



The Franciscan Times

A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER HELPING MEMBERS OF THE THIRD ORDER OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. FRANCIS SHARE THEIR COMMON JOURNEY THROUGH NEWS FROM FELLOWSHIPS AND INDIVIDUALS, REVIEWS OF BOOKS AND TAPES, POETRY, STORIES, ESSAYS, REFLECTIONS, MEDITATIONS, GRAPHICS, AND WHATEVER THE HOLY SPIRIT MIGHT BLOW OUR WAY. •

Summer 2007

Provincial Convocation of the Americas, 2007

From June 26th to the 30th 2007, the Province of the Americas held its Provincial Convocation at Endicott College on the shores of Massachusetts Bay only twenty miles north of Boston.

Reflections on Provincial Convocation, 2007

Dianne Aid

First of all, to even be able to get to Provincial Convocation was a real challenge, and I had lots of support from brothers and sisters to even be able to go. To them, I am humbled and honored.

Your faces, my brothers and sisters are precious to me. I will remember sharing meals with Brenda and Leonard Stewart, Winston Williams, Brenda Cummings, and knowing our Franciscan Community brings about peace and community – it is hope for the Anglican Communion and for anywhere in the world where there is strife. It also highlighted for me the responsibility we have as a U.S.-dominated membership Order to listen and learn from the gifts that come from other places.

The programs were excellent. I think many of us who have visited Assisi would have loved to have had the knowledge imparted to us by our presenters, especially the *Virtual Basilica*. The highlight for me, however, was the JPIC panel and hearing the stories of our Third Order brothers and sisters and what they do in their day-to-day lives as vocational Third Order Franciscans. Carol Tookey shared from her life story and her daily efforts (along with her husband) to live as a committed steward of the environ-

ment. Seemingly simple things are really challenges for us in our high tech, fast running world to adopt; i.e. buying locally and foods in season, how far we drive, how easy it is to jump on planes, using more and more damaging fuels. I have really taken this to heart and am looking at ways I can follow Carol's example.

Beverly Hosea was present with her mother Peggy, and Bill Berge with his son Brother Clarke, SSF. It was wonderful to see and be present with extended family members.

Being in a wheel chair presents some challenges, although I try to keep up, and usually do. Thanks to those (Judith Gillette I think) who advocated for me to get my own key to the lift that campus security insisted they must operate. The first day, every time I wanted to go up or down the stairs out of our meeting room, I had to call them; this included drinks of water, other "needs". The turf we traveled from the dorms to meeting and dining areas was un-even, and day time was ok, but at night holes in the ground caught my wheels. I learned where they were very quickly, but thanks to the shepherds that walked with me each evening.

The last day, a sign appeared on the door of Saint Anthony's Bookstore: "Closed until 2012"

May we meet again.



One of the ponds between buildings on the Endicott College campus at. It was a beautiful campus, hilly, many different kinds of birds, various flowers, and these ponds rumored to contain snapping turtles, hence no ducks swimming about. Right across the road were beaches looking out at the Beverly Harbor with sailboats gliding by.



Father and son, Br. Clark and Bill Berge. There were also several mother/daughter attendees as well as mother/daughter/granddaughter.

Introducing Tertiaries from Guyana

Life in the Interior

Winston Williams

I am Rev'd Canon Winston Williams, member of the Third Order, Society of St. Francis. I was professed in 1985 and am ordained Priest. I live in Upper Mazaruni Region F in a village called Jawalla situated in the Interland of Guyana.

I have five Churches to supervise and to minister. The way of traveling is by dug-out canoe boat. The distances are far, about 60-90 miles apart from Church Centres. The area is covered with rain forest and high mountains all around. Communication is very difficult. It takes weeks and months to get mails. The only way to reach Upper Mazaruni is to fly with a small aircraft. The flight is over one hour to Kamarang or Imbaimadai, then three hours drive with a small engine boat. The community engages in simple farming and mining and lumbering. (see Map A)

I am married with five children, three are now married. I engage in farming as my main occupation, and I enjoy the ministry as priest. I am now 21 years in the priesthood.

My life as an Ordained Priest in the Diocese of Guyana

Matthew David Boyan

I am an Arawakand, and since I was ordained a priest in 1985, I have been serving five churches: three in the Pomeroun and two in the Moruca River, North West Demerara: St James and St Nicholas in the tributary Manowarin. In these churches, I conduct Holy Eucha-

rist, Marriages, Baptisms, Sunday School and Burial Services whenever I have such cases. (see Map B)

These churches are 62 miles apart and visits can only be made by water, sharing a part of the Atlantic Ocean. On two occasions I was on the edge of drowning when I sank three miles off shore because of an unreliable outboard engine. I recalled then that only God could save my life. After floating on the rough seas for two and a half hours, I was rescued by fishermen. Nevertheless I knew this happened for a cause.

Farming, fishing and hunting are my appropriate way of maintaining my indigenous life. Fish and wild meat are scarce now because of lumbering being done, leaving our forest as it is now, an empty shell.

I, as a member of the Society of St. Francis, am always praying, asking St. Francis to pray for me, that my eyes always be open to see the path that leads to Christ and to serve him all the days of my life.

My life as an Ordained Priest in the Diocese of Guyana

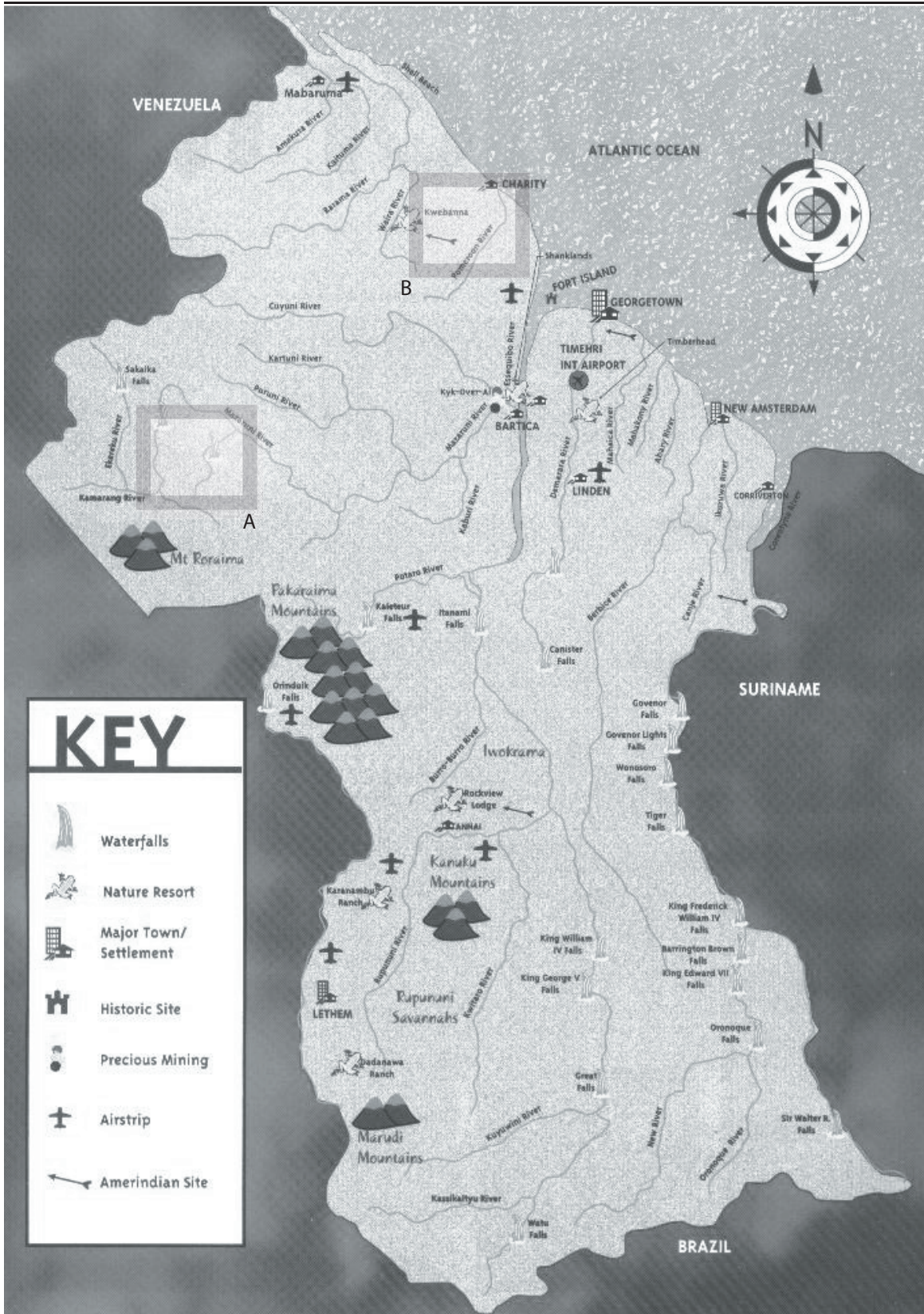
Jones Richards.

I am Amerindian; born on the 26th June 1946. I speak my dialect language, Arawak. I am married, and have four children: three boys and one girl.

I was ordained a priest on the 23rd April 1990 in the Diocese of Guyana, and I serve in the interior of Guyana. (see Map B) I have five different churches to minister to, which are scattered in remote places. My main difficulty is traveling. All my travel is by boat on the river. Presently I have no boat or engine despite the Diocesan Office being aware of this. Presently I am traveling by passage.

The nearest church is now deteriorating. I am seeking financial help to build a new one. Teaching aids for Sunday School are also needed: coloured drawings, pictures of Jesus, seasonal events etc. The number of Sunday School children in my churches are 28. One of the problems in church life these days is that other denominational groups are drawing away our members by giving them material goods.

The Franciscan way of life has changed me a lot. I am more at peace with all people, humble in all my ways. I give myself to God in prayer and meditation.



Map of Guyana with Rivers: Area A is Where Winston Williams works and Area B is Where Matthew Boyan and Jones Richards Work.



Profession of Life Vows at the final Eucharist: (l to r) The Rev. Doreth Sylvester-West (Jamaica), Mark Casstevens, Joyce Wilding (hidden), Jane Ergood and Joy Levetan (Utah).

At the party following the Profession, when John Michael Fox played the violin for a game of musical chairs. It was discovered that in the final analysis four Franciscans can sit on one chair.



Land of Sky Fellowship at the Convocation: (back row) Gil Nicolson, John Michael Fox, John Dotson, Tupper Morehead, Lynn Coulthard and Lance Renault; front row Linda Caraway, Amy Nicolson and Nancy Dotson

St. Anthony's Bookstore at the Provincial Convocation

St. Anthony's Bookstore was a great success at the Provincial Convocation and fortunately for those of us who could not attend the convocation we still have an opportunity to purchase some of the items that were ordered exclusively for the store. The T-shirts, mugs mouse pads and pens have the 'Dancing Francis design and the tote bag has Francis and the whale designed for the convocation by Sister Pamela Clare.



