2012

October Together Sharing Christ

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The second part of a series of reflections by Anne Maura English in light of the LCWR controversy.

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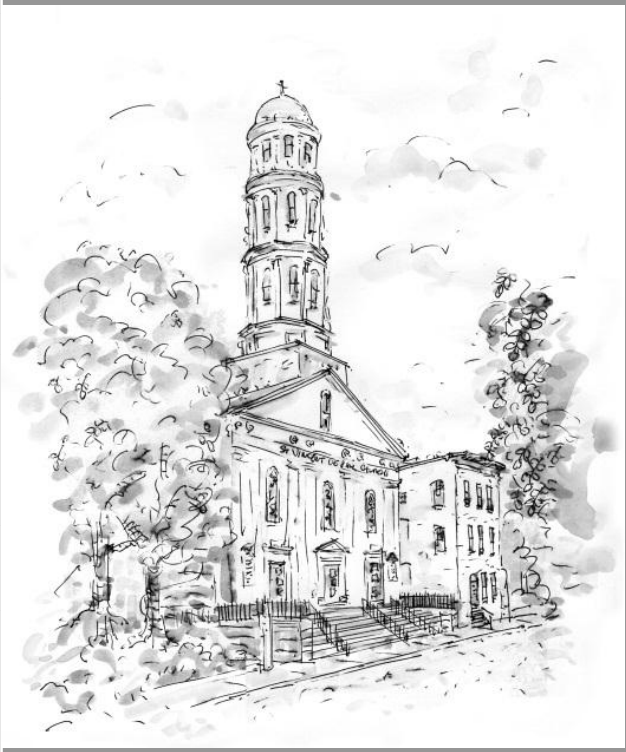

Check out St. V's website at:
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Letter from the Pastor

October 30, 2012

Shalom!

You're probably surprised to get another letter from me, and another issue of TSC, so soon, but the new distribution system that Chris has worked out is making it possible for us to publish on a much more systematic schedule than previously. You will get still another issue in time for Advent, and then three more during the winter and spring. Sometimes technology actually helps.

I'm writing in the immediate aftermath of Sandy. I hope things went as well for you as they did for us here. We never lost power, and have experienced only one minor leak and no flooding. Thanks be to God. We did lose Fr. Jake Donahue's presentation on Dei Verbum, but that will be rescheduled later in the year. Keep those who were less fortunate in your thoughts and prayers.

If you get this before election day, remember to vote. If you get this after election day, I hope you were pleased with the results.

With both the hurricane and the election out of the way, we can all settle back down to some semblance of normal life. Normal life here at the parish will include a lot of things, most of which I summarized for you in my last letter. Right now, I'd like to make a particular pitch for Fr. Joe Komonchak's talk on Monday, November 19, at 7:30 PM here at St. Vincent's. Fr. Komonchak is a major scholar, and part of the team that produced the leading history of Vatican II. I had him as a professor at Catholic University way back when, and I can assure you that despite the depth of his scholarship, he presents things in a clear and understandable way. His topic will be the Constitution on the Church, *Lumen Gentium*, which is generally acknowledged to be the key document of the Council. So please plan to come; I promise you, you will not be disappointed.

Peace and Love,

Dick

Pastor

October 30, 2012

Dear St. V's Parishioners,

I greet you with much appreciation on this eve following the "Frankenstorm." My hopes and prayers are that it was relatively uneventful for you and you loved ones. Much has happened since our last issue. We seem to be on the threshold of many events. Halloween is tomorrow night and my little ones are eagerly awaiting their chance to display their costumes. Elections are only a few days off and they will be determinative for our country one way or another, and our Vatican II Lecture Series, if not for Hurricane Sandy, would be off and running.

In the last issue we encouraged all to come to our Homecoming. It was a wonderful event. Approximately 300 people were present of our single liturgy at 10 AM. Many old friends came to say hello and fill us in on their lives. It was great to have so many people return.

In this issue we continue Anne Maura's reflections on the LCWR conflict. Because of space and budget issues I am sending some to you in hard copy but not all. The complete set of her reflections are included in our online issue, so if you wish to read what you missed on paper, go to our website and click on "Publications" under our Quick Links heading on the left hand side of our home page.

Speaking of our webpage, I would like to draw your attention to two additions. Those additions are PayPal buttons on our "Secure Their Future" page and on The Resource Exchange page. These were added for your convenience if you wish to make a contribution of any size to help out either of those worthy efforts.

Also included in this edition is a story of the St. V's annual camping trip. Hopefully this will give you some insight into the life of St. V's outside of the church's walls. These and other annual events: the canoe trip, the parish swim & Christmas parties and the parish retreat are great opportunities to come together and enjoy the company of our community.

Lastly I would draw your attention to the last page of this edition. I have included again, for your convenience a list of our educational opportunities. As Fr. Dick said, our next lecture with Fr. Joe Komanchak will be great. In addition, we just learned that Fr. John Donahue's lecture will be rescheduled for the following Monday, Nov. 26th. Hopefully you can join us for both of those. Our third lecture will follow not too far behind those with Sr. Mary Collins on Dec. 10th. Mark your calendars!

As always, please feel free to contact me with any of your thoughts, concerns or issues. My door is always open.

Peace,

Chris

St. Vincent's West

On a Friday in August, on a field near Cumberland, a tent is pitched on one side, a camper arrives on the other. As the day wears into evening, more tents pop up, more campers wheel in. One side fills with nylon bubbles that can be moved by a hand or a wind, while the other with mobile palaces hauled by big pickmeup trucks. Willing hands spring to action when the old-timers pull in, as dozens of pipes and connectors are unloaded and assembled to support the huge tarps for our community shelters around picnic tables to cover our communal meals. St Vincent's West has been established and will endure for 48 hours.

Friday night is quiet. The travelers mostly eat on their own. Folks sit around their temporary homes, reading in the illumination of an amazing variety of camp lights or chatting with friends, while sharing a wee bit of liquid refreshment and guessing who just pulled in or perhaps offering advice if it seems welcome or necessary. All are too tired from our week's labor and exhausted from driving the clogged arteries from home. The day has been really hot, and it promises to be again tomorrow, but the mountain air is cool. Before crawling into our bags or bunks, one after another we all mosey across the field and down the hill a few yards to the well-lit bathhouse in the woods to clean up and empty out for the night.

