



the Franciscan Times

Lord, Make Me an Instrument of thy Peace

A quarterly newsletter, whose purpose is helping members of the Third Order of the Society of St. Francis share a common journey through news from fellowships and individuals, reviews of books and tapes, poetry, and whatever the Holy Spirit might blow our way.

SUMMER, 1992

from the editor:

This Summer issue of The Franciscan Times comes to you later than anticipated but, prayerfully, you are reading these words well before the gathering of our AMERICAN PROVINCIAL CHAPTER for its ANNUAL MEETING during Francistide, OCTOBER 7 through 10, 1992, at Little Portion Friary.

The details are emphasized here because your prayers are solicited for Minister Provincial Alden Whitney, the officers, and Chapter members as they gather to chart the course for our Franciscan family during the coming year.

As an aid to your prayers, and to save you a trip to your files to dig up your "basics," these words from the Provincial Statutes (Rev. 1989) are offered:

I.A.1. The Chapter is the legislative body of the Order, and the ultimate authority in all that concerns its policy and work in this Province. It is entrusted with the responsibility of preserving the spirit of the Order as set forth in the Principles, in the life and work of the Province.

I.A.2. The Chapter has particular responsibility for the election of brothers and sisters to profession; for releasing a professed tertiary from the obligations of profession; for the emendation of the Provincial Statutes; for the representatives to the interprovincial and inter-Order bodies of the society; and for the performance of the other duties assigned it by these Statutes and the Constitution of the Third Order.

+ + +

Prayers should always include thanksgivings, and you are also asked to hold up two tertiaries whose energy and support have quietly helped to broaden and maintain the lines of communication among our family.

• Rosemond (Rosie) McFerran, our Provincial librarian, has completed a computer catalog of the approximately 700 titles in our Third Order library, established a workable lending policy, sent new book lists to The Franciscan Times, and offered to search, on request, for subject matter.

• John Dotson of Kingsport, Tennessee, has skillfully and very patiently been taking the responsibility for the printing and mailing of all major Third Order provincial mailings, including The Franciscan Times and the Directory.

The bulk rate mailing permit from Kingsport hints at John's ministry, but it does not reflect the effort he puts into getting bids for the printing, collating, and assembling; for coordinating the folding, labeling, and sorting with the Kingsport Center of Opportunity (a United Way agency for training mentally and/or physically handicapped adults); and for expediting the mailing with the United States Post Office.

This last procedure can be the most frustrating, as in the case of the Easter issue of The Franciscan Times, which struggled through the bulk mail system and did not reach many of the far-flung tertiaries until well after Pentecost.

So your editor offers a prayer for speedy delivery of this (late) Summer issue and for each of you . . . a joyful and renewing Francistide.

Pax et Bonum.

Robert Durand TSSF

The Chaplain's Journal

In June, I made a pilgrimage to some of the high, holy places of Scotland and northern England. I want to share one little piece of that trip with you, a visit to Holy Island, which lies off the east coast of northern England, washed by the often tumultuous waves of the North Sea.

Holy Island was the center of that great missionary effort of the seventh and eighth centuries that resulted in the Christianization of northern England, as well as large parts of northern continental Europe. We owe much, you and I, to the great Celtic Christians of Holy Island.

At high tide, Holy Island is cut off from the mainland by the sea, but low tide exposes mud flats and a causeway, on which I traveled by car to the Island. The mud flats are miraculously illumined with patches of pink flowers growing in the salty mud.

Almost parallel to the road is a line of tall staves driven deep into the ground. That line marks the approximate location of the footpath of thirteen centuries ago, where Celtic monks hurried home on foot to

reach the holy place before the tide made it impossible. Perhaps the last part of their journey was sometimes a matter of wading, with the water creeping higher and higher, threatening a safe arrival.

The monks were, of course, always on foot. St. Aidan, founder of the religious community on Holy Island, would no more travel on horseback than would St. Francis. How could you see Christ in the face of friend and stranger if you were seated above their heads?

The missionary journeys of the monks were long and fruitful, but the monks always returned home, home to Holy Island. Home was a return to a community of brothers whose work was the praise of God and whose life was given for God's glory.

After their return, the tide flowed in and cut them off from the mainland, but the brother monks were together with those who shared the same vision and faith, who shared the same urgency of mission. Returning home was essential to their wholeness and their renewal.

(continued on next page)



A Franciscan Viewpoint

by Br. Robert Hugh SSF

Francis witnessed to the difference between *giving* and *sharing*. So often we sway on that narrow tightrope between Christian love and what the world calls "charity" in its sense of "do-gooding."

