. Everyone wants to know and be known.

Hope for Joy-Joy welled up in me with the possibility of her knowing and of being known, a kind of knowing that incorporates the merely carnal and makes it holy. Genuine novelty had presented itself in the patience practiced in the Home of Hope. Fresh magic may not, in fact, be called for because in some real, even heart-breaking places there are answers to impossible questions. **A**

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In His Time

Navigating the uncertainty of college life

BY MARY MULLAN



My whole life was planned out when I stepped onto campus my freshman year. Although I was undeclared, I knew I wanted to major in education and graduate in four years, no more, no less. I was not exactly excited to be starting college, but I was excited to eventually become a teacher. In short, I knew what I wanted in life—but I hadn't thought too much about what God wanted for my life.

Despite this feeling of certainty, I was not too sure what to expect of the education program. I dove into the work but soon found that I did not particularly like the classes. I hoped that the time I would spend observing real-life classrooms would be different.

I was placed in a school not far from

my house. On my first day, I was nervous, but walking through the halls of the elementary school reminded me of childhood. Every room was filled with bright, smiling faces. What else could one want in a job? And yet, to my surprise, I did not enjoy being there. I could not pinpoint exactly why I wasn't enjoying it, but I began to feel unsettled. My plan was not working out.

I finished up the semester knowing that I couldn't continue with this rigorous program. Unsure of where to turn, I went to the career center, a building on the edge of campus. I took a test. I waited for the results. This test told me that my personality would work well in some type of service or in education. I was disappointed. The test confirmed my original plan, but I couldn't shake my discomfort with it. I felt no closer to reaching my goal. My counselor and I decided that I should choose a major

that seemed more open to other possibilities and try to see where it would lead. The hope was that I would find my passion there. I chose my favorite subject from high school: English.

I started my English classes during the next semester, and I suddenly felt at peace. The professors were passionate and helpful. Homework became enjoyable. I knew, too, that the peace I felt came from something other than the work itself. I had been worrying so much that I hadn't taken the time to ask where God was leading me, but I now knew that he had been there all along. This peace I felt was his presence and will being revealed to me in his time.

I enjoyed my English classes immensely. I formed great relationships with professors and made friends who shared my interests in things like Chaucer and James Joyce's *Dubliners*. I started to pray about where this major would eventually lead me. I came up with a few options, including the possibility of becoming a librarian. I had come to enjoy spending my time in libraries and thought that it might be a good fit. They were peaceful and filled with wonderful literature. And so, I began to pursue this new interest. I researched different programs around New York and across the country, and they all seemed extraordinary. At the time, I felt as though this was where God was leading me. And so, I began, once more, to come up with a definitive plan for this next stage of my life. Graduate school would be the next step.

God, however, had a different plan. I was given the opportunity, through the

English department, to go to Ireland in the summer before I began my senior year. It was an eye-opening, amazing experience. Each day was filled with exploration of new landscapes, new food and new people. I explored culture and literature in a new way. I found immense joy while I was there. I could see how God carried me through this time, bringing me to where I needed to be. However, after expanding my worldview, I returned to school less certain of where I wanted—needed—to be. I was still in love with my major, but graduate school now felt confining rather than freeing.

My senior year began with more questions about my future: *What are you going to do with your life? What are your post-graduation plans?* I cringed. I didn't have an answer anymore. I began to feel unsure about all of my options. I began to feel extremely anxious. My thoughts constantly revolved around trying to figure out what exactly I was supposed to be doing in order to move

along this path of life.

After about a month of this constant worry, I realized that this was not going to get me anywhere. But I felt as though God was silent. I felt abandoned. I drove to my parish and stood in the line for confession. The church was quiet and dim. The line slowly moved and soon my turn came. And so, I spoke with my parish priest about my anxiety about the future and my issue of trusting God. He was compassionate, and he wrote down a simple prayer on a piece of scrap paper and handed it to me. He said to pray it over and over as needed. The paper read: *In His hands, in His time.* I left the church knowing that I was about to embark on something new.

Sitting in my car, I looked down at the piece of paper and began to pray this prayer. The church parking lot was empty, but I no longer felt alone. God's loving arms surrounded me. I prayed this prayer over the next few weeks each time I felt the beginnings of impatience. I began this difficult task of learning

to trust in God in a way that I hadn't before. In his hands, in his time. The small scrap of paper that I was given eventually found a home in my wallet. I made a promise to learn how to trust without borders so that I may be where God leads.