Then all is quiet and dark until the sky lightens. A breeze wakens campers with the smell of bacon, sausage, eggs, pancakes, home fries and other delights on the grill. Ah, it's Saturday morning! A half dozen or more grills are sizzling, and hungry young'uns and their parents and the rest of us old farts are chowing down on a fantastic smorgasbord. Those who don't cook, usually clean up, carrying the plates, pans, pots and utensils to the bath house to wash. Everyone must decide whether to go canoeing or kayaking or swimming in the lake; or just sunbathe on the beach, an easy walk from our camp. Of course, some campers would rather take a hike, short and easy near the lake or long and hard up a nearby "mountain." Still others just want to nap until lunch which each of us handles on our own.

By mid-afternoon people start thinking about what they must do to prepare their contribution to our traditional potluck supper. It good to have your dish ready by about 5:30 because we gather at 6 pm for a communion service, complete with the readings of the day and a mini-sermon by our own camper-supreme the Reverend Don Radke who does a good job keeping his wind short and his thoughts deep and easy to understand.

This year, however, we got a big surprise. Coming on to 3 o'clock, the wind picked up, the sky darkened, and we realized a blow was on its way. And what a blow it was! Next thing you know, the wind is gusting hard and heavy and the rain is sheeting down. People are hollering and yelling, and one

of our communal tent structures is lifting up and blowing away, and indeed would be gone but for Don and a few other fellows, and some women as well, holding it down. The tent structure starts to come apart, anyway, a leg here and another there, and soon we realize it is a lot easier to hold the thing down when it's 5-6 feet shorter. So, off came all the legs, and there was no more problem with that one.

But in the meantime, as the wind got stronger and the rain got denser until, lo and behold, the other tent started to lift off; and again surely would have but for a few stout souls and bodies clinging to the structure with all their might. The struggle was touch-'n'-go for a few minutes until a few more folks gathered to hold that bucking bronco while the wind blow and the rain poured and the thunder crashed around us. Oh, did I mention the thunder? Well, until then no one else had either. But, as we all stood there soaked with that big tent finally under control, everyone us grasping it with all our strength, and the wind, rain and thunder all around, we all suddenly realized we were all, each and everyone of us, holding onto a metal frame that rose about 12 feet in the air in the middle of a field and the middle of a lightening storm. What to do?
What else? Grin and bear it because without that tent our dining area would be a flood zone. In a few minutes the wind calmed and the rain slacked, people returned from their adventures to hear our tale of excitement and stare at our bedraggled condition and wander over to check their own tents.

Our service goes off without a hitch, and dinner is the usual rich and varied repast. Afterward, dinner is cleared, kids are bathed, clothes are changed, sweaters and jackets pulled on, and wood stacked by the fire pit, big enough to roast an ox. When the sun has set and our campfire is blazing in the pit, most everyone gathers for the ancient ritual, sitting by the fire, watching the flames leap and twist while big and little children roast s'mores and hope they'll fall on their tongues and not the ground. Gradually, the fire dies and the campground quiets, as people drift to their tents and campers and their lights wink off, one by one.

Sunday morning, we rise and shine, cook and eat, but half as much and twice as fast. Breakfast is over in short order, and before you know, tents are being stowed away, and campers are being hitched to their 300-horse wagons, soon to be roaring down the highway to home. The first up and out soon say their goodbyes and leave. The rest of us putter about, packing our gear and our cars, and cleaning up the communal site. We consider another dip in the lake, but there always seems to be so much to do at home and, as Paul Simon sings, "tomorrow's gonna be another working day and we've got to get some rest." So, we hug our last hugs and part ways again.

The following essays are Part 2 of reflections prompted by the recent Vatican move against the Leadership Conference of Women Religious. The first set of essays (included in the previous issue of TSC addressed some of the major concepts which underlie our decisions to comply with, ignore, or actively work against decisions by ecclesiastical leaders. The next few essays address the questions, "So what?" "What do we do about it?"

The Maria Goretti Dilemma

In the late '50's, early '60's, of my Catholic high school years, Saint Maria Goretti was constantly held up to us as role model. A "teenager" we were told, she resisted the lecherous advances of a young man who lived with her family. Rather than give in to him, she allowed herself to be stabbed 14 times, dying—unmolested—some 20 hours later.

Some of us—and yes, I was among that group—felt she was an idiot. All that fuss over sex. We had had more liberal mothers whose imparting of the "facts of life" included rape and what to do in the case of: *don't* risk greater injury or death by fighting—just get it over with and get to a (preferably non-Catholic) hospital.

In reality, of course, we had no understanding of the reality of rape. We had no comprehension of the sense of personal violation, of rape as a violent personal attack on one's selfhood. Not understanding that, not knowing women who never really recovered psychologically, we had no way to a grasp that rape could be for some women a "fate worse than death," not because of outmoded social condemnation that would follow, but because of the irreparable harm to their own psyche. Even today rape is still—mistakenly—seen basically as a sexual act rather than one of violent aggression. We are usually more horrified by a news story that a woman has had acid flung in her face, than by the information that one more statistic has been added to the annual rape count.

The presentation we received in high school of the Maria Goretti story itself also disguised its full horror. Maria was touted as an inspiration for sexual purity for us precisely because she was, like us, a young woman, a "teenager." In reality, she was 11.

Beyond the issues it raises about understanding the full significance of sexual crimes, for me the Maria Goretti story puts a face on the essential dilemma of rape. There *is* no possible "right" ending to its scenario. One fights and risks death, one gives in and risks a shattered self. And societal standards have shown little appreciation for what is truly at stake. Rape victims have at times been despised for not fighting to the death, and more recently, perhaps, derided for choosing to do just that.

I am reminded of the Maria Goretti scenario every time we have a major oppressive action in the Church. Inevitably, whatever decision made by the person or group under attack from the hierarchy, it will be criticized. The person was a wimp. Instead of backing down or backing off, they should have made a stand. The person was a deserter, they let their ego stand in the way of doing what was necessary to stay with the system and "live to fight another day."

