

THE VALYERMO  
*Chronicle*

ST. ANDREW'S ABBEY



Nº 239 ✨ SUMMER/FALL 2013



EAR FRIENDS,

FROM THE ABBOT

June 2013

Several events from this past week have given me the opportunity to reflect (once again) on St. Benedict's advice to his disciples to "day by day remind yourself that you are going to die" (RB 4:47). Today I attended the funeral service of an older friend who died after a long illness. Yesterday I received word that a 20-year old friend died of cancer. And last week I was asked to anoint an elderly woman who was dying in the hospital. The reality of the limits and shortness of our life is unmistakable, no matter what people try to do to make themselves look young and stay healthy. St. Benedict's advice to his disciples doesn't necessarily make death easier to accept or comprehend, nor is it a very pleasant thing to do; nevertheless we can see the wisdom in his exhortation.

To keep death always before our eyes helps us to maintain perspective in life, it encourages us to 'not sweat the little things', but recognize and hold dear to those things in life that are most important. It encourages and motivates us to appreciate the goodness found in the little moments of each day

because we know that it could very well be our last.

It reminds me of a friend of mine who was hired to renovate the bathroom of a home in a wealthy neighborhood. He described to me how the wealthy owner of the home could not make up her mind: should she choose the blue bathroom tiles which only cost eight thousand dollars, or the yellow bathroom tiles that cost thirteen thousand dollars. My friend tried really hard to show compassion toward the woman and her dilemma, but honestly he couldn't care less.

After that experience, my friend who grew up in the inner city of Los Angeles and whose family struggled to make ends meet, realized he was in the wrong line of work. He wanted to do something that would make a difference in the world, a job that had meaning. Shortly after he finished that job, he went back to school—to Medical school. He eventually became a physician and is now doing what he thinks is more important: healing and saving lives.

I don't know if my friend always keeps death before his eyes, though he is a Catholic Christian who practices his faith, but certainly he knows what is important to him in his life.

On those days when I hit the ground running and it doesn't stop until the lights go out at the end of the day, I remind myself of my death. I remind myself that when (or if) I end up in the hospital in ICU and hooked up to all kinds of monitors and drips, the last thing on my mind is going to be all the emails sitting in my inbox that I have to respond to, or whether the monthly financial numbers are red or black, or whether or not to have fish or pasta for dinner. These things seem important at the moment, but when placed in the context of death, their urgency quickly fades. Ironically, keeping death ever before us helps us to live more fully with purpose and even with joy.

Abbot Damien ✧

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## **"YOU MAY PAINT WITH THE COLORS"**

BY GARRETT M. BROWN, OBL.OSB

of all the different periods,

you may stare  
in wonder at the morning sky and continue  
to whisper, 'Byzantium'

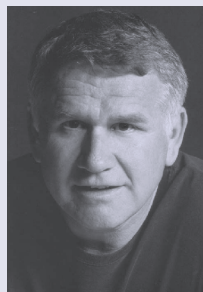
or, read about the  
murders, hear the word 'massacre' and  
marvel at the centuries.

You may rise at 4am  
and stroll through all the rooms, slowly,  
with that drowsy eye still looking for God or  
salvation, and then just wonder out loud why  
there isn't a great novel about all this:

the off hours,  
the slow stare of winter's night, the fugitive out  
there on the lonely path, a dark figure moving,  
crouched, and, like me,

hoping to return to a  
warm bed and dreams – wild, exotic  
dreams with  
an ancient bird on a limb who stops his  
song to  
tell me in plain English the one great secret.

*January 17, 2013*



**Garrett M. Brown,**  
*is an actor, writer,  
and painter. His  
play, Americana,  
was produced in  
New York in 2009  
and his play, Am-  
bulance Men, about  
the three men who*

*picked up Marilyn Monroe's body the  
night she died, was produced in Los An-  
geles in 2002.*



# The Rule of Benedict *and the Arts of Witness*

DR. DONALD P. RICHMOND, OBL.OSB

THE ROLE OF THE ARTS, both visual and verbal, has become a critical concern to Christians of almost every denomination, Roman Catholics being at the forefront of these considerations. And, it must be firmly asserted, this concern is most appropriate. Worship, proper worship, is important to God. Both the Old and New Testaments clearly present a theology of worship, and the pontificate of Pope Emeritus Benedict XVI was intent upon restoring worship's priority, purpose and power among the faithful.