In the months since I began to pray this prayer, I have had to accept that God's time is certainly not our time. This issue of trust, and trust in timing, is one that I am learning to embrace each and every day. I still cringe at the question, *What are you going to do with your life?* But things are getting better. The Father is continuously holding me in his arms, encompassing me with his love. In hindsight I can see how God led me to where I am now. I have learned that even though God sometimes seems silent, he has not abandoned me and will never forsake me. He simply asks for my trust. I am looking forward to seeing where God leads me, in learning his plan for me, however long it takes. ▲

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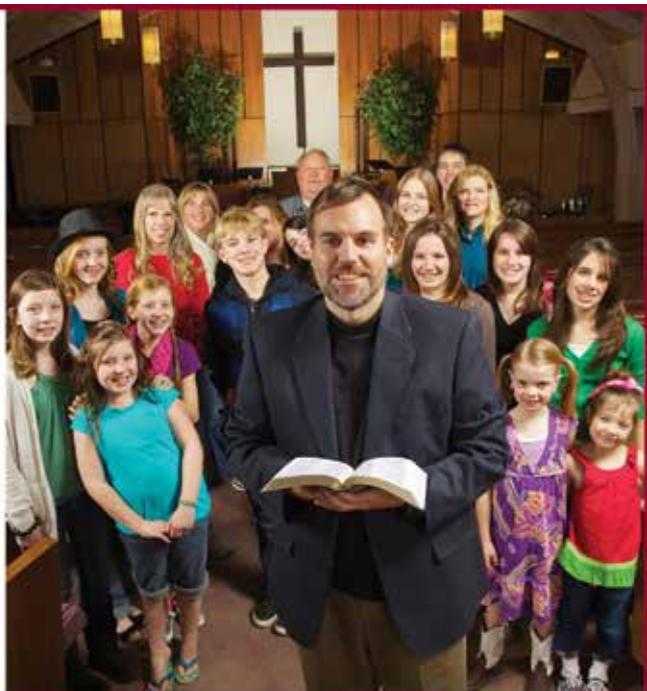
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“For the Greater Glory of God,” choreographed by Robert VerEecke, S.J.

DANCE | ROBERT VEREECKE

GOTTA DANCE!

Exploring the Spiritual Exercises through movement

When I entered the Jesuits in 1966 at the age of 18, I could never have imagined that I would spend a great deal of my ministry as a choreographer and teacher of dance. Although I had always loved to dance and to create dances, I had not had an opportunity to study dance formally. It would never have crossed my mind that it would be the Society of Jesus that would give me the opportunity to use this hidden talent for the greater glory of God.

I was fortunate to enter the novitiate at a time when Jesuits in the United States were rediscovering the

tradition in the arts that preceded the suppression of the Society of Jesus in the 1770s. From the earliest years of the Society, there had been Jesuit musicians, composers, visual artists, architects and patrons of the art of dance.

Dance played an important role in Jesuit schools in the 17th and early 18th centuries. Dancing masters taught in Jesuit schools, and Jesuits themselves wrote treatises on dance. Claude-François Ménéstrier, S.J. (1631-1705), who is considered the first ballet historian, published his treatise on dance at Paris in 1682. Judith Rock, a contemporary dance historian

who has restaged some of these Jesuit Baroque ballets, describes in detail the philosophy and rationale that prompted Jesuits like Ménéstrier to use dance as a pedagogical tool in her work, *Terpsichore at Louis-le-Grand*:

At Louis-le-Grand, the Jesuit collège on the rue Saint Jacques in Paris, the ballets began as *intermèdes* for the school's Latin tragedies. These were lighter intervals of dancing, singing, speaking and instruments in between the acts of the somber drama.

In a commentary on the rationale behind these ballets, Rock writes:

The Jesuits made ballets because they cared about art and com-

munication, and communication meant body as much as it meant words. The Jesuits ran schools for boys and taught them rhetoric. Rhetoric was the art of public communication with body and voice. Performing in ballets gave the Jesuits' students strong, eloquent bodies and trained them to dance well at court and everywhere else.

As a young Jesuit, I knew none of this. My "aha" moment came at the Jesuit Institute for the Arts at the University of Santa Clara in 1971, where I was able to participate in a ballet class for Jesuits. It was as if I had waited 22 years to find my life's passion. Thanks to the openness of some of my superiors, I was able to make up for lost time and study dance throughout my course of studies and Jesuit formation.

One of the most important aspects of my study of dance, however, was that I immediately recognized its power to express the religious dimension of human life. Dance had its origins in the sacred, and there is a connection between the symbolic language of prayer and worship and that of dance. The psalmist's invitation to "praise the Lord in the festive dance" would become a mantra for me as I began to explore how the art and craft of dance could give shape and form to religious experience.

Over the past 40 years I have had the chance to work with professional dancers from major dance companies, with ordinary folks who love to dance and with whole assemblies of worshippers willing to engage in simple movement and gesture as part of their communal prayer. I have used both the stage and the sanctuary as sites for my artistic and faith expression.

As Jesuit artist-in-residence at Boston College for more than 35 years and as pastor of St. Ignatius Church for more than 25 years, I have been able to create pieces for holidays and worship services. One of the works that I choreo-

graphed and staged and that has special significance to me as a Jesuit is "For the Greater Glory of God," a dance/theater piece inspired by the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.