What such polemic overlooks is that this incident is the Maria Goretti dilemma. Is it hyperbole to compare arbitrary and oppressive coercion rape? Rape itself is an act of aggression. It is ultimately at its core about power and domination, not about sex. In the case of a man or woman who has devoted their lives to the Church, to doing theology, to engaging in ministry, how can the attack on the essence of that person not be akin to rape? Certainly the least we can do, as members of Church with them, is refrain from condemning how they choose to deal with that rape's basic dilemma.

Why Church?

Why do we need a church in the first place? What's the point? Whatever their theology of Church may be, it seems to me that many Christians answer these questions from a largely consumer perspective. The Church exists to (1) to introduce people to the Scriptures and the gospel, (2) to inspire and support their living a Christian life through preaching and teaching those Scriptures, through communal prayer, liturgy and the sacraments, and through communal sharing, and (3) to organize for works of charity and justice so that these may be fostered in the world in ways that are beyond the power of a single individual.

To probe this question more deeply perhaps we first need to ask, "Why community?" Community is certainly viewed as a biblical value. The Jewish Scriptures reveal a God who forms a People. Jesus' first actions are to form a community and the repeated reference of the gospels to shared meals (a dramatic statement of cohesiveness in that culture) points to his concern with fostering community throughout his ministry. An emphasis on community has been identified—both by those within and outside of Catholicism—as a key distinction between Catholic Christians and other denominations.

Why is community important in a religious context? For the same reasons listed above for the importance of Church? To give us a practice area in which to exercise charity (and/or to be evaluated on our exercise of charity)? At its best to give us a foretaste of what heaven will be like and so inspire a virtuous life?

I would like to answer that question in the context of an evolutionary faith—one shaped by the growing opinion of much Christian theology that refuses to draw a separation between our "ordinary," "secular" lives and human life as viewed by faith. God provided the ground out of which a universe evolved, one whose dynamism was aimed at the evolution of beings who would be capable of receiving and responding to the gift of God's own life, to the invitation to be in relationship to God. They would be the creatures most capable of existing in the "image and likeness" of the Creator.

The "world" in which they would exist was not intended as a testing ground to determine which of them could move into a new, non-mortal phase of existence. Nor was it to give the non-religious people something to play with while the "holy" ones went about the business of worshipping God. It would be a place of hard work, but also of discovery—where knowledge, science, art could be developed. But the invitation was there to do this in relationship with a loving God and as people made in the "image and likeness" of the Creator. And that Creator was Triune: Three distinct uniquenesses who were totally One.

The emergence of human beings—beings who transcended their similarities to animals—was marked by the capacity to relate to God and to image a Triune God. Animals are capable of relationship but they don't ponder philosophical questions, they don't reflect on their origins, they don't ask questions about themselves—about their purpose and motivations. Animals possess rudimentary communal skills. Some can form relational bonds, some form groups, most interact with at least their own species. For the most part, however, animals stick to their own. When a duck and a wolf cub bond, there's a reason it gets a few minutes' notice on the 5 o'clock news. Even intraspecies diversity is occasionally beyond them—as witnessed by the traditional fate of the black sheep. Communal decision-making and shared leadership are also beyond their capabilities. Their only options are complete independence (e.g. cats) or organizing under an alpha-leader.

Humans, I would maintain, were meant to be different. In the image of a God who is both diversity and unity unmarked by domination, they were to accept the call to both. One dimension of historical "original sin,"

therefore, was human refusal to transcend these animal patterns, the refusal to move beyond their fear of something new by exploring and accepting diversity and by developing non-fascist systems for communal interaction and cooperation.

The human task in the actual, historical world ("after the Fall"), therefore, is to respond to a loving God who offers human persons redemption and a return—be it imperfect—to the Creator's original vision for humanity. Part of that turning back to God is learning to be community. Any return to God which does not include the healing of sinful communal systems is an impartial and inauthentic return.

Refashioning human community, therefore, is central to the mission of Christianity. Since it can hardly preach a message it itself does not practice, the formation of the Church itself into a gospel-based community is central to its mission. In this way it becomes "light for the world." This is not a call to create little enclaves of "feel good" warmth of the like-minded. It is a call to embrace the hard task of welcoming and making room for *everyone* (hence the word *catholic).*

Vatican II's call to greater collegiality and dialogue within the Church needs to be appreciated as the "new Pentecost" and as a prophetic call to a new stage in Catholic Christianity's development. Indications are that the current clerical leadership is not going to be in the forefront of this. Can we afford to use all of our energy in resenting and bemoaning that fact? The call to Christian community is, after all, a call to love not only our enemies but also those we just don't like, to do good not just to those who persecute us but to those who really infuriate us. To take steps toward that perhaps we need to draw strength from the places within the Church where community is coming to birth: base communities in the Third World, new models of leadership and participation in vowed religious communities particularly of women, Vatican and regional interreligious dialogue. If this is truly God's work, it will not be thwarted. Do we choose, in the wise words of Eldridge Cleaver, to be part of the problem or part of the solution?

Sons of God

Inclusive language has my wholehearted support. I don't care if it's unfamiliar, I don't care if it's awkward. The alternative is language which perpetuates injustice and flat out error. Having said that, however, I have to admit an unease with the simple switch from "sons of God" to "sons and daughters of God" or "children of God."

My reason is that Paul's "sons of God" can, I think, be seen as a richly packed metaphor which encompasses more than being someone's male child. Throughout history there have been loving families in which both sons and daughters were cherished as beloved children. Up until recently however, sons, even from preschool years, almost always had a different relationship to the father than did the daughters. Girls might be ignored. Girls might be seen simply as adjunct servants, especially if the mother were sickly or deceased. In other families, a daughter might be able to "wrap her father around her little finger."

Boys, on the other hand, were another matter. To the sons were entrusted the mission of carrying on the Father's legacy: whether the name itself, a tradition of skill or expertise, the continued prosperity of whatever the father had built. "Someday, son, all this will be yours." Much more was expected of a son, than of a daughter. To be a son, was to bear a responsibility for the father's hopes, the father's dreams, the family's future. A daughter might remain "Daddy's little girl" well into middle-age; when a father looked at his son, no matter how young, he saw some shadow of the man his son was one day to become.

