

America

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THE JESUIT REVIEW OF FAITH AND CULTURE

2019 CPA MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR

Helping Gang Members Heal

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But Not
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A Journey into the Heart & Soul of Ireland

A SAINTS AND LITERARY SCHOLARS TOUR | OCTOBER 20-28, 2019



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This Is Jeopardy!

Welcome back to “**America Jeopardy!**”, our annual beach-reading homage to America’s most popular game show and everybody’s favorite Catholic magazine. The game is played like the real “Jeopardy!” except that you’ll have to wait for the answers, er, questions, in the next issue. But if you’re dying to know sooner, you can go to the webpage with this column at americamagazine.org and see the answers/questions there. Good luck. Have a blessed summer!

1. John V. Connorton Sr., a founding **America** patron, served as deputy mayor to Robert F. Wagner Jr., whose election as mayor of New York in 1953 exacerbated a feud between Eleanor Roosevelt and Carmine DeSapio, boss of this (in)famous New York political machine.

2. The son of this famous Civil War general, who led a “March to the Sea,” entered the Society of Jesus and lived at the America House Jesuit Community in the winter and early spring of 1914.

3. This U.S. president, who sent congratulatory greetings to **America** on its 50th anniversary in 1959, coached the football team at St. Louis College, a Catholic preparatory school in San Antonio, Tex.

4. At a summit in Geneva in 1985, this Soviet leader surprised President Ronald Reagan by quoting from a column by Mary McGrory, who was **America**’s Washington, D.C., correspondent and a columnist for The Washington Post.

5. John LaFarge, S.J., sixth editor in chief, was the great-great-great grandson of this man, a founding father of the United States and the first U.S. ambassador to France.

6. Many Jesuits who have served on the editorial staff of **America** attended the Jesuit novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., which was built on land purchased from the family of this U.S. president.

7. In 1963, the editors marked the passing of this man by printing these words from Shakespeare’s “Hamlet” on the cover of the memorial issue: “The cease of majesty/ Dies not alone/ but, like a gulf, doth draw/ What’s near it with it.”

8. In 1989, Joseph A. O’Hare, S.J., 10th editor in chief of **America**, was appointed the first chairman of the New York City Campaign Finance Board by this man, who served as mayor of New York from 1978 to 1989.

9. This author of *The Sun Also Rises* said that the controversial writer and **America** contributor Ezra Pound possessed “the temperament of a *toro di lidia* from the breeding establishments of Don Eduardo Miura.” It was not a compliment.

10. Leo J. O’Donovan, S.J., longtime contributor to **America** and emeritus president of Georgetown University, attended the wedding of this Georgetown graduate, who succeeded his father as King of Spain in 2014.

11. George W. Hunt, S.J., 11th editor in chief, was an expert on the work of this author, who penned *The Wapshot Scandal* and was known informally as the Chekhov of the Suburbs.

12. When Wikileaks released hacked emails from the Democratic National Committee in 2016, we learned that this man, who was chairman of the Hillary Clinton campaign and a former White House chief of staff, had been reading **America**.

13. This Nobel Prize-winning Catholic playwright lived in a hotel near **America**’s first editorial office in New York City. A nearby tavern inspired the setting for “The Iceman Cometh.”

14. John E. Sexton, a longtime subscriber to **America**, served as the 15th president of this world-class university, whose campus is near Washington Square.

15. The editors of **America** opposed this 1919 amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which they understood to be, in part, an anti-Catholic plot.

16. This man, who served as U.S. secretary of state from 1953 to 1959, once wrote a letter to the editor of **America**. His son would be a frequent contributor to our pages.

17. This famous cardinal archbishop of Boston donated the funds that the editors used to purchase new headquarters for **America** at 106 West 56th Street in 1962.

18. James Martin, S.J., editor at large of **America**, once worked with Michael J. Cosgrove, a member of **America**’s board of directors, at this multinational conglomerate founded by Thomas Edison.

19. Oops. In the late 1970s, **America**’s editors praised this man, Zimbabwe’s new prime minister, declaring that he was “the very essence of reassurance and conciliation.” As it turned out, he was neither.

20. In June 2018, the 14th editor in chief of **America** presided at the graveside service at Arlington National Cemetery for this U.S. senator on the 50th anniversary of his death.

Matt Malone, S.J.
Twitter: @americaeditor.



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AP Photo/Rodrigo Abd

Looted coffins lay in a pile after grave robbers moved through El Cuadrado cemetery in Maracaibo, Venezuela, on May 16.
Cover: iStock

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LAST TAKE

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ALBRECHT FREIHERR VON
BOESELAGER
We need a new narrative of migration

At their annual meeting in mid-June, the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops voted overwhelmingly in favor of new protocols to hold themselves accountable for committing sexual abuse themselves and for mishandling accusations of abuse against others. The new protocols encourage lay involvement at every stage of an investigation but stopped short of requiring it. In a survey that was part of our online coverage of the bishops' meeting, we asked America readers what they thought about the new protocols.

In what ways do you want to see lay people involved in investigations of sexual abuse and its cover-up?

I would suggest that the criterion for the proper "way" is whatever is required for re-establishing trust. Clearly, that does require the effective presence of the laity.

Peter Tumulty

Essex Junction, Vt.

I would like to see lay people who are of different faiths come together to assess the appropriateness of the claim. If viable, civil authorities and the bishops' committee should be informed of the findings simultaneously. A member of the lay group should be assigned to monitor the case's progress through the bishops' investigation and deliberation.

Grace Bernardi

Newton Square, Pa.

I am not too sure it is a lay person's responsibility to teach right and wrong to our clerics. I would like to see more clerics understanding the sensitivity, legal definition and legal consequences of abusing someone's sexuality. If lay people get involved or have to get involved, I would see it at the end of the investigation.

Bill O'Brien

Mundelein, Ill.

Professional mental health care providers specializing in sexual trauma, lawyers who are deeply familiar with family and criminal law, members of sexual victims' rights groups, pediatricians, sexual assault nurse examiners, physicians, representatives of law enforcement and parish leaders [should] be core members of a case review board whose purpose is to provide actionable information to church leadership in the handling of each sexual assault case.

Rebecca Gonzalez

Severna Park, Md.

What issues are being neglected by the bishops because of the ongoing need to address the sexual abuse scandal?

The bishops need to address corruption in general, not just sexual abuse. As we learned recently, not all corruption among the clergy is about sex. Financial corruption and fallout from clericalism must also be rooted out.

Sue Burro

St. Louis, Mo.

Trust is being neglected. The faithful have lost a lot of trust in bishops. In order to regain that trust, every aspect of sexual abuse accusations must include laypeople.

Joyce Green

Corpus Christi, Tex.

This issue is of paramount importance because the bishops have lost credibility; and until they effectively address this, their contributions to other issues are lacking.

Carlos Salinas,

Washington, D.C.

 For Michael J. O'Loughlin's report from Baltimore, see Page 15.

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New Protocols on Clergy Sexual Abuse: A First Step

It has been one year since Theodore McCarrick, the once-powerful cardinal archbishop of Washington and Vatican advisor, announced his withdrawal from public ministry after an allegation that he sexually abused a teenager decades ago was found credible. Since then, other revelations have unsettled the U.S. church. The Pennsylvania grand jury report, released last August, led to investigations into the church's handling of abuse claims in 20 other states, and dozens of dioceses have released the names of credibly accused priests.

In June, the U.S. bishops put forward their first official response to the growing chorus of justifiably angry and frustrated Catholics who want to see concrete measures and public ac-

countability for bishops responsible for clerical abuse and its cover-up. At their annual spring meeting in Baltimore, the bishops overwhelmingly approved three measures toward that end: a third-party hotline to report abuse; a system, which can include laypeople, to receive and investigate these claims; and a protocol that allows bishops to restrict the ministry of retired prelates who are accused of abuse or negligence.

These new measures have, however, been met with skepticism from some church reform groups because they do not absolutely require the involvement of laypeople. Bishops have responded that such involvement is a practical certainty even if not formally mandated. At this point, the reasonable stance among concerned Cath-

olics regarding these new policies is “trust but verify.”

These reforms are a welcome and necessary first step; they almost certainly will need to be updated and revised in the coming years. In any case, even the most perfect protocols need to be implemented with justice and transparency in order to restore trust. The true test of the bishops' commitment to reform will be how these policies are used to report and respond to actual episcopal misconduct.

At that point, the faithful will expect—and pastoral responsibility will require—a forthright response, applying these new procedures as a starting point and going beyond them where necessary. This will show whether the bishops have truly learned the lessons of this past year.

The Affordable Housing Shortage Hits Seniors

On June 12, about 1,400 protesters gathered outside the residence of Mayor Bill de Blasio of New York, demanding that he fulfill his campaign promise to build more senior housing. The protest drew people of all ages, perhaps because younger residents are looking out for their own future, perhaps because of a growing recognition that the affordable housing shortage is a threat to all.

That threat may turn housing policy into a major topic in the 2020 presidential campaign, challenging the view that the provision of homes is a concern only of local government. In particular, the Democratic candidates Cory Booker, Julián Castro, Kamala Harris and Elizabeth Warren offer a variety of plans that include direct benefits to families (like tax credits

for renters and assistance programs for homebuyers) but also financial incentives for communities that build, or at least allow, new housing.

Young adults and families with young children have long been frustrated searching for affordable homes near job opportunities. The National Low Income Housing Coalition reported in June that a worker earning the federal minimum hourly wage of \$7.25 would have to work 127 hours a week to live in a two-bedroom home with a rent at the national average. In most places, buying a first home is even farther out of reach. The protest in New York City suggests that older Americans—a powerful voting bloc—are also becoming dissatisfied with their limited options. Some seek alternatives that are more manageable

than family-size houses but less costly than assisted-living facilities, including trailer-size homes on small lots, “in-law” apartments added to existing houses and apartment buildings near public transit.

The trouble is that many communities make it very difficult to add such housing. Seniors, especially those who live alone, face the same resistance as recent college graduates in an economic and political environment that still promotes the costly option of a single-family home with a front lawn and two-car garage.

Housing production has long been steered toward sprawling suburbs, thanks to the lower costs of building on vacant land, spending priorities for infrastructure (new highways as opposed to public transit) and

Founded in 1909

tax policies that favor homeowners over renters. Zoning laws also limit huge portions of metropolitan areas to detached single-family housing. As *The New York Times* recently reported, it is illegal on at least 75 percent of the residential land in many large American cities to build anything other than single-family dwellings. These policies have benefited a large number of baby boomers, who were able to buy homes before prices skyrocketed and who, in many places, enjoy property tax advantages that encourage them to stay in large houses even after their children have gone (see Proposition 13 in California).

The Obama administration made tentative steps toward encouraging more flexible housing production by offering incentives for zoning reform and transit-oriented construction, but a more comprehensive federal policy is needed as demographic changes make the suburban-sprawl, single-family model of housing less useful. According to census data released in late June, the nation's over-65 population increased 30 percent between 2010 and 2018. During the same period, the population under age 18 decreased by 1.1 percent.

This is not to say that the principle of subsidiarity should be abandoned in housing policy. Local governments and community groups must be a part of the conversation to determine whether specific housing projects are appropriate for towns and neighborhoods. But rigid zoning laws that prohibit multi-unit housing or that mandate large lot sizes can be exclusionary and insensitive to the needs of fellow citizens in a metropolitan area.

Housing is as much a part of the common good as health care and education. It is encouraging that the national conversation is beginning to recognize this.

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What the debate over deacons gets wrong about Catholic women

Two years ago I was on a panel at the University of Notre Dame, where a fellow presenter lamented the almost total absence of women in leadership in the church. I finally had to interject that I was the chancellor of one of the largest dioceses in the country and fourth on the organization chart for the Diocese of Orange, which covers Orange County, Calif.

I was reminded of this exchange when Pope Francis, returning from his trip to North Macedonia and Bulgaria in May, gave his long-awaited, if somewhat indirect, response to the question of whether the church would allow the ordination of women to the permanent diaconate. As a woman in leadership in the church, I think we are having the wrong conversation when we focus so narrowly on the question of women deacons that we fail to see the ways Catholic women can—and already do—lead.

The group the pope commissioned in 2016 to study the historical role of women deacons was unable to reach consensus on a number of issues. Put simply, there are records from the early church of women being identified as deacons. But there is no conclusive evidence that the role of female deacons has ever been tied to the ordained sacramental role that male deacons exercise. In a conversation with women religious superiors on May 10, Pope Francis said any change to the diaconate must be grounded in revelation. “If the Lord didn’t want a sacramental ministry for women,” he said, “it can’t go forward.”

I worry that by focusing so intently on the question of women deacons, we miss the larger challenge facing our church. The church has a global mission to sanctify the entire

world through its members. Most of that work will be done not by ordained ministers or the hierarchy but by lay women and men. So long as we are focused on the diaconate, we are ignoring the reality articulated in the Second Vatican Council’s “Dogmatic Constitution on the Church”: Our job as laypeople is to go where the clergy cannot.

Every Catholic has the power to influence our culture, but too often the influence flows in the opposite direction. Catholic parents, for example, lament that neither they nor the church have the same pull on their children that the culture does. Instagram and “Game of Thrones” probably shape the values of young people more directly than all the great homilists put together. The current sex abuse crisis suggests that the church itself is afflicted by the sins of the surrounding culture and is, in fact, a microcosm of that culture.

If Catholics want to have influence, even power, it seems to me that we would advance the conversation much more by talking about the role of the laity in the culture and in the world.

At the close of Vatican II, St. Paul VI asked women “to bring the spirit of this council into institutions, schools, homes and daily life” and said, “It is for you to save the peace of the world.” If that truly is the case, then we should be following the directive that women have a role in every aspect of society, enunciated in the Vatican document “On the Collaboration of Men and Women in Society” in 2004.

As it stands, the ordained vocations of permanent deacon, priest and bishop are held by a relatively small number of men. To take such a narrow vocation and then try to fit a general

discussion about women into it seems myopic at best. Most men are called to live their relationship with Christ differently. Could not the same apply to all women without offending their equal dignity? Meanwhile, we leave the shaping of our culture, and in turn our families and even our church, to other men and women who have identified the real positions of influence: social media, politics, science, the arts, education and business.

While the church certainly needs competent lay women and men in leadership roles, we need exponentially more competent lay women and men living out every aspect of their lives influenced by their faith and an authentic understanding of the dignity of the human person. The hierarchy spends a great deal of time talking about human dignity; but it is the actual doctors, scientists, teachers, social workers and many others, including parents, who make this a reality for us.