This being understood, and appreciating the fact that proper worship is imperative to both the Church and the world, there remains a great deal of confusion about what constitutes appropriate use of the arts in worship. This uncertainty is insightfully discussed in *Catholic Church Architecture and the Spirit of the Liturgy* where Dr. Denis R. McNamara strongly suggests that a "theology of art and architecture is needed" (p.4). I, as well as a great many other scholars, could not agree more.

Although many books have recently been written to redress this issue, not the least of which is Cardinal Ratzinger's (Pope Emeritus Benedict XVI) inspirational *Spirit of the Liturgy*, it is important that the issue of the appropriate use of the arts not be limited to academic inquiry. Monasticism, particularly as found in the Rule of Saint Benedict (RB), also has critical contributions to make. Saint Benedict's perspective is found in Chapter 57 of the Rule. While these words were written for artists ("Artificers") within the monastery,



the implications of these words extend well beyond the monastic community and provide artistic guidelines and goals for the New Evangelization. That is, when Chapter 57 is interpreted within the contexts of Chapters 56 and 58 of the Rule, Saint Benedict provides an outline for evangelization utilizing the arts.

In Chapter 57 of the RB several important priorities for artists and the arts become evident. Central to every other consideration, humility is paramount. Saint Benedict urges artists to embrace "lowliness of mind" which, by its exercise, minimizes any sense of superiority above others in the monastic community ("indebted"), frustrates "fraud" by helping the artist appreciate his true place before God and others, neutralizes "vice" and "greed" by emphasizing appropriate consideration of those beyond the monastic community ("Let things be sold somewhat cheaper") and provides the proper orientation in all attitudes and actions ("That in all things God may be glorified"). Saint Benedict's concern extended to those beyond the walls of the monastery, and not just to those "therein."

Here we come to the vital importance of Chapters 56 and 58 in understanding and appreciating the evangelistic emphasis of the arts in Chapter 57. Chapter 56, "The Abbot's Table," outlines how the Abbot is to practically

demonstrate concern for “guests and strangers.” He is, so to speak, to “table” with them. Just like Christ, he is to dine with those who do not, technically, belong to the community. Outsiders are in some way afforded pride of place by being strangers. Chapter 58, on the other hand, discusses how the reception of outsiders into the monastic community is to be navigated. Those who may have tabled with the Abbot now seek entrance into the monastic community. Consequently, interpreting Chapter 57 (The Role of Artists) within the contexts of Table (56) and Entrance (58) suggests how the humble artist is the bridge-builder by which outsiders move from mere visitation into dynamic participation in the life of the monastic community. The artist, the Benedictine artist in particular, is an evangelistic “bridge-builder” both within and beyond

Using the priority of humility, cited above, it is imperative for us to appreciate how, specifically, humility, art and evangelism intersect.

**HUMILITY.** On 13 March, 2013, Cardinal Jorge Mario Bergoglio was elected as Pope Francis I. What was most noted about this newly elected Pontiff was his pronounced humility. One of his first acts as the Pope was to bow before the gathered faithful in Saint Peter’s Square and ask for prayer. He who was to provide a blessing was humble enough to request a blessing. This small act resonated throughout the world.

Christians and non-Christians alike, hunger to see and hear expressions of humility. In a world that celebrates “drama,” glamour and self-assertion, this humble man inadvertently upstaged everyone by simple expressions of humility. This is art. This is evangelism. It is “art” in that it demonstrated true beauty that communicated truth. It is evangelism in that true expressions of beauty uphold and effectively communicate truth.