Naturally warm and generous, Francis would not be content with a token response (to lepers he encountered) but would empty his purse and throw its entire contents to those who begged.

Yet somehow, he knew this was not enough, and one day as he rode by, he knew he must do more and do it now . . . he dismounted, walked back, opened his arms, embraced the disfigured leper, and kissed him on his rotting face.

In many ways, the money he had already given was much more useful than the embrace. But if I had been the leper, accustomed to watching the faces of those who passed by . . . like Francis hitherto, whose faces expressed compassion and pity as they threw alms from a safe distance.

But now here was a gesture that was different, that said . . . you are you, a person, a unique person . . . and you can experience love and offer it in return.

- from "The Religious Life - A Franciscan Viewpoint"

(Editor's Note: Just received at deadline is word of an SSF-led pilgrimage to Scotland and North-East England, including Holy Island, "in search of Our Anglican Gospel Beginnings," July 4-17, 1993. For more information, write Br. Robert Hugh at San Damiano Friary, 573 Dolores Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.)

The Chaplain's Journal (continued)

When the flood tide of renewal had crested in their hearts, they turned their faces westward once more, toward the mainland, to begin another pilgrim journey. With hearts aflame with love, they journeyed once again to find the Christ in men and women whom they would bring into the fullness of God's love and glory.

It is my prayer that in the Third Order of St. Francis we shall find holy islands of renewal and refreshment at fellowships and convocations with our brothers and sisters. With our love rekindled, we can go forth into the world once more, seeking not so much to be consoled as to console, to be loved as to love, to be understood and to understand.

God, in whom we live and move and have our being will be with us, enfolding us and all whom we meet in the divine love.



Marie, TSSF

Deacon Marie L. Webner
Chaplain, American Province

A Tertiary Writes:

REFLECTIONS FROM PALESTINE

(Editor's Note: Terry Rogers TSSF has just returned to the United States after serving as a long-term volunteer with Middle East Witness on the West Bank. Her reflections in the Easter issue were of great interest to anyone concerned about a peaceful and just solution to the suffering and fear in that region. These reflections are from her final three letters. Welcome home, Terry, and thank you for sharing your perceptions, your feelings, and your journey with us.)

Dear Friends,

April 1 - Victoria David, the Israeli political prisoner I visited in prison in November, was released in January. I recently spent a weekend with her in Jerusalem, learning more about her case and her life in Yugoslavia before she came here. She identifies herself strongly both as a Jew and a Christian, having been baptized in the Church of Christ in Yugoslavia. She is an intensely emotional and warm person, laughing often and at herself as much as at the absurdity of her situation.

Her account of her case is that she was charged with espionage and membership in the PLO because she mailed commercially available tourist maps of Israel to Palestinian friends in Yugoslavia.

The major change for me is that last week I moved from Nablus to Jerusalem. I am staying in a little one-room apartment in a home north of the old city and expect to begin working with the Palestinian section of the Women's League for Peace and Freedom. It seems best that my time here be divided in this way, as experiences in Nablus and Jerusalem can complement each other.

There's so much I've not been able to say about my time in Nablus. For the last three months, I've been primarily in the labor room. I don't know which is more difficult: to stand next to and be fully present to someone in pain, or to be in the same room and pretend it's not happening.



Sometimes, when I'm there, I think of the men in prison, perhaps this woman's husband or brother. More than half of the men in Palestine have been inside Israeli prisons. One of the hospital engineers was arrested in late January and recently released. I was present when he was asked to tell some U.S. visitors to the hospital of his interrogation. He spoke, with some difficulty, of being beaten and of exposure to cold, being put naked in an unheated cell and having cold water thrown on him every half hour.

I wanted to leave the room and not hear it, and I felt it was hard for him to talk about this to strangers. I thought about how one person's suffering can be another person's job, depending whether you work in a prison or a hospital.

Suffering is inflicted in both places, for reasons that seem right and necessary; it's ignored out of fear and helplessness and certainty that it's inevitable. I also believe that there are those in both places who act, as best they can, with compassion.

I spoke with this same engineer later, feeling very inadequate, but wanting to thank him for speaking and to acknowledge him personally. A thin, pale man in his late 20s, he smiled and his face lighted up. It reminded me of some of the women after they've given birth; sometimes I can hardly recognize their faces when the pain is over and they're profoundly relieved.

I have talked with some ex-prisoners here, the gentleness and resilience of whose spirit is as much of a miracle. I don't myself see how this kind of deliverance will take place on the mountainside, how all the actors from the two movies will ever get together for a cast party.