While I am grateful to be able to serve in the role I currently hold, I see so many opportunities for women outside the church, in places where the church will always struggle to have an impact. Lay men and women are called to the tremendous honor of building up the kingdom in these places, and we do not need any title besides Catholic to do so.

Pia de Solenni is the chancellor of the Diocese of Orange County, Calif., and a theological advisor to its bishop.

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'Sing Hallelujah' becomes anthem of Hong Kong protests

By Verna Yu

Throughout mass protests in June over a proposed controversial extradition law in Hong Kong, one prominent feature stood out: the almost continuous singing of the hymn "Sing Hallelujah to the Lord."

The hymn singing broke out spontaneously during demonstration processions, in makeshift services on footbridges and in impromptu prayer meetings before traffic roadblocks. It was sung during a gathering of protesters on the lush lawn around the Legislative Council building and, most prominently, during tense stand-offs between protesters and police. "Sing Hallelujah to the Lord" was sung so often during the demonstrations across central Hong Kong that it became recognized as the extradition protests' unofficial theme song.

Many Christians said they felt empowered by a pervasive sense of God, while non-Christian demonstrators said they were also touched by a feeling of love and peace through the singing of the hymn. About 11 percent of Hong Kong's residents are Christian, including 390,000 Catholics who make up about 5 percent of the population.

Hong Kong has been rocked by protests that began on June 9, when an estimated one million people marched to urge Hong Kong's legislature to scrap an amendment to an extradition bill that would allow suspects to be sent for trial

outside Hong Kong's special administrative region and into mainland China's Communist Party-controlled judiciary.

A Catholic activist who identified himself only as Joseph said he believed there would have been more bloodshed during the mass protests if Catholic and Protestant clergy had not at times "acted as a barrier" between the riot police and angry young protesters, who joined in singing "Sing Hallelujah."

A 24-year-old non-Christian protester who identified himself as Tommy said he was impressed by "the powerful beliefs and conviction of the Christians" who sang throughout the protests, even late at night, and believed their presence has protected all of them against a police crackdown.

The Hong Kong government has reassured residents that political and religious offenses would not be included among those that could lead to extradition under the proposed law. But many in Hong Kong fear the amended law would see not only criminal fugitives but also government critics, journalists, Christians and anyone targeted by the Chinese government sent to China for trial.

Cardinal John Tong Hon, apostolic administrator of the Diocese of Hong Kong, and the Rev. Eric So Shing-yit, chairman of the Hong Kong Christian Council, called on Hong Kong Chief Executive Carrie Lam to withdraw the extradition



AP Photo/Kin Cheung

Protesters gather around Hong Kong's Legislative Council building on June 16.

bill. In a June 19 statement, Cardinal Tong and Mr. So Shing-yit also appealed to the special administrative region's government to "launch a thorough, independent inquiry" into clashes between police and protesters opposed to the bill.

The rounds of "Sing Hallelujah to the Lord" first started at a prayer meeting staged by a group of pastors and young Christians outside the government headquarters on the night of June 11, when protesters gathered to call for retraction of the bill. A pastor who helped organize the prayer meeting, the Rev. Wu Chi Wai, general secretary of the Hong Kong Church Renewal Movement, told **America** that the demonstrators were hoping that their singing and praying could defuse the tense atmosphere between protesters and police.

"We hoped to bring the presence of Christ there. We saw our roles as peacemakers placed between protesters and police to calm emotions," said Mr. Wu.

The protest was largely peaceful on June 12 until riot police armed with rifles and shields began to use rubber bullets, tear gas and bean-bag shots to disperse unarmed crowds in the afternoon, according to pastors and Christians who were at the scene. More than 20 Protestant pastors held a press conference the day after the rally to condemn excessive force used by police on unarmed, peaceful protesters.

A retired pastor, the Rev. Yuen Tin Yau, asked the press: "Who was the one who used violence? Who rioted? I believe it was the government who used its power to hurt the powerless Hong Kong people."

Although Ms. Lam suspended efforts to pass the bill on June 15, authorities justified the use of force on civilians by saying the protests were a "riot." Outrage at that claim, together with Ms. Lam's refusal to completely scrap the controversial bill, prompted yet another protest on June 16.

The Hong Kong Federation of Catholic Students, the Justice and Peace Commission of Hong Kong, the Diocesan Youth Commission of Hong Kong and the Justice and Peace Group of the Franciscans had organized a Mass and a prayer meeting that night. As in previous democracy pro-

tests, Christians singing hymns were visible throughout the demonstration.

At the end of the march that organizers said was attended by two million people, protesters gathered in the covered forecourt of the legislature building, where several Christian pastors and priests—including the Auxiliary Bishop Joseph Ha Chi-shing, O.F.M., of the Diocese of Hong Kong—took turns praying and singing hymns with hundreds in the mostly young crowd until 2 a.m. on June 17.

"Our beliefs told us: Where our sheep are [is] where the pastors should be," Bishop Ha told the crowd. "Although we face a huge challenge, we're not afraid because we know where our strength comes from," he said.

Bishop Ha reminded the faithful that the protesters were Christians first. "Even though the government did many things that we don't like and were very wrong, we cannot demonize them because this is [against the demands] of our faith," he said.

Professor Ying Fuk Tsang, director of the divinity school at the Chinese University of Hong Kong, said Christians and churches in Hong Kong are normally not outspoken on political issues, but they are more visible in this movement because they have become aware that religious freedom would be under threat under the amended law.

Mr. Ying said the Chinese government is now likely to reassess its relationship with Hong Kong churches and Christian leaders. But pastors who have spoken out say that even though there might be repercussions, it was still important to speak the truth during the protests.

"This is out of the values of our beliefs," said Mr. Wu. "And that's human dignity and freedom."

In his homily at a Mass on June 16, Cardinal Joseph Zen Ze-kiun, retired bishop of Hong Kong, thanked God that Hong Kong has so many people who care about justice. "Although we won this battle, we need to continue to use peace, love and justice to arouse society, and Christ will stand by us," he said.

*Verna Yu contributes from Hong Kong.
With additional reporting from Catholic News Service.*

In bid to overturn *Roe v. Wade*, a flurry of changes to abortion laws

Gov. John Bel Edwards of Louisiana, a Democrat, signed into law on May 30 a measure that makes nearly all abortions in his state illegal once fetal cardiac activity is detected, adding Louisiana to the list of mainly Southern states that signaled a desire to overturn decades of abortion policy in the United States. Louisiana joins five other states—Mississippi, Georgia, Ohio, Missouri and Kentucky—that have passed “fetal heartbeat laws” in 2019, which, if upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court, would essentially outlaw abortion after six to eight weeks.

Limits on abortion after 18 to 22 weeks of gestation were passed in other states this year, and on May 15 Alabama passed what is perhaps the nation’s most controversial new abortion law, a nearly total ban on abortion at any stage of pregnancy except in the case of a fatal fetal abnormality or lethal risk to a woman during pregnancy. The new law includes no exceptions for rape and incest. The Alabama ban is set to take effect in November but, like the oth-

er new limits, would only be enforceable after a Supreme Court decision overturns the *Roe v. Wade* decision (1973).

Nationally, abortion rates have been reaching historic lows and significant percentages of Americans continue to express support for restrictions on abortion as pregnancies approach fetal viability. While the sudden rush of limiting legislation has cheered many prolife advocates, some worry that the rush to ban or restrict abortion could backfire. Others wondered how prepared U.S. communities are to step in to assist women with unplanned or medically problematic pregnancies should *Roe* be abruptly overturned.

Kevin Clarke, *chief correspondent*.
Twitter: @ClarkeAtAmerica.

A Learn more about the nation’s changing laws on abortion and what that suggests about a showdown over *Roe v. Wade* in a comprehensive report online at americamagazine.org.

FETAL HEARTBEAT

These states limit access to abortion after a doctor can detect fetal cardiac activity, effectively banning abortions after 6-8 weeks. Georgia is the only state that allows exceptions for rape or incest. Dates refer to the enactment of the laws.

Ohio	April 11
Kentucky	March 15
Louisiana	May 29
Mississippi	May 24
Georgia	May 7
Missouri	May 17

ABORTION RIGHTS EXPANDED OR PROTECTED

These states expanded access to abortion by making abortion a “fundamental right,” nullifying previous law and allowing late-term abortion in the absence of “fetal viability.” They may also mandate that insurance companies include coverage for abortions. Other states increased funding to cover abortions for low-income women.

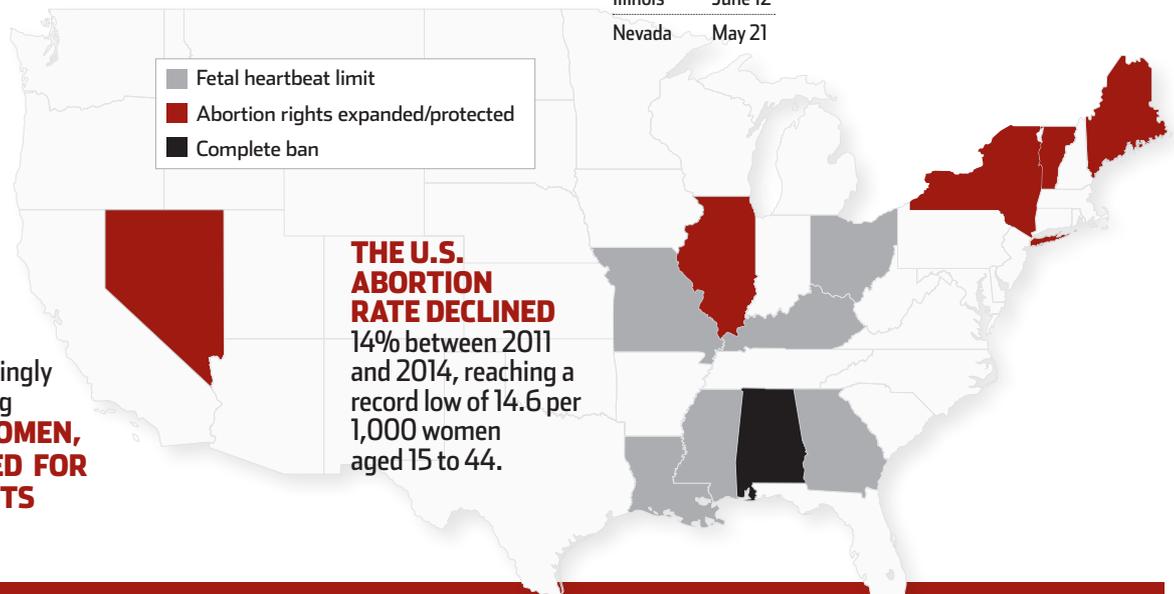
Maine	June 10
Vermont	May 10
New York	Jan 22
Illinois	June 12
Nevada	May 21

COMPLETE BAN

Alabama’s law, signed May 15, is the strictest in the nation; it bans all abortions without exceptions for rape or incest, but with exceptions for extreme health risk to the mother or if a fetus cannot survive.

NEARLY ONE IN FOUR WOMEN in the United States—23.7%—will have an abortion by age 45.

ABORTION has become increasingly concentrated among **LOW-INCOME WOMEN, WHO ACCOUNTED FOR 49% OF PATIENTS IN 2014.**



Sources: “Early Abortion Bans: Which States Have Passed Them?”, NPR, June 5, 2019; “While Some States Try to Ban Abortion, These States Are Expanding Access,” Vox, June 20, 2019; The Guttmacher Institute.

U.S. bishops adopt new protocols to improve accountability for sexual abuse

Cardinal Joseph W. Tobin of Newark, N.J., center, responds to a reporter's question on June 13.

The U.S. Catholic bishops voted overwhelmingly to adopt new protocols to hold themselves accountable for committing sexual abuse themselves and for mishandling accusations of abuse by others made known to them. Though designed to include laypeople at every stage of an investigation—they advise that bishops “should” include laypeople by way of an office in their chanceries—lay reform groups and victim advocates say they are unsatisfactory because they stop short of requiring such involvement.

In response to a new Vatican law spelled out in “*Vos estis lux mundi*,” the apostolic letter issued by Pope Francis on his own initiative in June, which requires bishops around the world to create structures to ensure accountability for bishops, the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops voted to create a third-party reporting hotline; to adopt a procedure for receiving those complaints and including laypeople to investigate them; and to compile into one place existing measures that restrict the public ministry of retired bishops who leave office “for grave reason.” As they concluded this spring meeting in Baltimore on June 13, the U.S. bishops also approved a code of conduct that they say binds them to the “Charter for the Protection of Children and Young People,” known as the Dallas Charter.

According to one new protocol, a metropolitan bishop, who oversees bishops in a geographic area, “should” appoint “a qualified lay person to receive reports” from the hotline about misconduct by a bishop. If the report is deemed credible and if the Vatican orders an investigation into a bishop, the metropolitan “should” appoint an investigator chosen from among the lay persons previously identified by the province.”

But because the Vatican’s own law stops short of mandating lay involvement—though it does say laypeople can be involved—some U.S. bishops said they could not require lay involvement. Many bishops pointed out that they al-

ready rely on lay expertise for assistance in many areas and that they would be highly unlikely to conduct an investigation without laypeople.

Kim Smolik, the chief executive officer of the lay reform group Leadership Roundtable, said she was “pleased that multiple bishops requested to specify lay involvement in the documents” but that the organization was “disappointed” such involvement was not mandated. She said that while the Vatican’s law does not require lay involvement, it was “an open door for each region of the world to be able to enact and involve the laity at the level which they felt was necessary.”

The pope’s apostolic letter establishes “a floor, not a ceiling,” Ms. Smolik said. “We hoped the bishops would treat it that way and require an institutionalized lay involvement.” She added that her organization, which recently hosted meetings with top church leaders on the issue of accountability, hopes bishops will enact an auditing procedure to measure the implementation of the new rules and address the “root causes” of what she called a “leadership crisis.”

The victim advocacy group Survivors Network of those Abused by Priests said in a statement that without mandating lay involvement and requiring that all allegations of abuse or mismanagement be reported to civil authorities, the new protocols lack bite: “There is no guarantee that reports will be routed to police and investigations will be transparent and public. Instead, all reports can remain secret and insulated within the church’s internal systems.”

According to the new rules, the metropolitan bishops must report allegations of criminal conduct to civil authorities as required by laws in their jurisdictions.

Michael J. O’Loughlin, *national correspondent*.
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Can a new National Guard end impunity and violent crime in Mexico?