It is this aspect of the sonship metaphor which risks getting lost in the translation. "Children of God" or "sons and daughters of God" can evoke a rich image of a fond father delighting in the company of his children, ever ready to help, console, teach them. Certainly this is an important image in helping us understand what it means to be loved by God. To be a "son of God," drawing on the historical implications of that metaphor is more than that. To recognize that we are "sons of God" is to recognize that the future, the "fate," of Church and society has

been placed in our hands. We are children, gifted with God's own grace, God's own Spirit but adult children, those perhaps "to whom much has been given" and consequently "of whom much is expected."

Our vocation as those to whom the gospel and the Church have been entrusted sheds, I think, another dimension on the question so many good Catholics struggle with today, "Why stay Catholic?" It's a complex question and it's certainly beyond the scope of this article to probe all the issues connected to it. And I couldn't begin to do a better job with many of them than was done by Ronald Rolheiser in *The Holy Longing*, (Doubleday, 1999), the book chosen for reading and discussion last year by St. V's Education Committee. Chapter 6, "A Spirituality of Ecclesiology," is undoubtedly the best discussion I've ever read of what it means—and what it does not mean—to belong to the Catholic community.

My own exploration of this question has led me to speculate on what people are looking for from membership in "the Church." Even today, I suppose some are members out of fear; they were baptized Catholics and leaving the Church would be a desertion God would punish. Some seem to stay because being Catholic is part of their history; they recognize the contribution it has made to the people they have become. Leaving and joining another tradition would simply be too disruptive—or too much effort. Still others have sought—and to some extent, greater or lesser, found—support and inspiration for, education about the spiritual and moral dimension of their lives.

It seems to me that the metaphor of sonship points us beyond that. On the one hand it challenges us to get *excited* about being Catholic. Granted, historically there were sons who were less than thrilled at being saddled with upholding the family legacy. Certainly the metaphor had in mind those situations in which the son picked up that mantle with enthusiasm, eager to add his own ideas to how it could be expanded and refined.

To live that metaphor as Catholics, it seems to me, we need to go beyond the flaws we attribute to the Church's hierarchy. If this Church has been handed over to me, if I have been made responsible for it, I need to look more deeply at the unique gifts and strengths it brings to its living of Christianity. I am not speaking here of the obvious differences: having a pope, observing abstinence from meat on the Fridays in Lent, but the deeper characteristics like those found in Richard McBrien's *Catholicism* and in Thomas Groome's *What Makes Us Catholic.*

I may also need to look closely at what I mean by "the Church." Vatican II defined "Church" as "the People of God." Yet when most Catholics speak about "the Church" or about leaving "the Church," they do not mean fellow Catholics striving to keep the faith alive in places where it still is persecuted; they're not thinking about lay catechists nourishing gospel values throughout the Third World; they're not including the thousands of Catholics who share a commitment to the vision of Vatican II. They mean the hierarchy. Often enough this is true even of those Catholics who most insistently claim, "The pope and the bishops aren't the Church. The people are the Church."

In the call to live as "sons of God" we also need to hear an echo of Kennedy's "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." There is no argument here that our faith community should give something to us. We need inspiration, support, nourishment for our faith. And sometimes a Christian's own faith or inner spiritual resources are simply not sufficient to be able to survive on what they are getting from the Catholic resources to which they have access and they must seek it elsewhere. But there is also a danger here of an exclusively consumer mentality. I make the decision about staying Catholic or leaving solely on the basis of what I'm getting out of it—and if the aggravation I feel at the hierarchy's decisions exceeds that, it's time to go.

To be an adult Christian—into whose care the Church has been entrusted—may demand more. It may requires an appreciation for, understanding of, and love of Church that takes our eyes beyond the clerical caste. It may demand a commitment from us to the Church parallel to that Thomas Paine claimed for citizens: "It is the duty of every patriot to protect his country—from its government." And that may demand that I develop a faith that can vivify such a mission.

What Do We Do with Our Anger?

For many Catholics, just the thought of getting angry is taboo. How much more unthinkable is the idea of expressing anger at an action by the hierarchy or the Vatican! Others may feel that anger is somehow called for, yet, having also been raised on the "anger is always a sin" principle, find they're wrestling with guilt at actually feeling the anger. Still others don't bother with the wrestling. Anger may be wrong but they just don't care. They've *had* it. For them this is just one more indication of the need to compartmentalize. Faith is one thing, real life is something else.

Yet in the face of what's going on in our Church today, it seems inevitable that we will respond with anger or depression (which can often be a sign we're not letting ourselves *be* angry). What do we do about that? Catholics—good Christians in general—have been told their whole lives that anger is wrong. That's a position that is backed up a number of places in the Scriptures themselves. Obviously anger is a sin. Or is it?

"Anger is a sin" is not the perspective in this quote from Augustine (354-430)—**Saint** Augustine that would be, many would say one of the two greatest theologians Christianity has ever produced, honored as a Doctor of the Church. Augustine says,

> *Faith tells us that God is. Love tells us that God is good. But hope tells us that God will work God's will. And hope has two lovely daughters: anger and courage. Anger that what is is and courage that what must be will be.*

Then there's John Chrysostom (c. 347-407) – one time Archbishop of Constantinople, also a canonized saint and a Doctor of the Church. *Not to be angry, when there is cause for anger, is sin.*

And finally Thomas Aquinas (1225-1274)—another saint, another of the 33 Doctors of the Western Church and Augustine's equal as a theological great. In his *Summa Theologica*, his compendium of all theology, Aquinas included a list and description of all the virtues. And he observed that it was a flaw in Christian theology that there was *not* a virtue of anger.

Augustine, Chrysostom, Aquinas—how are we to fit their claims with the longstanding prohibition against anger? Then there is our own experience; most of us have at some time been the object of someone's anger, and it certainly does not feel like a virtue. How can anger be a virtue?