Order Form: Please mail with payment to Ann Harris, TSSF, 3681 E. Curtis Drive, Sacramento, CA 95818

Item	Size/Color	Price	Quantity	Total
T-Shirts	M Grey/Burgundy	10.00		
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	XL	10.00		
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Mouse pad	Teal	3.00		
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Mug	Green (recycled currency)	4.00		
	Grey (recycled phone book)	4.00		
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Tote Bag	Blue – St. Francis and the whale	4.00		
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Shipping: Orders up to \$14.00 please add \$2.00 Orders \$14.00 to \$40.00 please add \$5.00 Orders over \$40.00 or overseas please contact Ann Harris for shipping costs.			Shipping Total	

Sea Bricks and St. Francis

Sea bricks are small pieces of brick that have been tumbled smooth by the waves and washed ashore. The bricks were once used as ballast in old sailing ships. David Gillette collects them and had some of these small pieces of brick available for everyone at the provincial convocation. This is the description that David wrote after listening to Brother Wayne and Brother Bill's presentation on the early documents of Francis:

I know that I look at the world from a different point of view than most, but I love St. Francis and started thinking about sea bricks. I figure that any bricks that I find local must be at least 200 years old. Then I realize that they have a history that started long before mine and would go on long after me. Then as I was listening to the Brothers it dawned on me that Francis has a history longer than the sea brick and with our help will have one that continues long after we have passed. I have collected some sea bricks so that any who would like may have one.

If you would like your own sea brick please contact David and Judith Gillette for shipping costs.

Franciscan Family Commits to One Voice for Advocacy

BALTIMORE, MD. -- More than 130 members of the Franciscan Family, leaders and justice, peace & integrity of creation representatives from 69 provinces, congregations, Secular Franciscan Regions and Ecumenical partners from throughout the United States, met March 7-9, 2007 in Baltimore, MD to discuss and discern ways to bring a more visible and effective Franciscan presence to the effort of repairing relationships to establish justice in the world. In this meeting, Franciscan friars, sisters, seculars and ecumenicals called for themselves and the larger U.S. Franciscan Family to "speak with one Franciscan Voice in order to effect the transformation of national social policy." The gathering represented the largest U.S. Franciscan group ever assembled in the U.S. solely to discuss ways to be better advocates with persons who are poor, marginalized or victims of injustice.

Participating from the Order of Ecumenical Franciscans was Bro. Craig Robert Miller, OEF. Rev. Carol Tookey, TSSF, and Rev. Emmett Jarrett, TSSF, represented the Third Order Society of St. Francis. Together the three discerned that Emmett Jarrett would serve as joint representative (OEF/TSSF) on the newly appointed steering committee.

The meeting began with prayer, which was woven through all the proceedings. Following prayer, the participants interacted with three speakers to explore more deeply a Franciscan approach to advocacy. Fr. Michael Perry, OFM, councilor for the Sacred Heart OFM Province, began the discussion by looking at the Franciscan Charism and how it requires its followers to be engaged in the transformation of the world, or, to put it in a modern context, to be engaged in advocacy. Next Sr. Meg Guider, OSF, professor of Missiology at Weston Jesuit School of Theology, explored the modern context of globalization and the reality of American Exceptionalism. To be most effective, our Franciscan advocacy work must be grounded in this context and boldly challenge how the U.S. interacts with the rest of the world. Finally, Marie Dennis, SFO, director for the Maryknoll Office for Global Concerns, shared how religious communities have been and can continue to be effective shapers of public policy. Each of the three presenters was paired with a "Franciscan Voice" who shared personal stories and realities. Br. Rodrigo Peret, OFM, of Brazil, Mrs. Mary Mwangi, SFO, of Kenya, and Sr. Sheila Kinsey, OSF, from Wheaton, IL grounded the three presentations with the experiences of those ministering with persons who are poor or marginalized. The "voices" were able to help make clear the connections between our experiences in the world and

our rich Franciscan Charism.

Building from the first day's input, the participants in the historic meeting moved from why we should have an organized Franciscan Voice for Advocacy to how we should establish it. The group collectively wrote a vision statement (see below) calling the Family to work together for social transformation. From the vision statement, the participants then committed themselves to having further dialogue and finding the resources to establish a broad-based Franciscan Family Commission for Justice, Peace and Integrity of Creation, as well as a Center for Action based in Washington, DC. These two structures will be launched in the next six to twelve months so that the Franciscan Family in the U.S. will be able to effectively "walk with our brothers and sisters who are poor and marginalized... to advocate for peace and to reaffirm the dignity of all creation."

The meeting ended with the newly appointed steering committee anointing the assembly. With this action, participants sealed in prayer the commitment they verbally made to one another to work together to establish structures that can bring the voice and spirit of St. Francis and St. Clare to a world that is crying out for transformation.

Following is the Vision Statement that will guide the work of the steering committee, the commission, and the center as together we will work to advocate with one Franciscan voice for peace, justice, and the integrity of creation:

Vision Statement of the Franciscan Family Adopted March 9, 2007

We Franciscan brothers and sisters, Religious and Secular, from throughout the United States, gathered together in Baltimore, MD to discern the possibility of a unified Franciscan Voice for justice. With great concern for dehumanizing issues in our society, we recognized trends contrary to our calling as followers of Christ. We see that we have the power to effectively advocate for the redistribution of resources, the responsible care for creation, and the healing of relationships within the Franciscan Family, the Church and society. To these ends, we commit ourselves and call all members of the Family to speak with one Franciscan Voice to effect the transformation of national social policy. By walking with our brothers and sisters who are poor and marginalized, we intend to advocate for peace and to reaffirm the dignity of all creation.

What People Expect of Franciscans:

God's Mission for Us in Today's World

A Sermon preached at the Holy Eucharist for Justice, Peace, and the Integrity of Creation

at the Provincial Convocation of the Third Order, Society of St. Francis, June 27, 2007

by the Rev. Emmett Jarrett, TSSF

As I was preparing to come to this Convocation last week, friends asked me where I was going. To a gathering of Third Order Franciscans, I explained. Their eyes crossed. What could be better, I asked, than spending six days with 129 Franciscans? Answer: Spending six days with 130 Franciscans!

Our Minister Provincial, my friend Ken Norian, mentioned yesterday that in the early days of the Order, "chapter" was not a leadership group making decisions for others, but a gathering of hundreds – even thousands! – to pray together, renew their commitment to Christ and one another, study the Scriptures, and discern God's call to them for the future. Rather like our Provincial Convocation!

Let us remember the difference between an institution and a movement. In an institution, a few people at the "top" make decisions for the many "below." In a movement, the people who do the work make the decisions!

So – I am privileged to be with all of you today to speak of a growing "movement" within the Franciscan family, and indeed in the Church as a whole. Not just Anglican Franciscans, and not just the Episcopal Church.

That movement is, I believe, a movement of the Spirit. That movement is people responding to the leading of the Holy Spirit. It is a movement of disciples who want to respond to Jesus' command to "love one another" as he loves us. It is this kind of love that will, I believe, help us to put the internal conflicts in our Church in perspective, and work together as disciples on the mission of Jesus Christ: to proclaim the Kingdom of God as it comes near to us in Christ's love, and to heal those who are broken by the savage power of the American Empire.

This movement of the Spirit in our time is founded on our growing awareness that the mission of Christ is to proclaim and practice *God's justice* in a cruel and destructive world, *God's peace* in a world at war, and to *care for God's creation* in ways that reflect our understanding that it is not ours to own or exploit or destroy but to care for tenderly as a mother for her child – or, perhaps better – as a mature person cares for an aging mother.

The mission, therefore, of the Church, and of the Franciscan family, is the mission of God's justice, peace, and the integrity of creation.

We are not naïve about this mission. It's not a matter of bird baths and soup kitchens, important as those are, but about the *revolutionary transformation of society* – starting with our society in the United States of America. We must stop the wars in Iraq, Afghanistan, Palestine, Darfur, and elsewhere, and start a revolution of values to break the cycle of endless war that we are running on like lab rats on a treadmill.

How can we do this – we who are sinners ourselves, no better than our ancestors? It is not easy and the task will not be done in a few days or even years.

But remember the context of Jesus' new commandment to love one another as he has loved us that we heard in today's Gospel [John 13:31-35]. Judas, the disciple who betrayed him, has just shared intimately with Jesus a morsel of bread, which the Lord had dipped into the stew at the Last Supper and given to his friend, perhaps even placing it in his mouth! Judas has now left the table and gone out to betray Jesus to the religious and imperial authorities, who will torture him and murder him on the cruel cross. When Judas leaves, Jesus says, "Now is the Son of man glorified" (John 13:31), and *then* he gives his disciples the "new commandment" of love. It is not to warrior heroes or plaster saints that Jesus commits his mission, but to us. The test, for us as for the first disciples, is love. People will know that we are his disciples if we love one another.

* * *

In March of this year, Carol Tookey, TSSF, and Craig Robert Miller, of the Order of Ecumenical Franciscans, and I attended a conference of 137 members of the Franciscan Family in Baltimore as your representatives. The 134 others were Roman Catholic Franciscans, and they organized the conference, but we were made welcome by everyone, beginning with the Friars of the Atonement from Graymoor.

We gathered to pray and reflect and talk together to discern whether God is calling the Franciscan Family to speak with one voice in the center of world power about justice, peace, and the integrity of creation. Again, rather like those early Franciscan "chapters." One of the speakers, Joe Rozansky, OFM, a Midwesterner who works in the OFM JPIC office in Rome, posed the issue as a question: "What do people expect of Franciscans?" This was his answer: "People expect three things of us:

commitment to the poor;
peace-building and nonviolence; and
care for the creation."

That question, and those answers, make sense to me. I invite you to think about them as you go through our time together at Provincial Convocation, and reflect on

(continued on page 8)

how we are meeting these expectations, and what more we can do together, ecumenically, to meet the Lord Jesus' test of love for us as disciples and Franciscans.

First, commitment to the poor. Christians are committed to the poor because Jesus was committed to the poor. Not only did he teach that the poor are "blessed" (Matthew 5:3), but the Son of God "became poor although he was rich, so that by his poverty you might become rich" (II Corinthians 8:9). St. Francis in his time embraced poverty because Jesus Christ was poor, and to follow Christ meant to be poor with him.

The Churches in our time have nearly forgotten the poor Christ. Our "affluenza" has led to what Gibson Winter once called "the suburban captivity of the Church." We must return to the Lord, in whose footsteps we follow, by embracing the poor.