On April 19, armed men burst into a bar in Minatitlán, a town in the eastern Mexican state of Veracruz, during a family celebration. They killed 13 people, including an infant boy. On May 28, the bodies of six men were found wearing military-style uniforms, shot and dumped into a ditch in Satevó, in the northern state of Chihuahua.

These bloody incidents are worrying signs of what is now seemingly inevitable: 2019 is on track to become the most violent year in Mexico in recent memory. According to the federal government, at least 8,493 people were killed during the first three months of this year. If this trend continues, the year will end with approximately 35,000 murders in Mexico—more than the already record-breaking 34,202 homicide victims in 2018.

Crime and violence are perhaps the most daunting challenges facing the administration of President Andrés Manuel López Obrador. The Mexican Congress, controlled by Mr. López Obrador's Movement for National Regeneration, approved a series of laws in May aimed at finalizing the creation of the president's answer to the violence that plagues the country—the National Guard.

The new security force is meant to relieve Mexico's armed forces, which have been accused of thousands of human rights violations, of a role in fighting organized crime, a role the military assumed over a decade ago. The National

Guard will initially consist of some 60,000 former soldiers joined by federal and naval police. According to the López Obrador administration's National Security Plan, the new force will gradually assume its duties over a period of five years, after which the armed forces will have been fully retired from a role in fighting crime.

But critics worry the new force continues the militarization of Mexican law enforcement and does little to protect civil society from human rights violations. Although the National Guard will be subject to civilian courts and will be led by civilians, Mexican soldiers have been accused of thousands of human rights violations over the past decade.

"In theory, the former military who will become members of the National Guard will be subjected to sensitivity training with regard to human rights, but I don't see that happening in practice. There won't be enough time to train them in that sense," María Elena Morera of the human rights group Causa en Común told *America*. "Soldiers are prepared for war, not fighting crime. The uniform won't change that."

Many policy critics say the National Guard, with its decidedly military character, is merely a continuation of militarized law enforcement in a country where more than 90 percent of crimes are carried out in impunity. The federal attorney general's office recently reported that under former



National Guard members at a migration checkpoint on the highway north of Comitan, Chiapas State, on June 15

President Enrique Peña Nieto's leadership, a staggering 300,000 criminal cases were not even investigated.

"The real problem in Mexico is that we just don't have a policy to deal with crime," Ms. Morera said. "The judicial system is very weak, and this government isn't investing in it."

Francisco Rivas of the Citizens' National Observatory, a human rights group, agrees. "Member states of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development have on average three policemen per 10,000 citizens. Mexico only has 1.2, but in reality we need four or five to really deal with the problem. The National Guard won't fix this," he said.

In fact, the López Obrador administration may exacerbate the problem. It plans deep budget cuts to municipal and state governments, according to Ms. Morera. The president has argued that Mexican political elites have lived far too lavishly, but observers say the cuts may make the crime problem worse.

Jan-Albert Hootsen, *Mexico City correspondent.*
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 For more international reporting, visit americamagazine.org/dispatches.



Not your usual church steeples: the biogas plant at Münsterschwarzach Abbey

Photo by Renardo Schlegelmilch

GOODNEWS: A 1,200-year-old abbey in Germany goes carbon-negative

The Münsterschwarzach Abbey in Bavaria is not only Europe's first carbon-neutral monastery; it has actually been carbon negative—that is, its activities have had the net effect of removing carbon dioxide from the atmosphere—for nearly 20 years now.

The monks have their own biogas plant, fed by corn and agricultural waste from the Benedictines' own fields. It produces more than enough electricity for the abbey's 100 brothers and about 300 employees.

"We've been living here for a millennium, and we want to lay the groundwork for brothers to live here for another millennium as well," said Christoph Gerhard, O.S.B. He is the monastery's cellarer, the Benedictine equivalent of chief executive officer.

Everything at the abbey—residences, a goldsmith, bakery, printing house—is supplied with energy flowing not only from the biogas plant but also from its own solar panels and windmills installed in the northern flatlands of Germany.

"We monks are supposed to see the holiness in everyday things, in the tools of the workshop as well as the tools of the altar," said Father Christoph. "One of the most important tools of modern times is energy, so we're actually encouraged [by the Rule of Benedict] to switch to renewable power sources."

So is this way of life a model for the rest of society? "You simply cannot just think election to election," says Father Christoph. "We monks think in decades, centuries."

"I know that I will live here in 30 years; that's a different kind of motivation. Our society still has to learn this. If you want to care for the environment, if you want to cherish the integrity of creation, you have to broaden your horizon," Father Christoph says. "Think bigger."

Renardo Schlegelmilch *contributes from Cologne, Germany.*
Twitter: @RenardoJoachim.



A COMPLEX TRAUMA

By R. W. Dellinger

Understanding the wounded psyches of gang members

For an hour on a recent Tuesday afternoon, a Dodge Journey S.U.V. crisscrossed the territories of Tiny Boys, Big Hazard, State Street, Gage Maravilla, White Fence and other local gangs in Boyle Heights, a dense neighborhood east of downtown Los Angeles. Johnny Torres, the driver, has been a paid gang intervention worker in the area for more than a dozen years, and a volunteer interventionist for 10 years before that.

He pointed out how compact and dense the area really was. One side of a street could belong to one gang, the other to another. He explained the difference between relatively new tagging “crews” and established gangs that go back generations. The crews began in the 1980s in Los Angeles as small, haphazard groups who just wanted to lay down graffiti on walls, signs and any other clean sur-

face they could find, but now they are connected to gangs as a kind of minor league. If somebody in a crew stood out, especially if they had done enough violent work for the gang, they just might be invited to join.

The initiation is not pretty. New members have to be “jumped in,” usually a 13-second beating at the hands of a couple of card-carrying members. In Mr. Torres’s day, the neophyte would be punched and kicked until some tired gang member relented, saying, “Hey, that’s enough.”

But there was a big exception to the crew-gang street relationship. In the early 1990s, KAM, or “Krazy Ass Mexicans,” did the unheard-of in Boyle Heights.

“They started out as a simple tagging crew that nobody thought anything about,” Mr. Torres said, slowing the S.U.V. down a notch. “But right where we are now,



Johnny Torres, who used to be a member of a gang, has worked in gang intervention in Los Angeles for more than 20 years.

two old established gangs, Ficket Street and Vicky's Town, tried to pressure the crew to join their gangs. But the non-descript group fought back. Amazingly, KAM eventually pushed out both steadfast gangs, taking over the whole neighborhood—something Boyle Heights had never experienced before.”

Today, they are one of the most aggressive gangs on the Eastside of Los Angeles. The violence never really died down. KAM has had to continually defend its turf from older gangs like Big Hazard, State Street and Gage Maravilla, but the Crazy Ass Mexicans held their ground.

“They're surrounded by enemies, but they maintain their territory. And they have a huge territory. The big guys didn't anticipate they'd fight back. But that's what they did. They were—and still are—well-structured and smart,” said Mr. Torres, sitting back behind the wheel.

He was shaking his head and smiling a little, too. “It's amazing to imagine the minds of these young KAM people,” he said. “Imagine what it would have been like if they would have put their efforts toward something positive. I mean, to orchestrate what they did, they had to have the strategy of a four star general. And [most are only] 13 to 18 years old. It's amazing. The gangs kept thinking they would easily be able to strongarm the tagging crews. But they were wrong.”

We had crossed over the San Bernardino Freeway and were approaching what looked like a separate city, with more than 100 two-story, pinkish-brown buildings scattered across 32 acres. The first six families moved

into what was then called Ramona Village on Jan. 2, 1941. This afternoon, kids were running around, trying to keep on the grass and off the hardpan of their small, sun-bleached front yards. We passed a woman sitting on her front steps, watching a little boy and girl throwing a beach ball back and forth. But mostly folks were staying inside on the hot July day.

The Dodge Journey was just nudging along, the driver keeping one hand on the steering wheel, glancing around at his old stomping grounds, what is now called Romana Gardens. Mr. Torres had worked in gang intervention for the City of Los Angeles's Gang Reduction and Youth Development program, working mostly with Big Hazard bangers for more than a decade. The gang was one of the oldest in L.A. and connected to the Mexican Mafia inside California's prisons. One of their major enterprises was selling drugs—PCP in the 1970s, and currently pharmaceuticals like Xanax.

Pulling over to a curb, Mr. Torres observed, “You put dope and guns and self-hate in the same place, and we get what we get.”

MINISTERING TO GANGS

Around 10 years ago, Stan Bosch, a Trinitarian priest, encouraged Johnny Torres to become a paid G.R.Y.D. gang intervention worker. Ever since he became familiar with gangs as pastor of Our Lady of Victory and Sagrado Corazon Catholic churches in Compton, Calif., even

before he earned his Ph.D. in psychotherapy, Father Bosch believed he had figured out why they bang.

“I’m more and more convinced that the root is ‘complex trauma,’ which is different from even the Post Traumatic Stress Disorder that so many veterans of wars come home with. It’s more developmental. From the womb to the grave, people in the inner city are being traumatized. Listening to screams, beatings and sirens. There is more and more evidence that a fetus is harmed. The hormonal structure. The emotional structure. The entire development can be altered,” Father Bosch said.

“It really influences one’s development,” he said. “And the symptomology that comes out of that is dissociated states and depersonalization: ‘It wasn’t me! I don’t take responsibility for my life.’ And there’s lack of impulse control.”

In hundreds of hours of therapy with “tag-bangers” and gang members, Father Bosch learned about a condition called alexithymia, which is often characterized by failures of emotional awareness, social attachment and interpersonal relating. The youths and young adults he was working with could not use words to describe their ongoing troubled feelings. Instead, they acted out, in many cases violently.

“So, the therapeutic healing process for me is allowing people to create a space between their perception, their emotions and their actions. And simply to reflect on what’s going on inside—and find words for those affective states,” he said, shooing away his golden retriever Noah from biting a visitor’s camera bag. He was training the young, nipping canine to be his next therapy dog.

“I find group therapy is more powerful than individual,” Father Bosch went on. “If somebody starts talking about what they feel, it might get others to share their feelings, too. I had warring gang members in the same groups in Long Beach and Compton. They said, ‘You know, we can’t ever talk to each other outside of this group. But here it’s sacred because it’s confidential. And we trust you.’”

A LONG ROAD

Johnny Torres said being able to really trust somebody was a big step in leaving his own gangbanging life. The 47-year-old man grew up in East L.A. When he was a kid, there were no tag-banging crews, and most of the guys in his neighborhood were violently “jumped into” gangs before they reached 14. But so much of his own adolescence was taken up creating all kinds of graphic art, he did not get around to joining the local gang until the ripe old age of 17 in 1988.

“I resisted for a long time,” he said. “But then I couldn’t, because everybody belonged to some gang where I lived. And I was harassed by the cops, who thought I was a gang member even though I wasn’t. I’d also be harassed by other gangs that weren’t from the area. And so eventually I started to believe I might as well submit and become part of the gang. And I started believing what they believed: ‘This is all I am. I can’t be something greater.’ You know, I just accepted that lie.”

That mindset stuck with him until he was 24.

“It was October of 1994,” Mr. Torres recalled. “And a great person, an elder within the Native American tradition, took an interest in me and gave me some beautiful teachings. He gave me a divine truth that just really put me on my journey of changing my life.”

The elder told him, “When do we honor our ancestors? When do we re-establish our positions as caregivers of this earth again? When do we stop being lost in our own self-pity and self-hate and fight to regain our spirit and our mind back again? Or will it be up to the little children to fight and fend for themselves? Will they have to fight the good fight? Because the generation of their parents were too weak to fight for them and their people?”

Those words sent him on a path of finding his true self, Mr. Torres said. He wanted to “defend the lives of our children and preserve the sacred lives of our youth—especially the youth that seem neglected and forgotten.”

Once, he went to a funeral of a close friend with his mother. His friend had committed suicide while she was eight months pregnant. It hit the whole community, including him, hard. Nobody he knew had ever committed suicide, never mind a friend who was pregnant.

“You’re not growing old with any of your friends,” his mother told him at the time. It was true. His gangbanging circle of homeboys kept getting killed or going to prison on a regular basis.

After trying a variety of jobs and volunteering to mediate local gang disturbances, Mr. Torres wound up working for Soledad Enrichment Action at its alternate school site in South Los Angeles for teenagers who had been expelled from their junior highs or high schools. First, he was an outdoor security guard trying to keep rival gang members from fighting in the schoolyard, and also a teaching assistant in classrooms. After a year, Father Bosch, the program’s mental health director, encouraged him to apply to G.R.Y.D., the City of Los Angeles’s newest antigang effort. He got the job, working in the Ramona Gardens area of Boyle Heights. After a few other assignments, he wound up as program coordinator for the entire region.

The therapeutic healing process is allowing people to create a space between their perception, their emotions and their actions. And simply to reflect on what's going on inside. ●●

Late last year, he created a similar program for the County of Los Angeles. Since then, he has been focused on diverting juveniles and young adults from becoming ensnared in city, county and state justice and correctional systems.

STILL TAG-BANGING

Joseph Meza, a former client of Mr. Torres from when he was working for G.R.Y.D., admitted still belonging to a tag-banging crew. But he insisted they were way more artistic than the average tag-bang crew, with font styles and their overall meticulousness. They did not just go out on the street, scribble down some graffiti and take off. Instead, they carefully planned out what they did, and where and when they did it.

“You can say I’m a tag-banger,” he told me. “But I’m more of a graphic artist, honestly. I’m very hood-smart and streetwise. I look gangster-wise, but I never really got into it, although I came close. Real close! I’m more careful now. I was hanging out with a bunch of other guys from different gangs. It was just the crowd I was hanging with that got me into a lot of trouble.”

Mr. Meza said that in his teenage years he was in and out of juvenile hall, probation camps and placements in foster care. In fact, he was 16 years old and in detention when his father was deported back to Mexico eight years ago, and he has not seen him since. His mother was not around much either.

“I went through all the juvenile stuff,” he said. “They actually gave me a year and nine months in [California’s] Youth Authority for my crime. But I ended up doing seven months in placement. Boys Republic in Chino Hills, [a private, nonprofit school and treatment community for troubled youths], was like a big farm. It was pretty open,

and you could just run away. But if you did, you would get caught, because the police station is down the street.”

The 24-year-old met Mr. Torres when he was just 13 because of G.R.Y.D. He remembered the gang intervention worker telling him that if his art improved, he could get paid for it and maybe even get a steady gig in advertising. That was something far beyond what he had ever imagined. Then at Camp Tagger—a weekend mountain art retreat Mr. Torres helps organize—he learned about the history of graffiti, the laws covering it and what you would be charged with for doing it. Several famous muralists also showed up at the camp and introduced themselves.