It might be asked, of course, “What does this illustration have to do with arts?” The answer, beyond what has been stated about beauty and truth, is really quite simple: The arts, within

the community of the Church and extending beyond into the world, are about the effective communication of the good news about Christ. Pope Francis’ gestures, both verbal and visual, communicated this message and provided practical inspiration for everyone.

**PLACE.** Returning to Chapter 57 in the RB, Saint Benedict emphasizes humility so that, in part, everyone would know his [or her] place. The issue of place is crucial in Benedictine spirituality. This can be found in Saint Benedict’s emphasis upon stability, the graduated responsibilities of monks and their practical “standing” within the community. Place is important.

The importance of place is not always easy to learn, however. The artist, like the monk, must learn this exacting priority. In part, this lesson is learned through the process of discerning vocation. Some are called to be a religious, and other people are not. Some people are called to be artists, and some people are not. And, of course, there are shades or grades to these rather black and white assertions. As an example, I am not called to be a monk but I am called to both ascetic living and to Benedictine Oblation. Similarly, I am not called to visual expressions of art within a liturgical setting, but I do express my faith in Christ and in monastic ideals through other formats of verbal and visual arts.

The role of place directly impacts the use and expression of the arts within and beyond the monastic (and Christian) community. Art is not for its own sake. The practice of arts, by every Christian, serves a higher purpose. Art is for the glory of God, the edification and instruction of the faithful and the evangelism of the “lost.” In other words, the Arts are decidedly theological actions. As such, Arts must speak with integrity within, from, and beyond the community. We must, in short, speak with the Church. To “speak” theologically without faithful reference to the Christian community, beyond the bounds of revealed orthodoxy, is to lie.

**PEOPLE.** The RB is about people, about

people living effectively within community and about expressing this to those who live beyond the community. It is, in practice, evangelistic in nature. It is, as Robert Asch expressed in the Baronius Press edition of the RB, about the serving and saving of civilization. Civilization is about people. Civilization is about how to attain and maintain community.

Central to civilization is the proper expression of the arts. This assertion is most perfectly experienced in a liturgical setting, but will also be found in artistic expressions beyond the bounds of the Christian community. This means that the artist must simultaneously consider all people and not just some people.

Practically speaking, the artist must demonstrate fidelity to the community while expressing appropriate evangelistic fervor to those who are beyond the community. This emphasis impacts every expression of the arts. The Christian artist bears a heavy weight of responsibility that extends well beyond the artist and artistic expression. Fidelity to God, the Church, the “lost” and to her or his art must be all held in creative yet compliant tension. Creative expression must not compromise theological integrity for the sake of evangelism. “Relevance” must not displace revelation. Fidelity to God and to Church will, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, naturally (super-naturally) have proper evangelistic expression.

**PRIORITY.** The priority of the artist, according to Chapter 57 in the RB, is that “in all things God may be glorified.” This is, of course, the priority of any person who “names the Name of Christ.” We are not our own. We are, according to St. Paul, “bought with a price.” We must, therefore, “glorify God in our bodies.” That is, we must strive to glorify God in all of our thoughts (imaginings), words and deeds.

We are simultaneously indebted to God, to His Church and to those who are beyond the community of the faith. God deserves our love. The Church deserves our fidelity. The world deserves the proclamation of the Gospel. Or, returning to Chapters 56 – 58 of the RB, Table

(56) and Entrance (58) are effectively bridged by “craftsmen”...“ply[ing] their trade in lowliness of mind” without “fraud” (57). Artistic expression is not, nor for the Christian can it ever be, mere expression. It cannot even be well-intentioned expression. The arts have very clear theological guidelines and goals.

This priority can be seen in the work of the late Benedictine monk and artist, Fr. Maur van Doorslaer. Although not a prominent name in the arts, Fr. Maur’s influential ministry impacted many. In her February 7, 2013 obituary of Father Maur, Christina Maiduc, quoting Jerry Earl Johnson of *The Salt Lake City Desert News*, tells us that Fr. Maur “was able to take his art and use it to create a kind of spirituality that gets in the corner of people’s houses and lives...” (*The Los Angeles Times*). And this is exactly the ministry that St. Benedict envisioned: a humble yet gifted man whose artistic efforts evangelistically invaded the lives of those beyond the community. The priority of God’s glory, coupled with conversation within the monastic community (also mentioned in Maiduc’s obituary), resulted in hundreds of thousands of people being impacted for Christ and his Church.