Leonardo Boff, the Brazilian Franciscan, in *Francis of Assisi: A Model for Human Liberation*, reminds us that the Church has gone through three stages in its relation to the poor. Originally it was a Church "*of the poor*" because its members, even though not all were slaves or impoverished, were powerless, an enemy of the state, a threat to the Roman Empire by their very existence, subject to criminal penalties as an illegal religion.

This changed when the Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity in 325 A. D. and made it the state religion, an "Established Church." The Church became rich in worldly terms and a lot of Christians went to the desert to found monastic communities that sought to live in the poverty of Jesus. The rest of us enjoyed the spoils, built big churches, and exercised power. But the Church never completely forgot the poor. (How could we?) We became a Church "*for the poor*," established schools and hospitals, benevolent societies and sanctuaries for the needy. A powerful Church, identified with the powers, took care of the poor in a paternalistic way, as a matter of charity. Everyone had his or her place in this world: the rich, to obtain salvation by doing good works, gave alms to the poor. The poor learned patience under their afflictions, and provided occasion for the rich to give alms.

Something new is happening in our time. First in Latin America, and then around the world, Christians have begun to awaken to the injustice of poverty. We have begun to realize that the wealth some of us enjoy is related in profound ways to the destitution others experience. In Latin America this awakening was called a "*preferential option for the poor*," and so the Church has begun to be a Church "*with the poor*."

Thinking about the poor in these terms leads to a new understanding of what it means to be disciples. Those of us who are privileged – and wealth is not the only form of privilege – some of us are privileged by being

white, or male, or "educated" – may give away money, but we cannot escape the privilege of race or gender. But we can begin to be *committed to the poor*, to stand with them. We can begin to see the world through the eyes of the destitute.

In my own life, that is where ministry with the homeless in New London, Connecticut, has brought me. To see the world as the poor see the world is to understand the role of wealth and power, and the ways in which I share in it. To stand with the poor is to opt for a different way of living. It may have something to do with discipleship, with love as not a warm fuzzy feeling but a decision to follow Jesus.

Second, peace-building and nonviolence. The Bishop of Assisi once said to Francis, "I think your life is too hard, too rough. You don't possess anything in the world." Francis replied, "My Lord, if we had possessions, we would need weapons to defend them."

Christians of all people should know that there is an intimate connection between possessions and violence, both personally and socially. When I think in terms of *my* money, *my* house, *my* wife and children, *my* profession, *my* country, I am not far from being willing to use force to keep *you* from obtaining what is *mine*. Peace is not the absence of war in the Bible. Peace, *eirene*, *pax*, *shalom*, is abundance, community, family, safety, a covenant relationship with God and God's people. But when we equate our good with our possessions, we are willing to kill to protect them.

Last year, I went with a group of friends, led by a 75 year old United Methodist minister, on a two week, 270 mile walk around the State of Connecticut. We called it a "pilgrimage for peace," and said we were "praying with our feet." One of those pilgrimage days was September 11, five years to the day after the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, the icons of U. S. economic and military power. But it was also the 100th anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi's first *satyagraha*, in South African in 1906.

The history of the 20th century – the bloodiest century in human history – world wars and the Holocaust, the Cold War and now the "war on terror" – is a history of millions slaughtered in wars that did not bring peace or democracy. But the same century, looked at from the perspective of the poor, is the century of nonviolent revolution. Nonviolent actions have brought freedom to India, South Africa, and our own Civil Rights Movement, the fall of the Berlin wall and the collapse of the Soviet Empire. No military force was used in these struggles, but the peaceful resistance of ordinary people brought an end to tyranny.

The connection between peace and the poor is not merely economic, but it is at least that. The U. S. spends \$2 bil-

lion a *week* on war in Iraq, but doesn't have money to provide good schools for our children or health care for 47 million uninsured, of whom a third are children. I've learned from my experience what the great American nonviolent advocate, A. J. Muste, taught: "There is no way to peace. Peace is the way." Francis likewise taught us to greet friend and "enemy" alike with the salutation: "May the Lord give you peace!"

Third, care for the creation. Christians, Jews, and Muslims declare that "we believe in one God, the Father Almighty, creator of heaven and earth." We did not create the earth on which and from which we live, God did. As Biblical people, we are not the "owners" of Creation. God is "the only landlord." Our faith invites us to imitate God by resting on the Sabbath. We are also taught about "Sabbath economics" in the story of the manna from heaven. God commanded the people in the desert to "so gather it that everyone has enough to eat. . . ." They did, and when they had gathered, "he who gathered a large amount did not have too much, and he who had gathered a small amount did not have too little" (Exodus 16:16,19). Each one had "enough," and "enough" is the biblical standard.

Because God knows our acquisitiveness, our possessiveness, God provided the Jubilee for the redistribution of land – the "capital" of early societies – every fifty years. Leviticus 25 teaches us that we cannot sell or own the land in perpetuity, because it is not ours; "the land belongs to the Lord." Likewise we may not own slaves, exploit workers, or charge interest on loans. Bankers, beware!

This sense of the creation as God's gift to be shared, rather than our possession to be owned, hoarded, exploited, points to the solution to the environmental crisis. There is, after all, enough for everyone to eat – even with six billion people on the planet. There is enough for all our need, but not for anyone's greed. So the care of creation – the third expectation that people have of Franciscans – is related both to peace and the poor.

In Genesis, human beings are created to cooperate with God by tilling the earth and caring for it (Gen. 2:15-17). In Jesus' teaching this vision of creaturely solidarity and of the earth as home is revived. "Notice the ravens; they do not sow or reap, . . . yet God feeds them. . . . Do not seek what you are to eat and what you are to drink, and do not be anxious. All the nations seek these things, and your Father knows that you need them. Instead, seek God's kingdom, and all these things will be given you besides (Luke 12:24-31). Our vocation is to share, not only our wealth with each other, but the earth itself with the other creatures, to the praise of the God who created all of us.

Francis picks up this theme in the "Canticle of the Creatures," composed at the end of his life. This is not the

sentimentalized bird-bath Francis, but the realistic man of his times who knows his place among the other creatures because he has learned his place among the poor.

* * *

So there you have it. I believe people "will know we are Christians by our love." We will be known as Jesus' disciples, not by our liturgical correctness or our theological orthodoxy, or even by our Franciscan habits, but by our orthopraxis. We will be known by our fruits.

If we are what the Franciscan Family is calling us to be – **committed to the poor** so that we have poor members in our congregations, and our Church is truly standing **with** the poor, we will be disciples. If we are willing to make the changes in our lives that surrender possessions and embrace love of enemies, if we become **peace-builders** and actually **practice nonviolence**, we will be disciples. If we **treat the earth**, our mother, whom we share with all other people and creatures, **with respect**, and acknowledge God's sovereignty, we will be disciples – and Franciscans.

All this is practical stuff. We live it or we lose it. Dorothy Day, founder of the Catholic Worker, who was Franciscan in spirit if not a member of an Order, summed it up:

What we would like to do is change the world – make it a little simpler for people to feed, clothe, and shelter themselves as God intended them to do. And, by fighting for better conditions, by crying out unceasingly for the rights of the workers, of the poor, of the destitute – the rights of the worthy and the unworthy poor in other words – we can, to a certain extent, change the world; we can work for the oasis, the little cell of joy and peace in a harried world. We can throw our pebbles in the pond and be confident that its ever widening circle will reach around the world. We can give away an onion. We repeat, there is nothing that we can do but love, and, dear God, please enlarge our hearts to love each other, to love our neighbor, to love our enemy as well as our friend.

Then Jesus will truly be able to say to us, "You are my disciples." Then Francis will say to us, as he said on his deathbed to his first companions, "I have done my part. May Christ teach you to do yours."

NOTE The Ministers Provincial of all three orders – SSF Brothers, CSF Sisters, and TSSF – of the Society of Saint Francis, Province of the Americas, have agreed to recommend to their respective chapters that we join the Franciscan Action Network and participate in the work of the Franciscan Action Center to be established in Washington, D.C., in 2008.

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The Community of St. Francis now has its revised edition of the CSF Office Book available.

The suggested donation is \$60 (which includes postage). If you are interested or would like more information, please contact us at CSFsfo@aol.com or 415-824-0288 or St. Francis House, 3743 Cesar Chavez St., San Francisco CA 94110.

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Statutes (\$1)

Devotional Companion (\$4.50)

Please Note:

The TSSF Directory is not to be used for solicitations of any kind that are unrelated to Third Order, Province of the Americas, issues.

Guyana Needs

Our tertiary priests in the interior of Guyana have very little in the way of vestments. Two boxes of donated vestments were sent this year, and more are needed. Also requested are home communion sets, as these priests frequently travel to isolated communities with just a backpack. If you or your parishes have such items to give, please mail them to Terry Rogers, 54 East First St. #2A, NY NY, 10003. For those outside the USA, email Terry at terryr@pocketmail.com to see about the best way to send items.

When individuals and/or local TSSF fellowships create websites that reference TSSF, it should be clearly indicated that the site is not an official site of the Third Order, Society of St. Francis in the Americas. Additionally, a link should be included to www.tssf.org.

This Did Not Happen by Accident

Terry Rogers

A few days after I returned from my trip to Iran, I went to a local copy shop owned by some men from Bangladesh. I was making a small copy of an icon of St. Francis and the Sultan embracing. "It's an icon," I helpfully explained to the man behind the counter as I went up to pay. "Of course it's an icon," he gently replied. "But it's a contemporary icon," I pointed out.

His face brightened and his eyes shone. "Every icon is contemporary," he said, beaming at me. Totally amazed and considerably humbled, I paid and thanked him.

So if every icon is contemporary, how does this embrace come alive for me? I was in Iran for the first two weeks in March, on a delegation of 23 people, sponsored by the Fellowship of Reconciliation. When I got back, a friend described such a trip as, "you just put your body on the ground and let the love of God pour through you." I appreciated those words, because while we were there it often seemed like a very small effort towards peacemaking. One effect the trip had on me was to deepen my awareness of my own American upbringing, full of ignorance, prejudice, and fear about Iran and Islam. And yes, the Crusades of Francis' time are alive and well today.

Is the Islamic Republic of Iran the Sultan's camp? For many of us it represents some of our deepest and darkest fears about political Islam. When I told them where I was going, many friends and family members said, "oh please, be careful."

Now I often describe the event in the icon as "St. Francis embracing the Sultan." But why don't I ever call it, "the Sultan embracing St. Francis?" Why do I see St. Francis as giving love and the Sultan as receiving it? (How nice of dear St. Francis to embrace that scary old Sultan, just like he embraced that pitiful leper...). True, St. Francis did the traveling to Egypt, but it takes two to embrace.