One place to start looking at this more closely is with what psychology can tell us about anger. From the perspective of psychology, anger is a "secondary" emotion. In other words, it is activated by something else. A person responds with anger when a value they hold is attacked or violated. The rush of adrenaline provided by anger is meant to do exactly what Augustine's quote points to. The anger is meant to fuel action to protect the threatened value.

This explanation provides one important element in evaluating anger as virtue or vice. One dimension of virtuous—or righteous—anger is tied to the rightness, the goodness, of the value underlying it. A person who feels anger about child abuse or racial discrimination or injustice or suffering of any kind obviously holds certain values about living beings and how they should be treated. Those are values that most Christians would have no difficulty labeling good.

The distinction becomes a little trickier in the case of an individual's anger at something done to them which does not involve one of those major evils. What is a Christian view of anger an individual feels not because someone is torturing or discriminating against them but because someone humiliates them, is unkind, or just plain *nasty* to them? What can complicate this for the "good Christian" are several centuries of poor spirituality and poor basic psychology. That's the "being-a-good-Christian-means-being-a-doormat" definition of gospel fidelity. "Good" Christians are supposed just to put up with that in a spirit of humility, let it go, "forgive."

Yet if a person takes seriously the belief that they are a unique, beloved creation of God, surely there is some justification for believing one should be treated with respect. Christians are, after all, told to "love your neighbor as yourself," and having no esteem for oneself certainly doesn't set a very high standard for that.

There is a subtle line; however, that human arrogance has no difficulty stomping past. It is one thing to experience anger in response to abusive language or patently unfair treatment or a direct insult or a betrayal of trust. It is another to presume that one should never be inconvenienced, never have to put up with someone else's honest mistake never be interrupted to respond to another's need. "I am a human person and I have a right to basic respect" is not the same value as "I am the center of the universe and I have a right for it to revolve around me." Anger, as it is being discussed, here, and annoyance are two separate categories.

Another aspect of understanding my own experience is the convergence of loss and anger. It's very common for people to experience this at the sudden death of a loved one—a spouse, a parent. "How could you leave me?" they rage, even as they understand that this is an illogical response. Sometimes this anger spills out on to others: the family who file a malpractice suit with no real medical merit, the bereaved parent who blames a spouse for letting a child take the bike ride that put her in the path of a drunk driver. Here again anger is a secondary emotion. The primary one may be grief, it may be fear of being alone, it may be a sense of helplessness.

This response is not confined to major changes in my life. The reality of human life is that things change. The reality of life in any communal setting is that other people's preferences and needs may bring about a shift in how things are done—how and when Mass is celebrated, how and when recycling is picked up in my neighborhood, how the furniture in my home living room is arranged. If I am willing to be radically honest with myself, I will dare to examine where anger at any of these comes from. Is there a deeper value involved, for example, the needs of parishioners with small children? Can I give myself permission to grieve a loss? Perhaps a certain liturgical practice was very meaningful to me and I miss it—and that's OK. The change does not impinge on any genuine values; it's just different. Can I admit to myself that my anger is not a matter of grieving, just of wanting things to be the way I want them, because I want them and the rest of the world be hanged?

What can we draw from these reflections so far? A thoroughly moral—righteous—response to my own anger has to begin with a ruthlessly honest look at the "value" I am defending? Does my anger at the latest decree from the Vatican spring from a conviction that this is not an action the God revealed in Jesus wants? Or am I defending my right as an American not to be told what to do? Does my anger when something is changed in the parish stem from concern for the difficulty this will pose for other parishioners or from my own unwillingness to adjust to something different or to give others a chance to have things *their* way instead of mine? Alternately, when I am an unruffled calm while those around me are boiling away, where does my lack of anger come from? Is it true that this "just isn't worth getting upset about?" Or is it that I just don't want to have to think it through or take action? Or am I afraid of my own anger or how I handle it?

This last question introduces the other major moral dimension of anger. Justifiable—righteous—anger inevitably poses the question, what next? How does one morally act on Augustine's "courage that what must be will be."

Hand-in-hand with the "anger is wrong" perspective comes the answer, "Ignore it. Push it down. Push it away." In other words, repress it. Oddly enough this directive is even advocated by people who are quick to ridicule the stereotypically sexually repressed: the dried up spinster or bachelor who has lost all ability to feel or relate to others. Anger repression has equally destructive consequences. Repressed anger does not go away; it simply goes elsewhere. Most of us are familiar with the stereotype of the man who endures abusive treatment from a superior at work and goes home to take it out on wife or children—or kicks the dog. There are any number of petulant or passive-aggressive ways of getting even with the source of my anger. If all else fails, I can divert my anger back to myself: headaches, digestive ills, insomnia, and a wide range of addictive escape behaviors from overeating through alcoholic intake. Somehow none of these seems fitted to be a gospel paradigm for how to deal with anger.

Merely venting anger is not the answer either: spiritually or psychologically, although many who don't know better still think solid psychology advocates "letting it all out." But violent outbursts don't accomplish anything. Anger is a response to the violation of a value; violence, whether physical or verbal, does nothing to preserve or reinstate that value. Do we honestly believe that the recipient of a tirade or letter that rants, "You @#$%ing *(&%$#, how can you be so stupid as to . . ." ever strikes their forehead, exclaims, "Of course, I've been so blind," and immediately undergoes a conversion?

Ideally the goal of anger is to enable a value to be upheld—or at least to gain for ourselves the space to uphold that value, even if those who oppose us cannot join us in agreeing with it. With people who already care about us—family, friends, colleagues—that may mean simply helping people to see how their actions or words have hurt us. With others it may mean revealing ourselves as persons the opposition can respect, even if they can't agree with us. In confronting what we perceive as wrong or trying to present what we perceive as good, it means couching our presentation in a way that gives it the best chance of being heard. It means trying to find any common ground that already exists on which to begin to bridge the divide between the two viewpoints.

Whether one's way of dealing with anger is burying it or blaring it, learning to deal with anger in a healthy, mature way is not easy. And—aside from Alcoholics Anonymous—we usually don't equate this kind of hard work with spiritual practice, vigorous, honest soul-searching with a self-help book, sitting down with a therapist. By comparison fasting for 40 days of Lent can look ridiculously easy. But how we deal—or refuse to deal—with our anger is basic to our lives. If we want our spirituality, our living of the faith to be basic to our lives, anger is an issue we cannot afford to ignore.