Properly expressed, the arts provide an effective bridge between God and Man, between Table and Entrance, between proto-Catechesis and Catechesis and between evangelism and discipleship. Arts are therefore discipline and discipleship. The RB is not simply for monks, but for artists and every disciple of Christ. ✠



**Dr. Donald P. Richmond** is a Benedictine Oblate of Saint Andrew’s Abbey. His academic work focusses on the integration of Theology and the Arts. He is a priest with the

*Reformed Episcopal Church.*



# Like A Thief IN THE Night

BEN HARRISON, MC

*October 2012*

**A**T THAT TIME I SLEPT IN A little room in the basement. I had been feeling lonely, forlorn, and useless, and had just written a heart-felt prayer in my journal, pleading for some consolation. I put my head down, pulled the pillow over my ears, and closed my eyes. As I was drifting off I heard a crash and thought some brother must be washing his clothes late. But somehow that didn't seem likely. I got up, looked down the hall and saw that there was broken glass on the floor and the motion-trip-light was on outside. Somebody had broken one of the small panes at the top of the door, leaving just space enough to reach a hand in and draw the bolt. The trip-light switched off.

I crept down and looked out the laundry room window and saw nothing. Then he was sneaking toward the door, close to the house, to avoid tripping the motion light. Through the window our eyes caught in the darkness, and I instinctively yelled, slowly and very loudly, "Get. Out. Of. Here!" A look of panic shot across his face and he



was gone, over the wall and away into the night. My shout had been loud enough to rouse the brothers, who had all come running. We nailed a board over the window, and I thought that was the end of the story.

Except that the next day I reread the prayer I had written in my diary the night before, 24 January, 2000. In words borrowed, or stolen, from poets and mystics, I had written,

I want to be consumed by my call to contemplate the one, the holy one, the door into mystery, the raptor prince, Jesus, my hero, savior, heart-thief, Lord, whom I adore, before whom I bow down and wait for fire-fall, tender-touch, breast-burst, surcease. Give me the grace, the strength to wait for you tonight. To wait! Come Jesus, I wait for your presence.

Then it must have been him, Jesus, as Mother Teresa would have said “in the distressing disguise of the poor.” In this case he was disguised as a desperate addict stealing something to get money for his next fix. What if, as he approached the door that second time, I had said something else in the darkness? Something like, “Man, there is another way. You don’t have to live like this.” He would probably have run anyway. Or perhaps he would have responded in anger. Or perhaps some unexpected shift or shock or melting would have hit him and his life would have changed, suddenly or slowly. I’ll never know. I wasn’t ready. I didn’t welcome him when he came, and that opportunity was lost. But there were a couple of other occasions when we did a bit better.

There had been a creepy looking young man hanging around our house. He broke into the church and the neighbor’s house, and was casing out our garage in broad daylight when a brother took a photo of him with a borrowed camera we happened to have on hand. He made several other attempts on the house about that time, and I was really angry

and wanting to do him some harm. But then he vanished.

A couple of months later I was doing my chaplaincy rounds in the prison and Mike said, “Brother Ben, you must know Rick, he’s from your area.” The lad looked familiar, and then I recognized him, healthier after a few weeks in jail, and said, “Yes, as a matter of fact I *do* know Rick. He burgled the church next to our house.” Rick denied it vigorously, but I supplied the details, and on another day I brought the photo. He was embarrassed but couldn’t help laughing when I teased him about good Catholics burgling churches. I also confessed to him that I’d harboured murderous thoughts toward him. But we became friends, and he met some of the other brothers as well.