I created this work in 1990 for the 450th anniversary of the founding of the Society of Jesus and the 500th anniversary of the birth of St. Ignatius. Since that time, a company of musicians, dancers and actors has performed this piece in many Jesuit universities, parishes and retreat centers.

In "For the Greater Glory of God," I play the role of St. Ignatius "giving" the Spiritual Exercises. Using the basic structure of the exercises—the "Principle and Foundation," four "weeks," or parts, and a final contemplation on attaining God's love—I wove together music, dances and Scripture texts that would bring the exercises to life through artistic imagination. For those who know the exercises, imagination is a key to St. Ignatius' genius of inviting people into an intimate relationship with God. Although this exercise of the imagination would happen in the prayer of the person making the Spiritual Exercises, I wanted to use the exercise of the artistic imagination to help others to "see" and "feel" the exercises through the power of music and dance.

The Spiritual Exercises begin with the "Principle and Foundation," in which Ignatius writes, "the human person is created to praise, reverence and serve God our Lord and by this means to save one's soul." And so I begin "For the Greater Glory of God" with the "Song of Praise" from Paul Winter's "Missa Gaia." The choreography uses movement that embodies an expression of praise; it has gestures that fluctuate between reaching up and outward and contracting inward, giving a feel for the created person's relationship of reverence toward the Creator. This same

theme comes to life in Arvo Pärt's "Te Deum," which uses prostration, stretching and collapsing, trembling gestures and finally an explosion of leaps and turns to express the awesome relationship with the Creator.

In the Second Week, or second period, of the Spiritual Exercises, the retreatant is invited into a relationship with Jesus, asking for the grace to know, love and serve him. One of the pieces of choreography that I use to give flesh and blood to this intimate relationship is danced to Paul Melley's "I Am." In this piece, those who follow Jesus move through Jesus the Gate, dance with Jesus the Vine, join with Jesus the Light and are comforted and cradled by Jesus the Good Shepherd. Dance has an extraordinary power to visualize and express one's inner life. In this context the dances express outwardly what is experienced inwardly in prayer.

I recently had the chance to view this performance in a new way. Jeremy Zipple, S.J., executive editor of America

ON THE WEB
A video profile of Robert VerEecke, S.J., and excerpts from his work.
americamagazine.org/film

Films, filmed a performance of this work. Through his work I could see the movement and expressions of the piece from many different perspectives. It uses multiple cameras and angles, including using a drone camera that made it possible to watch the performance from above. It is as if he has created a new sort of "choreography." The dances are familiar to me, but through this video I am seeing them in a new way. This is in fact what happens to each person making the Spiritual Exercises. The framework of the exercises is always the same, but the prayer of the individual and the work of the Spirit enable him or her to experience them in unique ways.

ROBERT VEREECKE, S.J., is pastor of St. Ignatius of Loyola parish in Chestnut Hill, Mass., and the Jesuit artist-in-residence at Boston College. Learn more about his work at www.blde.org.

A LITANY FOR FLANNERY

Flannery O'Connor would be 90 years old on March 25 had she survived the disease that killed her slowly for 13 long years, leaving her dead at 39.

She grew up strange—an only child in a large extended family, a Catholic girl in the Protestant South, an unconventional student the convent school nuns didn't like. (The feeling was mutual.)

She collected chickens for company—taught them tricks, sewed them clothes and kept a lookout for “freaks” who lacked a wing or an eye or, better yet, a head.

She learned to write fiction, honed her extravagant style and made her way to New York. She wrote, “Were it not for my mother, I could easily resolve not to see Georgia again.”

She boarded a southbound train for Christmas vacation, and when she arrived she resembled “a shriveled old woman.” Full-blown lupus had set in. She was home to stay.

She wrote for two hours every day for the rest of her life. On death's door, she hid her manuscript under her pillow so the nurses wouldn't take it away.

She died at the height of her powers, leaving behind 32 short stories, two novels, a dozen (plus) essays and hundreds of letters. All of this is genius, and she'd have written more had she not been brought to an abrupt and abiding halt by the mortal illness she lived with and died by.

Who knows what kind of life she might have led without it, without the pressure and the threat, without that

sword of Damocles hung above her head each morning as she sat at her manual typewriter, pounding away, telling stories like her life depended on it?

Sickness made her bold.

She had to believe in herself. She didn't have the luxury of doubt, of lying around and whining about her lack of a Guggenheim. She didn't have time.

She was brilliant in the most ordinary ways. She told terrible stories about everyday life, stories people don't want to hear—yet we read them hungrily, as if they contained news we need.

She used the speech of country people—the “folks” she lived with—shaped by limitation, yet somehow eloquent and elegant, full of grit and grace. They talked like poets and didn't know it. But she surely did.

