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S T . A N D R E W ' S A B B E Y



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EAR FRIENDS,

Christ is risen, alleluia!

ONE OF MY FAVORITE EASTER readings (besides the Emmaus story) is the passage from John (20: 19-31) when the Lord appeared to the frightened apostles despite the locked doors. It's a beautiful passage filled with the message of hope and forgiveness, a message we could use more of in our world today and even in our lives. What inspires me about this passage every time I read it are the first words the Lord speaks to the apostles, "Peace be with you". In that pericope which describes two different days (on the evening of the first day of the week, v.19, and the next week, v.26) Jesus greets the apostles with peace three times.

If we recall, the last time they were all together was at the Last Supper which was a fairly intense moment. After that, everything seemed to happen so fast that it was in all probability somewhat of a blur to them: the garden, the courtyard, the trial, the death sentence, the carrying of the cross, and the crucifixion. Considering all this and the fact that they very quickly went into hiding, one would think that when Christ appeared to them, He might have greeted them with a question like: "Where were you all a couple of days ago? Peter? James? John? What happened, I was looking for

you?" Had Jesus greeted them in this fashion, I don't think anyone would have blamed Him. Thankfully, Jesus didn't greet the apostles like that. He didn't greet them as if He was hurt by them or disappointed in them; instead, He greeted them with peace.

Embedded in this Easter message of peace and victory is the message of forgiveness and hope: our God is a God of second chances. He doesn't get tired or annoyed or frustrated or disappointed with our faults and shortcomings, but instead He is in the midst of them offering us peace and encouragement, just as He stood in the midst of the apostles in spite of, and because of, their weaknesses, fears, and perhaps even guilt.

The effect the Lord's unconditional love and complete forgiveness had on the apostles is evident in the Acts of the Apostles. The Twelve in the Acts of the Apostles are seemingly different people from the Twelve in the Gospels.

All throughout the book of the Acts of the Apostles, we hear descriptions of the mighty works the apostles did. We read of their courage and confidence; we are inspired by their zeal. It's exciting to read about Peter and the others standing in court telling the High Priest and the Sanhedrin how badly they treated Jesus, (Acts 5), when only weeks earlier, Peter was so afraid that he wouldn't even admit to a servant girl that he knew Jesus.

The apostles are an example to us of what God can do in our lives since they are much like us, and we like them: people who want to follow Jesus, but whose faults, fears, and insecurities seem to get in the way. Perhaps that's why Jesus chose them. Perhaps that is why He chooses us: to show the world—especially us—that we don't have to be perfect Christians in order for Him to use us. Perhaps it's to show us that God often uses broken vessels to communicate His forgiveness and love to the world. Perhaps it's to remind us that when we are weak, we are strong be-

cause of Him (II Corinthians 12:10).

Our God, the God of second chances, is always willing and able to work with and through our fears and sinfulness, if we only trust in Him and in His message of hope, life, and peace. May He continue to be our strength and encouragement so we can declare with St. Paul, "I can do all things through Christ Jesus who strengthens me" (Philippians 4:13). Alleluia!

Jr. Damien ✧



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St. Andrew's Abbey

P.O. Box 40, Valyermo, ca 93563-0040

fax: (661) 944-1076

www.saintandrewsabbey.com

Abbey Retreat Office

(661) 944-2178

retreats@valyermo.com

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(888) 454-5411, (661) 944-1047

standrewsabbeyceramics.com

saintsandangels.com

Development Office

(661) 944-8959

development@valyermo.com

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Father Aelred Niespolo, O.S.B

LAYOUT

Michael Schrauzer

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Martha and Mary at the feet of Jesus

LUKE 10:38–42 AND 10:23–37

BY FR. PAT MULLEN

THE PRAYERFUL STUDY OF SCRIPTURE often leads us in a movement into and out of the passage of focus, as it draws us into dialogue with other passages of scripture. Such is the case with the short narrative from Luke's Gospel of the visit of Jesus to the house of Martha and Mary. The passage itself, a short ninety words in the original Greek, carries on a quiet discourse with the passages that precede it, intersecting with their teachings and truths and drawing from them insights for the interpretation of its own meaning in a back and forth movement.

Location in Luke. The placement of Jesus' visit to the household of Martha and Mary defies the geographic sense of Luke's narrative. John's Gospel tells us that Martha and Mary lived in Bethany, a town only two miles outside of Jerusalem on the lower slopes of the Mount of Olives (John 12:1–3). If John is correct, it hardly makes geographical sense to put the visit in chapter 10 of Luke, shortly after Jesus had set out for Jerusalem:

When the days for his being taken up were fulfilled, he resolutely determined to journey to Jerusalem (Luke 9:51).

Jesus will journey to Jerusalem for the next several chapters beyond the visit, though only two miles separate the historical sites.

It would make much better sense, geographically, to put the visit in chs. 19 or 20, just before Jesus arrived at the holy city. Clearly, since geographical accuracy is not the point, you might ask why Luke put it so early in the journey and out of topographical sequence? The reason, we will see, has nothing to do with either maps or sequentially historic placement, but is by no means a coincidence.

Context, context, context. While context isn't everything in the interpretation of scripture, it is the foundation upon which everything stands. This is quite true for the story of Jesus' visit to Martha and Mary's home. Some verses before it is a teaching that serves as a hinge, both to close a prior unit, on the sending of the seventy-two (Luke 10:1–22),

and to open a short series of passages on the love of God and neighbor, in which the visit to Martha and Mary properly belongs (10:25–42). This teaching comes in a private aside, wherein Jesus taught his disciples:

Blessed are the eyes that see what you see. For I say to you, many prophets and kings desired to see what you see, but did not see it, and to hear what you hear, but did not hear it (10:23–24).

It will be important to remember this passage, as it will be the lens for understanding the "better portion" which Mary chooses.



ILLUSTRATION: JOHANNES VERMEER, CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF MARTHA AND MARY (SOURCE: WIKIMEDIA)

Following the Parable of the Good Samaritan. The next two narratives, the teaching on how to inherit eternal life, which resolves in the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and the visit to the Martha and Mary's home, are clearly a unit. Both take up the issue of providing for others, although from different perspectives. With some consistency, Luke follows episodes addressing masculine concerns with stories that speak to women, occasionally in ways more flattering to the latter. For example, the Gospel opens with Gabriel's promise of offspring to the priest Zechariah, immediately followed by the same archangel's annunciation to Mary. Her fiat stands in stark contrast to Zechariah's earlier doubt. The presentation of Jesus at the Temple allows both a holy man, Simeon (2:25–35), and a prophet, Anna (2:36–38) to recognize the fulfillment of God's promise to Israel. The passion of God to save the sinner is exemplified by the search of a shepherd for his lost sheep (15:1–7), and by a woman's desperate search for a tenth of her family's savings (15:8–10). Likewise, Jesus' visit to the household of Martha and Mary follows quickly upon a parable of two men, one of whom displays exceptional hospitality to the other, in which ancestral enmity is set aside by a Samaritan, to provide comfort, shelter and sustenance to a Jew.