“Just recently I slowed down, because I have a baby girl,” Mr. Meza said. “My daughter’s three months old. Her name is Layla. So I have to think about the consequences for her if I get caught and go to jail again. I’ve calmed down. Before I just thought about myself. I didn’t care what I did. I could steal. I could do all kinds of stupid stuff. Now I have to think about, you know, another human being.”

THE FATHER WOUND

Father Bosch said another way to get inside the heads of gang members was to look at the early childhood loss they had suffered—a simple insight that worked time and time again. Often the father was missing from the family. This “father wound” took its toll. He believed if a therapist could get to this trauma and pain, healing could happen.

He steeped all of Soledad Enrichment Action’s intervention workers in a kinder, more personable way of dealing with their clients, a 180-degree shift from the popular intervention tactics of the 1950s and ’60s, when at-risk teenagers were taken into the worst ward of a prison in hopes they would be “scared straight.”

Father Bosch said Angelenos have a hard time understanding the concept of “payback.” On top of that, given that most East L.A. and Boyle Heights Hispanic gang members had Catholic backgrounds, the priest blames the church for not getting across Jesus’ message of reconciliation. Instead, his young clients had been mentored by violent gangs.

“I believe a longing to belong is ultimately the issue,” Father Bosch said. “With the taggers writing on the walls, I’ve had fellas who say, ‘I want them to see me up there. I want to be recognized, especially by my homies.’”

That, in part, helps explain why members often struggle to leave the gang.

“I give my blood. They’re my homies. It’s for life’ is how they put it,” he explained. “But when there’s a glimmer of

hope is when fellas start to have their own babies. And they say, ‘Do I want this for my child?’ Or when they just get sick and tired of being sick and tired. Or the pain gets so deep that they have a spiritual transformation while locked up.”

After a moment, however, he added in a more down-beat voice, “Once you’re in it, it’s kind of hard to really leave that life. But we keep trying as interventionists. And sometimes they do put all that behind them.”

A MOTHER’S NIGHTMARE

Kathy Wooten’s sons did not. On Jan. 27, 2008, her oldest son, Brandon, 26, was shot and killed at a party in Florence, south of Los Angeles. She knew he belonged to Grape Street, a notorious gang. After his death, the retaliation took more young lives. And 52 days later, on March 19, her second oldest son, Keyuan, 24—home on spring break from the University of Nebraska—went roller skating in Cerritos in Orange County, south of Los Angeles. Members of a rival gang shot him. He died at Long Beach Memorial Hospital later that evening.

“As a result of that, of course, my life will never be the same,” she said from behind a desk at S.E.A.’s South Los Angeles site, a few doors away from Father Bosch’s office. “And now I’m raising Keyuan’s 15-year-old son. And that’s how I got into the intervention and victims’ advocate work that I do. My life is my work, and my work is my life. I’m on call 24/7.”

On the other side of the converted classroom, the case manager Barbara Gell was behind another desk. The 53-year-old woman also lost a son to gang violence. It happened 20 years ago, but she still felt an emptiness in her life.

Both mothers harbored feelings of guilt they said would not go away.

“I could have done something differently to keep my son from getting killed. I could have made my son get back in the car and go home,” said Ms. Gell. “It took me about three years to get over a lot of the guilt I had. But it’s still not all gone.”

Ms. Wooten was nodding across the room. “And I could have told my eldest son not to go to that party because I was just with him,” she said. “I could have just said ‘No!’ And it was on my mind to say it. But I didn’t.”

“And that’s where the guilt came from,” said Ms. Gell, who also knew her son was gangbanging. “Because I knew something was going to be wrong. I’m telling his dad, right, ‘I don’t think we should leave him here,’ dropping him off at a friend’s house with a lot of guys all outside. And he was like, ‘Oh, no. He’ll be all right.’”



The Rev. Stan Bosch, a Trinitarian priest and a psychotherapist, believes those who join gangs are often traumatized at an early age, even in the womb. Father Bosch is seen here with Noah, a golden retriever he was training to be a therapy dog.

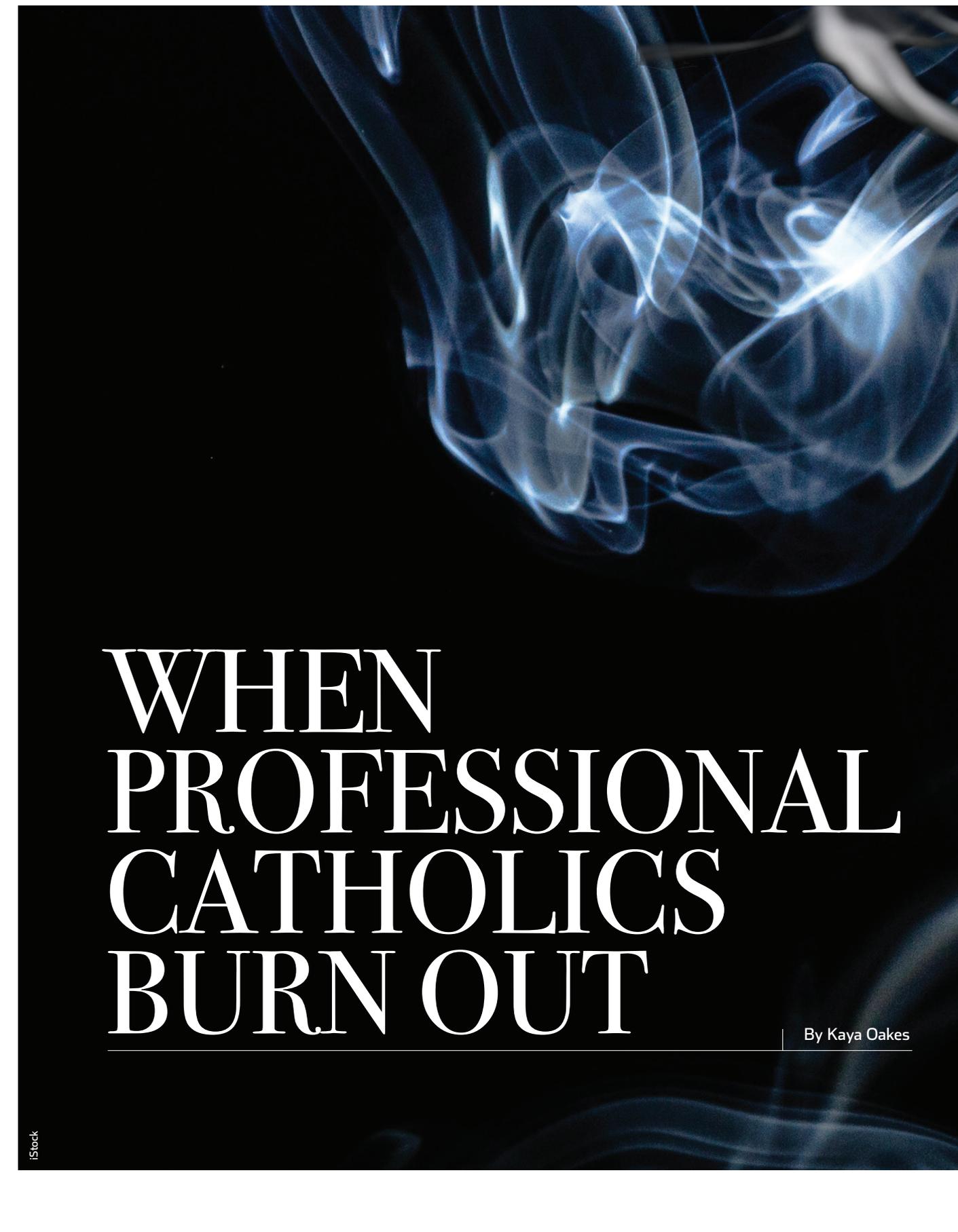
But there was only so much inner-city parents could do to protect their children. At some point, their children made up their own minds. And the call of the streets was hard to resist.

“When you’re young, you’re bulletproof in your brain,” quipped Ms. Gell.

Her co-worker’s expression changed: “They never imagine it’s going to happen to them.”

There was more talk about the sons they had lost, and how their sons were basically good human beings. Then Ms. Wooten sat up in her chair. “I do what I do because I don’t want their lives to be in vain,” she said. Ms. Gell nodded. “And I don’t want people to think, ‘They were just old gang members.’ Because they were more than that.”

R. W. Dellinger is the features editor for *Angelus News of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles*.



WHEN PROFESSIONAL CATHOLICS BURN OUT

By Kaya Oakes

iStock



*Working for the church
sometimes makes it hard
to believe in it.*

Midway through 2018, I was packing to give a talk to a group of Catholics. Glancing at my phone, I saw what lay ahead: delayed flights through four cities, an arrival long after midnight, jet lag, a meet-and-greet, the talk with a Q. and A. afterwards, and a 4 a.m. wake-up call the next day to make my way home. Then I would have to get up and teach three classes back-to-back and scramble to meet several writing deadlines. I nearly threw my phone across the room.

Public speaking opportunities for Catholic women like myself are rare, and I do not take them for granted, but after many years of writing about difficult issues in Catholicism, ranging from immigration and abuse to homophobia and sexism, I was having an increasingly difficult time giving talks about how the church can do better without throwing up my hands and telling the audience they would have to fix things themselves.

In spite of creeping feelings of cynicism, I was still going to Mass, still Catholic in spite of years of bruising revelations about the church and still friends with many other Catholics. I was still writing prolifically, juggling multiple speaking engagements with a full-time job teaching. But I was also exhausted, snarky and constantly feeling a sense of impostor syndrome. I soon realized: I was not burned out from Catholicism; I was burned out from being a professional Catholic.

This phenomenon is not new. The psychologist Christina Maslach has studied burnout since the 1980s and wrote the book *Burnout: The Cost of Caring*, which focuses on jobs that require a great deal of emotional labor, like those in education, counseling and health care. Ms. Maslach eventually designed a “burnout inventory,” to measure how badly an employee has burned out. The qualifiers for burnout include emotional exhaustion, depersonalization, feelings of incompetence, cynicism and a dwindling sense of professional efficacy.

Those who burn out are often highly skilled and specially trained. This can include people who work as doctors and nurses, but it also extends to people whose faith and professional life are intimately combined. For this group, the challenge can be particularly acute, because often the commitment to faith that compels a person to work for or on behalf of the church—whether studying and teaching theology, writing about the church or serving in its social services arm—suffers when this work becomes overwhelming. A challenging workplace can result in a desire to distance oneself from those things associated with it, even the church itself, thus potentially distancing a person from the very coping mechanisms or community that could help weather the storm. The church is a global community, but after years working for it, it can start to feel like you are stuck in one small corner.

Thomas Plante, a professor of psychology at Santa Clara University, has worked for decades with both members of the clergy and lay Catholics who are suffering from burnout. Dr. Plante says that for many lay Catholics who

want to work for the church because of their strong faith, a close-up look at the church’s flaws can plant the seeds of cynicism that may lead to burnout. Some work closely with the clergy for the first time and see that clerics can have “some very human problems,” like anger management, pornography addiction, sexual abuse or alcoholism. Dr. Plante also says that because of basic lifestyle differences that accompany the vows of celibacy, obedience or poverty, members of the clergy who supervise lay employees may not fully appreciate “what the life of a lay person may be like” when it comes to issues like the financial stresses of child care and responsibility for a mortgage. Dr. Plante said this push and pull between an idealized view of the church and what happens when people go to work for it can create circumstances in which lay employees who “feel like they’ve made a sacrifice in order to work for the church” can feel “pretty devastated” when the institutional church turns out to have deeper problems than they may have imagined.

The Roots of Catholic Burnout

I am not alone in my Catholic burnout. Over the course of a month, I interviewed a variety of lay Catholics, including theologians, catechists, volunteers, Catholic nonprofit staff members and church staff who volunteered to talk to me about their own cases of burnout. I chose to focus on lay Catholics instead of members of the clergy, not because clergy people do not experience burnout—from all evidence, they do so with some frequency—but because they often have access to church-funded resources, ranging from therapy and spiritual direction to retreats to sabbaticals, which are not always readily available or affordable for the rest of us.

I am using pseudonyms for those I have interviewed, so they could speak more freely. Although they were experiencing burnout, they also needed and in many cases wanted to hold on to their jobs. Ms. Maslach’s research shows that burnout is common in fields in which people consider the work their calling. Perhaps it is unsurprising, then, that many people I spoke to are devout Catholics who have willingly given years of their lives to the church. But loving the church and working for it can be entirely different matters.

In secular settings, burnout is often the result of overwork. The same can be true for Catholic employees. Employees in both settings might be constrained by tight budgets, which leads to more multitasking; and as a result, employees hired and trained for one job may find them-



CNS photo/Vatican Media

selves responsible for several. But the structure of the Catholic Church can add additional layers of complication. A top-down, clerical-heavy structure can also be present in some Catholic job environments, which can cause lay employees to feel that their voices are not heard or respected.

But burnout is more than a human resources issue, it can be a contributing factor to pushing people away from a faith they once loved.

Bob, a convert to Catholicism who worked for a large diocese as a youth minister, says that he was at one point asked to overhaul the campus ministries for the entire diocese. In the beginning, Bob says, he was able to make the mission a collaborative effort among the students and lay staff he worked with. But he felt that many clergy members adopted a paternalistic attitude. Bishops treated priests like their children, and priests in turn “started treating their parishioners as kids.” Bob adds that there was a lack of connection between clergy and lay employees that manifested itself in unexpected ways. When his daughter needed braces on her teeth, he was told it was not covered by the diocesan health plan because her dental problems “were caused by bad behavior, like thumb sucking,” and that the diocese “shouldn’t have to pay for your kids’ bad behavior.”

After that incident, Bob soon began to feel a strong sense of cynicism, one of the hallmarks of burnout. He began avoiding the office and spending most of his time at the Newman centers he was working with, and eventually he took a job in Protestant ministry and left the Catholic

Church, returning to the Seventh Day Adventist tradition in which he was raised. When I asked if things were different working in Protestant ministry, he strongly affirmed this. In all his years working for the Catholic diocese, he says, “not one of my bosses and my supervisors really asked about my family.”

Developing appropriate work/life boundaries can be hard for people working in Catholic organizations. Dave, now in his 30s, who was raised Catholic, worked as the principal of a Catholic high school for several years. The job of principal was at times overwhelming, yet he initially attributed this to “just the cost of the cross.” But he also noted that it felt like “getting the crap kicked out of you” every day. The high school was located in a small town, and sometimes he would drive an hour away for groceries to avoid running into demanding parents or students during his time off.