A Tertiary Writes (continued):

May 3 - A couple of months ago, I was writing that I felt cut off from Israel. Now that I'm living in Jerusalem (the East side), it should be possible to remedy that, to some extent. However, Jerusalem is divided, and it's hard to live here and not be conscious of that. I'm writing this in a garden in East Jerusalem, part of the territory occupied by Israel in 1967. East Jerusalem has subsequently been annexed, though most countries in the world, including the United States, do not recognize this annexation. West Jerusalem is five minutes away.

It's by no means a matter of course for the local inhabitants to go from one side to the other. There's a language difference, and the taxis don't like to go from one side to the other, especially after dark. There are soldiers on duty in the streets over here. Some Israeli Jews don't come over here because they're afraid, though some live on this side, in the Jewish Quarter of the Old City and in settlements. A small number of Israeli Jews, on the left of the political spectrum, will not cross the Green Line (the old 1967 border), unless invited by a Palestinian; they don't want to act as if the occupied territories belong to them, to come in and go out as they please.

Some Israeli soldiers, mostly in reserve units, refuse to serve in the occupied territories. Their movement is called "Yesh Gvul", meaning both "There is a border" and "There is a limit" (enough already!). Yesh Gvul began during the 1982 Lebanon War, when numbers of soldiers refused to serve in what they felt was a war of aggression outside Israel's borders.

Since the intifada began, Yesh Gvul has focused on the border with the West Bank and Gaza as their own moral "limit." During the last four years, 160 soldiers have served prison terms (usually one month) for refusing, and Peretz Kidron, a Yesh Gvul activist, estimates that for every one in prison, there are ten whose commanding officer quietly reassigns inside Israel.

This week, I went with a friend to Tiberias, on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee. There I visited the tomb of Maimonides, the great medieval Jewish philosopher, and saw men and women praying there with loving devotion. We were there on April 30, Yom Hashoa, a day of remembrance of victims of the Holocaust, when a siren sounds for one minute at 10 a.m., and people stand in silence.

"At 10, the siren went off, and we all stood quietly."

I decided to go down to the lake at 9:30, which means going to the boardwalk lined with shops and restaurants, closed for that day. I sat on a ledge by the water and watched two Orthodox Jewish teenage boys, neatly dressed in white shirts and black pants, fishing over the ledge. The lake was silvery in a sunny haze. Behind the boys were pots of rose-red geraniums, and further down the boardwalk was a large brightly-colored sign in Hebrew, with the words "Disco Lido" in English, advertising a disco cruise boat.

At 9:55, an elderly couple walked down to the shore where the boys and I were. At 10, the siren went off, and we all stood quietly, while out on the lake, I saw a white boat motionless in the water with two sailors, side by side, completely still.

At 10:01, the siren ceased; the boat chugged off; the boys cast their fishing lines into the water; and the elderly couple walked away.

This trip held one of the saddest and one of the loveliest things I've seen since I've been here.

The first is an old mosque in the middle of a shopping center in Tiberias, its windows barred, weeds growing out of the cracks in the stones, trash thrown around its edges. In 1940, Tiberias was half Arab; now, the guidebook says, it is completely Jewish.

I thought of synagogues, churches, and temples that have been desecrated and forcibly abandoned all over the world. The image that kept coming to me was of a native American

(continued on page 6)

A Tertiary Writes (continued):

place of worship, trashed and dead, in the middle of a U.S. shopping center. Of course, in the United States, native American monuments are more likely to be under the shopping center.

The second sight was an old Sephardic synagogue in Safed, a nearby town in the hills, where many Jews came when they were expelled from Spain in 1492. The synagogue is small, with whitewashed, blue-trimmed walls; a dome painted with colorful leaves, flowers, and palm trees; the room lined with benches covered in soft blue cushions. On the walls hung paintings of scenes of worship, in shimmering gold, orange, red, and vivid blues and greens. In a glass-fronted case were well-worn prayer books. Upon entering, I was bathed in a sense of holiness that was at once playful, light, joyous, and peaceful.

The Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem, a place of pilgrimage for Muslims, is also blue, white, and gold, and though far larger, also has a sense of utterly peaceful holiness - that which wishes harm to no one. There are places like this here, where people return over and over again to gentleness and healing, and it's to be found as well in the beauty of the water and of the earth.

June 27 - "They put my wounds on show

For tourists who love collecting pictures."