In the home of friends. In the unfolding of Luke's Gospel, our gaze most often falls upon the Lord in his public role, actively engaged in his ministry. Less often, but with some frequency, we are given glimpses of a quieter, reflective life of prayer, when he would withdraw to spend time alone with the Father (Luke 5:16; 6:12; 9:18, 28–29; 11:1; 22:41). There are no lines of tension between the active ministry or the prayer, nor any exaltation of the one over the other, only appropriate moments for each. The visit fits neither frame, as we see Jesus neither active nor withdrawn, simply relaxing, in rare fashion, in the company of friends:

As they continued their journey [Jesus]

entered a village where a woman whose name was Martha welcomed him. She had a sister named Mary who sat beside the Lord at his feet listening to him speak.

Women factor largely in Luke's narrative. Jesus was accompanied on his journeys by Mary Magdala, Joanna, Susanna and many others, women of both means and generosity, who supported him in his ministry (Luke 8:1–3). He also found welcome in the homes of hospitable women, such as Simon's mother-in-law (Luke 4:39) as well as to the home of Martha and Mary, apparently more than once, as we can see in John 12:1–3:

Six days before Passover Jesus came to Bethany, where Lazarus was, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. They gave a dinner for him there, and Martha served, while Lazarus was one of those reclining at table with him. Mary took a liter of costly perfumed oil made from genuine aromatic nard and anointed the feet of Jesus and dried them with her hair.

It is noteworthy that in John's narrative, Martha, again, is engaged in service, while Mary, once more, is found at the feet of Jesus, but with a jar of ointment to them. Martha's service is simply noted by the narrator, while Mary's, again, was defended by the Lord (John 12:7–8).

The Affection of Friends. Luke's pericope reveals a real intimacy between Jesus and his hosts that suggests more than simple professional courtesy or a parishioner's respectful and polite openness to their pastor:

Martha, burdened with much serving, came to him and said, "Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me by myself to do the serving? Tell her to help me."

Martha's words, though beginning with an honorific, do not indicate distant respect. Underlying her question and command lies Martha's convictions that Jesus does, in fact,

care for her, and that when he notices the unfair distribution of labor, he will rectify the imbalance. Following immediately after the parable of the Good Samaritan, as this narrative does, one might in one's first reading expect that Martha was correct in her presumption:

The Lord said to her in reply, "Martha, Martha, you are anxious and worried about many things.

Jesus' response, with its two-fold evocation of her name, demonstrated all the affection and concern Martha expected, though not the precise resolution.

Anxiety. With a friend's keen insight, Jesus recognized Martha's anxiety and worry. In truth, Martha had "many things" to concern her. Perhaps she was uncertain as to how close she was to Jesus. She inevitably had a sincere desire to meet his basic needs, and a friend's desire to please him. She clearly identified with her culture's customs and expectations requiring women to attend to guests' needs. You will recall, though, that Jesus has spoken earlier in this Gospel about anxiety, in the parable of the sower, wherein the seeds that fall among thorns, "...are the ones who have heard, but as they go along they are choked by the anxieties and riches and pleasures of life, and they fail to produce mature fruit" (Luke 8:14). Martha, apparently, was in danger of being choked by the legitimate concerns for a woman of her station.

Loving God and neighbor. This brief, two-link narrative chain, containing the Parable of the Good Samaritan and the visit to Martha and Mary's home, was prompted by a scholar's question, "What must I do to inherit eternal life" (Luke 10:25). The scholar's own answer is the balancing point uniting the two episodes:

You shall love the Lord, your God, with all your heart, with all your being, with all

your strength, and with all your mind, and your neighbor as yourself (v. 27).

We can see that the closing summary, to love one's neighbor as one's self is manifested by the care given by the Good Samaritan to his Jewish enemy. The command to love God with one's whole being is best exemplified by Mary's attentive discipleship, setting all other preoccupations aside:

There is need of only one thing. Mary has chosen the better part and it will not be taken from her.

By way of contrast, the priest and Levite in the first story think they are loving their God in their fidelity to the law, avoiding corpse defilement but allowing a brutalized man to suffer (Lev 21:1-4). Martha in the second story will serve the man, Jesus, but fail to attend to the presence of her God. In essence, one doesn't "do" only, or "listen" only, one does both. In this contrast we can see that both the Samaritan and Mary, in becoming neighbor to the enemy, in the case of the former, and in rapt attention, in the case of the latter, were obtaining eternal life.

Recall Jesus' opening passage in which prophets and kings longed to see what, in our narrative, Martha and Mary could see, and to hear what only Mary had taken the time to hear. According to this teaching, Mary, the true disciple, really did choose the better portion. ✠

Fr. J. Patrick Mullen *did his doctoral work at the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, and received his Licentiate from the Jesuit School of Theology at Berkeley. He is currently professor of biblical studies, New Testament, at St. John's Seminary in Camarillo, where he has served the last eleven years. He is the author of Dining with Pharisees (Liturgical Press) and a regular contributor to Weekday Homily Helps, put out by St. Anthony Messenger Press.*

Why Sing Psalms?

BY PAUL F. FORD

A man's soul is as full of voices as a forest...: fancies, follies, memories, madnenses, mysterious fears, and more mysterious hopes. All settlement and sane government of life consists in coming to the conclusion that some of those voices have authority and others not.¹

DO THESE WORDS OF G. K. CHESTERTON describe your soul, your heart? At the beginning and for a good part of our Christian lives, our hearts are wild places. Our hearts need the domestication described in Colossians 3:16: "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly; teach and admonish one another in all wisdom; and with gratitude in your hearts sing psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs to God." (NRSV).

This passage is saying: Allow the Word to make a home in your heart. Say to God: "Make my heart over. If necessary, take me down to the studs. Put a new foundation under me. Remodel me. Add rooms. Turn me into an hotel." In effect, think "Extreme Makeover."

God's toolbox: the Psalms! ("Psalms" refers not just to the Book of the 150 Psalms but also to the seventy-five canticles of the Old and New Testament.)

Song helps these tools get down into the heart, as well as to help the heart express what it needs. A Minnesota youngster had kicked up a fuss at Mass, exasperating and embarrassing his mother. Arriving home she told him, "Time out, Mister. You sit in the

corner until I tell you to come out." Later, from the kitchen she heard faint singing. As she drew close to the source, her heart melted as she recognized her son's song, "Be with me, Lord, when I am in trouble. Be with me, Lord, I pray."² Clearly the boy's heart had heard that Sunday's psalm and he was putting it to good use.