So we did the traveling. As I nervously stepped up to the immigration officer at the airport and showed my passport, he stamped it and smiled, "welcome to Iran." When we got to our hotel in the middle of the night, there was a young woman in the lobby waiting for us, holding a tray of glasses filled with cold delicious orange juice. As we walked through many public spaces - bazaars, parks, city squares and streets, a river walk, mosque courtyards - people would shyly approach us and ask where we were from. Hearing that we were from America, they'd smile and say, "We love Americans - we don't like your government but we really love you and we're glad you are here." We visited a tiny peace museum, organized by a group that supported survivors of chemical weapons, used by

Iraq in the Iran/Iraq war in 1980-1988. There we were met by a group of boys in school uniforms who gave us each a red rose, saying, "We believe in friendship, not retaliation." Yellow roses given us when we visited the American Studies Program at Tehran University. Tea and cookies served when we met the Vice President for Tourism and Culture (whose office building we entered without a security check of any kind). Pictures of a Persian miniature hunting party given us as goodbye presents from our travel agency.

We were welcomed into mosques of great beauty and serenity - greeted warmly in the gardens surrounding the tombs of the great medieval Sufi poets buried in Shiraz, Hafiz and Saadi. This love of God my friend was speaking of - was it pouring out of me or was it being poured into me?

I am not trying to say that all is well in Iran. We have heard much about the darkness there, but we haven't heard much about the light. I realize that what I've written may sound romantic and naive. But it wasn't until I let myself feel romantic that this trip made any sense at all. On the political level, some of these "welcomings" may signal that some parts of Iranian society, and some factions in the government, want to promote dialogue and lessen tensions with the U.S., and I do think that's likely. But more beautiful, and profoundly holy, is the effort made by people from enemy camps to fraternize, to drink tea together, to offer gifts, to travel across an ocean or just a courtyard to share human warmth with each other. There is a deep reservoir of goodwill, of generosity, of hospitality in Iran that most of us would never imagine.

We had an evening in the holy city of Qom with two Muslim clerics and two Muslim philosophy professors. When asked what Americans can do about the dangerous standoff between our two countries, one of the professors said, "We can pray for one another; Christians and Muslims fasting and praying together is very powerful." One of the clerics said, "Don't forget, God is going to help whoever is trying to do what is right."

One of them suggested we go around the room, imagining the Holy Mother was asking us what our deepest wish would be, and then telling it. He was talking about Maryam, about Mary, the mother of Jesus. As we began describing our wishes, the room became quiet and filled with peace and grace.

Later, when we shared supper with these men, one of the clerics said, about our evening together, "This did not happen by accident."

Installation Philip Freier, TSSF As

Archbishop of Melbourne (from *Australian Province Newsletter*)

It was fitting that earlier in December the large screen in St Paul's Cathedral that hung over the whole chancel arch had been removed and the restored choir and sanctuary were visible in their new glory. Two thousand or so people, clergy and laity of the Diocese plus visitors, packed the Cathedral. There were several tertiaries there; in particular, I spoke afterwards with Jeremy Ashton and Keith Slater. All the expected church and civic dignitaries were in attendance. The Governor of Victoria, Dr David de Kretser, an active member of the Wattle Park Uniting Church, read one of the lessons and when the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Denis Hart, spoke his words of welcome I thought back to the days of complete separation between our two churches, a mutual suspicion overcome only when Archbishop Frank Woods went to visit Dr Daniel Mannix. It is widely known that Philip enjoyed close relations with aboriginal people in the Northern Territory, a happy friendship to which he referred in his sermon and which he will seek to repeat in the very different circumstances of a large urban diocese. One of the notable parts of Saturday's liturgy was when an aboriginal man processed the full length of the Cathedral's central aisle playing the didgeridoo. St Francis gained recognition though the choice of the concluding hymn: 'All creatures of our God and King', all seven verses in unexpurgated form.

When people arrived for the service many noticed and some spoke to a man who was holding up a huge placard begging the church to respond to the claimed injustices of the new Industrial Regulations. It was a favorable omen when the new Archbishop himself later joined in conversation with this man.

As is generally known, Melbourne is a diverse diocese, embracing all forms of Anglican worship and belief, from the extreme to the drab, from zeal for the gospel to the coziness of a religious club. There is hope for the future in that when Philip Freier was chosen at the August Synod both 'Catholic' and 'Evangelical' Anglicans expressed their pleasure. He has a great task ahead of him in diocese and city, given not only the alarming figures of the decline in Anglican church attendances but also the perceived irrelevance of Christian faith and practice for the lives of several million Melburnians. We, the members of the Third Order, are thrilled that Philip agreed to this onerous ministry and we hold him up to God in our prayers.

P.S. Nigel Stock TSSF is to be the next Bishop of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich in England.



Here Helen Granowski, Regional Minister for Victoria/Tasmania presents the cross to Archbishop Philip on behalf

Minister's Musings

Ken Norian

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

Many members of our community have been working to prepare for the Provincial Convocation. By the time you receive this, around 150 members of TSSF will have participated in this every five year gathering of Franciscans. I'm sure at some point in the future there will be reflections on what transpired. But, as I sit and write now in preparation for the gathering, I look forward to the event with anticipation. This sense of anticipation stems from meeting with Tertiaries who I know - but haven't seen in a long time, as well as meeting members of our community who I don't know.

This causes me to reflect on the nature of a non-residential community, one whose members are spread across the Americas from Canada to Brazil. Our charism is one that leads us to live our lives as individuals - with the support of our sisters and brothers. Over the past few months, I've been reaching out to friends who have been in my life for many years that, because of time and circumstance, I've drifted away from. For the most part, I've found that the foundation of friendship that was established was easily shored up and built upon anew.

But, it often takes effort to reach out to people whom we don't encounter on a daily basis. A member of the family (Fr. John Bertolucci) was fond of saying, "when in doubt, reach out". That little phrase has been playing in my mind of late. It is so easy to pass over opportunities to meet with other Tertiaries. When an actual meeting is not possible, phone calls, letters, and emails can be so helpful. If there are Tertiaries you know, but haven't spoken to in a while - reach out. Amidst an environment in our church and communion where there

is too much separation, let's be sure to reinforce our gift as Franciscan bridgebuilders.

All of us have been called to an expression of Christian spirituality that reflects the spirit of our founder, Francis. In my experience, and the experience of many others, the bond of fellowship we experience as Franciscans transcends so many differences of theology and polity across denominational lines. Continue to pray and actively work that we may be "bound into a living whole through the love we share in Christ", rejoicing in the Lord always.

Peace, love, and all good be with us as we share the Good News as individuals and as a community.

Bird Congregation Declining

Harold Macdonald (from the July issue of Thaw! (An unofficial, monthly on-line magazine Offfor Canadian Anglican and Ecumenical Franciscans)

Anglicans may rue the decline in church congregations over the past decades but it's nothing compared to the decline in the bird population. S. Francis, who once preached to the birds, would have to look harder and farther for his feathered congregation today.

He might read, from the *New York Times*:

Last week, the Audubon Society released a new report describing the sharp and startling population decline of some of the most familiar and common birds in America: several kinds of sparrows, the Northern bobwhite, the Eastern meadowlark, the common grackle and the common tern. The average decline of the 20 species in the Audubon Society's report is 68 percent.

Forty years ago, there were an estimated 31 million bobwhites. Now there are 5.5 million. Compared to the hundred-some condors presently in the wild, 5.5 million bobwhites sounds like a lot of birds. But what matters is the 25.5 million missing and the troubles that brought them down — and are all too likely to bring down the rest of them, too. So this is not extinction, but it is how things look before extinction happens.

The question is whether we will see the distinctness of the field sparrow — its number is down from 18 million 40 years ago to 5.8 million — only when the last pair is being kept alive in a zoo somewhere. We love to finally care when the death watch is on. It makes us feel so very human.

But in the past 40 years, we have killed all those millions of birds or, let us say, unintentionally caused a dramatic population loss, simply by going about business as usual.

Agriculture has intensified. So has development. Open space has been sharply reduced. We have simply pursued our livelihoods. We knew it was inimical to wolves and mountain lions. But we somehow trusted

that all the innocent little birds were here to stay. What they actually need to survive, it turns out, is a landscape that is less intensely human.

In our everyday economic behavior, we seem determined to discover whether we can live alone on earth. E.O. Wilson has argued eloquently and persuasively that we cannot, that who we are depends as much on the richness and diversity of the biological life around us as it does on any inherent quality in our genes. Environmentalists of every stripe argue that we must somehow begin to correlate our economic behavior — by which I mean every aspect of it: production, consumption, habitation — with the welfare of other species.

This is the premise of sustainability. But the very foundation of our economic interests is self-interest, and in the survival of other species we see way too little self to care.

Making Nowheres

Rolf Pedersen, (from the June issue of Thaw! (An unofficial, monthly on-line magazine Offfor Canadian Anglican and Ecumenical Franciscans)

There was once a large piece of undeveloped territory called simply "The Grove" at the end of Fern Avenue, the short Ottawa street on which I grew up. As a boy, it had special meaning for me, my brother Paul and a few playmates who may still be alive to remember it. I can vividly recall my favourite climbing trees (one a magnificently welcoming wild cherry) at the entrance to the grove and especially the fateful day when these trees were suddenly and (it seemed to me) ruthlessly rooted up and destroyed to make way for a Fern Avenue extension and the Connellys' new house.

It was a personal loss and tragedy. At the time it simply seemed vaguely wrong. I stifled my rage on the grounds that new housing development was the way of the world. I was somehow taught by the actions of the powerful bulldozers that razed the place that the rights of land owners and developers came first. The rights of trees and other non-human creatures to exist and contribute to the peace and harmony and well-being of the world (and me) were nonexistent. The notion itself that trees were living creatures was rendered nonsensical, almost heretical. Such life forms were readily expendable. Trees were, in effect, weeds then. And judging from the abandon with which they are still being summarily ripped from the landscape to make way for subdivisions in the fast-'growing' city where I now live, trees remain weeds.

Well, maybe the trees of my youth were not as forgettable as I resigned myself to think 50 years ago. In my senior years I'm now vividly recalling those trees,

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About Rio de Janeiro

Bishop Celso Franco de Oliveira, Anglican Diocese of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, member of the Third Order.

These photos were taken at the Celebration of Holy Communion on Christmas Day at which three members of Third Order Franciscans were present together with other members of different parishes within the Diocese.



Everything began when I was contacted by the Rev Debbie Little of the "Ecclesia Ministries" which inspired me to initiate a similar ministry in the streets of downtown Rio de Janeiro.

It all started by my simply sitting among the street dwellers on the sidewalks on four consecutive Sunday mornings and talking with them, thus gaining their confidence, friendship and collaboration.

From that Christmas Day Celebration until today we have celebrated on a regular basis, as you can see in the photos attached.

I also attaching some photos from our ministry in Rocinha, the largest favela in Brazil, where we run a medical center. The food and clothing which you see being distributed took place on Christmas Eve by my wife and me.