I read those lines by Mahmoud Darwish, a celebrated Palestinian poet, one evening when I had spent the day taking a delegation to Gaza. As we drove slowly through a crowded refugee camp, our group was eagerly taking photographs through the windows. A woman who was walking near the van spoke angrily in Arabic. When we asked our guide, a middle-aged Palestinian man who works for the Near East Council of Churches, to translate for us, he said,

"They are taking pictures of us like animals in a cage." Then he added quietly, "People have been coming here taking pictures of them since 1948, and they don't see that anything in their lives has changed."

*"Trauma is
Everybody's
Business"*

In another case, a Palestinian anesthesiologist was taking us through a hospital where many of those seriously injured in the intifada have been treated. He was telling us of the the thousands of disabled and paralyzed young men for whom there are so few rehabilitation services:

"I was taking a group through the hospital recently, and I introduced them to a young man who is partially paralyzed from a bullet injury. I asked him to tell the group how he became paralyzed, and he said, 'From polio.'

"Later, I asked him why he did that, and he answered, 'Goddam them - they're not going to do anything to make any difference.'"

On his white lab coat, the anesthesiologist wore a black button with a red rose printed on it, along with these words in English: "Trauma is Everybody's Business."

I think it's seldom that an oppressive situation has been so exhaustively documented by those who oppose it. Every year, thousands of pages are printed detailing numbers of olive trees uprooted, of days under curfew, of workers from the territories not permitted to enter Israel to do their jobs, of bullet injuries, of miscarriages from tear gas, of dumums of land confiscated.

An American friend of mine was recently interviewing an elderly woman in Gaza. During the course of the interview, she said sarcastically to my friend, "Oh, so you work for one of those Palestinian research and information centers in the West Bank and East Jerusalem. How nice. Someday, the world will have all the information it would ever possibly want about dead Palestinians."

The same friend was interviewing a West Bank university professor. When she asked him what his vision of the future was, he said, "I accept that the younger generation will spit on my grave. I told them, for the last four years, that if they made sacrifices, they would win their freedom. You know how they have suffered, and I lied to them."

A Tertiary Writes (continued):

The Arab press in Jerusalem is not silent about the faults of some sectors of the Palestinian leadership and community. There's political infighting and rivalry, financial corruption, disorganization, opportunism, and extra-judicial killing of Palestinians by Palestinians. Much of this goes with the territory (so to speak), but there are those who believe that Israel takes action to increase and enhance Palestinian disunity on many levels.

I don't want to be silent about these failures either, although it also feels as if I'm putting wounds on show.

In these newsletters, I've tried to show the health as well as the wounds of the Palestinian community. While the occupation touches nearly every aspect of daily life, it's important to see that there is a daily life, and that it does go on.

I've been able to write much less about comparable matters in Israel. In the last few months, I've come to accept that this limitation is probably inevitable. It's hard enough for me to live in one foreign country; it would be much more difficult to live in two foreign countries at the same time, especially when they're not at peace with one another and when movement from one to another can be heavy with issues of insecurity and distrust.

In the United States, we think we're one country, but there are barriers within it that are profound.

The day after the Rodney King verdict, I was in an office where someone was listening to the news on the radio in Arabic. I caught the word "manatajwal" which means "curfew," and moments later was startled to realize that they were not reporting yet one more curfew in the occupied territories, but were talking about Los Angeles.

And the case of Rodney King illustrates that taking pictures doesn't necessarily mean that anything will change, whether in Gaza or in California.

Days after I came here last October, the Madrid peace talks began. The hopefulness many Palestinians felt at that time is all but gone. Israel just had a general election, and the almost two million Palestinians living under occupation had no right to vote for the government that will control their lives and any further negotiations.

I do not feel hopeful that those under occupation today will have citizenship in any state for many, many years. Yet, I often come back to the words of Michel Warshawski, an Israeli journalist. He spent several months in prison because he would not give the authorities the names of Palestinians who used his press office to print leaflets which described ways to withstand interrogation and torture in prison.

When asked what it was that gave him any sense of hope and purpose, he said, "What we must continue to resist is the kind of world in which people no longer know the difference between right and wrong."

Maybe, that's another way of saying, "Trauma is Everybody's Business."

CONCLUSION - Middle East Witness has struggled for the past year with increasing financial difficulties and has finally decided to cease operation at the end of the summer. Because of the strong financial support I received from so many of you, I have been able to stay here when other MEW long-term volunteers could no longer be maintained. My present visa expires July 25, so I should be returning to New York shortly before that time.