Dave is now a youth minister for a large diocese, so he is out in the field nearly every day, meeting people for mentorship and accompaniment and organizing events, and thus spends only a day or two a week in the diocesan office. He enjoys it, but sometimes feels he cannot quite disconnect from it. The people above him do not always seem to understand what his position takes out of him, and he has had little to no communication with them about this.

As a lay minister, Dave says that “being close to Christ is crucial for what I do. If I can’t do that, it’s impossible to do my job.” But the diocese he works for does not offer

Developing appropriate work/life boundaries can be hard for people working in Catholic organizations. ☹️

Workers with Catholic Charities in the Diocese of Charleston, S.C., provide supplies to employees at the Federal Correctional Institution in Williamsburg, S.C.

time off for a retreat and has no resources for lay employees seeking spiritual direction. The average length of employment of a lay minister in his diocese, according to Dave, is about a year and a half. At that point, Dave says, exhausted and demoralized, they burn out and quit.

Some organizations seem to accept that burnout is part of the deal. Amy works for a large Catholic nonprofit. She is from a Catholic family, attended a Catholic college and lived in an intentional community, where she did volunteer work. After graduating, she hoped to “continue doing work that was good for the world,” so when a position opened up at a homelessness prevention call center, a Catholic nonprofit, it seemed like a good fit. But Amy found that her days were mostly spent at a desk, and that listening to people’s experiences of trauma made her “leave work so angry and frustrated and exhausted.”

Her supervisors acknowledged the stress intrinsic to her work, but Amy felt the office had simply accepted that “this isn’t a job you can do forever,” since staff turnover was so high. For Amy, “it really doesn’t always feel like our employees get treated as we say we want to treat our clients,” and while the nonprofit’s mission is about charity and compassion, she feels she has not always been treated with either. The nonprofit serves large numbers of clients; but, Amy says, “we’re putting out numbers at the expense of our employees’ well being and health.” Amy acknowledges that this culture of “give, give, give” is an issue at many nonprofits and social service agencies. Part of her job involves giving presentations about the organization’s good work, but given the turnover rate of employees at her organization and the way she feels she has been treated at the office, she often feels like a fraud.

Burnout Among Catholic Academics

Although the life of a college professor may seem cushy from the outside, academics often feel pulled in multiple directions. On top of teaching classes and grading assignments, they are also required to write, publish, advise

students, direct dissertations, serve on committees and do service work. Lay theology faculty members at Catholic colleges and universities are also sometimes expected to act as de facto ministers to students seeking spiritual guidance, maintain a courteous relationship with the religious orders who run their schools, give talks in local churches and develop a relationship with the school’s diocese. They also have to grapple with declining enrollment in religious studies as a discipline, and with feeling that their voices are not always heard in the upper levels at their schools.

For Deborah, teaching ethics and moral theology and doing public programming in theology at her Catholic college have been “very, very deeply” affected by the disillusionment many young Catholics feel about the church today, which she frequently sees reflected in her students. Among her students, she says, “Catholic social teaching is utterly unknown,” which means she must work to weave more background about it into her classes. She also works on projects involving faculty members from other departments and thus serves as a kind of theological translator between her students and fellow faculty members. This might be less of a challenge if she did not feel so discouraged by the church herself.

“Being Catholic and being able to speak about Catholic things—that’s part of my livelihood,” she says. It is also part of her identity. Still, Deborah feels anger over sexual abuse by members of the clergy and over what she sees as church leaders’ failure to take a stand for the marginalized during the 2016 presidential election, among other issues. She describes her involvement in the church right now as “very fraught.” Even after 20 years as a professor, she worries that her employers at her college would not welcome her “pushing, criticizing and nudging toward the kind of reform that I think is needed.” Deborah’s burnout is fueled by the fact that she feels her job requires her to be a booster for the church, but she has lost the capacity to do that.

Is There a Solution for Burnout?

At the end of my interviews, I asked each person what he or she saw as solutions to the kind of burnout they have felt. Deborah mentioned she might find hope in convening Catholics who work in different kinds of ministries and organizations for networking, collaboration and support. She believes this might forge relationships that could help prevent burnout. Bob said that “the tradition really needs to affirm the gifts of the employees that work for it and involve them in decision making” in order to avoid



CNS photo/Thomas Kelly, Catholic Charities

burnout—in lay ministers particularly. Dave sees burnout as a spiritual crisis that requires a spiritual solution: “We have to do more for the spiritual lives of our lay employees. Because, to me, the biggest reason why most people get burnout is just a lack of like a real, solid, spiritual life.”

Amy remarks that part of the problem is the way Catholic nonprofit employees in particular see their work. “There is a danger in the way we talk about vocation,” she says, “because when we tie vocation to job, it makes it so that people give so much to their job.” Amy also sees many people drawn to Catholic nonprofit work as “being set up for burnout” and says nonprofits should look to secular models where there is more collaboration and mentoring of future leaders.

Dr. Thomas Plante proposes that, from a psychological perspective, burnout requires a series of solutions. Employees need to have “reasonable expectations” of their employers, especially when it comes to working for members of the clergy, and understanding that their employers have “human issues and problems.” He also says that employers and employees alike need to have reasonable boundaries around work hours and expectations. He says this is increasingly difficult because of technology, but it needs to be talked about more to avoid exploitation and resentment.

Third, both lay employees and clerics need to understand that when it comes to communications, “your emergency is not my emergency” and set boundaries around that. Finally, Dr. Plante says, church work is stressful in general, because employees and volunteers are encountering people during major life events. All of us need to find ways to “be gentle with one another, and take care of one another.” Ultimately, he adds, it is also O.K. to realize that working for the church is not for everybody, even if it at first seemed to be a calling, just like working a dream job in tech, sports or entertainment might not turn out to be as ideal as it first seemed.

For some church employees, discovering a solution to burnout is simply a matter of time, communication and negotiation. Ann, who works on staff at a parish, found herself in a stressful situation when her priest boss went on sabbatical. Ann was left juggling “a multitude of funerals” and trying to find priests to cover them, talking to the families, planning the liturgies and just doing more and more work that she was not being paid for. She was also in graduate school, and the stress bled into her family life. When her boss returned, however, he saw the stress she was under.

Ann was open with her boss and explained she would need some things to change for her to stay at her job. She



CNS photo/Gregory A. Shemitz

A union member delivers bottled water to striking teachers near the entrance of a diocesan Catholic school in New York in 2015. The union had authorized rolling one-day strikes to protest what it considered unfair labor practices.

asked for two weeks sabbatical to go on a silent retreat, help finding a spiritual director and a conversation about work boundaries. She received all of these things, and as a result, has been able to stay at the parish and has begun to also do some freelance writing and leading of retreats. Ann's experience might not be commonplace; but it does demonstrate that with some give and take and open lines of communication, lay church employees can find ways to achieve a better work/life balance.

The church might also take a page from worker-owned collectives, for example, where employees have a greater sense of self-agency. Even at some corporate jobs, human resources professionals recommend simple changes like adjusted workloads, company-sponsored stress relief workshops, mandated vacations and frequent and honest communication to ameliorate symptoms of burnout. It is unlikely that the Catholic Church would abandon its entire structure for the sake of its workers, but it might at least consider deliberately implementing some of these strategies if it hopes to hold on to them as employees, and as Catholics.

For me, the solution to burnout has been mostly to do

a little less writing and a lot less public speaking and traveling, but that is a privilege afforded by my second career in academia. Many of my fellow Catholic journalists, and most of the people I interviewed for this essay cannot afford to be that choosy. But my ability to say no and to turn down assignments, honed in hours with a therapist who saw evidence of my burnout the moment I walked through the door and opened my mouth, always comes with a heaping side serving of Catholic guilt. As Sister Frances told my freshman class in high school, shouldn't I always be willing to do more, give more, to give until I have no more to give? Perhaps. But perhaps those of us who serve the church in a professional capacity can do more, and do better, when we have a handle on our mental and physical health. The high cost of burnout can ultimately be the loss of both.

Kaya Oakes, a contributing writer for America, teaches writing at the University of California, Berkeley, and is the author of The Nones Are Alright.

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The Lost Ones

I grew up in a violent home.
The suffering Christ reminds me I am loved.

By Julie Ann Monroe

On the first Wednesday of Easter, 5-year-old Andrew Freund, known as A.J., was found lying in a shallow grave. He had allegedly been beaten and killed by his parents.

I grew up in a home very much like A.J.'s.

Like many people raised in that kind of environment, I also married a man who treated me with the disrespect and violence that I had been accustomed to. I never learned the script for a different kind of life. I saw on television how other families lived, but our house did not look like "The Brady Bunch." There was no Alice on the sidelines helping my mom get through a bad day or a crisis. Our family did not have any adult on the sidelines who could penetrate the chaos inside our home.

I would find out many years later that there were people who suspected or knew things about our family, but either they did not try to help us or could not do anything to help us. I have no recollection of a teacher, counselor or social worker who entered our home or pulled me out of class to ask questions about my life.

In third grade, I kept telling my teacher that I wanted to die. That got me three complimentary visits to a child

psychiatrist, in which I somehow realized I should not have said what I did and that it was not acceptable to want to die, and so I shut up.

Why didn't that prompt those adults to look into my home life? Maybe someone did talk to my mom, and maybe she told them a different version of things. God knows she did not tell them of the violence done to her in her childhood or the violence done to my sister, my brother and me. God knows she could not speak of her alcoholism, because even she did not know or understand it herself, not then anyway.

The only thing that came out of those visits to the psychiatrist was a wooden horse.

The psychiatrist went to Mexico on vacation during the time I was seeing her. She brought me back a wooden horse souvenir because she knew I liked horses. It was not often that people thought of me or bought me gifts. I never got so much as a birthday card from a grandma or aunt. That was the stuff that happened in "Brady Bunch" lives. I still have that horse, and I hang onto it the way I hang onto anything or anyone who has ever thrown me a crumb of attention.



•••

When I heard the news about A.J., I just knew he had lived in the same kind of home I grew up in. My brother, sister and I knew that we could have easily died there. I also know that if I had stayed in my previous marriage, surely one of us could have been killed as well. There are so many things I do not think I could ever write or talk about. There are so many images that stalk and prey and will never go away.

So how do I reconcile? How do I find peace, forgiveness, with my mom, my former spouse, myself, A.J.'s parents?

I do not think I could even begin without God. God also seems to be one of the hardest things to talk about or write about. God, the partner in the greatest of all intimacies, the greatest of all loves.

I know that I have experienced some kind of passover; there must have been some kind of blood on my body's door that allowed me to be spared, in some ways. Not in all ways though, because I remain a victim and a witness to violence and extreme cruelty. And I imagine that A.J.'s lit-

tle brother and even their dog were also victims, as well as witnesses, at times.

Still, I am also a witness to my mother's recovery from alcoholism and violence, a rediscovery of her truest self. It is through those eyes I pray to see all human beings.

We are born for love, but we get lost along the way.

I didn't always think this way, but when I was little I heard something in church. I do not remember what I heard exactly. Maybe there were no words. Maybe it was just the feeling of God touching my soul with love. Maybe it was just the sound of God calling me to him. No, not literally, like the saints; but something happened in me, something personal, mystical and holy. My spirit was joined to something I cannot define or describe but which I call God. There is no other explanation.

I am not naïve about life and suffering and death. But I am in solidarity with that child who was beaten by those who should have been able to love him well and could not for reasons we may never know. My sorrow is deep for the entire family. Anger is too cheap an emotion for me. I know that our deepest DNA is God, and I know that God is the

deepest DNA of A.J.'s parents, too, and they got lost just the way my mom did.

•••

A.J. was wrapped in plastic and buried in a rural area, not far from my home, during Holy Week, when churches reenact the washing of the feet.

Easter Sunday would come and go while stuffed rabbits were placed on A.J.'s lawn by friends and neighbors in hope that the boy would come home.

A.J.'s body would be found three days later.

At Mass the following Sunday I listen to how the apostles recovered after Jesus' death. I stand before the altar with the others looking at the lilies in their flower pots. I am listening to the rain on the roof, drifting in thoughts. I see Jesus on the crucifix just a few feet away from me, with what looked like a bath towel around his waist. But we know he was naked and bleeding.

The truth is hard to take, and even the church covers that truth a little. I understand why. They soften the shock of the real crucifixion for children and maybe reduce the trauma for us all, when surely his mother, his aunt, Mary Magdalene and others saw him as he really was, naked and suffering.

I try to imagine for a moment an actual naked Christ in front of me. I imagine how I would probably want to close my eyes and turn away. Yet those who loved him bore that suffering with him as much as they could, while others who were frightened ran away and hid.

And then I remember the morning news. The day he died, little A.J. had soiled himself. His punishment was to stand naked in a cold shower for a long time while he was beaten and then put to bed, naked and wet, where he most likely died from blunt force trauma.

I stand in some kind of solidarity with this little one. As I think of the horrific final hours of A.J.'s much-too-short life, I hold the image of the bleeding Christ in my mind. I feel like some kind of half-baked disciple, who believes in a love I will never understand and a love I'll never live up to.

And as the priest lifted up the host in the darkened sanctuary, he seemed to be saying that death does not have the final word. A.J. and Jesus remind me that love does.

Julie Ann Monroe is a writer, poet, musician and mother. She has worked in health care for 38 years and attends Resurrection Catholic Church in Woodstock, Ill. She is a member of the Writers Club of Woodstock.



The Global Scope of Catholic Horror

By Eve Tushnet

Everybody knows the Catholic Church dominates the world of religious horror films. The sumptuous vestments, the Latin chants, the millennia-old practices—not to mention the extremely literal belief in a living Devil, who, as Pope Francis frequently notes, still works in the world today—all seem custom-made for a genre that evokes rapture and fear. Catholic faith and practices offer a striking visual and auditory language through which horror films can explore the limits of human endurance, the persistence of mystery in a world colonized by science, the realities of death and evil, and the desire for rescue.

And yet discussions of Catholic horror cinema often revolve around the same few films. “*Rosemary’s Baby*” is fantastic—but there’s a whole world out there! Here are eight films in which Catholic horror speaks in less familiar accents, films I have never seen on other Catholic horror lists.