She was funny, always seeing the awkward angle of a thing—those thick glasses a joke, for her vision was keen—and she made us see it, too. We begin reading a story, put our Flannery goggles on, and suddenly the world is transformed—strange things seem normal and normal things odd. The drift and depth of the simplest thing—a bratty cat, a lady's hat, a new tattoo—always comes as a shock, a truth we forgot we knew.

She lived deeply, felt powerfully, twigged and kenned and saw down into life. She told us things that surprised and sanctified, scarified and satisfied, all at the same time.

She gave us a vision and a vocabulary—taught “the terrible speed of

mercy”—glimpsed a God of grace who measures and pours it out prodigally and in astonishing ways.

She looked in the mirror of her characters' souls—saw her own slim virtues and her own broad flaws—and faithfully watched them fall and founder and, sometimes, rise.

She believed in our journey to the Father of Souls, in the dragon who sits by the side of the road, waiting to devour us.

She wrote, “No matter what form the dragon may take, it is of this mysterious passage past him, or into his jaws, that stories of any depth will always be concerned to tell.”

She also wrote this: “She would have been a good woman if it had been somebody there to shoot her every minute of her life.” In her most famous story, a murderer speaks this hor-

rific-hilarious line with reference to his victim. But, like any piece of wisdom, it could apply to any of us, including the author of the story.

Flannery O'Connor was a good woman because there was someone there to shoot her every minute of her life—call it *The Misfit*, call it the dragon, call it lupus, call it death.

She wrote with a shotgun cocked and aimed at the bullseye of the heart, and she didn't flinch.

She was no saint. She was like us—only brilliant and brave, full of stories that were true.

She was holy in a way she never knew. Like the rest of us—me and you.

ANGELA ALAIMO O'DONNELL

She gave us a vision and a vocabulary—taught ‘the terrible speed of mercy.’



ANGELA ALAIMO O'DONNELL is a writer, professor and associate director of the Curran Center for American Catholic Studies at Fordham University. Her new biography, *Flannery O'Connor: Fiction Fired by Faith*, will be published by *The Liturgical Press*. Twitter: @AODonnellAngela.

THIS IS MY BODY

EUCHARIST AS MEANING Critical Metaphysics and Contemporary Sacramental Theology

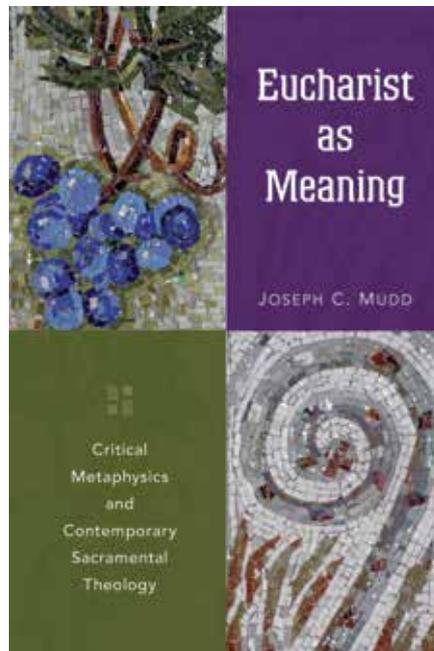
By Joseph C. Mudd
Liturgical Press. 270p \$29.95

Since the Fourth Lateran Council (1215), Christ has been said to be present in the Eucharist by way of a substantial conversion, or transubstantiation, of bread and wine into his body and blood. The doctrinal tradition, particularly as reflected in Thomas Aquinas, applied concepts such as substance and accidents, cause and effect, derived from scholastic metaphysics. This language has become increasingly obscure in cultures no longer familiar with medieval metaphysics. A discussion regarding how to talk about the presence of Christ in the Eucharist reemerged at the time of the Second Vatican Council.

In the 20th century, some asked whether metaphysical explanations of Eucharistic change and sacramental causality segregated the presence of Christ in the Eucharist from the liturgical life of the church and religious experience. In *Eucharist as Meaning*, Joseph C. Mudd states, “[c]ategories like ‘symbol’ and ‘sacrament’ were recast in ways that responded to the subjective and performative dimension of religious experience.”

Mudd briefly refers to various approaches, including Edward Schillebeeckx’s proposal of “transignification,” Karl Rahner’s theology of the symbol and the growing influence of Louis-Marie Chauvet’s theology of symbolic mediation. Each is said to be worthy of study, but Mudd turns to Bernard Lonergan, “because his philosophical and theological investigations hold untapped resources for

illuminating the meaning of Catholic Eucharistic doctrines.” Lonergan is said to have jettisoned the logically rigorous metaphysics characteristic of a classical culture concerned with the universal and necessary. In the present cultural era, theology must first attend



to method and only subsequently to metaphysics.

Embracing J. Michael Stebbins’s article on Eucharistic presence as mystery and meaning, Mudd seeks to recapture the valid insight on which the language of transubstantiation rests, “within the context of a metaphysics grounded in a verifiable account of human knowing.” Stebbins pointed to the derived metaphysics presented by Lonergan in *Insight*. It avoids the onto-theological problematic that Chauvet, echoing Heidegger, rightly criticizes.