Thanks to you all for entering into this time with me, for your letters, thoughts, and prayers, and for giving me a reason to write and reflect. May all of our lives keep moving from labor to delivery.

Peace and Love, Terry Rogers TSSF



Terry Rogers

F E L L O W S H I P N E W S

ATTENTION CONVENORS:

If news about your Fellowship -- be it something to share from a past or current gathering, or information about an upcoming meeting, retreat, or quiet day -- should be on these pages, please send it to: Robert Durand TSSF, 2124 Awihi Place, #215, Kihel, Maui, Hawaii 96753.

Deadline for the Advent issue is October 15.

NEW YORK FELLOWSHIP

From correspondent VIVIAN MORRELL comes news that the fellowship held its annual retreat on April 24-26 at Little Portion Friary. The format was semi-silent, with two meditations on the subject of our Franciscan journey, led by Brother JIM ALLEN SSF.

LONG ISLAND FELLOWSHIP

Convenor JANE ELLEN TRAUOGOTT reports that PAT O'KEEFE led the program at a recent meeting by sharing his thoughts on what he termed 'the middle class poor.' This sparked a discussion which ranged from "sorting out our needs from our wants" to "changing the world by our love."

The Long Island and New York fellowships were scheduled to hold a joint meeting in July at Alden Whitney's farm.

LAND OF THE SKY FELLOWSHIP (North Carolina)

According to "Fruits of the Loom" newsletter, the fellowship was planning a Franciscan picnic and gathering at Church of the Holy Spirit in Mars Hill on August 15 and had invited the East Tennessee fellowship, two area chapters of Secular Franciscans (RC), and regional members of the Eucumenical Franciscans.

The Spring Retreat has been scheduled for April 30 to May 2, 1993, at the Snail's Pace Retreat Center, and the leader will be Sr. Helen Godfrey of the Poor Clares (RC) in Greenville, SC.

SAN DAMIANO FELLOWSHIP (Central Florida)

The newsletter reports that convenor CLIFFORD AMOS was professed at the July meeting, held at St. John's Church in Melbourne. The fellowship has scheduled a Lenten retreat for Feb. 26-28, 1993, at St. Leo's Priory. For more information, write Clifford at 90 Miami Ave., Indialantic, FL 32803.

LITTLE SPARROW FELLOWSHIP (Toronto)

A letter from RUTH DUNCAN proclaims, "The Toronto area fellowship has renewed its bookings at Trinity College for meetings to be held the second Saturday of (almost) every month, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Bring your own lunch."

An exception worthy of attention for all tertiary brothers and sisters is the October meeting, which will take place at St. John's Convent (SSJD) in Willowdale on October 17 at 11 a.m. In addition to witnessing YOLANDE CHAN as she makes her profession, the fellowship will honor and celebrate with MARY DOWNHAM on the 40th anniversary of her profession!

For more information about the Little Sparrow Fellowship and to RSVP for the Oct. 17 profession celebration, please contact convenor SYBIL YEARWOOD at 78 Yardley Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4B 2B1, telephone (416) 759-2600.

BROTHER WIND FELLOWSHIP (Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri)

Convenor SUE HEINSOHN sends word that the fellowship has been meeting every two months. On July 25, at St. John's Church in Wichita, Kansas, DAVID RYNIKER was to lead a presentation entitled, "Christ and the Lepers; Francis and the Lepers; You and Me and the Lepers."

The Franciscan gathering will be on Saturday, October 3, at St. Francis-of-the-Woods in Coyle, Oklahoma. A quiet day will be led by The Rev. Susan Colley, Curate of St. Paul's Cathedral in Oklahoma City.

For more information, please contact Sue at P.O. Box 453, Arnett, OK 73832, telephone (405) 885-7916.

FELLOWSHIP NEWS

(continued)

LILIES OF THE FIELD FELLOWSHIP (Colorado, Wyoming)

A newsletter reports that the fellowship has been meeting regularly and studying Murray Bodo's The Way of St. Francis. A retreat was scheduled for August 14-16 at St. Raphael's House in Evergreen.

For more information about meetings, contact convenor Mary Lou Hall at 4006 West 13th St., Greeley, CO 80634.

ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS FELLOWSHIP (Arizona)

From MARIE WEBNER comes this note: "Some half-dozen Third Order Franciscans met at the Servants of Christ Priory on March 7 for a quiet day. As the Benedictines on Mount Subasio gave St. Francis of Assisi a place for solitude and prayer, so the Benedictines of Phoenix graciously supplied all our needs.