One Easter Sunday when he was out of jail he came by for a visit and a cup of tea. He did a few more shortish sentences, always drug-related, and would occasionally shout out to me as he walked on the exercise yard with his mates, “Tell them, Brother Ben! Didn’t I rob your house?” And I dutifully vouched for his slightly improved version of the facts. I phoned him recently, when I returned to Manchester after some years away. He is doing well, free from drugs and alcohol, married, with a job and a peaceful life.

And then there was Manny, our other burglar. He climbed up the drain pipe in the middle of the night, hoisted himself in through the upper part of the kitchen window, took a few things from the house while we slept, and made off with a fair amount of cash that was out ready for the next day’s excursion for the children from the summer play scheme. He left finger-prints, and not only at our house. The police eventually told us whose prints they were.

Again it took a couple of months before an old friend approached me in prison. “Did you get burgled back in the summer?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know who did it?”



"Yes."

"He's my cell-mate."

"Well, tell him I'll be up to have a chat with him one of these days."

"He was telling me the jobs he's in jail for and when he described that house, I said 'that's Brother Ben's house,' and he said 'No way! I guess I'm in for it now!'"

In parts of Britain when you are referring to a close relative, say, your brother John, to distinguish him from other Johns you say "*our* John." So when I took one of the brothers to prison with me one day, I introduced Manny to him saying "This is Manny, he's *our* burglar." After shaking hands, Manny turned to me and said, embarrassed, "I wish you wouldn't say that."

Manny was in prison for about a year. A number of his friends offered to "do him in" (beat him up) for me, but I declined the offer. He was always sheepish when I approached him. Apparently his mother had given him a good dressing down when she heard whom he'd robbed and what the money was meant for. When he got out, I ran into him a couple of times in the neighborhood. He had been released early on condition that he participate in a drugs program. Then one day he shouted to me as I was walking home from town, caught up with me, and accompanied me for a few blocks. He was doing well at that point and told me about the program and the projects he was involved in. Five years later I heard from mutual friends that he eventually went back to drugs and died of an overdose.

I do believe that there is a presence of Jesus, a seed of Christ-life, lodged in every soul. It has taken a long enough for mine to break open and begin to sprout. I can wait in faith for it to spring to life in others. An article in *National Geographic*, after the great Yellowstone forest fires of 1988, mentioned that the foresters had always been puzzled that the pinecones of the lodge-pole pines always had a few super-hard seeds along with the normal

ones. The extremely hot fires of that summer burned deep into the soil, incinerating roots and seeds alike. But the next spring the slopes were covered with pine seedlings. The intense heat of that conflagration had cracked open the iron-hard seeds when all the other seeds had burned to ash. Some of my friends may need those purgatorial fires to unleash the Christ-life hidden in their hearts. I can stand by them in hope and wait for that day.

St. Paul says "the Day of the Lord is going to come like a thief in the night" (1 Thes 5:2). I wasn't ready when he came as a thief on that January night in 2000—or perhaps I was too ready. I was like the householder who, if he had known what time the burglar would come, "would have stayed awake and would not have allowed anyone to break through the wall of his house. Therefore, you too must stand ready because the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect" (Matt 23:43-44).

Will I be ready the next time Jesus comes to me like a thief in the night? Whether I'm ready or not, he *will* come. I hope I will be waiting to welcome him, even if he comes disguised. And when he comes for the last time, I pray that he will come as the stronger man he spoke of in Luke (11:21-22), who despoils the strong man, the devil, of his weapons and liberates us from the grip of fear and death. All that matters is that he comes, like a thief or like a conqueror. He can carry off everything I have, as long as he takes my heart as well. ✖



**Ben Harrison** is a Missionaries of Charity brother based in Los Angeles. 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.