About the Rev. Debbie Little

As Bishop Celso Franco de Oliveira mentioned, he was inspired by the Rev Debbie Little who was the founder and missionary of "the common cathedral" that has since become "the Outdoor Church."

The Outdoor Church is an outdoor ministry to homeless men and women in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It offers prayer services and pastoral assistance outdoors in all seasons and all weather in order to be accessible to men and women who, because of shame or embarrassment, hostility or illness, cannot or will not enter conventional churches. It takes the church to those who cannot or will not reach it on their own.

The Outdoor Church is non-denominational and ecumenical. Its clergy, staff and interns are Methodist, Congregational, Roman Catholic, Baptist and Episcopalian, among other denominations. Clergy from churches throughout Cambridge regularly preside at its services on a rotating basis.

The Outdoor Church regularly holds short prayer services in Porter Square, under the mobile sculpture near the T station, at 9:00 AM and on the Cambridge Common, near the tall Civil War monument and directly across from Christ Church Cambridge on Garden Street, at 1:00 PM every Sunday, throughout the year. Following the services, its lay and ordained ministers carry sandwiches, pastry, juice and clean white socks through Porter Square and into Harvard Square and Central Square, where a meal and communion are offered to any homeless people they encounter.

In addition, The Outdoor Church offers an outdoor Compline service every Thursday night following a meal served to homeless men and women at Christ Church.

Like conventional churches, The Outdoor Church offers a broad array of pastoral services to its congregants, including visits to prisons, jails, hospitals, detox centers and shelters. The staff of The Outdoor Church regularly appear in court on behalf of congregants, conduct memorial services for homeless people who have died on the street or in a hospital and offer pastoral counseling.

While The Outdoor Church is not itself a social service agency, it works closely with the many local and state agencies and institutions that provide social services to homeless men and women in Cambridge. The Outdoor Church connects people on the street with much needed help and provides them with information about meals, shelters, detox centers and programs, shelters for abused women and children, legal support and medical assistance.

The education and training of students and seminar-

ians is an important part of the work of The Outdoor Church. The church is a field education site for the Harvard Divinity School. Students and seminarians from schools within the Boston Theological Institute as well as area school undergraduates regularly accompany and assist its clergy and lay volunteers.

A New Trail of Tears: Stories of Mexican Immigrants

Dianne Aid

As I begin to compose this, I do not know what direction it will take. All I know is I want to tell a story that is of my heart, it is one of journey with people who have given me so much in spirit, friendship and understanding of God's call to me and to my parish community of Saint Matthew / San Mateo Episcopal Church in Auburn, Washington.

The story began for me in 1992 when migrant workers were forced to camp out in city parks in Ellensburg, Washington because they could not find housing. Over the next few years, churches and community worked together to relieve the migrant housing issues. That is a story of its own, but it is part of where my journey began. Actually, it began many years ago in Los Angeles, California where I grew up, and was fascinated with the Mexican culture around me, the colors, the smells, the music; it touched something in my heart. My first journey into Mexico was in a small border town, Jacume, with a church group where we spent three weeks building a small building and painting out-houses! I was 17, and the people of rural Mexico have called me ever since.

Fast forward to 1996, sitting in a kitchen in the small village of Contla, Jalisco, Mexico. A friend of mine and I took a two week journey to visit families of farm workers who worked in the rich fields of Eastern Washington. I remember the moment my perspective changed from hearing the stories of how these young men crossed the border; it was almost a game back then. Anyway, back to the kitchen scene, Armando's mother was giving me instructions to make sure her son called her at least once a month, asking me to keep him away from another young man who was a "bad influence", and then, the startling question "Do you think immigration will shoot my son?"

More than 400 people a year die in the Arizona desert attempting the trip to the north. We do not have data for how many die on the Mexican side of the border. Most who die do not carry any identification with them, and their families simply have no idea of what happened to their sons, husbands, fathers, daughters, wives and mothers. Two summers ago at a border ministries conference in the Diocese of Arizona, we

were asked to draw slips out of a bucket. If a name was known, it was read, but most were men, ca. 26, hypothermia, woman, ca. 21 gun shot wounds and a date. These were included in the intercessions during Compline and it took us over an hour to read all the slips – it was a very difficult and profound hour.

Those that do make it have walked for days in the desert with little food or water. The trek through Tijuana and southern California is no easier. Several thousand dollars later (money paid to a coyote – a human trafficker) those I know arrive in Washington state to harvest crops, clean hotel rooms, cook fast foods, wash dishes in fine restaurants, build houses and performing any number of service and food industry jobs. They pay taxes, integrate into the community, and some even become Episcopalians.

Saint Matthew/San Mateo, Auburn

Our parish has been engaged in Latino/Hispanic Ministry for seven years. There is a lot of story there too, but, it is sufficient to say here that we are one congregation with three Sunday services, two in English and one in Spanish. Native Spanish speakers serve on church committees, serve as delegates to Diocesan Convention and have served on vestry. They gave birth to our Jubilee Ministry, which is now a joint ministry of the parish. An icon of the Virgin of Guadalupe graces a wall in the nave, and our parish hall is adorned with seasonal Mexican altars (Day of the Dead and Guadalupe/Christmas altars). We have deep relationships between the two language groups and live well together.

On February 14th, Auburn, a small city south of Seattle was rocked with the news of an ICE (Immigration Control Enforcement) raid at the UPS warehouse. 51 people were taken. On March 15th, another 10 were picked up by ICE at the Emerald Downs Race Track in Auburn. Rene Martinez, a long standing member of Saint Matthew/San Mateo was taken during the later raid. He is currently out on bond and has an immigration petition in process. Rene is brave indeed as he has been a public voice for workers who are detained in these raids. The goal ICE has for “Operation return to sender” is to deport all undocumented people by 2010. They are aggressively searching for people in their places of residence, in front of schools, at work, in banks, and wherever one may be in ordinary daily activities. These raids continue, even as Congress is proposing legislation that would offer undocumented workers integrity by creating a path to legalization and citizenship.

As of this writhing, three of our parishioners have been taken into custody by immigration, two are out on bond and one is being detained with no bond. Two members of a neighboring congregation have been

deported.

Rene and his wife Maria have two children, Myre, 7, was only three months old when she came to the Saint Matthew/San Mateo family, and Rodrigo, 4, was born to our parish family. Maria works as a catechist in the congregation and is one of the co-coordinators of the Jubilee Center; she was confirmed in the Episcopal Church three years ago. Rene is a horse trainer and has a great love for animals. Sami, a noisy cockatoo, is part of this loving family. Rene is subject to deportation, and cannot work, now creating economic hardship for his family, and legal fees could be high.

Fabiola, another of our parishioners, was detained while she was in the process of applying for a job. It was more than a week before she was released on a bond that the community and Saint Matthew/San Mateo pulled together, leaving her two year old daughter stuck in day care. Fabiola needed to be hospitalized following her stay in detention. Her doctor drew a direct correlation to her time in the detention center.

The New Sanctuary Movement

The story of what is happening in Auburn is happening in communities throughout the United States. In response to this, religious leaders and organizations have declared a New Sanctuary Movement, based in the spirit of the Sanctuary Movement of the 1980's when churches offered hospitality to Central American political refugees. On May 9th, 2007 several cities across the country launched the New Sanctuary Movement. Saint Matthew/San Mateo, the Cathedral of Saint Mark in Seattle, La Iglesia Resurreccion in Mount Vernon, Washington, and the Saint Clare Fellowship, TSSF, were among the local Episcopal bodies that signed the Sanctuary pledge.

Those signing on to the pledge commit to raising awareness of the immigration issues, support immigrants through providing for legal services, financial support and in some cases hospitality. At Saint Matthew, we offer legal clinics twice monthly and an immigration attorney volunteers his time for this work. We will also provide emergency child care for children who may be left alone if their parent is detained by ICE. We also have an account set aside to help people with bonds and other needs related to immigration relief.

Through the Church Council of Greater Seattle we are looking into having a conversation with the administrators of the Northwest Detention Center, and with ICE.

There are some basic myths about un documented immigrants that need to be broken down, and that is

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The Heart of Ministry: the Death and Life of Jim Kelsey, TSSF/novice

Herb Gunn June 09, 2007 [From Episcopal News Service]

Ecclesiastical orders melted at the church door in Marquette, Michigan, on Friday, June 8, as 600 people touched by the life and stunned by the death of Jim Kelsey, an Episcopalian in the Diocese of Northern Michigan, gathered for his funeral. Concurrent services were celebrated at his former parish of Holy Trinity in Swanton, Vermont, and at the cathedral in Christchurch, New Zealand.

Also celebrated on the same day was a funeral mass at St. Joseph Church in Lake Linden, Michigan, for Michael Charles Wiita, the second man killed in the June 3 auto accident. The father of Wiita's fiancée, Jessica Slavik, who was injured in the crash, came to Marquette to sign Kelsey's guest book and extend the family's respects.

At Kelsey's funeral, there was no liturgical procession for the nearly three-dozen bishops who traveled from across the Episcopal Church and sat with family or friends in St. Michael Roman Catholic Church. Save the presider, Bruce Caldwell, bishop of the Diocese of Wyoming and Kelsey's close friend, and the deacon, Teena Maki of Northern Michigan, no one wore vestments and there was no special seating. Some priests wore neckties with others in street clothes.

Even in their deepest grief, the people of Northern Michigan invited the Episcopal Church to Michigan's Upper Peninsula for an intimate look at how they live their theology -- as they had done often with Kelsey's leadership when wave after wave of delegations came for a taste of the diocese's approach to leadership development.

Their grief was palpable, too.

"There is no one to step in and replace Jim. It is a loss we cannot replace," said Tom Ray, who preceded Kelsey as Northern Michigan's diocesan bishop. Recounting the feeling in the room when the Standing Committee and the Core Team met one day after Kelsey died, Ray said, "this must be how the disciples felt after Jesus' crucifixion."

But even in their grief, explained Rise Thew Forrester, editor of the diocesan newspaper *The Church in Hiawathaland*, on the afternoon of the funeral: "We still believe this is a gift we can give the Church. We sit together. We are deeply appreciative for so many bishops coming from so far, but we sit together as baptized people."

Kelsey, 54, came to Michigan's Upper Peninsula as

ministry development coordinator in 1989 to help develop what has become a world-renowned approach to leadership formation that focuses on one's baptism as the call to ministry and relies on one's local community for discernment and formation. A graduate of General Theological Seminary in 1977, Kelsey previously worked with the model, referred to as Mutual Ministry or Total Ministry, in the dioceses of Vermont and Oklahoma before coming to Michigan.