Mudd’s first chapter explores Chauvet’s method and its application to doctrines dealing with Eucharistic presence and sacrifice. The motive is to contrast them with, and thus clar-

ify, Lonergan’s perspectives. Chauvet’s critique of metaphysics argues that it confuses the real with discourse about the real, thus reducing sacraments to the metaphysical categories of cause and effect. What happens in the sacraments “is not of the physical, moral, or metaphysical but of the symbolic order.” Chauvet thus advocates a starting point which overcomes the metaphysical view, characterized by instrumentality and causality, and moves into the symbolic, characterized by the mediation through language and symbol.

Chauvet interprets the Eucharistic presence of Christ as *ad-esse*, or “being for.” Unlike the scholastics, who treated bread and wine only as ontological substrates for the emergence of the body and blood of Christ, he insists that to authentically proclaim the bread as the body of Christ, one must emphasize all the more that it is indeed still bread, essential bread, the bread of life “par excellence.” The mystery of the Eucharistic body cannot be expressed in a symbolic framework unless it carries with it the symbolic richness of bread as a social reality, a symbol of sharing. Chauvet moves beyond a metaphysics that reduces grace to a commodity and supports the material permanence of Christ’s presence in the Eucharist. His symbolic framework is open to an awareness of “real absence” in the Eucharist. It enables “a theology of the sacramental that integrates Scripture, sacrament, and ethics in a work of mourning the absence of God who asks that the church give God a body in history.”

Mudd insists that Chauvet never really breaks out of the cause and effect schema and is trapped by his disjunction of the symbolic and the metaphysical. Chauvet is said to interdict all questions that demand “is it so?” Citing a critical analysis of Chauvet’s work by the Irish Jesuit Raymond Moloney, Mudd concurs that Chauvet’s Heideggerian criticisms of metaphysics find their mark only in

the decadent scholastic emphasis on certitude practiced by Ockhamist and post-Enlightenment neoscholasticism. There is another kind of metaphysics, “closer to that built into the nature of the mind,” as elaborated by Lonergan.

Lonergan distinguishes the worlds of common sense, theory and interiority. Chauvet focused on the first and third. With Moloney, Mudd maintains that “metaphysics and symbolism are not two competing explanations but two different levels of discourse.” Metaphysics is capable of illuminating the intelligibility of the symbolic.

For Lonergan, the real world, in which humans live, is a world mediated by meaning, motivated by values, and known through language. He resists polarizing the metaphysical and symbolic orders. The real is not the already-out-there-now because in the world of meaning the real is known in a judgment regarding the truth of particular meanings or values. Metaphysics is something in a mind. It is progressive, subjecting the operations of consciousness to critical analysis. Lonergan sought a new synthesis which would be in continuity with Aquinas, if it stood with modern science, scholarship and philosophy, as Thomism stood to Aristotelianism.

Mudd admits that rediscovering the meanings of doctrines involves a tremendous amount of historical work. But his analysis begins from Berengar and Aquinas, and does not confront the underlying issues (naïve realism and how Jesus’ body at the right hand of the Father could be present in the Eucharist) that gave rise to their positions. Mudd recognizes a need both for the aesthetic categories of “symbol” and “embodiment” advanced by Chauvet and for the clarification of meaning attainable through a critical-realist metaphysics in systematic theology. He finds support for his focus on Eucharist as *meaning* in Aquinas’s response to the question, What does the mouse eat? The Eucharistic bread is

sacramental, endowed with a certain meaning, but the mouse, unable to understand meaning, does not eat sacramentally, only “accidentally.” For Mudd, “the words of consecration are Christ’s acts of meaning [which] means that in this case transignification is transubstantiation....Christ is giving a new meaning to this bread and by his word effects a new reality.” Mudd likewise emphasizes that the divine presence mediated in the sacraments is not an *already-out-there-now-real* but the presence of the agent in act.

Real presence is a sacramental presence in and through signs: the matter of bread and wine. In saying Amen to the Eucharistic minister’s proclamation “The Body of Christ,” one is not affirming a molecular change in the bread and wine. As Lonergan emphasized, in the world of meaning the real is known in a judgment regarding the truth of particular meanings or values. The intellectual understanding of faith maintains that the *materiality* of the Eucharistic bread and wine conveys a new reality, the living, resurrected self of Jesus.

A critical sacramental realism that recaptures key distinctions in Aquinas and transposes them into our new

context must consider the meaning of body and bodily resurrection. With Karl Rahner, we say that the body is the symbol, or self-expression, of the self/person/soul. As Joseph Ratzinger has noted, “the body gets its identity not from matter but from the person, the soul. The physiology becomes truly ‘body’ through the heart of the personality. Bodiliness is something other than a summation of corpuscles.” And, as Ratzinger declares, “the real heart of faith in the resurrection does not consist at all in the idea of the restoration of the body.” Rather, “the real content of the hope symbolically proclaimed in the Bible” is “an immortality of the person.” Beyond death, the resurrected person/soul has an abiding relatedness to the body and integrates bodiliness within its own reality.