## HOMILY

### MEMORIAL OF ST. BARNABAS

*Readings: Acts 11:21b-26; 12:1-3 |*

*Psalm 119:129-135 | Matthew 5:13-16*

FR. ISAAC KALINA, OSB

On this Feast of St. Barnabas, an Apostle, no less, I'm sorry to say I've never paid much attention to him before; maybe you haven't either since Paul almost always upstages poor Barnabas in the Scriptures. If we go by the Acts, he was a wonderful person, a true Apostle in the Early Church, but not one of the original twelve who ate the Last Supper with Jesus. We're told that Barnabas and Paul were specifically chosen by God to spread the Good News about our salvation in Jesus. Beyond that point of the narrative, Barnabas travels, preaches and suffers with Paul who later continues with Silas, and the rest of Barnabas's story goes unrecorded. While we still don't know much about Barnabas, today's first reading shows him to be a wise and compassionate leader of the very early Church, even before disciples were called Christians. People recognized that he was "a good man, filled with the Holy Spirit and faith." If we can't hear his effective preaching, we can see his excellent example of Christian faith/service instead. The Lord has indeed revealed to the nations his saving power thru Barnabas and all the apostles.

Today's Gospel is this short excerpt from Jesus's Sermon on the Mount. Coming right after the Beatitudes in yesterday's Gospel, these verses continue Jesus's teaching of what being "Blessed" really means: being salt and light for this world.

We learned in yesterday's Gospel that the Kingdom of God belongs to the lowly and meek, to peacemakers, the pure of heart and persecuted. These words are some of the most familiar words in all the gospels. Jesus is urging us not to hide our gifts under a basket or a bed, but to recognize that we are the light of the world. Jesus transforms what the people had been taught. We're to go beyond not killing; we are to love our enemies. He tells us that he has "not come to abolish laws but to fulfill

them. Jesus tells us that if we haven't forgiven someone, we should leave our offerings on the altar and go forgive those with whom we need reconciliation. He speaks about adultery saying, "If your right eye causes you to sin, tear it out and throw it away. It's better for you to lose one of your members than to have your whole body thrown into Gehenna." By the end of the week, we hear Jesus encouraging us to live honestly, making elaborate promises and oaths unnecessary. Let your 'Yes' mean 'Yes,' and your 'No' mean 'No,'" he says. The words we use are less important than the life we live.

Salt and light are created things, essential for our world and for life itself. They're also metaphors for the many graces we receive that are essential to having/sharing faith with each other, to knowing, loving and serving God and our neighbor. Jesus tells his disciples to let other people know of their faith in God and of their good deeds so that the light of faith may spread throughout the world.

Today let us reflect about all the people in our lives who have been "salt" for us, various groups/communities of people that have been like a city on a hill for us. When life seems tasteless and dark, we have the best examples of famous people ranging from a St. Barnabas in the early Church to a St. Benedict during the blossoming of Western monastic life; from St. Bernard's renewal to Ignatius of Loyola later down the line to Mother Teresa/Bl. John Paul in our own lifetime, and other saints among our families, relatives and friends. These people reveal God's saving power by their words/actions, not so much by formal teaching/eloquent preaching as by their personal example/how they made disciples of the lost/lonely/those seeking simple answers to life's profound mysteries. We can all ask for the grace to remember personally being surprised in our struggles, encouraged in our faith or supported emotionally/spiritually just by what someone said or did or thought of doing....that revealed the incredible love of our Savior, Jesus Christ to us. Let us pray for the gift/grace to be one more example of one who joyfully believes, one through whom the Lord reveals his saving power in weaknesses/sin. ✠

# AROUND & ABOUT

## THE MONASTERY

### Summer/Fall 2013

#### DEATH OF FR. MAUR

The monastic community was deeply saddened by the death of Fr. Maur van Doorslaer, OSB, on January 2, 2013. Fr. Maur designed all of the ceramic pieces made here at the Abbey and was a deeply beloved presence as he spent part of each year in residence here. He is acutely missed.