“**The Tenth Victim**” (Italy, 1965). Closer to thriller than horror, this film from the “*Dolce Vita*” era is a romantic comedy about the love between a man and his would-be murderer. The hunted (Marcello Mastroianni) and the huntress (Ursula Andress) are competitors on a government-run reality-TV show about hunting humans, so the press eagerly follows their public

chase and covert courtship. It’s a sunny, cavalier, semi-psychedelic film, alive to the religious conflicts of its day. Paganism is retaking the country as the Vatican feebly opposes reality-TV murder. The hunted man makes sure to note that while he is divorced, his marriage was annulled, so he’s available. One of the government slogans for the reality show is “Why Control the Births When We Can Increase the Deaths?” The portrayal of sexual conservatism married to murderous consumerism is done with the lightest possible touch—it’s social critique as soufflé. Both the incongruities and the prescience (not to mention the fashion) will delight contemporary viewers.



Discussions of Catholic horror cinema often revolve around the same few films. But there's a whole world out there! Clockwise from top left: "Demon," "The Devil's Doorway" and "Seklusyon."

up in her white bed in an autumnal wood: lost innocence nestled in the heart of death.

"Thirst" (South Korea, 2009). A suicidal priest (Kang-ho Song) volunteers to test an experimental medication, which turns him into a vampire. This violent film uses the protagonist's consecration to intensify vampire films' themes of sexual sin (in this case, an affair between a priest and a married woman) and sacrilege. All vampire films retain hints of an evil reverse Eucharist (drinking blood gives eternal life). "Thirst" adds desecration of holy orders and of confession. "Thirst" is graphic and nihilist, but in its desecrations it reveals what the church holds sacred.

"The House at the End of Time" (Venezuela, 2013). A woman (Ruddy Rodriguez) returning from prison must serve a kind of house arrest—but her home warps time, returning her to the past, where she tries to understand what really happened the night her husband died and her son disappeared. Her one companion in this struggle is the priest (Guillermo Garcia) who begins visiting her after her release. His steady presence brings her strength, but the climax reveals his own connection to her imprisonment. This is a satisfying film for lovers of justified, emotionally resonant plot twists—and the rare horror film in which the priest is not a symbol of the supernatural, but a counselor and friend.

"Demon" (Poland, 2015). Marriage starts a new life, almost creating a new person from the "two become one flesh." As Pyotr (Itay Tiran) prepares for his Catholic wedding, his

friends joke that he will no longer be the rascal they nicknamed "Pyton." But a new life can't be built on an unrepented past. At the wedding, a dybbuk—a Jewish spirit of the dead, which possesses the living—returns to wreak havoc on the celebration and expose the town's complicity in Nazi persecution of the Jews. "Demon" is stormy, melancholy; like the dybbuk, the film is not confident that anyone will listen.

"Neither Heaven Nor Earth" (France, 2015). French soldiers fighting in Afghanistan stumble upon an unintelligible, deadly force that seems to lie hidden, like their Afghan opponents, in the land itself. As soldiers disappear and fear mounts, the captain (Jéréemie Renier) calls in an army chaplain, a sharp-tongued Afro-French priest (Steve Tientcheu), who laughs at the idea that Christianity exists to bring comfort. "You think God is a teddy bear you hold at night?" he scoffs, before reading to the soldiers from the Book of Job. "Heaven" is about the defeat of all attempts—including Islamic and Catholic attempts—to cope with the unknown. What lives in the mountains is not God, but "Heaven" suggests that God is more like it than we might prefer.

"Seklusyon" (Philippines, 2016). In the late '40s, would-be priests head to a remote monastery for a time of seclusion and testing. They are joined by a little girl, Anghela (Rhed Bustamante), who can heal people. The priests battle demonic visions; Anghela comforts them. But her reassurances become disturbing—she offers only comfort, encouraging sin rather than rebuking it. Is

"Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" (Czechoslovakia, 1970): a sun-soaked fable of corruption—including sexual corruption within the church. Valerie (Jaroslava Schallerová), a girl who has just reached menarche, discovers that the adults around her, including her long-lost father, the bishop, are vampires. The local beehive, a wooden statue of Adam and Eve in which the bees dwell in their groins, suggests both the weirdness of this haunting film and its insistence that adulthood is a fall from innocence. "Valerie" is staccato and disturbing, with images of incest and of sexual abuse by clergy. It ends with Valerie curled

Anghela a saint? A victim? Something horrific? In this plainspoken, beautifully shot film, full of striking imagery of light and darkness, the most disturbing shot shows the smile on the face of a newly ordained priest.

“**The Devil’s Doorway**” (Ireland, 2018): a found-footage film set in 1960 in a Magdalene laundry—a reformatory for outcast women. Two priests, summoned to investigate a purported miracle, discover horrific cruelty toward the inmates—and, in the catacombs beneath the reformatory, evidence of both human and supernatural evil. This harrowing film, anchored by Lalor Roddy’s performance as an old priest-skeptic, was inspired by real abuses in Catholic institutions. And yet the miracle that sets its plot in motion offers Christian hope even to those whom Christians harmed.

Unlike “The Exorcist” or “Rosemary’s Baby,” many of these films ferociously criticize the evil done by Catholics in the name of God: “Demon,” “Devil’s Doorway,” “Seklusyon,” “Valerie.” Yet other themes emerge just as strongly: the power of the sacraments and the horror of sacrilege (“Demon,” “Seklusyon,” “Thirst”); our inability to control or even understand our fate (“Neither Heaven,” “Valerie”); the church as necessary social critic and friend of the suffering (“Tenth Victim,” “House at the End”). Whether you want breezy murder-comedy or wrenching exploration of national guilt, as movies globalize, Catholic horror becomes even more capable of being all things to all fans.

Eve Tushnet is the author of *Gay and Catholic: Accepting My Sexuality, Finding Community, Living My Faith and Amends: A Novel*

Thanks a Lot, Shakespeare, for the Starling

By Jonathan Greenhouse

The window, single-paned to preserve not heat but historical significance,
presses down upon the simple plank preventing it from shutting;
& in that humble rectangular board,
there’s a hole through which reasoning escapes, a metallic
accordion-like tube stretching from the dryer’s back end to the hole where
the starling enters, where it places twig after twig
to construct a metaphor for impracticality

& absurdity, a snapshot of modern life, of our climatic uncertainty,
like building a home on the rim of a smoldering caldera,
its flimsy walls trembling. In 1890, 60 starlings were released in Central Park
by the American Acclimatization Society
because Shakespeare mentioned them in *Henry IV, Part I*, wrote “Nay,
I’ll have a starling shall be taught to speak
nothing but Mortimer, and give it to him to keep his anger still in motion.”

By the end of the play, the battle rages on, the Hundred Years’ War
still unresolved; now we’ve got over 200 million starlings in North America,
so my wife & I let it stay. We hang wet clothes
upon the back of chairs, upon our shower rod, learn to harness solar energy.
We do without these modern conveniences,
teach our 2 sons to appreciate the subtle rumblings
of an egg set to crack, a fledgling poised to press its luck upon the ledge.

Jonathan Greenhouse was the winner of Aesthetica Magazine’s 2018 Creative Writing Award in Poetry and the 2017 Ledbury Poetry Competition. His poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in Columbia Poetry Review, Moon City Review, New Ohio Review, Redactions, and Salamander. He was a runner-up in the 2019 Foley Poetry Contest.

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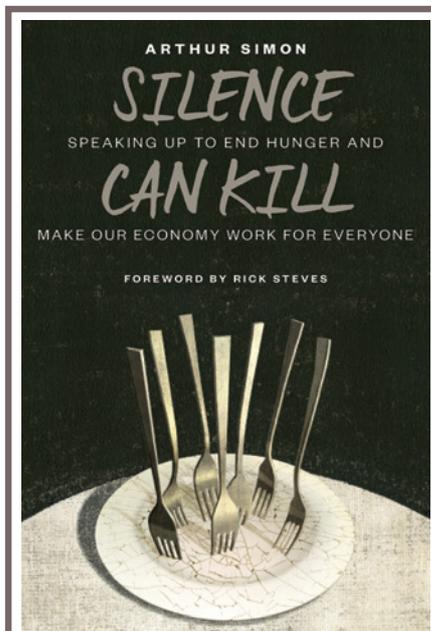
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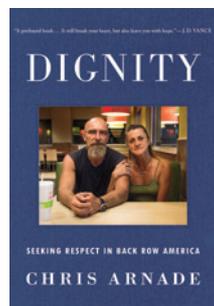
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Our nation's deep divides

By John W. Miller



Dignity

Seeking Respect in
Back Row America

By Chris Arnade

Sentinel

304p \$30

Growing inequality continues to batter our politics. The lack of concern on the part of U.S. elites for how the rest of the country lives has fueled populist anger and, in 2016, the surprising presidential election victory of Donald J. Trump. And all that might be just the beginning: The rising tide of automation, globalization and privatization threaten to keep the lower classes in the United States out of work, making them (angry) wards of the wealthy and the state.

What can be done about this deep divide between majesty and mud? One good starting point is reporting about and earnest engagement with the lives of people in crumbling cities like Baltimore, Detroit and Milwaukee and

rusting towns like Youngstown, Flint and Birmingham. Two generations ago, these places were prosperous. Then markets shifted and labor costs increased. Capitalist economics prevailed, and jobs went to places where wages were cheaper. Communities crumbled. Poverty followed, with all its ugly symptoms: missing teeth, drug addiction, potholes, rotting porches.

One of the latest entries in the genre of exploring American poverty is *Dignity*, by Chris Arnade, a 284-page tome that blends coffee-table book photography, reportage and memoir. Arnade sketches the story of how he went to work as a bond trader for Citibank in New York City, making tons of money and living comfortably in Brooklyn. It was not enough. In the wake of the financial crisis, a spirit of earnest curiosity seized him, and he started going for long walks in the poorer parts of the Bronx. He saw, he writes, “just how cloistered and privileged my world was and how narrow and selfish I was.” He talked to residents, making friends with a prostitute and other people struggling on

the margins of society, and started writing and taking pictures.

A year after beginning his pilgrimage, Arnade was asked to leave his lucrative job. He didn't fight it. After almost two decades on top of the pyramid, he was bored.

With money banked, he widened his explorations. He drove around the country, putting 150,000 miles on his car. He visited both poor black neighborhoods (like Buffalo's East Side, Selma, Ala., and Milwaukee's North Side) and impoverished white areas (like Prestonsburg, Ky., Bristol, Tenn., and the Ozarks). What they had in common, he writes, “was that all were poor and rarely considered or talked about beyond being a place of problems.”

Arnade's photographs live up to the promise of his book's title. They are vivid portraits of people doing ordinary things: praying in churches and mosques, gazing at the stars through a telescope, taking care of pigeons, running bingo games, hanging laundry, doing backflips in the street, drinking a beer at a ballgame, cheering on a car race. In other words: You can be poor

Chris Arnade put 150,000 miles on his car as he traveled the country taking photographs of people and neighborhoods on the margins of society.

and have a life you love. And, yes, dignity. The prose, on the other hand, is more uneven, meandering, thin on deep analysis and rich in anecdote, with some insights worth pondering.

Arnade is obsessed with the social and geographical role played by McDonald's restaurants, devoting an entire chapter to them. As he correctly notes, the chain offers (in every hamlet) a de facto town square, in many places "one of the few places open to the public that worked." McDonald's is where people go to take advantage of free internet, gossip, pray the Bible, get warm or cool, go on a date, meet with their drug counselor or get tutored in a foreign language.

One particularly damaging element of American poverty is isolation in so-called food deserts, Arnade shows. In Cairo, Ill., you shop at "two Dollar Generals and two small convenience stores selling a selection of milk, snacks, lotto tickets, frozen pizza, liquor, beer, blunts and vape supplies."

A vexing problem in these areas is whether to leave for personal opportunity, an accepted principle of middle- and upper-class life. Arnade himself left a small town to find fortune. But now he admires people who stay because of their "connections, networks, family, congregations, the Little League team, the usuals at the hairdresser, regulars at the bar, the union hall, the crew at the vape store, the regulars at the half-price movie night, the guys for Tuesday night basketball."

There is grace in Arnade's subtle meditations on faith. Not a believer, he finds himself drawn to the spiritual strength and resiliency of people who suffer and own nothing. The fact

that he does *not* quote Jesus' explicit directive that the kingdom belongs to the poor gives power to the contemplation. "The tragedy of the streets means few can delude themselves into thinking they have it under control," he writes. "You cannot ignore death there, and you cannot ignore human fallibility. It is easier to see that everyone is a sinner, everyone is fallible, and everyone is mortal." It is as if God's presence is so palpable that it doesn't need to be preached.

This caring book is in the line of a long tradition of writers left their lives of comfort to study squalor and decline, including Jacob Riis's *How the Other Half Lives* (1890), James Agee and Walker Evans's *Now Let Us Praise Famous Men* (1941), Barbara Ehrenreich's *Nickel and Dimed: On (Not) Getting By in America* (2001), George Packer's *The Great Unwinding* (2014), and Matthew Desmond's *Evicted: Poverty and Profit in the American City* (2017).

There is also, of course, J. D. Vance's *Hillbilly Elegy* (2016), a rags-to-riches memoir about growing up in a small town in Ohio. In Appalachia, where I live, that book has been criticized for its unabashed patriotism and faith in American meritocracy and for its focus on a particular brand of white culture. It even inspired a literary counterattack, *Appalachian Reckoning: A Region Responds to 'Hillbilly Elegy'*, edited by Anthony Harkins and Meredith McCarroll (2019).

"There is not a single 'truth' about Appalachia and its people," Harkins and McCarroll write in the introduction to the book, an anthology of essays, poems and photographs. They

are right, of course. Arnade's work, on the other hand, does well in reflecting the racial, cultural and religious diversity of America's poorer regions.

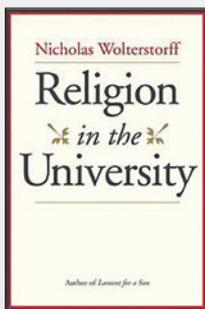
One painful, unanswered question, though, cries out from the pictures and prose of *Dignity* and a lot of these other books: What should we *do*? It is one thing to meet your neighbor where she is, without judgment. Shouldn't we help her, too? Chris Arnade admits he doesn't know the solution. "We all need to listen to each other more," is all he can muster in conclusion. Fair enough. I am not sure I can do much better.

When I reached Arnade for an interview, he was in Buenos Aires, recovering from what he described as burnout from his burnout. The work he had been doing to document poverty had drained him, he told me. Encountering the other is hard, uncomfortable work. "I was a vegetarian atheist, and I just spent three years eating at McDonald's and going to church," he mused. (Two years ago, without good vegetarian options in the places he was traveling, Arnade started eating meat.)