The likely Aramaic words of Jesus at the Last Supper, “This is my *bišri*” and “This is my *demi / bidmi*” (Mk 14:24; Lk 22:20) meant not just body and blood but also self and life. In the materiality of Eucharistic bread and wine, Jesus, as the Word, becomes a human person, makes present and gives his living self, in his risen bodiliness—all that he was and became as embodied and alive in his earthly ministry, his dy-

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ing on the cross and his resurrection. As Aquinas declared, “the dimensive quantity (or matter) of the bread and wine are miraculously bestowed with being the subject of subsequent forms” (ST 3, q. 77, a. 5, resp.).

In saying “Take and eat....Take and drink,” Jesus made clear that he was not intending to make the bread and wine a stand-in for his earthly body and blood—so that we could primarily adore his presence. Rather, as Paul tells us, the bread that we break is a sharing in the body of Christ. “We who are

many are one body, for we all partake of the one bread, (1 Cor 10:16-17).” By eating and drinking the material elements that now make present Jesus’ living-self, the assembly (*ekklesia*) of his disciples gathered around the table becomes his living body, sent out to live his “Way,” in the world: feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the naked and visiting the sick and those in prison.

BERNARD P. PRUSAK is a professor of theology and religious studies at Villanova University.

JOAN BRAUNE

THE NEW YOUNG CATHOLICS

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FROM WILLOW CREEK TO SACRED HEART Rekindling My Love for Catholicism

By Chris Haw
Ave Maria Press. 256p \$15.95

Something is stirring among young Catholics. Two recent texts demonstrate two possible options. Matthew Fox and Adam Bucko see a mass youth exodus from organized religion leading to a new, emancipatory spirituality, while Chris Haw finds the specificity of Catholicism oddly liberating.

Occupy Spirituality is a dialogue between young Adam Bucko and elder scholar Matthew Fox. (Fox, who got into hot water with the Vatican some years back, is now an Episcopal priest. Although he makes some very harsh comments about the Catholic Church in the book, he clearly still identifies with the Catholic intellectual tradition.) Light but not fluffy, the book is full of hope, joy and fun. Each

chapter opens with quotations from anonymous 20- and 30-somethings about their varied spiritual experiences. Fox and Bucko believe that youth are “interspiritual,” finding fulfillment through social movements like Occupy Wall Street and practices from within faith traditions (prayer, meditation) and without (physical exercise, artistic expression, scientific wonder).

Bucko’s journey of faith is grippingly told: playing music in the subways as a young Polish immigrant, finding peace through meditation, an encounter with a hungry street urchin in India and serving homeless New York youth. Fox’s intellectual biography follows in brief, including the influence of radical Dominican Thomist Marie-Dominique Chenu. Various themes are then covered: vocation, intergenerational dialogue and recent developments including Occupy Wall Street and the New Monasticism (the movement to which Chris Haw belongs).

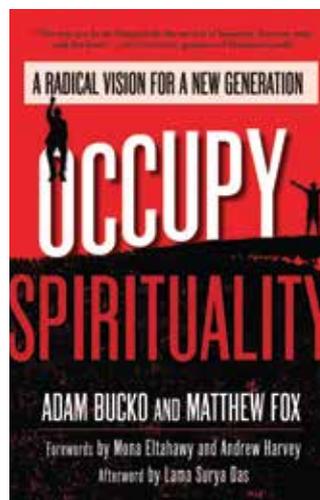
Readers hoping for a book about the spirituality of the Occupy movement will be disappointed. The book is in the spirit of Occupy, but the chapter devoted to Occupy and the New Monasticism is thin. The “Occupy chaplains,” the “Occupy Faith” network or tents devoted to altars or meditation space at Occupy sites are not discussed. However, the book does contain a foreword on the Arab Spring and a statement from young undocumented immigrant Pancho Ramos-Stierle, arrested while meditating at Occupy Oakland.

For readers looking for a call to intergenerational dialogue, this book is timely but needs to go further. *Occupy Spirituality* sometimes reads as though alienation from organized religion is a banner behind which all youth are and should be massing. One could read Fox and Bucko without realizing that young Catholics today are as likely to be found chanting the “Tantum Ergo” before a monstrance as doing yoga in a tent in front of Citibank (and sometimes the same people do both). Many young Catholics are hungry for

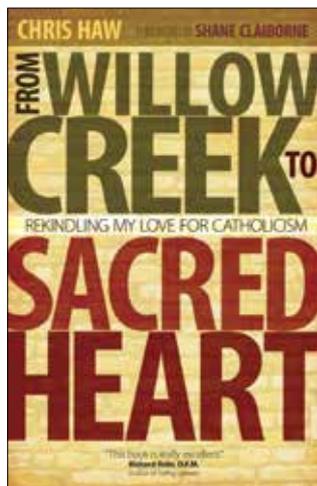
beauty, mystery and transcendence, which is fueling an enthusiasm for traditional practices. Implicit or explicit is often a critique of contemporary society’s restless pursuit of wealth, lack of community, wasteful treatment of creation and quest for empty, instant gratification. For intergenerational dialogue to be effective, older Catholics should

hesitate to tell younger Catholics what the “new” or “progressive” thing is (something that, in my experience as a 20-something Catholic, happens quite a lot).