Around the altar, we celebrated the eternal mysteries of our faith and received the Bread of Heaven. Fr. Lewis Long, from the depth of his spiritual and pastoral experience, gave us food for our minds and hearts in his three addresses. A luncheon feast was provided by Fr. Neil de Rijk and Br. Pascal. For our private prayer and reflection, we remained in the lovely chapel, wandered over lawn and through garden, seeing each growing thing with spirits open to God's glory in Creation, or stripped off our shoes to paddle our feet in Sister Water of the swimming pool.

We went home grateful for a time of renewal and rekindling, greatly enhanced by a community of love in a setting of beauty. Thanks be to God and to our Benedictine brothers.

NEW UMBRIAN FELLOWSHIP (San Francisco Bay Area)

The newsletter reports regular monthly meetings at different locations. The September 12 gathering will be at the home of RALPH HANSEN in Fremont. The Franciscan meeting will be on October 3 at St. Gregory's in San Francisco, and will include renewal of vows, Transitus, and election of convenor. The November 14 meeting will be at Good Shepherd Church in Belmont. For more information about this fellowship, contact convenor JOAN KIDD at 433 Graneli Ave., Half Moon Bay, CA 94019, telephone (415) 726-2056.

HAWAII FELLOWSHIP

Members are continuing to discuss the new Formation Program Letters on a chapter-by-chapter basis at the meetings which take place on the first Friday of each month. In addition to the study, each meeting consists of an informal Eucharist, potluck supper, prayer concerns, and compline. Visitors at the June meeting were the Bishop of Hawaii, the Rt. Rev. Donald P. Hart, and his wife Elizabeth.

Any tertiaries visiting the Islands and interested in meeting with the Hawaii fellowship should contact convenor BARBARA HUNT at 1676 Ala Moana Blvd., #809, Honolulu, HI 96815, telephone (808) 947-5492.



C o n v o c a t i o n N o t e s

ATTENTION CONVENORS: *The Franciscan Times* will reach interested and isolated tertiaries in your region. If you would like them to know about your gathering well in advance, please send all the details to:
Robert Durand TSSF, 2124 Awihi Place #215, Kihei, Maui, HI 96753.
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1992 SOUTHEASTERN AREA CONVOCATION

According to several newsletters of fellowships in the region, this area convocation will take place at Ignatius House in Atlanta on September 18-20. The meditation leader will be Sr. Pamela Clare CSF from San Francisco.

Third Order Library News

by Rosie McFerran TSSF

New postulant Marian Freeman has just written to the Third Order Library with a wonderfully generous offer.

"It occurred to me that you might occasionally have users who have some reading difficulties or vision limitations. I have some experience of recording books for visually handicapped people and would like to offer that service for you, if you should have need of it."

So far, no one has asked about books on tape, but that may just mean they haven't gotten around to it yet, or they figured it was hopeless, or something like that. We do have one tape in the Third Order Library, as people may have noticed in reading the lists.

Is there a demand for this kind of material? Should your library acquire more things of this nature? I can purchase some things, but Marian's offer is so wonderful that I thought it should be made known to everyone.

If you have a need of such material, please contact Marian directly: **Marian Freeman, 719 Bain Ave., Weaver, AL 36277.** After it has been recorded, and you have finished using it, it could then be returned to the Third Order Library to be listed and available for anyone else who needs it.

HOW TO USE THE LIBRARY

Books in the Third Order Library may be borrowed by writing to: **Rosemond McFerran, 1518 Tulane Drive, Davis, CA 95616.**

Books are charged out for a period of two months and sent to you by fourth-class mail. When you have finished with the book, please return it to Rosie, also by fourth-class mail. A book may be renewed for another two-month period if no one is waiting on it, by notifying Rosie.

If you have no particular title in mind, but need a book on a particular subject, let Rosie know for what you are looking. If it is in the library, she will find it for you!

RAINDANCE by Molly Dutina, TSSF

Raindrops are splattering on the surface of the pond.

... when do they cease to be raindrops
and become part of the pond?

The surface of the pond is alive ...

... circles running into each other
... creating colliding dashes.

Turtles break the surface and
burst below again

in a hurried hunt for brunch.

They seem delighted by the pond's behavior ...

... bouncing water
... dancing circles that make turtles
carefree and rambunctious.

You promised repeatedly, Lord, that

"In returning and rest we are saved,
in quietness and trust is our strength."

You said we will be like a well-watered garden.

Lord, when does the anointing become a part of us
and no longer distinguishable as something separate?

Dance on my pond, Jesus.