A Mystic or Nothing at All

"The Christian of the future will be a mystic or s/he will be nothing at all." When I first came across this sentence by Karl Rahner, I was taken aback. A mystic? Really? When I think of a mystic, I imagine someone devoting their lives to contemplative prayer. While I value that for at least some of us, how is anything to get done if we're all mystics? I don't know precisely how Rahner meant the statement but I have gradually come to a greater appreciation of what it might mean.

For Rahner, mysticism must certainly be rooted in his basic understanding of the human person. What makes us human , what in the long course of evolution heralded us as not animal but human, is the unique gift of God's own self—the self-communication of God. This is given as an invitation for us to accept or reject, but it is given to all human beings, and that invitation is never rescinded even from those who choose to ignore or resist it. God's own sharing of God's own life is integral to us. It is that glimpse of infinity within us which fires our search for God and our never-satisfied desire to pursue new goals, to achieve greater fulfillment.

This intimate sharing of divine life does not diminish my unique humanity. That's a popular fear about entering into a closer relationship with God: that the closer we get to God the more of myself I'll have to "give up," become someone I'm not. Actually, as Rahner explains it, it is God's creative presence in the depths of our being Who grounds and fosters our uniqueness. Perhaps we could compare it to the reception on a cell phone. The clearer the signal, the "more free" the phone is to be what it is supposed to be. This is a relationship that is reflected in our own English language. Both "wholeness" and "holiness" come from the same root word.

Rahner's understanding of the human person provides a solid basis for the *sensus.* "Obedience," "deep listening," from this perspective is a matter of learning to be sensitive to and to respond more faithfully to the God present as the basis of our most authentic selves. And we are at a point in history when that seems to be increasingly important. The rigid, clerical control of the Church seems to be under increasing attack—from the fact of its diminishing numbers if nothing else. Fewer and fewer Catholics worldwide live in countries dominated by a Catholic "culture" or seek their social and communal identity from belonging to their local church. For the first time since Constantine, being a Christian may become a matter of personal commitment.

Precisely because of that, however, what is called for is a vital, dynamic commitment. That would seem to involve more than just "being a Catholic." Rahner may very well be right that we need the mystic's lively sense of God. We need faith not in a God distant but a God active in my own life and a commitment to how Catholic Christianity fits into the action of God in healing and gracing the human race.

Prayer is essential to that—not just saying prayers, although set prayers can be a way of genuinely praying. Perhaps we do need to learn to pray as mystic—savoring the comfort, strength and insight radical prayer can bring, but open as well to the restlessness, the discomfort such prayer can generate.

And there is asceticism involved—that needed for purification so that God's Spirit can be heard. In an earlier age that might have been focused on the physical—and consequently fasting and finding ways to make oneself physically uncomfortable. However, given the cultural and psychological obstacles to hearing God's voice that we looked at in the essay on the *sensus*, there would seem to be plenty of scope for asceticism for a modern day mystic in seeking "purification" with no need to resort to fasting and hair shirts. I am also reminded of a very wise observation in the pre-Vatican II rule of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. While admitting that some traditional acts of "penance" could be helpful in one's spiritual life, the rule basically advised that any Sister who could not find more than enough ascetic activity in the normal fulfillment of the demands of her everyday life was simply not paying attention.

Genuine mysticism—even for the desert hermits—has always had a communal dimension as well. The ultimate goal of the mystical life is seen as union. For the Christian union with God cannot be achieved apart from union with other human persons. Some of the mystic's community experiences are indirect: the mystic reads the Scriptures or other books; listens to homilies, the words of the Mass, talks; is touched by music, film, historical events. But the true mystic also engages in faith sharing with others, resonates with those who suffer from violence or injustice or pain of any kind, learns to see God in the ordinary interactions with others in everyday life shares faith with others in my faith community. The call to mysticism has often been the call to asceticism as well.

Ultimately mysticism can be defined as "personal experience of aspects of reality beyond normal human perception." What vitality this might add to our own lives and what ministry might we bring to others and our world if we became people with "personal experience" of the dynamic reality of the Christian message!

A Zebra Is a Horse Designed by Committee

Vatican II made an appeal for greater participation by all the People of God in the mission and pragmatic life of Catholic Christianity. In its wake, "collegiality" and "dialogue" emerged as the ideals toward which we should work in dealing with growth and with conflict. With some notable exceptions (some of which have suffered a violent death at the behest of hierarchic intervention), that appeal seems to have made little headway a half century later. The most outstanding exception has been found in vowed religious communities (particularly perhaps those of women). As a vowed religious myself for almost twenty-five years, I experienced from the "inside" that transformation to a more dialogic paradigm and the collegiality which that enables. In discussing this topic, I find that both an advantage and a disadvantage. It is an advantage because I have seen it happen and know it "works." It is a disadvantage because the disparity between that experience and what passes for efforts at dialogue and collegiality which I have observed elsewhere in the Church seems to me to pose a communication barrier in talking about the topic with other Catholics.

Why are dialogue and the collegiality it makes possible important? Why bother? Is this just a cultural thing, a carry-over from the Western world's transition to more democratic governmental models? Not necessarily. It can be seen as a logical outgrowth of the theology of obedience, authority, and the *sensus* that we already examined in last issue's articles. If true obedience is deep listening to God and if understanding God and God's vision cannot simply be a feature of unthinking compliance with what we are told by an automatic "authority," how and to what do we listen?

Certainly prayer—not just saying prayers, but sincere openness to, conversation with, wrestling with God in prayer forms like examen and *lectio divina*—is crucial. But if the Spirit truly dwells within each of us, is capable of speaking through each of us, we need to listen to each other as well. Dialogue has two functions here. On the one hand it is a positive force; God leads us to deeper understandings, more creative interpretations, new insights through each other, so we need to create the structures that allow those to come to birth. On the other hand it is a needed negative corrective. We have discussed lasts issue the cultural and other barriers that can obstruct or twist our understanding. God leads us to dismantle those through each other and, consequently, we need to create the structures that allow those to be voiced.