Unlike *Occupy Spirituality*, Chris Haw’s *Willow Creek to Sacred Heart*



attacks the “spiritual but not religious” trend, which Haw terms “the search for no accent.” Instead of religious neutrality, he encourages a deep encounter with Catholicism and reminds readers that everyone is culturally specific, with a “view from somewhere.” The difference in approaches between the two books is not adversarial; when I chatted on Facebook with Adam Bucko, he had just been to Camden to speak at Haw’s parish.



Haw is a founding member of the New Monasticism, a largely Protestant Evangelical movement that builds intentional communities “in the abandoned places of Empire.” Before writing *Willow Creek*, Haw teamed up with New Monasticism superstar Shane Claiborne to write *Jesus for President*, a brightly illustrated, smart hermeneutic with Christian anarchist overtones, presenting the Bible as the story of a struggle against Empire.

Willow Creek is a work of apologetics, a defense of Catholicism, but without the faults common to that genre—it is not triumphalist, haranguing or superficial. William T. Cavanaugh writes in the Afterword, “This is the one book I would put in the hands of people who wonder why they should join the Catholic Church or why they should not leave it.”

Haw recounts his journey from childhood Catholic catechism classes, to a vibrant Evangelical megachurch (Willow Creek), to socially conscious Evangelical projects (including a short stint in jail for protesting the war), to reversion to Catholicism at an inner-city Camden parish (Sacred Heart). As a student at Eastern University, Haw met Fr. Michael Doyle, pastor of Sacred Heart. A long-time

activist, Doyle had been one of “the Camden 28,” who broke into a draft office during the Vietnam War. When

Father Doyle told Haw about a building he was hoping to convert into a Catholic Worker house, Haw was intrigued. Although they joked that they were more like “Protestant Slackers” than Catholic Workers, he and his future wife moved to Camden to serve the poor of Doyle’s community. And one Good Friday, Haw attended the liturgy at Sacred Heart, was overwhelmed by the beauty and “severity” of the ritual and reverted to the Catholic faith of his childhood.

The second half of the book is a closer theological study, with chapters grouped around common criticisms of

Catholicism, including its alleged “paganism” and its penchant for expensive art. Though highly theologically informed, the text has three particularly visible sources: G.K. Chesterton, William T. Cavanaugh and Rene Girard. Haw blends a sort of distributism or agrarian socialism from Chesterton and Wendell Berry with the critique of idolatries of state and market that one finds in Cavanaugh’s work (*Torture and Eucharist*, *The Myth of Religious Violence*, *Migrations of the Holy*). Cavanaugh has long argued that modernity’s split between secular public space and private religious experience is illusory and has lent a dangerous aura of sanctity to immoral military and economic practices. From Rene Girard, Haw draws an understanding of the sacrifice of the Mass as an antisacrifice, a protest against all oppressive “scapegoating.”

The New Monasticism, with which Haw’s Camden intentional commu-

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nity is affiliated, influences his theological approach. The term “New Monasticism” can be misleading. Christian intentional communities of service are not “new,” arguably around since the early Church, and the New Monasticism resembles a Protestant version of the Catholic Worker. Since New Monastics may marry and do not take traditional religious vows, they are not “monastics” in a technical sense either, though they do have a kind of “rule” (a list of “marks”). Nationally there are some Catholic New Monastics like Haw, but it sometimes seems like a new Protestant denomination—one town’s branch that I am familiar with is a friendly, socially

conscious Protestant church.

However, the New Monasticism also seems like a social movement, uniting Christians of various denominations to oppose U.S. military aggression and work for economic and environmental justice. Bucko and some others are hopeful that a new, lower-case “new monasticism” might extend beyond the limits of Christianity and form the basis for a new “interspiritual” movement—Bucko is currently finishing a book on the topic. Upper-case, “institutional” New Monasticism remains Christian, predominantly Protestant.