Following his mentor and friend Tom Ray, who also was committed to the theology and practice of Mutual Ministry, Kelsey was elected to serve as bishop of Northern Michigan in 1999. Despite his election into the ranks of the House of Bishops of the traditionally hierarchical Episcopal Church, Kelsey's commitment and that of his diocese toward non-hierarchical forms of leadership deepened. Not only did he continue to nurture and encourage local church communities to look to themselves for pastoral and sacramental leadership -- 21 of the two-dozen congregations in the diocese exercise the model -- he also formed what he referred to as the Core Team, consisting of the regional missionaries, the non-ordained diocesan operations coordinator and the bishop, which serves as a collaborative episcopacy.

"It's so you don't rest it all in one person," explained Thew Forrester. "We are taking what we do in the congregations and bringing that to the episcopate."

The gentle teaching for the Church was not lost upon those who came to eulogize Jim Kelsey, who lay in repose at St. Paul's Episcopal Church preceding the funeral with his baptismal certificate planted at the base of the baptismal font and his casket draped with only a St. Francis stole and his pectoral cross.

"Anybody who spent time with Jim knew very well that the conversation would find its way to the [Baptismal] Covenant," said Jack Croneberger, the retired bishop of Newark. "Ministry of all the baptized, mutual ministry, collaborative ministry, shared leadership, restoration of a full and equal claim for diaconal ministry, all of this and more stems from the anchor of baptism." Croneberger explained that Kelsey was ordained as the Episcopal Church was revising the Book of Common Prayer and refocusing the Church's attention to the Peace and the centrality of the Eucharist.

"Yet more than these, Baptism and the Baptismal Covenant captured his heart and gave him his marching orders. Jim knew that it was not enough to say that you believed in God. It was at least as important to describe what you plan to do about your belief in covenant with God," Croneberger said. "I've come to Marquette to give thanks to God, thanks for bringing into this world a person who lived, who loved and witnessed with passion and patience. [Jim had] passion for life and

things that mattered most and patience for those of us who took longer to 'get it.'"

"To me, Jim was a natural Franciscan," said Brother Clark Berge, SSF, a member of the Society of St. Francis, an Episcopal religious order in which Kelsey became a novice in the Third Order in 2006. "Franciscans were always to be poor, rejecting titles and honors, living in simplicity. Imagine our delight to meet a bishop who worked all his life with poor congregations, small groups of people who had the temerity to claim they, too, had the Spirit. We have no money, lots of ideas and always looking for the main chance to advance the Gospel. Mutual Ministry never sneered at little groups of people. Jim showed me how it is all about changing the structures to serve people rather than the other way around which is the death knell for the work of the Spirit.

"Fostering vocations and empowering people to create vibrant Eucharistic communities was Jim's work," Berge said. "We Franciscans are a tiny group of misfits, dancing on the margins of the church."

Bishop Gene Robinson of New Hampshire also spoke of Kelsey's work at the margins of the Church and his passion for justice.

"How did Jim come to have such a passion for justice?" Robinson asked. "Jesus listened with his heart, and in doing so, he touched the untouchables, he drew in the outcast, he raised up the downcasts, and he loved those not unloved by society but those unloved by themselves.

"Jesus and Jim listened with their hearts and then believed the truth that was spoken and then reached out," Robinson said.

Fredrica Harris Thompsett, faculty member at Episcopal Divinity School, rose to speak to "a powerful legacy, the abundance of grace in our midst at this tender [time of] heartbreak and celebration."

Speaking directly to Kelsey, Thompsett said, "You incarnated among us an unpretentious grace."

She credited Kelsey, who has a twin brother Steve, for learning to share space even before birth, and said, "We were reminded by your presence, Jim, that flexibility, making room for another, inviting other ways and sharing space are connected to ministerial vitality.

"I know of nobody who is better, Jim, than you at playing in the fully inclusive waters of baptism," said Thompsett. "Your legacy paradoxically reminds us that one person can make a huge difference, especially when that person insists on working along side and valuing others."

In days and years ahead, she said, many others will extend and pass on Jim Kelsey's legacy, "a shared mis-

sion of vitality among the baptized. What an abundant legacy of grace. What a truly amazing grace has been revealed for each of us to carry forward in days ahead."

"We are the people that Jim served," said Kevin Thew Forrester, missionary in the Diocese of Northern Michigan, as he asked the members of the diocese to stand. "We are the people that he loved with that diaconal baptismal heart of his. And he died with us. We are a beautiful people and we mourn. And part of our beauty is that we can mourn together."

"Jim had an amazing heart, a tender heart, but it was a damn ferocious heart as well. He knew where to stand. That's who he was; that's who we are. We are beautiful and we are broken and we know it," Thew Forrester said. "James Arthur Kelsey was one beautiful incarnation of God. And we will miss him."

Kelsey was also remembered by three family members -- his twin brother Steve, his eldest son Nathan, and daughter Lydia.

Steve sang to his brother -- or for him. He also captured the essence of his brother's personhood, insisting that "saying what needed to be said is essential in community."

"It is perfectly natural and right to wrestle with people you love, and care only more for them when it's done. That's how you grow deeper," he said. "It's not just alright, but it's holy. And God's made us strong enough for that."

Nathan spoke of a father who was quick to rescue him when he called from the highway with a flat tire. And quicker still the following day to teach his son how to change a tire. (The beauty of a discerning and empowering Mutual Ministry.)

He also highlighted the deep and abiding love between his father and his mother, Mary.

"He gave her his heart and his soul," Nathan said. "I have never seen two people more in love, the kind of deep, profound love that can survive anything. I have never seen two people who are better complements to one another."

Lydia, who had planned her wedding for today, June 9, with her father presiding, said, "Here gathered today are we, an extended family and friends in grief, because Jim has died so young. That even with a life too short, it is complete. Even with many things unfinished, it is now a whole. Left behind are broken hearts, yet hearts that have loved more deeply because of the birth and the life, the journey and the companionship of this one man.

"For good and for ill, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health -- all of it comes together in some mysterious whole. And here we stand together to give thanks

for his life, even through the tears of this impossible [loss]. Now God's promise is that the tears will be wiped away because death will be no more. This is so not because of what we see and hear and feel during the troublesome days of the journey, but...because of the conversation and the companionship we know in those precious moments along the path. Life doesn't have to be perfect to be precious.

"Just consider how deeply loved was this man we remember today," she said. "And how he loved."

Comments from Tertiaries:

From Beverly Hosea

I too was deeply saddened by this news. This is a huge loss. I had known Jim for many years before he began formation in the Third Order. We had many occasions to meet and work together about Total Ministry/Mutual Ministry/Baptismal Ministry. I learned much from him that I applied directly to my own work in the Dioceses of Minnesota and Spokane. His personal warmth, sense of humor and clear comprehension of ministry were qualities in him I much admired. May we also remember in our prayers for comfort and support Jim's twin brother Steve, a priest in the Diocese of Connecticut who has also offered significant leadership for the Church in the area of the Ministry of the Baptized.

From Bill Breedlove, Formation Director

There is nothing that I can really say that others have not said about Jim Kelsey in other places except to say that there are emails on my computer of marvelous exchanges that the two of us had periodically that I will keep and treasure for the rest of my days.

I just got off of the telephone with Judith Gillette, our AFD who has overseen Jim's formation. During the first part of his formation, Jim reported to Ann Harris. After I did his mid-novice review, Judith and I decided that Alzono Pruitt would be his second counselor (we always try to make sure that everyone works with at least two counselors during formation). According to Alzono, Jim had submitted his 30th report. We were ready to begin the process of preparing the documentation for his ballot for election to Profession. You probably would have gotten it sometime in mid-July if things went as they usually do.

As every email that has appeared on the list serve has said, Jim was profoundly a Franciscan and committed to the Society of St. Francis and in particular to TSSF and CSF. From the first correspondence from Jim about applying for formation to an email received only on Saturday, that was obvious in every way.

Caroline Benjamin

Thanks, Bill, for letting us know something about Jim's path through formation. He touched so many lives in a positive way that I hope his legacy will live well on into the future and the good works he started in his diocese will come to fruition, including the Covenant that Br. Jude just told me had been signed for the First Order to begin working there. I got to know him well at the last General Convention because he would often come up to the dais during breaks to chat. He actually prodded me quite firmly to leave the work I usually did during the lunch hour to go with them and the other Franciscan bishops to the special luncheon, for which I'll always be thankful. I fully agree that he was one of those people whose Franciscan charism shone forth exceedingly brightly.

From Br. Robert Hugh

Jim was for the past eight years the Bishop Protector for our CSF Sisters, so they are especially devastated by this news. Do keep them in your prayers, as well as Jim's wife, Mary, and their children, especially Lydia who is to be married this month.

At the very recent Joint Chapter of our First Order Sisters and Brothers in this Province, Jim was with us almost throughout. During the Chapter we entered into a Covenant relationship between SSF/CSF First Order and the Diocese of Northern Michigan, and the intention was for this to be considered also by the Third Order at its Chapter this year. Jim was to have brought this back to his Diocesan Council at their next meeting.

For twenty years and more that diocese has been a trailblazer for 'Mutual Ministry', encouraging each congregation to build Ministry Support teams which in turn seek to empower all members to engage in Ministry.

This 'from-the-bottom' way of administering a Diocese needs a very special sort of Bishop, and Jim was just that sort of Bishop. This whole Way seemed to us very Franciscan, hence the proposed Covenant.

But when needed Jim could be very decisive. In the last few weeks he had been a key leader in co-ordinating within our own House of Bishops appropriate responses to the current issues over invitations and disinvitations to Lambeth. A truly great human being. May he rest in peace and rise in glory.

From the Editor

In the last issue, Jim Kelsey sent in an article that we published. I would like to reprint it on the next page along with a great photograph of him.

Is There Such a Thing as a Franciscan Diocese? (reprinted from Winter Issue)

Bishop Jim Kelsey

I was sitting in a meeting with the Judicatory Heads. That's what we call those of us who are bishops or district superintendents or executive presbyters or whatever each denomination calls its minister provincial (shall we say)... [Sometimes I think the name "Judicatory Heads" sounds more like a punk rock band than it does a collection of ecclesiastical leaders - but there you have it...]

Anyway, as we talked over lunch, most everyone in the group was bemoaning the poverty of the Christian Church in this part of the world (the Upper Peninsula of Michigan). And indeed it is true. This is a patch in God's creation where the winters are long and hard, and ever since the natural mineral deposits were all but mined out, and the natural virgin white pine was all but clear-cut by past generations of lumberjacks, and the growing season is too short for farming, and the area is too remote for any large scale industry, the economy is crumbling and the population is declining. The only two growing industries, we say (almost) facetiously, are prisons and casinos. And our most valuable export, we say, is our youth - who must leave the area to find work adequate to support themselves and their young families.