These ancient songs are not always pretty and polite. In fact three entire psalms (and parts of several others) are left for monks and nuns to sing because only they can handle the cursing of enemies in these psalms. All the "fancies, follies, memories, madnenses, mysterious fears, and more mysterious hopes" in our hearts need to come out of hiding. To paraphrase the Letter to the Hebrews 4:12-13:

Indeed, the word of God [in the psalms] is living and active, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing until it divides soul from spirit, joints from marrow; it is able to judge the thoughts and intentions of the heart. And before him no [fancy, folly, memory, madness, fear, or hope] is hidden, but all are naked and laid bare to the eyes of the one to whom we must render an account.

The very real C. S. Lewis advises his fictional friend Malcolm:

We must lay before God what is in us, not what ought to be in us. . . . It may well be that the desire can be laid before God only as a sin to be repented; but one of the best ways of learning this is to lay it before God. . . . I have no doubt at all that if they are the subject of our thoughts they must be the subject of our prayers — whether in penitence or in petition or in a little of both: penitence for the excess, yet petition for the thing we desire.³

² Psalm 91, Marty Haugen, © 1980 GIA Publications, Inc.

³ Letter IV, *Letters to Malcolm, Chiefly on Prayer* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1964).

¹ *The Uses of Diversity* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1921), 79-80.

Lewis's insight is echoed by Ann and Barry Ulanov in their excellent study, *Primary Speech: A Psychology of Prayer*,

Prayer is the place where we sort out our desires and where we are ourselves sorted out by the desires we choose to follow. . . . Prayer enlarges our desire until it receives God's desire for us. In prayer, we grow big enough to house God's desire in us which is the Holy Spirit.⁴

Psalms are poems, psalms are songs ("psalm" means "sung with the harp"), and psalms are prayers.

The gold standard for prayer, private and corporate, are the 150 psalms and the seventy-five canticles of the Old and New Testaments. Think of them as the training wheels of prayer.

Long before Christian kept vigil with the bodies of their beloved dead by saying all the psalms, our Jewish ancestors did the same. If Christians did not have the words by heart, they fell back on the perfect prayer, the Our Father, repeated 150 times (and this practice evolved into the rosary prayed before funerals). One can imagine Jesus and Mary and their family and friends 'psalming' dear, dead Saint Joseph through the night before his burial.

Long before Christian blessed God and sought God's help at break of day, at midday, and at day's end, our Jewish ancestors did the same. What did they say or sing? Psalms.

Long before Christians took refuge in the words of the psalms, expressing anguish and outrage or thanks and praise, our Jewish ancestors did the same. (In fact 129 of the 150 psalms are used in the New Testament, a good number of them by Jesus himself.)

One of these refuge prayers is the opening verse of Psalm 70, which became the opening verse of any celebration of the Liturgy of the Hours, a.k.a. the divine office or the breviary:

4 (Atlanta: John Knox, 1982), 20.



Be pleased, O God, to deliver me.
(O God, come to my assistance)
O Lord, make haste to help me!

Verse Eighteen from Psalm 104 "explains" that these two lines are like a crack in the rocks, deep between which the common animal, the rock hyrax (about the shape and twice the size of guinea pig), wedges itself when threatened by predators:

The high mountains are for the wild goats;
the rocks are a refuge for the coneys [real name: rock hyraxes].

Under siege from the temptation to tell someone off, to silence the alarm clock, to visit the refrigerator, to go shopping 'to see what I want,' (or whatever your favorite deadly sin is), our cry should be, "O God, come to my assistance. O Lord, make haste to help me!"

And, all without noticing it, we have recited a line from a poem! "But it didn't rhyme!" Not by sound—by *synonym* (or antonym, as

the case may be). "High mountains" 'rhymes' with "rocks" and "wild goats" with "(rock hyraxes)." For that matter, "O God" 'rhymes' with "O Lord," and "come to my assistance" with "make haste to help me."

Consider the poetry and the usefulness of the following psalm, *the* psalm in time of temptation, Psalm 91:

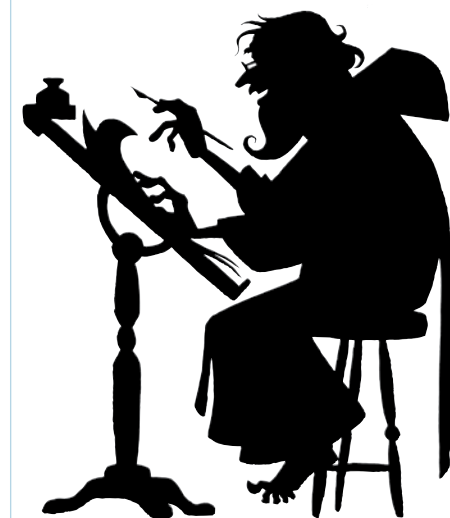
- 1 You who live in the shelter of the Most High,
who abide in the shadow of the Almighty,
- 2 **will say to the Lord,** 'My refuge and my fortress;
my God, in whom I trust.'
- 3 For he will deliver you from the snare of the fowler
and from the deadly pestilence;
- 4 he will cover you with his pinions,
and under his wings you will find refuge;
his faithfulness is a shield and buckler.
- 5 You will not fear the terror of the night,
or the arrow that flies by day,
- 6 or the pestilence that stalks in darkness,
or the destruction that wastes at noonday.
- 7 A thousand may fall at your side,
ten thousand at your right hand,
but it will not come near you.
- 8 You will only look with your eyes
and see the punishment of the wicked.
- 9 Because you have made the Lord your refuge,
the Most High your dwelling-place,
- 10 no evil shall befall you,
no scourge come near your tent.
- 11 For he will command his angels concerning you
to guard you in all your ways.
- 12 On their hands they will bear you up,
13 You will tread on the lion and the adder,
the young lion and the serpent you
will trample under foot.
- 14 [God says:] Those who love me, I will deliver;
I will protect those who know my name.
- 15 When they call to me, **I will answer them;**
I will be with them in trouble,
I will rescue them and honour them.
- 16 With long life I will satisfy them,
and show them my salvation.

Did you notice the artistry in lines 4c, 7c, 15c? Each third line answers the first two lines. And, to the three things we say to God in verse 2, God answers with eight things in verses 14–16!

Fellow rock hyraxes, to the rocks! ✠

The bible translation used in this article is the New Revised Standard Version.

Paul F. Ford, Ph.D., teaches theology and liturgy at St. John's Seminary, Camarillo, California, and is author of *By Flowing Waters: Chant for the Liturgy* (Liturgical Press). He is the convening composer of the *Collegeville Composers Group*, who have written *Psallite: Sacred Songs for Liturgy and Life*, 300 new entrance, responsorial, and communion songs for church, school, and home (<http://www.litpress.org/psallite/default.htm>). This is a revision of two essays he wrote for a five part series for *Celebrate*, the Canadian Catholic Conference's journal of pastoral liturgy.