**WIT** (*haiku's*)  
(voor kunstschilder Etienne  
van Doorslaer o.s.b.)

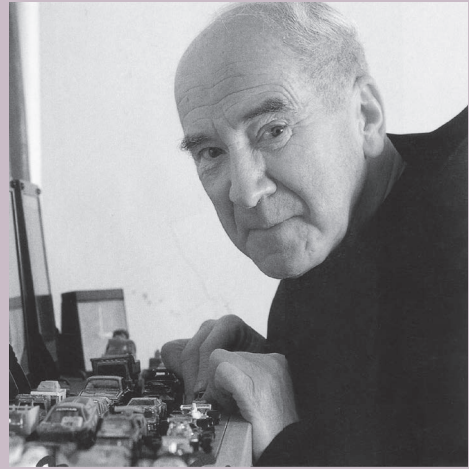
*Een wit vierkant op  
een wit paneel, versmeltend  
tot pure stilte.*

*Steeds opnieuw: een lijn  
trekken, alsof dit nog nooit  
iemand eerder deed.*

*Terwijl je langzaam  
de stilte schildert, rust Gods  
hand op je schouder.*

*Hedwig Verleyen  
Brugge*

*Uit: "Niet te stelpen licht"  
Nieuwe Religieuze Poësie  
Davidsfonds/Clauwaert*



**WHITE** (*haiku's*)  
(for painter Etienne van Doorslaer, OSB)

A white square on  
a white panel, blending  
into pure silence.

Again and again: drawing  
a line, as if never ever  
one had done that before.

While slowly  
you paint the silence, God's  
hand rests on your shoulder.

*Hedwig Verheyen  
Bruges*

*From Unquenchable Light:  
New Religious Poetry  
Davidsfonds/Clauwaert  
Translated by Tony Verhalen*





### CHERYL'S RETIREMENT

On March 1, 2013, Cheryl Evanson retired from her position as Retreat Center Coordinator, after a leave of absence to discern whether or not the time for this had come. Her years of creative service to the Abbey are deeply appreciated by community, oblates, and guests alike.

### NEW GUEST HOUSE PAGE: RETREAT INFO

The Abbey website now has a new Guest House page. Please visit it for retreat and day of recollection information, photos of our guest accommodations, and more! Go to [saintandrewsabbey.com](http://saintandrewsabbey.com) and click on "Guest House".

### "UPHOLD ME, LORD..."

On the Solemnity of the Annunciation of the Lord, April 8, 2013, Br. Angelus Echeverry, OSB, made simple profession of monastic vows (see photos, left). Rejoice with us!

### MONKS' FEAST DAYS

Aug. 8: Br. Dominique, OSB  
 Sep. 3: Fr. Gregory, OSB  
 21: Fr. Matthew, OSB  
 Oct. 4: Fr. Francis, OSB  
 18: Fr. Luke, OSB  
 Nov. 3: Fr. Martin, OSB  
 4: Fr. Carlos, OSB  
 Dec. 20: Fr. Isaac, OSB

### ARRIVAL OF OLIVETANS

Following the unfortunate closure this past spring of the Monastery of the Risen Christ in San Luis Obispo, Fr. Steven Coffey, OSB, and Br. Alfonso Daniel, OSB (of the Olivetan Congregation) came to Valyermo to spend a year of discernment with us, looking toward the prospect of making the Abbey their home. Please pray that their time of discernment might be fruitful!

### DEPARTURE

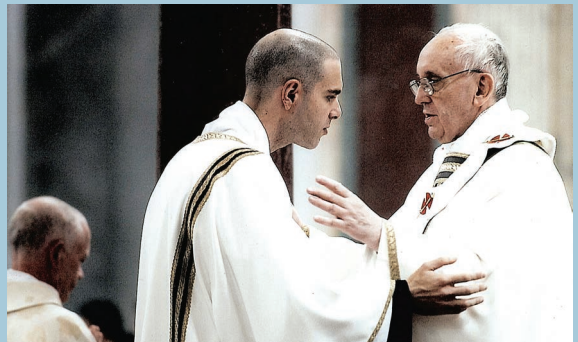
After a period of reflection, Bro. Bede Hazlet has left monastic life and Saint Andrew's Abbey. He contributed valuable work and witness to the monastic and greater Abbey community; he will be missed.