Splash my mirror surface

until I ripple

and the ripples intersect

to where the pond no longer looks like me, but You.

... blended in holy, bouncing raindance
... boisterous with Your presence
... glistening indescribably

and like the turtle,

I will dive into the center-down silence

to feast on the fruits of Your presence.



(Molly Dutina is newly noviced and living in Cincinnati, Ohio. The Raindance silhouettes were created by Rik Fitch in Hawaii.)

Franciscan Ecumenical Fraternity General Chapter Held

SEVILLE, Spain — The first General Chapter of the Franciscan Ecumenical Fraternity (FEF) was celebrated here on June 5, 6, and 7, amidst worship, workshops, meetings, and warm fellowship.

The Bishop of the Spanish Episcopal Reformed Church, The Very Rev. Arturo Sanchez Galan, charged members with the "willingness to collaborate in the work and activities of the Order to the best of their talents and strength, so that the group would grow and bear fruit for the sake of the Gospel."

Marilynn Jackson TOSSF of England was present

as an Observer and to receive Ray St. Clair Dwyer and Pablo Manuel Alvarez as Third Order Novices.

A highlight was a Solemn Eucharist, with the profession of 12 members, accompanied by the 40-voice Gregorian Choir of San Fernando.

The closing Eucharist on Pentecost Sunday was in "The Upper Room" Chapel where "the presence of the Holy Spirit was felt, and all experienced a feeling of such joy, that, without realizing it, there were tears on the faces of the most sensitive."

(Compiled from the FEF Newsletter "Hermano Menor")

FALLING IN LOVE

by Steven J. Kelley, TSSF

Her beauty dazzles me, entices me, invites me;
yet I fight to repel myself from her attraction.

I tell myself she is not what I want;
I enjoy too much in this life.

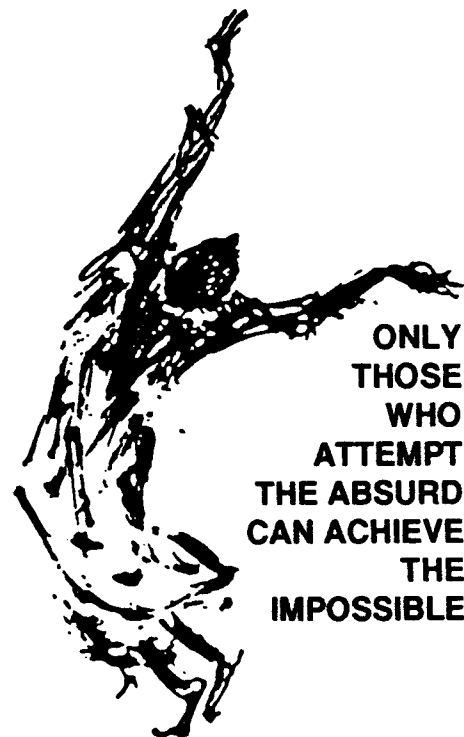
I have so many plans for greatness ahead;
things I can earn and give and possess.
But her voice as a melody sings to my heart;
telling me to abandon it all.

A man in Assisi gave up his world,
and led a life of devotion with her.
In all this, he found great joy;
could it be the same lot for me?

Why did I have to cross your glance;
and become enamored by your offer?
Can I really be falling in love with you
Lady Poverty?

- May, 1992

(Steven Kelly is a novice who wrote this poem
"while procrastinating"
as a seminarian at Nashotah House.)



**ONLY
THOSE
WHO
ATTEMPT
THE ABSURD
CAN ACHIEVE
THE
IMPOSSIBLE**

(Thanks be to
FIDDLESTICKS,
newsletter from

The Order of Ecumenical Franciscans,
for the above illustration and quotation,
found on a T-shirt donated for the
street kids of New York City's
Covenant House by OEF
Minister Provincial
DALE TRANA.)

Two Stories: Reflections on New Life

by Rik Fitch TSSF

(Editor's Note: On Sunday, Oct. 16th, 1990, Rik was going through a major life transition and living in Middlebury, Vermont. He attended a global conference at Middlebury College led by many luminaries from both eastern and western cultures. Among them was the Dalai Lama, the spiritual leader of Tibetan Buddhism, and Rik wrote these words a few hours later.)

At the closing of the Spirit and Nature Conference, the Dalai Lama was to plant a tree which of course would be symbolic of the conference and its new and continuing life.

I managed to get a spot right up front to see this ceremony. The tree was a large and very beautiful Red Maple, which the college maintenance crew had already set into its hole. The Dalai Lama was given a nice-looking shovel and was to say some prayers as he put a few shovel-fulls of dirt around the tree.