New Monastics like Chris Haw, Shane Claiborne and Jonathan

Wilson-Hartgrove share an attraction to the Benedictine virtue of stability, seeing staying put (and gardening) in places of poverty as countering a fast-paced global economy. Claiborne is fascinated by Mother Theresa’s call for everyone to “find their Calcutta,” which for the New Monasticism means relocating, affixing oneself loyally and long-term in a place of dire poverty. In New Monastic literature, there is sometimes a tone of strategic retreat, of keeping Christianity safe and uncorrupted from the world; one notices admiration for the Anabaptists (like the Amish). If the New Monasticism wants to be a transformative movement, its emphasis on monastic stability could prove limiting. Perhaps today’s world is in greater need of mendicants. New Mendicants could confront centers of power, rather than hewing to the periphery and protecting the faith from the incursion of Empire. Urban and mobile, New Mendicants would occupy city centers, and like Haw’s Catholicism, find God in culture.

The New Monasticism and the interspiritual movement might benefit from a dialogue about personal vocation and social strategy. Mother Theresa went to Calcutta in obedience to what she understood to be God’s call, a personal vocation, which is different from having a strategy for mass social change. Some young Catholics are being called to the margins, to the “abandoned places of Empire,” while others are finding their vocation in the heart of the city and the belly of the beast, in nonviolent confrontation in the halls of power, occupying and resisting the Empire head-on. Still others are rediscovering the contemplative life. Across vocations, we can begin a conversation about how to strategically challenge systemic injustice and how to build, in the words of Peter Maurin, a society in which it will be easy to be good.

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A Little Thing

PALM SUNDAY OF THE LORD'S PASSION (B), MARCH 29, 2015

Readings: Jn 12:12–16; Is 50:4–7; Ps 22:8–24; Phil 2:6–11; Mk 14:1–15:47

“What she has done will be told in remembrance of her” (Mk 14:9)

If the Gospel accounts stopped just after Jesus' entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, how would you imagine the next few days playing out? The Gospel of John quotes Zec 9:9–10 as Jesus enters the city: “Look, your king is coming, sitting on a donkey's colt!” The people were taking “branches of palm trees” and going “out to meet him, shouting, ‘Hosanna! Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord—the King of Israel!’” The scene could easily be imagined as a hero's entry in advance of his great triumph soon to follow.

When Jesus entered Jerusalem, his disciples must have felt the same weight of expectations, the portent of what Jesus' entry meant, not just for themselves, but for everyone. If Jesus was the promised Messiah, the events to come were not just concerned with the realities of one Passover in Jerusalem or the fate of the people of Judah but with the world and, yes, the world to come. What could one do but wait with sharp expectancy for the world-historical events to unfold?

And yet one unnamed woman does more than wait. Her actions interpret not only Jesus' entry as the expected king but the sort of king Jesus must be. After his entrance into Jerusalem, Jesus went to Bethany. In Bethany, “a woman came with an alabaster jar of very costly ointment of nard, and she broke open the jar and poured the

ointment on his head.” In this action, she simply supports the reception accorded Jesus as he entered Jerusalem as the king. The *mashiach* (Greek *christos*) is the “anointed one,” and her actions tell us that she not only understands that Jesus is the anointed one but that she has a need or responsibility to anoint him. But who is she to anoint a king?

The people gathered around Jesus, however, ask a different question: “Why was the ointment wasted in this way? For this ointment could have been sold for more than 300 denarii, and the money given to the poor.’ And they scolded her.” Their question is not without merit, for in scolding her they probably were attempting to voice Jesus' concern for the poor seen throughout his ministry. Jesus asks another question, “Let her alone; why do you trouble her?”

Somehow the concerned disciples have missed something. “She has performed a good service for me. For you always have the poor with you, and you can show kindness to them whenever you wish; but you will not always have me.” Jesus' response is not an attempt to mark out the permanence of poverty as a social problem but to note that her “good service for me” has focused proper attention on him. Whether or not she knows the full implications of what she has done, she has directed those present to see Jesus as the Messiah, to

grasp his Christological identity.

Her identification of Jesus as the Christ by anointing went deeper, however, than even she knew, for she could not have known that she had also anointed Jesus' body “beforehand for its burial.” Faithful women will later seek to care for Jesus' broken body after his death in order to anoint it with burial spices, but they would not find a body. The unnamed woman, though, already had anointed Jesus not only as a king but as the humble king who emptied himself out in death.

The humility of Jesus is reflected by the generosity of this woman, who pours out all that she has as a witness for him. Who is she to anoint a king? Given the universal significance of Jesus' Passion week, her



PRAYING WITH SCRIPTURE

Place yourself in Bethany at Simon's house. What is your response to the woman's anointing of Jesus?

anointing might seem a little thing, but it is the most any of us can do: she recognizes Jesus, and gives all she has for him, not understanding completely that her actions helped to prepare the king, first for his death and then for his triumph, but knowing somehow he is the Messiah.

The significance of her actions is felt when Jesus says, “Truly I tell you, wherever the good news is proclaimed in the whole world, what she has done will be told in remembrance of her.” We, too, are called to recognize Jesus the Messiah in faith, not simply as a conquering hero but as a servant willing to give himself up to death for us.

JOHN W. MARTENS

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