### NEW GUEST HOUSE PAGE

The Guest House portion of the Abbey website has been greatly expanded! Go to [saintandrewsabbey.com](http://saintandrewsabbey.com) and click on "Guest House" if you'd like to explore it. ✠

### PRIESTING

On July 20, 213, Br. Cassian Di-Rocco, OSB, will be ordained to the priesthood in St. Andrew's Church, Pasadena. Please pray for a fruitful ministry in years to come!



*Br. Cassian serving as*



## RETREAT CENTER *Calendar* 2013

### JULY 2013

#### CATHOLIC BIOETHICS II:

Christ at the End of Life

Friday, July 5–Sunday, July 7, 2013

#### BENEDICTINE SPIRITUALITY FOR THE LAITY

Monday, July 8–Friday, July 12, 2013

#### ONLY SAY THE WORD

Friday, July 12–Sunday, July 14, 2013

#### SACRED HEART OF TRANSFORMATION:

*A Practicum for Healing*

Monday, July 15–Wednesday, July 17

#### A POWER GREATER THAN OURSELVES:

*Reflections on Twelve-Step Spirituality*

Friday, July 26–Sunday, July 28

#### INNERWORK:

*Transformation of the Self in God*

Wednesday, July 31–Friday, August 2, 2013

### AUGUST 2013

#### PRAYING IN THE CIRCLE OF SAINT JOHN,

Friday, August 2–Sunday, August 4, 2013.

#### PRAYER AS POETRY

Monday, August 5–Wednesday, August 7, 2013

#### MATRIMONIOS CONFORME

AL CORAZÓN DE DIOS

Viernes, 9 Agosto–Domingo, 11 Agosto, 2013

#### ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED

Friday, August 16–Sunday, August 18, 2013

#### THE WORD AS FRIEND OF THE SOUL:

*The Spirituality of Reading as the Pursuit of Wisdom and as an Act of Prayer*

Tuesday, August 20–Friday, August 23, 2013

#### MARRIAGE:

*A Means to Achieving Intimacy and Wholeness*

Friday, August 23–Sunday, August 25, 2013

### SEPTEMBER 2013

#### LECTIO DIVINA:

*The Monastic Art of Praying the Scriptures*

Friday, September 13–Sunday, September 15, 2013

#### CELTIC SPIRITUALITY:

*A Journey into Sacred Living*

Friday, September 20– Sunday, September 22, 2013

For complete details about the 2013 retreat offerings, including descriptions and presenter information, visit our website:

[SAINTANDREWSABBAY.COM](http://SAINTANDREWSABBAY.COM)

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## OCTOBER 2013

### FEASTING AND FASTING:

#### *A Hands-On Cooking Workshop/Retreat*

Monday, October 14–Friday, October 18, 2013

## NOVEMBER 2013

### THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES:

#### *Deepening a Spiritual Vision*

Monday, November 4–Thursday, November 7, 2013

### AUTUMN ARTISTS' RETREAT

#### *Deepening a Spiritual Vision*

Monday, November 4–Thursday, November 7

### EDITH STEIN:

#### *Her Journey from Darkness into Light*

Friday, Nov. 15– Sunday, Nov. 17, 2013

### PRIESTS' RETREAT:

#### *A Retreat for Roman Catholic Priests*

Monday, November 18–Friday, November 22, 2013

### PSALMODY AND CONTEMPLATION:

#### *The Monastic Tradition of Psalmody*

Friday, November 22–Sunday, November 24, 2013

### THANKSGIVING AT VALYERMO:

#### *Celebrate with the Monastic Community!*

Wednesday, November 27–Friday, November 29, 2013

### ADVENT RETREAT:

#### *A Season of Anticipation*

Friday, November 29–Sunday, December 1, 2013

## DECEMBER 2013

### CHRISTMAS AT VALYERMO:

#### *Mystery of the Word made Flesh*

Tuesday, December 24–  
Thursday, December 26, 2013

### THE NATURES ARE RENEWED

Friday, December 27–Sunday, December 29, 2013

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