Meeting in Mysteries the God of East and West

BY FATHER MAXIMOS DAVIES

Introduction

WHAT FOLLOWS IS A SERIES OF four reflections on the sacraments as they are understood in the theology of the Byzantine Church (Catholic and Orthodox). The underlying premise is that the theological traditions of both the Roman and Byzantine churches are essentially complementary. My aim is not to convince Roman Catholics to become Byzantine or vice versa. The talks are not about superiority versus inferiority; they are about perspective.

The sacraments are essentially the irruption into time and space of the Mystery of Salvation, that is, the Mystery of God's love and life. If we really take this Mystery seriously, we must admit the impossibility that any theological language or system could pretend to comprehend it. The best way to acknowledge this truth is to lower one's head and immerse one's intellect in prayer and praise before the "depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God" (Romans 11:33). But one of the next best ways is to change perspective, to look again at what has been delivered "once and for all to the saints" (Jude 1:3), in a new light or from an angle that it has not occurred to you or to your immediate teachers to look before. If Roman Catholics are prepared to take a short trip to the East it is not so that they may find a new home. It is rather so that they might return home renewed in awe and appreciation for what they have always known.

The First Reflection: A Critique

Let me suggest that there are basically two ways of looking at reality: as either "things" or "events." I'm not suggesting that we should think of these as mutually exclusive categories. It's not that an experience can only be of one or the other. Let's say that upon our meeting in the street you respond to my greeting by punching me in the face. No doubt I could process this experience by considering it in terms of the structured movement of atoms, of electrical impulses, muscles and ligaments and skin. But would these *things* really be uppermost in my mind? Surely the first question I would ask is not to ask about a collection of objects ("What hit me?"), but rather to search for the meaning of the event ("Why do you hate me?"). Even the physical pain would not be of much importance to me than the fact that what I experienced was the brunt of your anger.

Now I realize that the example I've given doesn't really offer you much choice but to agree that "events" matter more than "things." It might be different if I offered you the example of a research scientist studying the contents of a petrie dish in the search for a new anti-viral drug. "Things" probably matter a great deal more in scientific analysis than they do in everyday life. There is a whole branch of contemporary philosophy that takes as one of its fundamental axioms that phenomena only reveal themselves as "things" when they are broken or missing.

As I'm engrossed in the task of erecting a swing set for my child, chances are I'll be entirely engrossed in *activity* all the way through the *process* and only really think about my *tools* when, as I miss the nail and hit my thumb. For the scientist, however, there is a sense in which the world is permanently hitting her in the metaphorical thumb. The world of the scientist is always "broken." Her job is precisely to *break it open*, to examine the contents of reality in order to understand what makes the universe tick.

Now let me tell you why I have begun our discussion of the sacraments in this way. It seems to me that there has been a longstanding tendency in Western theology and spirituality to treat the sacraments as though they were *things* to be analyzed and explained, rather than *events* to be experienced. But

let me hasten to say that there is a good reason for this tendency. Western theologians have been forced to become *scientists* of the sacraments because, in a sense, these spiritual phenomena have been broken open in the course of great and momentous doctrinal debates fueled by a genuine passion—on all sides—to uncover what exactly it is that God has done for us in Jesus Christ, and so how we can best respond to this gift. We should not be overly critical, then, of the work of the great sacramental theologians of the Latin West. At the same time, however, we need not pretend that their analytical approach comes even close to exhausting the richness of the sacramental economy that we call "Church." Rather, let us put their research at the service of ecclesial experience,

where it belongs and where the greatest of them (especially St. Thomas Aquinas) intended it always to remain.

Perhaps it will help to look at this in concrete terms. Let's begin with the Eucharist, the "Sacrament of sacraments" as the *Catechism of the Catholic Church* calls it (para. 1211, quoting St. Thomas). It may come as a surprise to you to learn that in the whole history of the Byzantine tradition there has never been a serious challenge to the doctrine that when, during the Divine Liturgy, we eat what seems to be bread and drink what seems to be wine we are really communing in the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Our



tradition has been rocked by plenty of other doctrinal disputes, but a quarrel over the Real Presence in the Eucharist has not been one of them. We've not hit ourselves in the thumb with that particular hammer.

In the Western tradition, however, the Eucharist has been a real problem. How exactly can God feed us spiritually by means of something physical? Some suggest that the difficulty may go all the way back to St. Augustine who drew quite a sharp distinction between physical and spiritual realities, "nature" and "grace" if you will. St. Augustine was very clear on the inner, spiritual change in the human person wrought by salvation, but was perhaps a little fuzzier on what salvation meant for the outer, physical aspects of our experience. Let me hasten to say that there is no question that St. Augustine denied the Real Presence. The problem was rather how, within the limits of his theology, this Reality could be understood. And like any conundrum this one attracted the attention

of “scientists,” theologians not all of whom shared the subtleties of mind exhibited by the great Latin Father.

An early example was Berengar of Tours in eleventh century France. Berengar argued that the bread and wine were simply external signs of an internal gift of grace bestowed on those Christians worthy to receive it, namely spiritual nourishment and charity. He denied that the elements were themselves capable of bearing God’s presence. Only a spiritual substance, like the human soul, could bear the divine Spirit. Do you see how much this debate turned on the “what” of the Eucharistic experience, rather than the “why”? The question centered on the physical, or metaphysical, qualities of bread and wine on the one hand and the human soul on the other. What was bound to be submerged in the controversy (because by its nature controversy narrows issues, it does not invite apprehension of wholes over parts) was *why* Christ instituted the Eucharist in the first place.

Now the *scientific* aspect of theology was greatly enriched by all the analysis that inevitably followed Berengar’s challenge. In time Medieval theologians would describe three essential aspects of the Eucharistic mystery, the sign of bread and wine (*sacramentum tantum*), the spiritual reality produced by the sacrament (*res tantum*) and a third term, the unity of sign and reality so that we can speak of an ontological change by which a human reality becomes penetrated by divine reality (*sacramentum et res*). In the case of the Eucharist, the dual nature of the sacrament was held by the Church to be the actual substitution of one substance (the bread and wine) by another (the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Christ) in a process called transubstantiation. But these principles could also be applied, *mutatis mutandi*, to the other sacraments. Thus Baptism, for example, is signified by water which leads to a real

spiritual change (membership in Christ and the remission of Original Sin) by means of an ontological change in the human soul conceived as a kind of “seal” or “character.” In the case of sacraments that could be repeated (Confession and Anointing of the sick) the *sacramentum et res* was thought to be a kind of strengthening, or disposition of the human reality by the divine.