"I don't have any answers," he said. "I don't really have any hope that things will get better" in the United States.

The work, though, had changed him. He could no longer look at the world the same way. "I've become less of a capitalist," he said.

John W. Miller is a former staff reporter for *The Wall Street Journal* and co-director of "Moundsville," a documentary about a small West Virginia town in the age of Trump.



Religion in the University
By Nicholas Wolterstorff
Yale University Press
192p \$25

God and the university

A senior colleague of mine once insisted that religion really had no place in a modern university. She had enjoyed a long academic career at a Jesuit institution, often appealed to our common “Jesuit values” and indicated she was generally happy to be at a place that was mission-driven. But she became anxious when we would speak about any religious vision that might ground those values. A modern university, she would insist, had to be “secular.”

Her concern confirmed a belief I have long held: The question of the proper place (if any) of religion in a university is a version of the question about what place religion has in society as a whole. Moreover, the terms we use when we talk about these things (“religious,” “secular”) are often ill-defined.

In *Religion in the University*, a reworking of a series of lectures given at Yale in 2001, Nicholas Wolterstorff examines a range of assumptions held by academics. Asking whether there is a place for a religious voice in a university like Yale, he turns to the influential Max Weber, for whom “meaning, worth, duty, value and the like do not fall within the scope of academic disci-

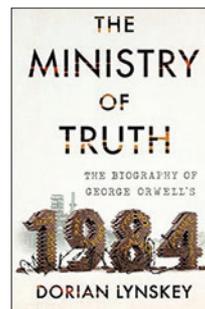
plines.” But with increasing sensitivity to the contextual nature of inquiry, scholars have come to appreciate particularity—or what Wolterstorff calls “character identities” (whether feminist, Marxist, Latinx or other).

Wolterstorff argues that academic institutions are places of intellectual disagreement that invite the core ethic he calls “dialogical pluralism.” Participants from a wide range of commitments (including religious ones) “don’t just *offer* reasons to each other but *listen* to reasons, listen to them with an open mind.” Indeed, to Wolterstorff, the very pluralism of different kinds of institutions contributes to the richness of higher education in the United States.

Personally, I believe our broader social context and the expectations different tribes (religious or otherwise) inculcate in their members present more of a threat to genuine discourse in contemporary higher education than the long shadow of Weber’s insistence on value-less *Wissenschaft*.

Still, if we can get “religion in the university” right, we may better prepare emerging citizens and leaders to enter the world equipped to encounter difference in a positive way. “Secular” and “religious” universities will undoubtedly have distinctive profiles and practices, but if they are dedicated to “dialogical pluralism,” I doubt they will be as different as my former colleague suggested.

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The Ministry of Truth
The Biography of George Orwell’s 1984
By Dorian Lynskey
Doubleday
368p \$28.95

Future nightmare or present reality?

Dorian Lynskey attempts to explain “what Orwell’s book actually is, how it came to be written, and how it has shaped the world” in *The Ministry of Truth: The Biography of George Orwell’s 1984*. But his discussion of Orwell’s life is familiar from many biographies. The literary sources of his novel are also familiar from a number of critical studies, and Orwell’s reputation and influence are well known from John Rodden’s two books.

Orwell would have hated the protest of counterculture rock stars (Lynskey’s hobby horse), who crudely stole Orwell’s ideas about Big Brother in their revolt against paternal authority. Lynskey undermines the significance of Orwell’s “influence” on popular culture by admitting that “*Nineteen Eighty-Four* has become a vessel into which anyone could pour their own version of the future” and by quoting Paul Johnson’s observation that since everyone “hijacks the wretched man for every conceivable political purpose, the net result is almost exactly nil.”

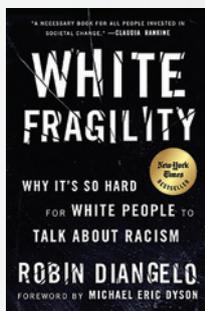
Lynskey denies that *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was influenced by Orwell’s serious illness. But he contra-

dicts himself by stating that Orwell's health declined dramatically when he was writing the novel and that Winston Smith "embodies Orwell's horror at his own physical decay." Lynskey unconvincingly tries to rehabilitate Orwell's wife, Sonia. But she had rejected Orwell when he was well, did not visit him at his estate on the island of Jura or in his Scottish hospital, did not type his manuscript, married him on his deathbed, was drinking with friends the night he died and then became the rich widow of a famous writer.

Lynskey does not realize that *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is not a nightmare vision of the future but a concrete portrayal of the present and the past and that its great originality comes more from a synthesis of familiar material than from any prophetic or imaginary speculations. Lynskey claims that Orwell "did not lose faith in the future" and that his novel is not "devoid of hope." But O'Brien definitively asserts that in 1984 punishment, like Hell, is permanent: "a boot stamping on a human face—for ever." Winston Smith says, "If there is hope, it lies in the proles," but the proles are so ignorant and oppressed that they have no will to revolt and (Lynskey concedes) "have immense power but fail to use it."

Despite its faults, this could be a useful introduction to Orwell's novel. But readers who already know a lot about Orwell do not need it.

Jeffrey Meyers has published four books on George Orwell. His latest work is *Resurrections: Authors, Heroes—and a Spy*.



White Fragility
Why It's So Hard for
White People to Talk
About Racism
By Robin DiAngelo
Beacon Press
192p \$16

A structural sin

White people should not need to be reminded that racial justice entails more than celebrating the culture and achievements of black people. It also requires white people to take up the work of naming and dismantling the structural sin of racism. Yet as the multicultural educator Robin DiAngelo points out in her recent book, *White Fragility: Why It's So Hard for White People to Talk About Racism*, many white people fail even to recognize racism for what it really is. Instead, we deal with an effigy, one that keeps whites comfortable and racially dominant.

DiAngelo is one of the country's foremost experts in whiteness studies. A scholar, lecturer, consultant and trainer on issues of social and racial justice for over 20 years, DiAngelo holds a doctorate in multicultural education from the University of Washington and gave up tenure to lead racial education workshops full time. Using anecdotes from her workshops and reflecting on her own racism, DiAngelo, who is white, deftly organizes *White Fragility* as a practical tool for those willing to take on their own misunderstandings and ignorance of racism. Many whites, she notes, engage with a strawman of racism, seeing it as individual actions taken by bad people

to intentionally hurt others. In reality, racism is a complex, interconnected system and social dynamic in which the people of one race benefit from maintaining their dominance over all others.

"Socialized into a deeply internalized sense of superiority that we either are unaware of or can never admit to ourselves, we [white people] become highly fragile in conversations around race," DiAngelo writes. "We consider a challenge to our racial worldviews as a challenge to our very identities as good, moral people. Thus we perceive any attempt to connect us to the system of racism as an unsettling and unfair moral offense. The smallest amount of racial stress is intolerable." From here, a range of defensive responses is triggered. Anger, fear and guilt give way to behaviors like argumentation, silence and withdrawal from the stress-inducing conversations about race in order to maintain white equilibrium and racial dominance. This is the process DiAngelo identifies as white fragility.

These responses are common not only in the culture at large, but also in our institutions. Can Catholics recognize and acknowledge the white fragility present in the U.S. church—as evidenced by the 40-year interval between the U.S. bishops' pastoral letters against racism?

Christine E. McCarthy is a visiting instructor in Catholic social ethics at Marywood University in Scranton, Pa.



Martyrs at the Metropolitan Opera

By Leo J. O'Donovan

As the French Revolution reached the peak of its violence during Robespierre's Reign of Terror, one of its greatest horrors was the desecration of the Carmelite Convent in Compiègne, in northeastern France. Sixteen members of the Carmelite community were executed as "counterrevolutionaries." They were 11 nuns, three lay sisters and two members of the third order. It is said that as the sisters were carted to the guillotine, the surrounding crowd was strangely silent—and that the awful event may indeed have contributed to the end of the Terror.

The story became more widely known when the German writer Gertrude von le Fort, a brilliant student of Ernst Troeltsch and a convert to Catholicism, drew on a memoir by a survivor of the executions to publish a novella, *The Song at the Scaffold*. She created the character of Blanche de la Force, a young aristocrat haunted by fear, who seeks peace in the convent. The author's sympathy with her creation is evident in the similarity of

their names. She saw in Blanche "the embodiment of the mortal agony of an era going totally to its ruin."

In the fraught postwar years, the legendary French Dominican Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger and the cinematographer Philippe Agostini developed a film based on the novella (adding the character of the Chevalier de la Force, Blanche's brother). In 1947, they persuaded Georges Bernanos to write the dialogue. Though the film was never realized, the Bernanos text was staged as a play that premiered in Zurich in 1951 and ran for 300 consecutive performances in Paris the following year.

Offered a commission to write a ballet for La Scala and the Milanese publisher Ricordi, the French composer Francis Poulenc (1889-1963) chose instead Bernanos' "Dialogues of the Carmelites." He had seen the play performed in Paris and now read it straight through one afternoon, transfixed, in the Piazza Navona in Rome. He had found the great theme of his life: uniting historical event and mys-

tical depth. He began "working like a madman" on it. "I do not go out. I do not see anyone. I do not want to think of anything else," he wrote in August of 1953. "I am crazy about my subject, to the point of believing that I have actually known these women." For his libretto he had the profound text of Bernanos's play, yet the project was imperiled by a dispute over rights to the text. Poulenc then suffered a nervous breakdown, triggered also by the death of his lover, Lucien Roubert, as he was writing the final pages of the opera.

Earlier in his career, Poulenc had been a member of the progressive French group Les Six and something of an *enfant terrible*. But after the violent death of a friend in 1936 and a visit to the sanctuary of Rocamadour that same year, he turned to a devout faith. The score of *Carmélites* is entirely tonal and draws on a wide range of musical sources—the composer mentions specifically his debts to Musorgsky, Monteverdi, Debussy and Verdi. In many of the opera's almost recitative scenes, the "dialogues,"

Originally written by Georges Bernanos, the “Dialogues of the Carmelites” was turned into an opera by the French composer Francis Poulenc.

Poulenc reveals his vaunted facility at setting musical lines for the human voice. The effect is “quintessentially French,” in the words of the Metropolitan Opera’s new musical director, Yannick Nézet-Séguin (whose conducting was like music itself). There are almost no arias—but tender evocations of mood (the tremulous accompaniment to Blanche’s first appearance), grand declamatory scenes (for the Second Prioress) and sublime settings of some of Catholicism’s best known hymns and prayers, the Hail Mary and Ave Verum.

Returning to the Met for the first time since 2013, again with John Dexter’s powerful staging from 1977, with its central, raked cross that can be either revealed or concealed by lighting, the opera is in three acts, with four scenes in each. (The opera is presented by the Met with only one intermission, blurring the effect of the “final scene” in each act.) It opens silently with prostrate nuns lying on the illuminated cross and moves then to the library of the Marquis de la Force in Paris, where we learn of his anxious daughter’s resolve to enter the Carmel in Compiègne. (The role is sung by the radiant mezzo-soprano Isabel Leonard, who looks in her Carmelite habit like an Antonello painting).

In the first scene at the Carmel Blanche, asking to take the name Sister Blanche of the Agony of Christ, is sharply reproved by the aging and infirm prioress (Madame de Croissy, the dramatically extraordinary Karita Mattila), that the Carmel is not a theater of heroism but a place of prayer.

In the convent workroom, Blanche meets the young, guileless but deeply perceptive Sister Constance (sung like an angel by Erin Morley), who startles her by saying that they will both die young and on the same day.

The act’s final scene, in the infirmary, is harrowing. Madame de Croissy is in agony both physical and spiritual. Mother Marie—the imposing, mellifluous Karen Cargill—urges her to turn her thoughts to God. Madame de Croissy replies, “God has become a shadow.” Counseled by her kind daughter to consider God, the Prioress fairly barks, “Why should I consider God? He should consider me.” Her final humiliation is to be seen in such ultimate distress by Blanche, whom she has called to her bedside. And then the moment of death itself comes violently. I have heard the part sung by Régine Crespin and Dame Felicity Palmer—but never to such terrifying effect.

In her death throes Madame de Croissy has a vision of the destruction of the Carmel, and the next two acts move solemnly, inexorably toward that horror. As the nuns mourn her, Constance suggests to Blanche that “we do not die for ourselves alone, but we die for each other, or probably even instead of each other. Who knows?” Madame Lidoine (the soprano Adrienne Pieczonka in a thoroughly authoritative performance) is appointed the new prioress. Blanche’s brother visits the Carmel but fails to convince Blanche to flee with him from the mounting hysteria in the country.

In Act III, with Madame Lidoine absent, Mother Marie suggests to her sisters that they take a vow of martyrdom for the sake of France, and, even though the vote for the vow fails, Blanche aban-

dons the convent. Madame Lidoine returns, and with the nuns arrested and sent to the Conciergerie prison, joins them in the vow of martyrdom. In the city Mother Marie longs to join them as well but is advised by their chaplain, now in hiding, that it is God who decides who will be a martyr.

The final scene, in the Place de la Révolution, heightens almost unbearably the simple grandeur of the whole opera. To insistent processional music, the nuns are gathered at the front of stage left and then slowly begin their walk, one by one, past the silent crowd, up the long bar of the cross, between two soldiers and into the backstage darkness where terrible thuds sound the fall of the guillotine and the death of each of them. Poulenc has given them a sublime setting of the Salve Regina to sing. When Sister Constance begins her walk as the youngest and last, she suddenly hears the voice of Blanche, returning to join her fellow martyrs. The two young women embrace. Constance disappears into the darkness, and so then does Blanche, singing the doxology from the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*.

The stage goes immediately black, the opera ends, and you don’t know what to do. Fall to your knees? Applaud? Leave as silently as at the end of a Good Friday Liturgy? One thing surely: entreat the Met to bring this epochal work back sooner than it has in the past.

Leo J. O’Donovan, S.J., is president emeritus of Georgetown University and director of mission at Jesuit Refugee Service/USA.

Do This and You Will Live

Readings: Dt 30:10-14, Ps 69 or 19, Col 1:15-20, Lk 10:25-37

The problem of righteousness perplexed many in Jesus' day. Righteousness, in its basic sense, means life as God intended it to be lived. Humanity had somehow lost its way, so God had chosen Israel to be the model for true human life. God gave Israel instructions for full human flourishing in the Torah, a word often translated as "law" but better understood as "instruction" or "teaching." Following the Torah's precepts could be challenging at times, but the result of fidelity was wisdom on earth and eternal life after death. "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God," the first-century B.C.E. Book of Wisdom says; "Chastised a little, they shall be greatly blessed, because God tried them and found them worthy of himself" (Wis 3:1, 5). The prophecy of Daniel imagines a similar fate: "But the wise shall shine brightly like the splendor of the firmament, and those who lead the many to justice shall be like the stars forever" (Dn 12:3).