A commitment to dialogue solicits two things from us. The first is a pledge to turn to dialogue as the first step in addressing any controversy. Catholics who chafe under the hierarchical domination model are quick to apply this to that hierarchy. When the Vatican or a bishop issues a seemingly arbitrary dictum, these Catholics are quick to point out, "What about dialogue?" A commitment to dialogue cuts both ways, however. A genuine commitment to dialogue means that *our* first step in incidents of controversy needs to be "Let's talk about this."

That is the first step, but only the first. It carries with it the requirement that we be ready to listen. Not jump to defend our position first. Not jump to castigate the opposition and enumerate their character flaws. Rather we are called to try to clarify and understand the underlying values of those with whom we find ourselves at odds. Those underlying assumptions and premises have to be the ground on which our discussion rests. Without addressing those it is pointless to take up concrete actions or statements that flow from them. If we can actually get such a dialogue going, may find common ground, for example, in a deep desire to respond to God. We may very well find that our concept of God is very different, but that gets us to the heart of what we need to talk about. If we get the opportunity for dialogue, we need to conduct that with respect and genuine goodwill toward those who are the subjects of our dissent. (The reasons we need to become mystics, along with the attendant asceticism, may becoming clearer!)

But suppose our request for dialogue falls on deaf ears. What if their talk with us is marked by hostility or refusal to do any listening? Well, we're the ones who say we're committed to dialogue. Are we committed to dialogue or not? Are our critics correct when they claim talk of "dialogue" is just a euphemism for "Back off and let us have our own way"? In this sense, commitment to dialogues is form of commitment to non-violence. If we are faithful to it, we need to set the bar high for ourselves—no matter what "the other side" does. If what we are really looking for is an opportunity to vent or engage in an out-and-out brawl, that's another decision. Just don't call it "dialogue.

The demand for dialogue, it seems to me, does not rule out the various forms of non-violent protest: gathering with signs in a public place, letters and petitions, an ad in the *New York Times.* Given the lack of communication lines to the hierarchy, sometimes such gestures may be needed to raise awareness of how much this matters to the wider Church (the People of God). Very often these actions themselves include a request for dialogue. What of more aggressive reactions: withholding money, disrupting or boycotting events? People will draw different lines regarding these. I suppose for me, the guiding principle is the criterion in the Just War theory: all other avenues have got have been tried first. This is a measure of last resort.

However, what may hamper U.S. Americans in pursuing dialogue in conflict situations is the high price we place on efficiency, getting the job done. Although the axiom "The process is more important than the product" has secured some foothold even in U.S. business circles, our culture still often focuses on *getting the product.* The process of consensus-building, however, can be a lengthy one. This tends to be true even where no rampant discord is in play. I once co-chaired a committee tasked with developing a vision statement which could guide personal actions and corporate policies for a group of several hundred of our fellow vowed religious. This involved input, educational activities, drafts, more input, more face-to-face involvement in the issues, more drafts, more inputs, more drafts. It took two years to achieve the level of corporate awareness and acceptance the committee was looking for. At the end, my co-chair and I congratulated each other on getting a statement, "either of us could have written in a couple of hours two years ago."

It was true. Had we done that, however, what would have been its fate? Some sisters would have ignored it altogether, some might have given it a quick glance, some might have taken it to prayer and heart for a bit before it got lost in the shuffle of other inspiring materials, a minority—largely composed of sisters who also could have written it themselves—might give it a permanent place in their lives. What we got instead was a statement that had a solid impact on the lives of a several hundred women—an impact discernible today twenty-some years later. I am reminded of my freshman college professor's response to the question asked when she

We may need to consider here the amount of time that has been devoted in the last fifty years to dialogue between Catholics and various other Christian denominations. Accord has been reached on many issues, but it has sometimes taken decades to achieve. We many need to face the fact that when we're dealing with deep-seated differences between Catholics, we may be faced with divisions just as wide. They are not necessarily going to be settled by an afternoon's dialogue. Do we feel sufficiently responsible for creating the Church of God's dreams that we are willing to commit to that?

Dialogue, however, is not limited to the kind of dramatic controversies that get covered in the news media. The second way that the call to dialogue has an impact on our Christian lives is on creating structures of ongoing discussion, planning and decision-making at the parish or diocesan levels. Actually members of Western-style democracies (including the U.S. Americans) may—precisely because of that experience—be ill-equipped to enter into genuine dialogue in these areas.

Religious dialogue at the parish or diocesan level in the U.S. most often seems to founder on the well-meaning attempts of U.S. Catholics to conduct it on the U.S. democracy model. That model relies on the will of the majority. It's OK to come to a discussion, a Town Meeting, a governing board with my mind already made up—or my assumptions lined up to apply to the issue I will hear about. Once I have a sense of what I think should be done, my job—my mission—is to convince others to go along with me, using whatever means of pressure I can exert. There are myriad ways to do this including the following representative sample. It's OK to undermine my opposition by using some well-placed sarcasm, by casting doubts on their motivation or competence, by being as personally hurtful as I need to. If I can become known as someone who will make the group pay in other ways should I not get what I want, so much the better. I can work on getting a reputation as someone who never gives up; I will keep coming back, hammering away at this over and over and over. Eventually enough people will learn that not giving in to me is just more trouble than it's worth. After all, I'm right. This is God's work I'm doing.

Dialogue is an entirely different event. I come together with others because we want to *search* for an understanding or decision that will foster gospel values and the work of God. I may already have strong ideas or feelings about this but if I have really embraced a spirituality of dialogue I come humbly, seeking to be among those blessed by poverty of spirit. I am aware that my vision may be clouded by my personal or cultural history or biases.

I don't come to a meeting cold. I've seen the agenda. Participating in this is important enough to me that I've forced myself to make time to read the texts of any proposals that have already been put together; they've been made available in deference to the introverts in our groups who will need time to process what's being presented. That way an unfair advantage won't be handed to the extroverts who can think on their feet.