All of this analysis was made very much easier by the rediscovery in the West of Aristotelian notions of the structure of reality as form in matter. Aristotle was, above all, a philosophical scientist. He was very interested in the nature of things as things, and his philosophy provided what was for many a convincing way of explaining how the world seems to contain both a physical element (matter) capable of being shaped into meaning by intellectual or spiritual forces (form). Scholastic theologians were delighted to find a way of explaining how the *sacramentum et res* could be made into a philosophically respectable idea. In order to conform their theology to Aristotelian metaphysics, scholars in the West began to mine their liturgical tradition to identify the “essential” elements that constituted the matter and form of each sacrament, understanding sacramental “form” to be above all the words (“This is my Body,” “I baptize,” “I absolve”) by which the sacramental material (bread and wine, water, a human act manifesting contrition) received intellectual and spiritual shape.

This may all seem very dry to you. Science usually is. It doesn’t mean it’s not true, just that by itself it may not seem like a very convincing way to describe how we live. Revolts against this system of theological analysis were not infrequent throughout the Middle Ages, but of course they reached their historical apex (or nadir) in the Protestant Reformation. Luther was especially opposed to the trend in all this theological analysis to emphasize the objective quality,

the “whatness” of sacraments. By looking at the sacraments primarily as things and not events, theologians had been forced into long debates over how exactly these things operated on other things, namely ourselves. Did the sacraments themselves *cause* the effects they signified? Was Original Sin actually washed away *by* the spiritually charged water of Baptism, or did the water simply point to, or even dispose one for a change

*“Whenever people
reduce the Gospel
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a morality there we
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that was primarily spiritual? Above all, how could one explain the sacraments having a real effect on unworthy Christians? The best answers (i.e. those most in keeping with the great Tradition of East and West) were supplied by St. Thomas: the sacraments *really do* what they signify, and they do so even in spite of our unworthiness, *ex opere operato*—although we can still refuse to accept the great gifts contained in and bestowed by these sacraments. What lay at the heart of Luther’s objections was ultimately, I think, a concern that all this theological science somehow intruded on God’s sovereign freedom, as though salvation was

primarily something like a chemical—or alchemical!—reaction rather than an act of unmerited and unconditional Love: in other words, that salvation was a thing rather than an event.

Luther’s solutions were wrong. In place of reified sacraments he seems to me to offer us reified grace. But I think the problem he sensed is a real one and it is still with us today. We encounter it whenever people ask what they *must* do in order to achieve salvation. We meet it in the unchurched parents who want to baptize their baby out of some half-superstitious belief that a little religion is a good thing to give a child. It rears up in those who draw a line between morality and corporate worship, as though the former were important but the latter simply unnecessary, at best an ornament or sentimental addition to a “good” life. In short, whenever people reduce the Gospel to either a *cult* or a *morality* there we see the consequence of an impoverished view of sacraments. The worst corruption of Christianity comes when it is reduced to one of its constituent parts. Inevitably those parts become seen as tools or raw materials, *things* to be *used* in the act of building a life which is somehow set apart from the liturgical or ethical materials out of which it is made. Whenever someone treats the sacraments like magic or a drug it is clear that they cannot see their cultic acts as real manifestations or *events* of Divine love. Likewise, whenever someone says all they don’t believe in “organized religion” but only being a “moral person,” they have drawn a line separating their own autonomous living from the *event* of God’s life.

“If a man loves me, he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our home with him” (John 14:23). Authentic Christianity is the awed acceptance of the Mystery of God’s love dwelling among us and drawing us to Himself. Christianity is not about “improv-

ing” human life. It is about transforming it. Christianity is the celebration of an *event*, of our passing over from death to life by means of the union of God and humanity in Christ Jesus “in whom all the fullness of God was pleased to dwell” (Colossians 1:19). This *event* is historical but it also transcends history, sweeping up everyone who participates in it and transporting them from contingent existence in time on earth to the perfect freedom of eternal life in the Kingdom. The sacraments are above all *phases* in the *event* of salvation. True, these events occur through and in *things*, they are artifacts constructed using our earthly resources (time, space, food, water, oil, hands, words, song and so forth), but the best sacramental theology is no more *about* these things than my pondering over your punch in the street would be *about* the physical pain rather than the event of your hate. Let me give you an even more apt analogy. When you are in love what do you spend your time thinking about: the embrace or the one who embraces you?

Herein lays the standard critique of Western theology as proffered by theologians of the Christian East, both Catholic and Orthodox. The West is too much concerned with the embrace and not enough with the Lover. But remember, there is a reason why there is this emphasis. Historically there have been in the West many people who denied the embrace, or at least the physicality of the embrace, as though Divine Love could only exist in our heads or our hearts, but could not penetrate into our bodies, the root of our habits. Orthodox theologians in the West countered by showing how physical things could bear the weight of this Love and, consequently, how human beings could cooperate in their own salvation by offering what resources they have, however poor and unworthy.

I would ask you to remember this as we turn to look at the Christian East. It may appear from the way I have set up these

talks that I am pulling down your tradition in order to exalt my own. God forbid! In the East we have both our magicians and our moralists aplenty, although probably we suffer more from the former than the latter. There is nothing in the theology I am going to present to you that can be said to automatically ward off the evils of either extreme. There is nothing more inherently saintly about Eastern Christians. Nor is my aim is not to devalue the scientific precision of Western theology. Rather I hope to show you how this theology can gain even greater value when it is placed at the service of a theology centered on life in Christ as an *event* of God’s love. I cannot imagine a stronger theology than one that draws on *both* East *and* West to answer the widest array of demands humankind has ever made on the Church to justify the laughable stumbling block (1 Corinthians 1:23) on which She has staked her life: the Incarnation and the Paschal Mystery.

So how is it exactly that Eastern, or more specifically Byzantine, theology can help give us a fuller understanding of sacraments as phases in the event of salvation? I am sure the question could be answered in a number of ways, but I will attempt it by offering subsequent reflections on three areas. First, I think the Byzantine tradition emphasizes that sacraments are above all prayer. Second, the sacraments are encounters with both Christ and the Holy Spirit. Third, I wish to lift up the strong emphasis in my tradition on the ecclesial dimension of the sacraments. ✠

Fr. Maximos Davies is a priest-monk of the Romanian Byzantine Catholic monks of Holy Resurrection Monastery, currently living here at St. Andrew’s Abbey. He is a graduate of the University of Sydney, Australia and of the Patriarch Athenagoras Orthodox Institute attached to the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, CA.