The words of the Torah, however divine their origin, came from an era in Israel's history very much unlike the one in which Jesus lived. The family farms, small towns and national unity that the Torah describes had given way to imperial systems of plantation agriculture, urbanization and ethnic diversity. These disruptions made it difficult to live out God's instructions and caused no little anxiety among those who wished to do so. God's answers no longer directly addressed the questions that Israel faced.

Creative thinkers solved this problem in two ways. First, they used ancient ideas to address the new situations in which they lived. Such solutions were sometimes also acts of resistance. Rigorous application of ritual purity laws, for example, helped preserve Jewish identity from foreign corrosion and protected many individuals from the demands of foreign overlords, who generally respected local customs.

Another solution was to seek out the deeper meaning of the Torah, the one divine insight that tied it all together. If a single principle of righteousness unified all God's instructions, then one need only apply it consistently to find

'Go and do likewise.' (Lk 10:37)

PRAYING WITH SCRIPTURE

Whose compassion has revealed divine love to you?

Whose burden can you help bear?

eternal life.

This is the background for the question the scholar of the law poses in today's Gospel reading. Jesus' first answer is entirely conventional; in a similar account from Mark, the lawyer agrees with Jesus on all points (Mk 12:28-34). In Luke's Gospel, however, this interaction occurs on the journey to Jerusalem, which is a time of confrontation and also of deeper, more intensive teaching. Jesus responds to the man's challenge with his own instruction on human righteousness.

Compassion is the solution to the problem of righteousness. In any given situation, God desires us to bear each other's burdens with the same extravagance shown by the good Samaritan. Jesus' own compassion should also not be overlooked. Samaritans had recently driven him from town (Lk 9:51-56), but now he holds up a Samaritan as the supreme example of righteousness. His own teaching models the compassion he demands of his followers.

The world burdens everyone, and grace will draw our attention to many who have collapsed. To follow Christ means to lift up our brothers and sisters with an extravagance like the good Samaritan's and an evenhanded compassion like Jesus' own. Thus will Our Lord's disciples join him in eternal life.

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A New Awareness

Readings: Gn 18:1-10, Ps 15, Col 1:24-28, Lk 10:38-42

Every good work contains the possibility of an encounter with God. This Sunday's first reading and Gospel both illustrate this.

In Abraham's time, visitors were relatively rare, and their arrival could be a cause of anxiety for all parties. A powerful individual could enslave an unprotected wanderer; an unscrupulous traveler could plunder an unsuspecting host. To control the encounter, ancient cultures turned hospitality into a highly ritualized affair. Following these rituals allowed both host and guest to demonstrate their good intentions and to part ways enriched by the encounter.

Poverty was no barrier to exchange. Abraham's culture likely resembled later Near Eastern civilizations, in which poor guests were welcome if they were good storytellers, if they offered blessings or wisdom or the promise of some future gift. Toward this end, Abraham's guest offers a prophecy, assuring his host that he will return in a year to find Abraham with a newborn son.

Who would blame Sarah for her laughter? A man rich only in words—who had spent the morning wandering un-

She had a sister named Mary, who sat beside the Lord at his feet listening to him speak. (Lk 10:39)

PRAYING WITH SCRIPTURE

How have your good works attuned you to God's presence?

How have your good works helped you hear the good news?

der the desert sun—had announced her pregnancy. Sarah knew what it took to bear a child, and that knowledge closed her mind to the possibility. But Abraham believed and suddenly recognized that his mysterious guest was more than he had first presumed.

By performing the good work of hospitality, Abraham glimpsed the face of God. The encounter was unexpected, but Abraham had the presence of mind to recognize that something new was happening. He could thus recognize the grace that resulted from the encounter—a deeper relationship with God, a covenant, a family, a long-awaited heir. The good work, though certainly laudable on its own, was only a matrix for a divine encounter.

Although Mary and Martha live in a settled, agrarian culture nearly 2,000 years after Abraham and Sarah, they are clearly heirs to similar traditions of hospitality. Luke, in an effort to teach his community discernment, focuses on the negative example of Martha's "busy-ness." This might distract our attention from Mary's work of hospitality, which took the form of sitting with and listening to Jesus. Through that effort, she engaged with the word of God.

Who could blame Martha for her frustration? Mary's way of hospitality was unusual in the ancient world, as many commentators note—so rare, in fact, that Martha might not even have seen in the situation an opportunity to listen to Jesus. She was aware only of the good and necessary work a guest required. That very work kept her from recognizing the divine presence she was hosting.

A life of discipleship often includes much knowledge and much action. The content of the faith can take a lifetime to learn, and there is much to do once one commits to the path. We must never forget that the learning, the worship, the works of charity and service, praiseworthy though they might be, are themselves only windows that open onto God's presence and allow us to encounter his living word anew.

Michael Simone, S.J., teaches Scripture at Boston College School of Theology and Ministry.

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The Duty of Solidarity

We need a new narrative of migration

By Albrecht Freiherr von Boeselager



In my many years of service to the Sovereign Order of Malta, currently as grand chancellor, I have come across countless moving stories. A nurse working for our Italian Relief Corps once turned to me in tears and told me about the impossible dilemma she faced during a rescue mission: In front of her were at least four people drowning in the Mediterranean Sea, and she knew immediately she could only save one.

Migration involves loss. People who migrate leave behind families, homes and traditions. There are many push-and-pull factors that have led 3.4 percent of the global population to move as of 2017 (with a total of 258 million international migrants), from natural disasters caused by climate change to political unrest, wars, human rights violations and limited economic opportunities. The world is witnessing an unprecedented prolongation of dozens of armed conflicts, a dire scenario that Pope Francis aptly describes as “a third world war fought piecemeal.”

Any humanitarian action to confront the migration crisis will be met with great difficulties, and as one of the oldest Catholic institutions in the world, it is the Order of Malta’s moral responsibility to find new approaches and methods to respond more effectively to this crisis. It is also our duty to bring the principles of humanity and solidarity back into the

narrative of migration.

If we want to manage the global and irreversible phenomenon of migration in a sustainable way, the U.N. Global Compact on Refugees is the most effective instrument we have. No country can act by itself to manage migration effectively. We believe that we should minimize the adverse drivers and structural factors that compel people to leave their country of origin. Disaster risk reduction and reconstruction, for example, are integral parts of the projects of our worldwide humanitarian relief agency.

We provide socio-medical assistance to persons in need, regardless of their nationality, ethnicity or religion. We also support a welcoming environment, fostering access to services like education and health care to help migrants integrate into their new communities, taking into consideration cultural, linguistic, social and psychological elements, including values and traditions. The Order of Malta’s diplomatic relations with 108 states is an essential asset in ensuring the effectiveness of our humanitarian actions. We believe that international cooperation and global partnerships for safe, orderly and regular migration must be strengthened.

There are many other logical reasons to argue against policies involving raised walls and sealed borders. (How can you possibly seal off

the Mediterranean Sea?) The odious human trafficking trade is prompted by poverty and desperation, and migrants—often minors, often young women—are the foremost victims of a phenomenon involving over 24 million people worldwide. Militarizing borders will only lead to a militarization of the traffickers who seek even more perilous routes on which to smuggle people.

In our long experience in integration projects for migrants in European countries, we have found that treating people with respect and dignity will only fuel positive responses. On the other hand, marginalization and discrimination will lead to hostility and resentment. We must keep this in mind when dealing with migration flows if we want to safeguard our communities and prevent the formation of radicalized cells.

Most of all, it is our soul that cries out for pity and compassion. Likewise, it will be the souls of our nations, the soul of Europe, which was built on principles of peace and coexistence, that will be damaged if we do not urgently replace the hate-driven narrative of migration with a more humane perspective based on morality and brotherhood.

Albrecht Freiherr von Boeselager was admitted to the Sovereign Order of Malta in 1976. He was elected grand chancellor in 2014.



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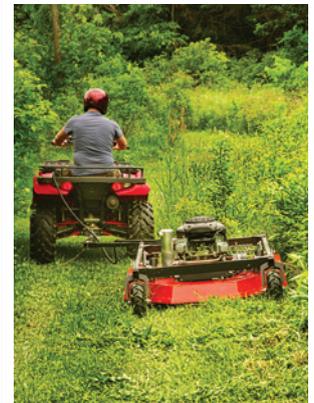
The DR® Field and Brush Mower is Now Better Ever!



- ✓ **FASTER.** Up to 20 HP and 34" wide cut for faster mowing!
- ✓ **EASIER.** Power steering gives you fingertip control.
- ✓ **NEW CHOICES:** including PTO and tow-behind models for tractors and ATVs.

Starting at just **\$1599⁹⁹**

Own an ATV or Tractor? **MOW WHILE YOU RIDE...**



Tow-Behind Models offset to left or right!

DRfieldbrush.com

Mows and mulches weeds, brush, even saplings up to 3" thick!



The EASY DR® Way to Trim & Mow!



Starting at just **\$349⁹⁹**

TOW-BEHIND MODELS TOO!

The DR® TRIMMER MOWER gives you 5X the power and NONE of the back-strain of hand-held trimmers!

TRIMS & MOWS thick grass and weeds without bogging down—the only trimmer guaranteed not to wrap!

ROLLS LIGHT AS A FEATHER on big, easy-rolling wheels!

THICKEST, LONGEST-LASTING cutting cord (up to 255 mil) takes seconds to change.



The ORIGINAL Trimmer on Wheels!

DRtrimmers.com

Grind Away ANY Size Stump FAST!

DR® STUMP GRINDER



Self-Propelled Model Available!

- Quickly eliminate any stump!
- Carbide-tipped cutters.
- No more digging!

DRstumpgrinder.com

Yard Cleanup is EASY with a

DR® CHIPPER SHREDDER!

- Chip big branches up to 5" in diameter.
- Shred yard and garden waste up to 1.5" thick.
- Powerful engines spin massive flywheels to reduce every-thing FAST.

Check out the full DR® lineup including towable models!



DRchipper.com

FREE SHIPPING | **6 MONTH TRIAL** | **EASY FINANCING**
SOME LIMITATIONS APPLY. GO ONLINE OR CALL FOR DETAILS.

Go Online or Call for FREE Info Kit!

TOLL FREE **888-213-1302**

* Assembled in the USA using domestic and foreign parts.



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Jesus loves me,
this I know.



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1 Timoteo 1, 2
gaan koloku ku en bunuhati. Biga a mbei mi ko ta biibi neen liba, noo hen a toona da mi di lobi di dee sembe dee nama ku en ta feni. Aai womi, di soni de noo a bigi da mi e.
15 We Timoteo, mi o taki wan soni da i aki gbelin seei, kijoo. Noo a de wan gaan bambuu taki di hii sembe musu piki waiwai. Hen da disi: Jesosi Keesitu ko a goonliba u heepi takulibima puu de a hogi basu. Noo mi we bi da di moon gaan takulibima a hii dee otowan dendu.
16 We noo feen hedi tu Jesosi Keesitu ko abi tjallhati da mi e. Aai. A hoi pasensi da mi seei, fu mi sa dz wan maaka da hiniwan kullima kuma mi di ke ko biibi neen, taa a sa feni di libi u teego tu.
17 We fa i si Masa Gadu sai de, hen we da di kaba Tiima u mundu fu noom o. Fa a de faen de, an o dede moonso. Libisembe an tjika u si en ku wosa...

19 Noo mi taki e, ta hoi di biibi di i si i ta biibi a Masa Jesosi naandé gingin e. Noo i musu ta i a wan bambuu soni. Biga wanlo sembe an bi du so, noo hen we di biibi u de kaba a soso gbegedee, leti kuma te i singi a dan turwe lai fi go faa. 20 Wan u dee sembe dee mi taki de, da Himeneusi, wan da Alekesani. Ma noo mi buta de tu sembe de a di didibi maun kaa, be de lei taa de an musu ta waka ta mindi soni da Gadu ta poi en ne moon. Noo da so.

Aki Paulosu ta lei fa dee hibima u Masa Jesosi musu ta tja deseei.
21 We womi Timoteo, awa mi o taki da i fa fi lei dee hibima u Masa Jesosi a i ala fa u de musu libi.
Soo. A di fosu kamian, noo un musu ta begi Masa Gaangadu da hii sembe. Un musu ta tja dee fulos...

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1 Timoteo 2, 3
feen, biga de noo da tuutuu soni a mundu.
5 Biga wan kodo Gadu to noo de a mundu e, hen da Masa Gaangadu. Noo wan kodo Sembe to ta taampu a u libisembe ku Gadu mindi fu seeka taki da u. Hen da Jesosi Keesitu di bi tei libisembe sarkiti. 6 Hen we bi deen seepi kuma wan paima paka puu u a hogi basu a di juu di Gadu buta. Noo fa a du en naandé, ku en hii mundu sa si fa Gadu ke heepi u libisembe tjika.
7 Noo fu mi sa ta konda di soni de hedi mbei Gadu tei mi buta tjabukama feen e. Noo fa mi ta fan aki, na mindi mi ta mindi soni e, womi, ma tuutuu soni mi ta taki. Noo Gadu buta mi leima tu, fu mi ta lei dee oto sembe na u Isaeli dee soni u Gadu. Biga de da dee tuutuu soni fu musu biibi. Noo so e.
8 We noo mi taki e womi, taa a bi libisembe...

11 Fa mujee ai de, de musu ta lei a wan saapi hsi ta saka de seei da dee womi. 12 Mi seei ma ta da mujee pasi u de ta lei sembe wajaa a lanti endu ta pee basi a womi sembe lla e. Nono. Ma de musu ta hoi deeei a wan saapi fasi. 13 Faandi nabei, womi? Biga we a fosu Gadu mbei Eva. 14 Hen tu, di sindeki na Adam a feni ganjan e. Ma lva a ganjan, noo hen a ko poi dveti u Masa Gaangadu. 15 Noo fu di de hedi Gadu taa te mujee opai, noo pai feen o taanga.
We so a ta pasa tuu. Ma noo toku di soni u poi. Biga ee wan mujee sembe biibi a Gadu ta hoi go dou ta lobi embé ta libi a wan gbelinbelin lai ku saka fasi noo bitengon feen soni a Gadu tu.