This he did. But as he did, his keen eyes noticed a small flower bulb, less than an inch in diameter, which had been tossed off to the side of the dirt pile.

Wasting no time, the Dalai Lama took a hitch in his robes, got down on his knees and dug out a small hole with his hands and planted the bulb, covering it back over with dirt.

Then, looking up, seemingly right at me, he winked and laughed the most wonderful laugh I have ever heard.

(Editor's Note: Several months after writing those words, Rik moved to the Hawaiian Island of Maui, where he recently wrote these words.)

It's been almost three years now since I decided to leave my life of almost 20 years, living in a rural setting in Vermont. At the time that I made this decision to move on, I felt like I was stepping forward into nothing.

Most of us have met crossroads in our lives where we can turn either left or right, but this was more like choice to move forward into the unknown or stand still forever.

At that time, I was reminded of the words of Jesus, "Those who love their life must lose it." And today, those words continue to fill my mind.

What changes and challenges have I faced?

Well, for one, I have learned to care for myself in a new way. This, for me, could only be brought about by constantly reminding myself that even if I lose everything, I still have my faith.

For another, how glad I am today that I took the time to restructure a relationship with my old partner and friend of 20 years. Not everyone has been as lucky as I have been in ending a relationship and keeping a friendship intact at the same time.

The time and effort to do this was not done without cost, especially of those material things we all hold so dear. For me, it meant giving up a house (into which I had put considerable time, talent, and energy), a car, and a lifestyle locked up within a kind of comfort and sense of security.

It has been a year now that I have been living on the island of Maui. This is truly a place of warmth and light, of discovery of new love and new friendships. The word "Paradise" rings very true here.

For this Franciscan artist, I cannot help but notice the fragrance and colors in each new day on every street and in every neighborhood. Each hour brings the freshness of a new Spring day to this place.

But reality is close at hand also. Hawaii does not escape the problems and tensions which we can find in every corner of the world. The cost of living is very high, and we must work very hard to maintain even a simple lifestyle.

But here I am, alive to all the changes and chances of this new life. And I remember the Dalai Lama when he winked and laughed as he planted the bulb.

Thanks be to God!

r e a d e r ' s f o r u m

DOWN UNDER INVITATION

Dear Sisters and Brothers,

A warm welcome is assured in our summer (your winter) of 1995 for United States and Canadian tertiaries who would like to join us for our next General Chapter, which is held every three years. We have just enjoyed Perth and are now planning for Melbourne, January 9-15, 1995.

Comfortable accomodation will be provided in Trinity College, the Anglican College of the University of Melbourne, close to the city, before, during, and after the Chapter.

The program is not yet completed, but will follow our established format of a prominent speaker on Franciscan spirituality, workshops on Franciscan themes, well-planned liturgy with maximum participation by tertiaries, and plenty of time to get to know one another.

Interesting tours of the city and beyond will also be offered. Please register your interest early with Sue Chapman, 38 Bellett St., Camberwell 3124, Australia.

Pax et Bonum,
Sue Chapman

+ + +

SIMPLE QUESTION

What do you do when asked to participate in Church bazaars?

I find it a real conflict of interest in trying to live simply, avoiding unnecessary attention to "things", avoiding waste and extravagance. I prefer straight pledging rather than various fund-raising efforts throughout the year in the church. True, many people have a good time and enjoy the comradeship in the joint effort.

Any suggestions?

Pax et Bonum,
Helen Webb TSSF

The
THIRD ORDER
Society of St. Francis
Requests the Honour
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a Celebration of the
RENEWAL OF VOWS
of Tertiaries
and the 40th ANNIVERSARY
of the PROFESSION of
MARY DOWNHAM TSSF

Saturday, October 17, 1992
11 a.m.

St. John's Convent
One Botham Road
Willowdale, Ontario, Canada
Presider: Bishop Arthur Brown

Please RSVP to:
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REFLECTIONS ON MINISTRY

For the discussions on individual ministries, you are encouraged to do some reflecting on just who you are serving and how you are serving.

Is it only ministry for which you are paid? Do you do this ministry because you enjoy using your talents in this way or because you feel called to serve?

Francis found himself when he embraced the leper. Ask yourself:

"Who is the leper I need to embrace — and have I done so?"

And, equally important, if not actually more so:
"Have I allowed that leper to embrace me?"

— from instructions to members of Land of the Sky Fellowship, in preparation for their June (1992) meeting.