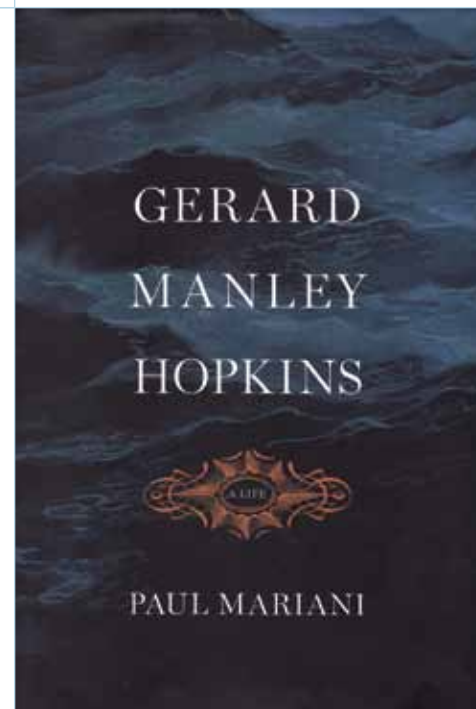
QUARTERLY BOOK REVIEW

by fr. philip edwards, o.s.b.

I HAD SAID OF RON HANSEN’S *Exiles*, a novel about Gerard Manley Hopkins, that I didn’t want to have been someone who saw the movie but never bothered to read the book, so good Oblate friends thrust into my hands a welcome copy of this biography by Paul Mariani, himself a poet and good, oft-cited friend of Hansen. The dust jackets of both books present us with a dark and roiling sea which threatens to overwhelm the diminutive white subtitles nestled beneath the breaking combers: for Hansen a novel, for Mariani a life.

Oddly, it is the novelist who is able to keep his head above water to provide the objective and necessary distance that permits the three-dimensional realization of the (imaginary or real) subjects to come alive in their own right. The biographer seems to be so intensely involved and possessively present that one is confused and grappled, gasping for breath and foot-grasping for a toehold. In the immortal words of Sgt. Friday: just the facts, ma’am. Just the facts one seeks to keep an even keel and steer clear of bar and maelstrom and the fate of the *Deutschland*!

It is not that the facts are not present. Indeed, the basic structure of the telling of the story is a continuum of bold-faced or italicized where and when points of reference such as “Thursday, September 10, 1868. Manresa House, Roehampton” (p. 79); “Thursday Afternoon, November 21, 1878” (p. 209) (the “where” is usually to be sought in the subsequent text), etc. The author is certainly well-read and *au courant* in his sources and personal knowledge, but the problem for the ill-read, ignorant and out-of-date admirer and seeker of knowledge is that he had better begin elsewhere and, indeed, the generous providers of this book into my hands



GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: A Life

By Paul Mariani

Viking Penguin 2008

ISBN-13:978-0-670-02031-7

have suggested another biographer of a more sober and sedate presentation that I hope to seek out.

Nevertheless, one admires that after all, it is the spirit and not the letter that gives life; the law of life means loving with all that one is (ergo, passionately) the One Who Is and the neighboring sibling, so the passion is good, but it tends to be overweening and even oblitative of the consequential order of things.

The very opening chapter illustrates this very well and gained my initial enthusiasm in reading the book. We do not begin prosaically with the Hopkins household and the birth of the first-born, Gerard himself, but with the throes of the Oxford adult wrestling his way into sacrificial faith and ministry; the first highlighted date being July 18, 1866, Horsham, which follows several

paragraphs developing the instressed helix of his “wrestling with (My God!) my God (leaping forward many years to the period of the ‘Dark Sonnets’)....” Rather, he would direct himself outwardly toward the sublime Other. At least that was his dream, his reason for uttering his poems, though in time he would plunge deeper into the abyss of the stark self than any poet since Milton.” (p. 4).

“That final yes or no to God’s universe, of which he realized with honeyed exaltation or salt bitterness he was but a mere spark, a floating mote, would be at the heart of it, and provide for him on his journey—if that was what it was—through its unexpected protean shiftings.... And so with Hopkins, who for complex reasons needed, he felt, to become a Catholic and (better, worse) a Jesuit priest.... So give it a day, a date, a going forth, a crossing over. All in an instant, finally, a yes and a yes again. Call it Wednesday, July 18, 1866. Call it an out-of-the-way point somewhere south of London and name it Horsham, on a dull midsummer’s day with curds-and-whey clouds faintly appearing and disappearing. Call it what he would with its wondrous, irresistible forces working on him. The instress of it, like the ooze of virgin oil crushed in the press of God’s hands, an anointing, a yielding, a yes. July 16, Horsham...” (pp. 4–5).

The date is a convenient landmark but what really matters is the ongoing process of growth and conversion, the restless sea on which the ‘landmarks’ are simply flotsam, noted and passed by, nothing to cling to. In this case, we go from page 5 to page 17 weaving in and out remembered encounters and experiences, ideas and convictions spun from diaries, letters, poems and reconstructed conversations, and then finally from pages 18 to 24, we meet the family which gave birth to him and formed his childhood.

The overall structure of the book is faithfully chronological, each part based on a particular timespan and place (so important to the sensate rooting of the poet’s inscape)—although it is only the last one that brings the place into the title—and it is here that the novelist and biographer are literally at one in the death scene. Yet the biographer’s eagerness to proclaim the Good News of the ultimate meaning and persevering “Yes to God’s universe”, recognizing (even seizing upon) the developed imagery and word-craft of the finished (and unfinished) poems, that have become well-known and treasured, in the richly detailed interplay of anecdote and recorded notes and letters (and should not a biographer, enthusiast or not, do this?!) squeezes flat (into the Eternal Now?) what might have been a savored (and pregnant) moment. Mariani’s bewilderingly insouciant continuum of dates is intended, I suspect, to root the swirling passions in a factual context of time and space, but without explicit foreknowledge of hieratic significance one is still adrift in a fractious facticity of clouded unknowing/uncaring; it is in the Coda, with its calmer dying fall, that they serve well in punctuating the winding up (and down) of things—yet even there, one wonders if it be blurred insouciance or simple lack of proofreading that fails to distinguish between the two venerable Westminster—Cathedral and Abbey.

As one definitely in the “AMEN” corner in the love of Gerard Manley Hopkins and his choices, I can read and reread this book, but if you, dear reader, would pick only one, stick with the movie; it should probably be Mariani “a novel” and Hansen’s “a life.” ✠

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MAN OF THE ROAD

BR. BEN HARRISON, MC

IN MY WANDERING DAYS, before God led me to the place he made for me, I was once hitch-hiking from the Bay Area to Southern Nevada. I had enough money for bus-fare to Santa Maria and then hitched back roads to Valyermo, where I had arranged to take refuge for a few days on my way home. In that period a succession of broken souls found a temporary home at the monastery, and there was one such man there in those months. I don’t know whether the Prior, Fr. John, brought these men from the veterans’ hospital where he did some work in the psychiatric wards, or whether they just gravitated to St. Andrew’s as leaves drift to a peaceful eddy in a stream. In any case, this particular man was very quiet. He helped in the kitchen and with the grounds and attended Mass and the offices with silent devotion. He had the weathered look of a hobo and the puffy eyes of a chronic alcoholic, although he was evidently sober and at peace in the safe haven of the Priory. He was probably more at peace than I. I was still fairly young, but I could see that if I continued my wandering ways for long, I could easily end up weary and battered like him, in his worn-out khakis and his disintegrating flight jacket.