Of course, it's not as depressing as it may sound. It is an absolutely spectacular gem of God's creation up here, with natural vistas that can take your breath away, and we do indeed have many visitors, including tourists in all four seasons of the year. But still, it is a



place with a diminishing economic base, and a shrinking and aging resident population. And one really does have a sense of meagerness - or at least smallness. Perhaps, dare I say, humility? Well, maybe on our better days...

The Episcopal Church in this area has always been small in number. The miners and lumberjacks who flooded the area during our boon days a century and a half ago were mostly Lutherans from Scandinavia and Roman Catholics from southern Europe. Some of the owners and managers of the mines were Episcopalians (or Anglicans from Cornwall, who came to oversee the copper mines along the Keweenaw Peninsula), but we have always been a minority church in these parts, and once the mines were closed following the Second Great War, many or most Episcopalians moved away, and it has now been several generations since our congregations were filled with young families and bustling with lively choirs and ECW's and guilds and various ministries. Of course, most of the older members can remember those days, and have witnessed and suffered a slow decline, numerically, over the past several decades.

This is especially true of the Episcopal Church up here, but also of the other denominations as well, each of us within our own scale, given our relative size and cultural status in the general population. And so it was that at this particular luncheon meeting of the Judicatory Heads of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, the conversation circled around the overall decline in numbers and financial vitality of our faith communities. Some in our group blamed the cultural wars, the loss of youth in our congregations, the competition we face with (demon) hockey (since children's leagues often have their "ice time" on Sunday mornings, and sports coaches are so strict as to penalize their players when they miss practice even for church activities...), the loss of employment, the rising costs of health insurance for clergy, the near impossibility of finding employment for the spouses and partners of clergy who serve in our small towns and villages, and the list goes on and on.

And in the midst of this rather desperate conversation, I asked the question: do you think it's possible that our vocation in this place and in this generation, is not to achieve institutional prowess for the church, but rather a clarity of mission: that we might be those (even if few in number) who are called to carry a Word which has the power to transform the world? Even as a minority within our present day culture, we might bear a nobility of vocation...?

As a novice in the Third Order, I have been doing a bit of reading and thinking and praying about my own Franciscan vocation, and I find myself wondering from

time to time whether there is such a thing as a Franciscan diocese. And if so, could it look something like the Episcopal Diocese of Northern Michigan, where we are few in number, but fiercely faithful? Where we are deeply committed to Church, but not so much to the hierarchical trappings of ecclesiology? It's not very often you see clerics around here wearing clericals. It's not very often people are referred to by their titles ("Father" or "Mother" or "Deacon" or "Bishop"), but most often by our baptized names (Jim and Kevin and Gwen and Tom and Jane...) We are a small, poor diocese, with diminishing financial assets, yet our members are exceedingly generous with their time and talent, and leadership in most congregations is shared and indigenous, with Ministry Support Teams sharing equally to support the ministry of all of the baptized in their daily lives. And our priests and deacons and preachers are mostly indigenous members of the local community rather than imported from outside. And they are gracious and generous and hospitable with visitors. And we use what few resources we have to reach out to those in need - the poor, those in prison and their families, those without health insurance, the elderly, those in hospital, and shut ins, and so forth. And the joy! There is a warmth and love, and truly a joy in our company when we gather and as we go forth as God's wandering minstrels along these roads and in the tiny towns and villages throughout the Peninsula.

I don't mean to exaggerate or to paint an fanciful picture of what the few members of our small and scattered congregations have been able to offer of themselves and their gifts and their time. I don't want to overstate the point. But I do want to affirm that we are small and humble, hopefully in spirit, but certainly in the scope of most institutional measurements. And it would be possible to feel depressed or defeatist about it, if your measurement for success in the Church always had to do with numerical growth in attendance and financial statistics.

Could it be that this is a Franciscan diocese? ...in which we seek to be faithful, and loving and humble and joyful, even with the hard cold experience and, hopefully, the spiritual disciplines of relinquishment and diminishment? In the spirit of the little brother . . . ?

Sometimes in this age of worship of the god of Church Growth, I wonder if I and this diocese with which my family and I have lived now for 17 plus years are failing, or if we are faithful as we travel down this lowly path of life in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. God help me, I love it. Even, and maybe especially because of its smallness, I feel at home, and I feel deeply connected to this little community, and I feel profoundly in the presence of God's Love and the magnificence of

God's Creation. And together we know how dependent we are upon God's care and compassion in the face of our vulnerability.

Could this be a Franciscan diocese?

Mary Metcalf, RIP

Barbara Leonard

Mary came to St. Paul with her family probably after completing college in the East. Her father invented sandpaper, and thus began the 3M Company in St. Paul. She and George Metcalf knew folks like F. Scott Fitzgerald who also lived in their area. Mary and George spent the summers sailing from their families' summer homes on Manitou Island in White Bear Lake--it means spirit in the Ojibwa language.

They were married more than 60 years. Their honeymoon was spent in Europe--an extended time--and they began to be very concerned about the Nazi regimen. When George was serving the Church of the Advent in Boston they decided he should serve as a Chaplain in WWII. George served as Patton's chaplain and wrote the prayer for D-Day invasion in June 1944. He wrote letters home to Mary who had returned to St. Paul with the children and later these were published as a book *The Cross and the Shovel*. They had three children. Their oldest son died from injuries in a car accident, a terrible blow to them. Mary and George lived in a small community, Afton MN, which Mary had seen in a dream. George and she began the Oratory of St. Mary there and served over 5000 people during its operation for retreats and spiritual direction. Mary and George read evening prayer in Greek every night together. Mary was a scholar quoting from Shakespeare. One of the best retreats there was Mary's on Jan Vemeer (the painter) and his conversion to the faith.

Mary brought George into the Church. He had no religious background until he met Mary. George and Mary became Franciscans in the 1980s, Mary in 1983. They were wealthy people who gave over half of their resources to charity. Our fellowship spent many retreat days at their home in the beautiful countryside. Mary was George's rock and support. Just last Tuesday before our fellowship meeting, Emily read compline with her in the Episcopal Church home. She followed as best she could.

I recall that I drove them home from a fellowship meeting in the dead of winter—I mean below zero. The night was absolutely clear and the stars were out in force. When I got to their country home, they slowly got themselves out of the car and burst into song—*In the bleak mid-winter*—as they made their way to the

house. I'll never forget those two 80-plus saints singing on one of the coldest nights of the year. We will all miss them.

From David Burgdorf

The news of Mary's death is what the Orthodox call a "bright sadness" for me. Just yesterday I was using the brown mixing bowl with blue lines that George and Mary had received as a wedding gift a very long time ago and which they were happy to part with when the SSF brothers were setting up housekeeping in Mpls during 1982. Now I'm going to be especially careful of it as "an outward and visible sign" of the graces I received from knowing Fr. George and Mary, not least of which was saying the office with them and being invited to read the Gospel lesson- IN GREEK! Do the Vermeer paintings really show flashes of Psalmody? Mary was passionately convinced they did. How childlike in wonder they were when I trotted out (and played at top volume for George) a tape of my favorite Samuel Sebastian Wesley anthem- "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace"- during a TSSF quiet day in their chapel. Watching the birds at the feeders with them, learning to take the "long view" of religious communities in MN and simply receiving sheer courtesy, welcome and healing- these were just some of the things I received from the Metcalfs, who were my parents' ages. I'm so glad that Fr. Mark is presiding the liturgy so that it will be done with dignity and honor to God in the fine "Prairie High Church" tradition of St. Paul's. I very much wish I could be there with the rest of you in the TSSF fellowship that loved me back into TSSF. Julia says, "Such memories." Graces remembered breed such gratitude.

Madeline Elms, RIP: To Search and Rescue

Lyndon Hutchison-Hounsell

Madeline Elms made her official Life Profession in TSSF on December 12th, 1998, but it is clear that she was a humble, loving and joy-filled soul her whole life. Madeline died on February 22nd after living with Alzheimer's Disease for almost 6 years.

Madeline Maidwell Mabel Puzy was born on March 11th, 1924 in Delhi, Ontario, Canada. Her father was vice president of Caswell Construction and worked on mining projects in Northern Ontario, as well as supervising the building of 65 Kilometres (40 Miles) of the Alaska Highway in 1942. With this lifestyle Madeline traveled constantly with her family and attended 11 schools in 12 years. Making friends became easy for Madeline.

Madeline led a life of adventure at a young age. She

was alleged to have been the youngest female bush pilot in training in Canada, practicing spins, stalls, and water landings with bush planes at the age of 15. Her training was cut short in 1939 due to the storm clouds of World War II when her instructor had to go off to train fighter pilots for the Royal Canadian Air Force and the Royal Air Force. Madeline was destined at a very early age to aspire to a profession of care giving. Her own mother used to tell stories of Madeline routinely bandaging, nursing and comforting her dolls and teddy bears back to health. Madeline began to study and practice nursing in 1944 at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Barrie, Ontario, Canada. As the war progressed she also trained at Canadian Forces Base Borden near Barrie and then finally graduated as a nurse in 1947. After graduation Madeline returned to Kirkland Lake and Fort Francis, two of her childhood hometowns.

Madeline met Peter Elms in 1953 and was married that same year. They moved to London, Ontario where their first child was born and then on to Caledon, Ontario where her second child was born. Madeline lived in Caledon for the rest of her 48 years. Madeline continued her nursing career at a nursing home in a nearby community. She always had a need to give of herself to those who were less fortunate and always extended a hand of hope to those in need. Madeline had a great love of animals and plants. Her house became the safe haven of numerous stray dogs, cats, and birds. She had a way with them as if they knew that she was their guardian. Many animals were nursed back to health at her house and set free. Madeline was known as the "flower lady" at the local supermarket where she tended flowers and dispensed horticultural advice in her later years. Roses were her passion and she spent a great deal of quiet time converting her backyard into a traditional English rose garden. The garden boasted



Madeline and Rusty

many exotic and hybrid roses from around the world. The fragrance in full bloom was tremendous.

Madeline's house became a safe haven and a beacon of hope for her children's friends as well. She welcomed the teenagers into her home whenever they needed a place to stay, with one staying as long as two years. Many were given a bed to sleep in, a hot meal and clean clothes with no questions asked while they were finding their way through troubling times. She was a mother to many in the community.

Madeline had a strong faith, founding "Just Friends," a support group in her parish. She had a thirst for knowledge and spiritual growth, which brought into the Third Order of the Society of Saint Francis. To the end of her life she cared for people and cherished times of retreat and connection with the people and places around her. Madeline lived in humility through sharing God's love and bringing joy to the lives of many in need. As we remember Madeline, may the risen Christ watch over us and renew us as He renews the whole of creation. And, following the example of Madeline, may our hearts and lives echo God's love throughout the world.