One evening at dusk I strolled along the old entry road that lay between two rows of cottonwoods and forded the creek, curving up to Pallet Creek Road. My mind was full of uncertainties, temptations, warring thoughts. As I reached the paved road, which was still warm from the afternoon sun, part of me yearned to just keep walking, lured by the fleshspots of the big city lying just the other side of the mountains. I could practically feel the hum of that sprawling expanse of humanity, the pull of the various ways I could lose myself there, could find release, oblivion, shipwreck. Another part of me just wanted to head off into the desert, to find some cave or gully where I could, like Elijah, give in to my despair and perhaps, on the morrow, be fed by ravens and set a task by an angel

from God. But dark had fallen, night’s stillness was settling in and the stars were beginning to show. I turned back toward the retreat house, kicking up dust. The battle for my future was left unresolved once more, and the thought of my bed drew me toward the uneasy truce of sleep.

As I dragged my steps wearily past the refectory I could see the light on in the kitchen. At that time the kitchen windows were still clear, not opaque as now, and I could see the little tramp alone inside. He had just finished the mopping, and he stood there for a few moments, surveying the counters, the stoves, the work-tables. Everything was in order, all the utensils in their drawers, all the surfaces tidy. He stood still for another moment, then quietly, reverently genuflected, went slowly to the door, turned off the lights and left.

His action woke me with a start from my headful of thoughts, fantasies, fears and worries. God is truly here, palpably present in this very place, in this very moment. Christ is truly present in the kitchen, breathingly alive here where I stand outside, as the quail make their little night noises beneath the junipers. To genuflect, to bend the knee, is to proclaim one’s faith that God becomes flesh in Jesus, abides with us tenderly in the Eucharist. But my little hobo finds him truly present in the empty scullery, feels him heart-breakingly near amid the quiet clicking of the ovens as they cool. It doesn’t matter what tomorrow brings, the Holy One is here, now. That’s all I need. Like my fellow wanderer, I am at peace. Whatever tomorrow brings, wherever the road leads, God is there. All days and all roads are encompassed in this moment in this desert night. Emmanuel, God-with-us, is evoked, recognized and adored in the humblest gesture of the least of his brothers. I am the witness, and for a moment I understand, I see. ✠

Ben Harrison is a Missionaries of Charity Brother based in L.A. He was in Brothers’ communities in Europe for twenty years. St. Andrew’s has been an important anchor-point for his spiritual journey since his first visit in 1972.



SPRING-SUMMER, 2010

PLEASE call the Retreat Office at 661-944-2178 for availability and to make your reservation. You will be asked to make a \$75 non-refundable/non-transferable deposit, preferably by credit card. We accept Visa, MasterCard, and Discover.

ABBEY SPONSORED RETREATS & WORKSHOPS

Monday, May 17–Friday, May 21 LET'S HAVE A PICNIC

Presenter: Fr. Isaac Kalina, O.S.B.
Room, board & tuition: Single \$380, Shared \$300

Friday, May 21–Sunday, May 23 PENTECOST RETREAT

This preached retreat is for oblates of St. Andrew's Abbey or anyone interested in Benedictine spirituality. The focus of the retreat is the Rule of St. Benedict and the Liturgy of Pentecost.
Presenter: Monks of Valyermo
Room, board & tuition: Single \$260, Shared \$170

Friday, June 4–Sunday, June 6 THEOLOGIES OF THE BODY: The Church Fathers in Dialogue with John Paul II.

Presenters: Fr. Maximos Davies, Br. Cassian DiRocco, O.S.B.
Room, board & tuition: Single \$260, Shared \$170

Tuesday, June 15–Thursday, June 18 DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY AS A GUIDEBOOK OF CHRISTIAN ASCETICISM

Presenter: Fr. Luke Dysinger, O.S.B.
Room, board & tuition: Single \$285, Shared \$240

Friday, June 25–Sunday, June 27 SPIRITUALITY AND CONTEMPORARY CINEMA: Summer Session

Presenter: Nikki Tucker, Obl. O.S.B.
Room, board & tuition: Single \$260, Shared \$170

Wednesday, June 30–Sunday, July 4 BENEDICTINE SPIRITUALITY FOR THE LAITY

Presenter: Monks of Valyermo
Room, board & tuition: Single \$380, Shared \$300

Wednesday, July 7–Friday, July 9 MAKING MORAL DECISIONS: Catholic Bioethics for the Beginning and End of Life.

Presenter: Fr. Richard Benson, CM
Room, board & tuition: Single \$190, Shared \$260

Friday, July 9–Sunday, July 11 A POWER GREATER THAN OURSELVES: Reflections on 12-Step Spirituality

Presenter: Fr. Isaac Kalina, O.S.B.
Room, board & tuition: Single \$260, Shared \$170

Thursday, July 15–Sunday, July 18 WOMEN AND THE RULE: Part II

Presenter: Rosemary DeGracia, Obl. O.S.B.,
Rev. Laurel Alexander, Obl. O.S.B.,
Dr. Elizabeth (Libbie) Patterson, Obl. O.S.B.
Room, board & tuition: Single \$350, Shared \$250

Monday, July 19–Friday, July 30 GONZAGA UNIVERSITY LEADERSHIP AND COMMUNITY REUNION.

Presenter: Dr. John Horsman
Room, board & tuition: Single \$380, Shared \$300

Friday, July 30–Sunday, August 1 RE-IMAGING ST. BENEDICT'S RULE IN TODAY'S MULTICULTURAL WORLD

Presenter: Fr. Matthew Rios, O.S.B.
Room, board & tuition: Single \$260, Shared \$170

RETREATS FOR PARISH ORGANIZATIONS

Parishes and Diocesan organizations often request the Abbey to provide a facilitator for a Day of Recollection or overnight retreat. The topics listed below are offered for these groups (pending availability of presenters). Other topics can be arranged with the Retreat Office.

PRAYER IN MINISTRY

Ora et labora—prayer and work—is at the heart of Benedictine spirituality. Maintaining a healthy balance is often a challenge, particularly for those in ministry. But balance is necessary if we are to become imitators of Christ. This retreat/workshop, designed particularly for those in parish ministry, will offer practical ways incorporate prayer into one's busy day.