Brother Geoffrey, RIP

From Wai Wah Hilliam

I have fond memories of Bro. Geoffrey - met him a number of times. He visited Singapore whenever he travelled to Asia, Australia/New Zealand. When in Singapore, he would stay at the parsonage of the Armenian church, one of the oldest churches in Singapore. At that time, the church and parsonage was used by my office as a welfare center. He was one of the significant influences in my Franciscan formation program.

From the *Church Times*

BROTHER GEOFFREY of the Society of St Francis (SSF) died peacefully in the early hours of Easter Wednesday, within a month of his 86th birthday and in the 57th year of his profession. For 15 of those years, he held office as the Society's Minister General.

In 1959, nine years after profession, he made the first SSF foundation outside the UK. This was with a team of English brothers at Koke, outside Port Moresby in Papua New Guinea. As SSF expanded in the 1960s and '70s, and adopted a provincial organisation, Brother Geoffrey became successively Guardian of the New Guinea Friary at Jegarata, and, in 1968, Minister Provincial of the Pacific Province.

In 1970, he was elected Minister General SSF, and so, for 15 gruelling years, had the oversight of the entire Society at a time of expansion into many cultures. Patience and peacemaking were called for, as well as

vision and inspiration.

In 1985, when he came out of office, he was 64 years old, and his life underwent a dramatic transformation. After being a world wanderer, he settled in Zimbabwe, first at Harare, and later at Penhalonga, and, in the context of the Anglican Church, set about the establishment of a Franciscan men's religious community in that land.

He laboured at this for 12 years until, at the of 77, he was persuaded, much against his will, to come "home", so that the last nine years, like the first, were spent in the province that had sent him.

From Faith Cairns, Wessex Area (from Third Order News (European Province), July Newsletter)

With at least 70 other visitors we attended Br Geoffrey's funeral at Hilfield on Monday 23 April. It was rather overcast and we feared rain, but that held off. The chapel at Hilfield looked lovely in its usual simplicity with many small arrangements of white flowers. On Geoffrey's coffin was a crucifix, stole and his rosary.

It was a good service. Br Sam celebrated and preached most sympathetically about Geoffrey, who found it difficult to stay in this country when he would have loved to return to Africa for his final days. He is buried in the middle of the graveyard surrounded by so many others.

Geoffrey touched the lives of many. At the funeral there would be others who had met him when they were students at Cambridge and so touched by SSF. As a former trustee of Franciscan Aid I give thanks that Geoffrey—with Mary Johnson and Bob Diaper—had set the Trust on its way, providing timely support to many overseas in areas where SSF has worked, whose voices otherwise were unlikely to have been heard. May the support for this work continue.

Geoffrey also played a very important role for TSSF in East, Central, West and South Africa. Many Tertiaries in those areas will have joined as a result of his influence, direct and indirect. He always seemed to be traveling. He cared for us and we were conscious of his prayers. On more than one occasion after Chapter in Lusaka he came the 300 miles along an indifferent road to St Francis' Hospital, Katete to spend a day with us there, before returning to Lusaka to continue on his way. May he rest in peace.

Daisy Brathwaite RIP

Pamela Redhead

Daisy Brathwaite of the North Trinidad Fellowship passed away on May 1st at the Gordon Home. She had been there for many years and had alzheimer's. Jackie Richards kept up the visits. Rev. Lystra Barclay did the service and Jackie the eulogy on Monday 7th at 2pm. Betty Cooke also attended.

The New Trail of Tears (cont. from p. 15)

some of our education. Undocumented immigrants do not qualify for any kind of public assistance. They pay taxes, and in fact, Social Security is deducted from their paychecks. They will not be able to collect benefits, so the money they are paying into the Social Security system is being paid towards Social Security remaining solvent to pay benefits to U.S. citizens.

The May 1st immigrant rights march this year was a wonderful day. The sun was shining, we gathered at the Seattle Center, picnics were being eaten, bands playing and friends greeting one another. We marched (only 15,000 of us this year) to the beat of hope.

Si, se puede! / Yes we can!

Further resources:

Coalition for Comprehensive Immigration Reform;
info@cirnow.org

Episcopal Migration Ministries:
Idenaro@episcopalchurch.org

Making Nowheres (cont.)

the meadows, the trails, the rocky prominences and the hills where I tobogganed in winter, often played, explored in solitude in summer and traversed virtually every elementary school day for five years. I can no longer pretend that they are not a part of my being. "Face Rock" had deep significance for me, though I cannot say why, only that it had a phenomenally haunting existence. Had this and other unique features been rescued from the developers' earth-moving machines, I'm sure I would have visited Ottawa far more often than I actually have over the last half-century. For the place had an *animi loci*, or place-soul. Though the grove no longer has a space-time existence, that *animi loci* is an inextricable part of me. I can smell it, feel it, experience its wildness and the animals and birds that lived and roamed there. I can be influenced and perhaps even guided by it still. In a sense, I walked with God there.

But The Grove (like some of the disappeared environments that I'm sure you too can recall) can no longer be physically touched by me and it cannot be physically touched by anybody else either. It is gone. In the sense that succeeding generations of Ottawa youth cannot ever know The Grove, they are losers and I feel sorry for their loss. For me, Ottawa today is another overblown urban blight area. Aside from the usual tourist traps, shopping malls and some rather attractively laid

out federal government properties, there isn't much, apart from my brother and sister-in-law, that I can truly value.

I don't know what this observation does for you. For me, the fear that we are on the way to reducing whole landscapes to a random series of uninhabitable no-wheres, is becoming overwhelming. I doubt that we are creating Edens when we raze wildernesses to make way for subdivisions. We are not improving on nature. Nor are we even helping people to live better, and I'm no longer as willing as I once was to buy into the notion that trees and other non-human species have no right to exist; that wilderness is a liability. Above all I'm not ready to concede that the notion of 'sacred space' is purely a figment of an overactive imagination. I think I'm far more ready than I once was to confront a few bulldozers.

The planet needs wilderness areas more than ever, principally (in this age) as absorbers of the greenhouse gases that scientists see as having disastrous climate change effects. So do humans need wilderness. For the natural landscape symbolizes the untamed, wild part of the human soul. It is a stark reminder that death and decay do not follow life and growth but occur concurrently with them. In the forest it quickly becomes apparent that new life is dependent on death and decay just as death and decay are dependent on life. In the natural forest, life and death dance together on intimate terms so closely that they are at times almost indistinguishable.

Humans periodically need to return to the wild, to experience first hand the eternal, elemental powers that reside in natural areas.

Wildness, however, should not be confused with a state of being out of control. Rather, it signifies innate naturalness existing in balance with natural principles. The wildness woods give us makes them worth conserving.

Results of the Most Recent Chapter Elections

The results of the most recent Chapter elections mean that the following will be on chapter for the next three years:

Steve Best

Anita Catron

Dominic George

John Brockman

Pamela Redhead

Bett Wood

Patronalia Hanley-Brown

“Come ye apart and rest a while.”
DIOCESAN RETREAT COMMITTEE
Advent Retreat
November 30-December 2, 2007

The Diocesan Retreat Committee (DRC) invites you to its 2007 Advent Silent Retreat at Washington National Cathedral's Cathedral College, 3510 Woodley Road, NW, Washington, DC.

The theme of the retreat will be “LIVING A GOSPEL LIFE: Following Jesus in the Way of Radical Discipleship”

We shall focus on discipleship to Jesus as it is to be found in the Gospels: following Jesus, the way of the cross, the way of community and justice and peace.

The Reverend Emmett Jarrett, TSSF will lead the retreat. Fr. Emmett is a poet, Episcopal priest, and Third Order Franciscan, as well as a husband and father. He became politically active in the 1960's and 70's and went to seminary in search of a firmer foundation for a life committed to peace and justice. In England in 1976-79 doing doctoral work on the theology of the English poet and revolutionary William Blake, he joined the East London Jubilee Group of Christian socialists. He served as rector of St. John's, Bowdoin Street, Boston (1981-87), Church of the Ascension, Silver Spring, Md., (1987-94) and St. Michael and All Angels, Stone Mountain, Ga. (1994-99). In 1999 he and his wife Anne Scheibner moved to New London, Conn., and founded St. Francis House, “a place of prayer, house of hospitality, and center for peace and justice ministry,” modeled on Francis and the Catholic Worker. One aspect of this ministry is teaching principles of Christian nonviolence and “radical discipleship” by giving retreats and short courses in the spirituality of justice, peace and the care of creation. Fr. Emmett's publications include *Wild Geese Flying South* (poetry, 2005), *To Heal the Sin-Sick Soul* (1996) and *For the Living of These Days* (1986).

The retreat will begin on Friday, November 30th with registration at 5:00 PM followed by a fellowship gathering at the Cathedral College at 5:30 PM. It will end after the noon meal on Sunday, December 2nd. Retreatants may join in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist on Saturday and Sunday mornings and participate in Morning and Evening prayer and Compline. There will also be opportunities to sign up for consultation or Confession with the Fr. Emmett.

The Advent Silent Retreat fee is \$195. This fee includes the cost of a private room for 2 nights and 6 meals at the Cathedral College. The DRC is appreciative of any financial gift you give in support of our ministry. Your generous gift is tax-deductible.

The DRC Executive Committee (EC) reserves the right to decline applications for retreats or place applicants who have made a number of retreats with us in the past on a waiting list. The EC may also exercise discretion over admissions based on other priorities. Deposit checks are returned to applicants in the event they are declined.

To reserve your space, please return the enclosed reservation form and deposit of \$100 (or the total amount) to:

Diocesan Retreat Committee
c/o Margaret Bennett
2500 Virginia Ave, NW, #1205
Washington, DC 20037

Checks should be made payable to THE EPISCOPAL DIOCESE OF WASHINGTON. Please write THE DIOCESAN RETREAT COMMITTEE on the memo line. Your completed registration form and deposit (or the total amount) must be received by Friday, October 12, 2007. Refund requests (less a \$25 administrative fee) will be honored until Friday, November 2, 2007, at which time final payment is due. A limited number of scholarships are available. An application for a scholarship is enclosed. If you have any questions, please contact Margaret Bennett via telephone at (202) 337-3415 or e-mail her at bennmargar@aol.com.

Please pass this notice on to your rector, post it, and pass it on to a friend, and do tell your friends about the retreat. We look forward to receiving your application by Friday, October 12, 2007.

Part of the spiritual commitment to the Order is an annual, monetary pledge. One hundred percent of those in Formation comply with this requirement, however not all of the professed members made a monetary pledge in 2006. Some of us sent in a card but not a check, and some are under the impression that giving in Fellowship meetings is sufficient, but that is not the case. Since you may have forgotten about this requirement, we urge you to make a pledge and send in your contribution asap so that the new budget to be voted on at Chapter 2007 will be realistic.

Send in your contributions for the Fall issue by October 10

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