TEAM-BUILDING WORKSHOP

This interactive retreat-workshop will explore ways in which interpersonal relationships in the workplace, in the parish, in the school, in civic organizations, or in the home can be improved by understanding differences in styles of communication, goal-setting, conflict resolution, and leadership. The workshop can be tailored to meet the needs of your particular group including facilitation of an afternoon planning session.

FIELD TRIP FOR ADULTS AND YOUTH

A DAY AT THE MONASTERY

Bring the Middle Ages to life by experiencing a day at St. Andrew's Abbey. You will meet some of the Benedictine monks who follow the same "Rule" as those who lived in medieval times and learn how the monks of today lead a life of "Prayer and Work" in ways not unlike their predecessors. A brief history of monasticism will be presented as well as 'hands-on' lessons on calligraphy and Gregorian chant. There will also be a question/answer session led by a monk(s).

SATURDAYS AT VALYERMO

Prices: \$38 per person, \$100 for three family members; includes morning beverages and lunch.

Saturday, May 29 THE CHINA CONNECTION: A Visit with Brother Peter

Presenters: Br. Peter Zhou Bangjiu, O.S.B.
Michaela Ludwick, Obl. O.S.B.

RELATIONSHIPS AND SPIRITUALITY SERIES

Saturday, June 19 The Role Of Fathers

Presenter: Dr. Victoria Dendinger, Obl. O.S.B.

Saturday, July 17 Adolescence

Presenter: Dr. Victoria Dendinger, Obl. O.S.B.

Saturday, July 31 Wit and Humor in the Bible *Presenter:* Br. Patrick Sheridan, O.S.B.

BLESS THE WORK OF OUR HANDS

Saturday, July 10 Scrapbooking

Scrapbooking instructor Allison Gackenback will demonstrate basic scrap-booking skills including photo organizing. Bring 25–30 pictures of one subject or event, an album, and other supplies. Don't have any? Supplies will be available for sale. All levels are welcome.
Hosted by: Linda McWhorter

FOR COMPLETE DESCRIPTIONS
OF THE RETREATS,
VISIT OUR WEBSITE:
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(click "Retreat House")

PLEASE CALL THE RETREAT OFFICE AT
661-944-2178, ext. 102
FOR PRICE AND RESERVATIONS.

Odds & Ends

MONK NEWS

Monk's Feast Days

May 25 Br. Bede

June 29 Br. Peter

August 8 Br. Dominique

June 6-10: Monks annual retreat, Father Francis returns from sabbatical.

June 18-23: Visitation of Abbot President.

June 23: Brother Cassian leaves for Rome to begin his studies for the priesthood.

VOLUNTEER NEWS. The gift of time cannot be measured. The Abbey and the monastic community need you. There are projects and positions available year round and without you we cannot accomplish our goals. Please consider spending time here at the Abbey. We need help in: Abbey Ceramics, Abbey Gifts & Books, Development Office, Retreat Office. Call Konnie at 661-944-8959 development@valyermo.com. *You make everything possible!*

OBLATE NEWS. 2010 Oblate Meetings at the Abbey are as follows: (June, no meeting), July 11, (August, no meeting), September 12, October 10, November 14, and December 12. Conferences begin at 2 p.m. in the new Conference Center. Reserve your place for lunch by calling the Retreat Office or emailing: retreats@valyermo.com or oblatedirector@valyermo.com

ABBEY BOOKS & GIFTS. Please visit our new online store to view recently reduced prices on all ceramics and our growing online selection of books and gifts! Keep posted on monthly promotions by signing up as a customer online. www.abbeybooksandgifts.com

BEQUESTS AND WILLS. Please remember St. Andrew's Abbey if you are writing or updating your will. A bequest to St. Andrew's Abbey, a non-profit California Corporation located in Valyermo, CA, will help us to continue the retreat and spiritual ministry of the Benedictine monks here. It is a great investment in the future! Thanks.

GIFT GIVING MADE EASY. Visit our website and donate online. Simply click the "Donate Now" button. Consider the Direct Gift Program. It is easy to give to the monks of St. Andrew's Abbey.

GOODBYE AND HELLO

After much prayer and soul searching, **Vivian Costi** has decided to move to Tennessee to join her daughter and grandchildren, who have recently relocated there from the Antelope Valley.

It goes without saying that Vivian will be greatly missed by the monks, oblates, employees, volunteers, and the entire Abbey family. Her 6+ years of hard work, dedication, and commitment to the mission of the Abbey will long be remembered by everyone who has ever worked with her.

Though she is moving to Tennessee, Vivian leaves us in good hands with **Konnie Johnson**, who will be taking over the demanding and multi-faceted job in the Development Office.

So we extend a warm Benedictine "welcome" to Konnie, who joins the Abbey family, and we also wish Vivian (who promises to visit often) the very best.

May the Lord bless both Vivian and Konnie as they embark on and embrace a new and exciting chapter of their lives.

We accept Visa, Master Card or you can automatically donate from your checking account. It is safe and easy and you can make changes at any time. Call the Development Office for full details at 661-944-8959 or development@valyermo.com.

THE CHRONICLE IS NOW ONLINE. If you prefer to read it online just send an email to: development@valyermo.com. This is a cost saving convenience for everyone.

THE NEW RETREAT BROCHURES are here with the new retreat offerings. You can view them on the website at www.saintandrewsabbey.com

MASS AND PRAYER REQUESTS may be sent to: St. Andrew's Abbey, Br. Dominique Guillen, O.S.B., PO Box 40, Valyermo, CA 93563

SEND US YOUR CONTACT INFO. Please help us stay current with your updated address and email. It saves money. The Post Office charges us when they forward our mail. You can help us eliminate additional Post Office fees by letting us know when your address changes. Contact the Development office at development@valyermo.com. *We value our friends and do not buy, rent, sell or share our mailing lists.* ✱

Scholastica's Tale

PART IV

*Told in pictures by Br. Raphael Salandra, O.S.B.
And in words by Br. Bede Hazlet, O.S.B.*



ONE DAY, quite without warning, a monk took off the big, uncomfortable collar the veterinarian had put on and let me outside. I was thrilled! I spent some time running in circles as fast as I could, then frolicked with Klondike and Owen. I felt wonderfully free, and decided that maybe the vet. wasn't so bad after all!

In the coming months,
I tried to show
the monks just how
much I loved them ...



... tried to help
with the laundry ...



... tried to help
with the mail ...



... but realized I had a lot to learn about getting along with people!
I am learning, though, little by little, and these days
I feel quite at home with Owen, Klondike, and the monks.
I think I've found something that monks are always seeking: peace.



T H E E N D .



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