Ideally, while I may come up with some concerns or some real disagreement I try not to read the preparatory material just in debate mode: looking for rebuttal arguments. Rather I try to understand the underlying values and concerns of the proposal. I note questions I can ask that will help me to understand what the proposer is hoping to accomplish. If I find I have strong feelings about this I try to be as honest as I can about where they are coming from. Ideally, I include a petition for my own openness in my personal prayer. I pray for myself, for the group. I talk to God about how I should say what I want to say.

When we pray together at the beginning of our meeting, it's not just a pro forma action but a genuine asking for help—and a willingness to let that happen. A true spirit of dialogue mandates me to place a priority on listening, not just speaking. I respect the Spirit's voice within others, but I also respect it within myself. I don't try to show

off but I also don't let false modesty or shyness or lack of courage prevent me from sharing my own piece of this discernment. If I feel that others need to be confronted, I do so—calmly, charitably but not apologetically.

I try to be prepared for the fact that what I want the result to be may not be what's best for the group, may not be what the group is ready to hear. If that's the case, I back off *graciously*. If the issue is important enough (importance not being defined by the strength of my own desire for my own way), I may need to make a point of detaching myself from the final decision. Again, I do that calmly, without rancor, and without letting it result in my ongoing hostility toward those I disagreed with—or eager anticipation of the moment when I can say or imply, "I told you so."

Is this a tall order? You better believe it. It requires a Christian commitment, a Christian spirituality and a Christian asceticism all its own. Christians are not perfect people and the dialogue doesn't unfold perfectly. The goal here is not Eden, not even Utopia, but a consciously gospel-grounded dialogue process that understands itself to be different than U.S. democratic process as usual. It may not achieve that goal 100%, but it can be attempted by ordinary folks. If you think that level of dialogue might be difficult in a parish or diocese, try implementing it in a religious congregation of several thousand women whose personal spiritualities and theologies of Church are just as varied and who, in addition, have been formed by different cultures. Over the past fifty years, however, dialogue has made remarkable advances in just such circumstances. Thoughtful, prayerful dialogue doesn't necessarily result in "correct" decisions; mistakes are made. But when people strive to act from the position that "the process is more important than the product," the ultimate product may be one they hadn't aimed at—the deepening and nurturing of Christian community.

It is small wonder that Catholics and those in leadership positions not having observed or experienced this, don't get it. But that creates just one more obstacle. The reality is that many Catholics, many priests, many bishops who even on the surface practice a so-called dialogue model don't really like it, much less cherish it. Over the pat forty years, having been involved in over a dozen parishes and five dioceses, I've heard the "zebra" comment that formed the title of this essay over and over—and from the lips who are "implementing" dialogical committees, councils, convocations. Their frustration with what they are seeing is understandable; these gatherings are often "more trouble than they're worth." But the trouble is not in having structures that are supposed to promote dialogue. The problem is in having structures that play at dialogue.

My experience in vowed religious life indicates it's not enough for leadership or membership to set up the structures. They have to keep pushing for the atmosphere, the kind of dialogue where genuine dialogue can take place. As a result of their experience over the last fifty years, vowed congregations' meetings of any importance are typically chaired only by someone with formal training—rather than informal experience—in-group process. Just as they wouldn't invite someone without some academic background to give a talk on theology, just as they wouldn't ask someone without architectural or engineering experience to draw up renovation plans, religious congregations have come to see that planning a meeting and shepherding a group—especially through the shoals of controversy—is important enough to require more than a willingness and some committee leadership experience.

Equally important, it is rare for that chairperson to be a member of the group engaging in the dialogue. Not only does this ensure that the chair doesn't have a vested interest in the outcome, it also means she has a greater chance of remaining at some distance from whatever emotions are generated. This is important not only to allow her to do a skillful job at facilitating the meeting (she can be mindful of the process rather than concerned about the outcome) but also to take on the responsibilities unique to chairing a religious dialogue. It makes it easier for her to give the group feedback on the emotional tone she is getting from them, easier to summarize the content of what is being said when she suspects the group does not want to hear that, easier to confront them with hard questions ("This is what I'm hearing. Is this what you want?), easier to deal with someone who is being bullying or manipulative, easier perhaps to stop the discussion and suggest a few minute of prayer time.

How would our own local dialogues improve if diocesan meetings were planned and chaired by a salaried out-of-towner—given genuine control of the process? How would parish meetings improve if parish councils and other significant meetings could draw their chairs from a pool of trained volunteers, members of other parishes?

My experience with gatherings of vowed religious that really try to be dialogue is that they can be painful, exhausting, frustrating, draining—but also exhilarating, energizing, and ultimately joyous. They remain a testament to the presence of the Spirit that I have found nowhere else in the current Church.

What Was Holy Week About Anyway?

The Vatican's move against the Leadership Conference of Women Religious broke as a news story shortly after Holy Week 2012. In the U.S. there was an immediate reaction or series of reactions. Concerned and outraged Catholics, as well as members of other faiths, responded to the Vatican's action from a variety of perspectives.

I was struck by what was missing. No one I listened to, or whose response I read in the media or internet, seemed struck by the convergence of the dates. We here at St. V's were no different. At St. V's we had once again celebrated a rich Holy Week, yet no one seemed to draw a connection between that spiritual event and the unfolding news story. This is not the first time I have noticed this disparity.

What exactly were we celebrating during that Easter Triduum of Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Easter Sunday? What is it we have been professing at each Eucharist all these years when we have averred in one set of words or another that "Christ has died, Christ has risen, Christ will come again" and that that is at the center of what it means for us to be Christian.

Is it just something Jesus did a long time ago? Important in that he "died for our sins" but otherwise not something that really touches our lives? What difference does it make in our lives?

Latin Americans come from a different perspective. For them, the fact of Jesus' death and resurrection means that when they suffer oppression the suffering Christ walks with them and they share in his Calvary. This does not mean passive acceptance. In fact, this awareness of Jesus' presence in their suffering has fired unrelenting resistance and protest. When the "madres" of the Plaza de Mayo met weekly to circle the square under the watchful eyes of the military, when thousands through the Americas have continued to meet and protest despite deaths and torture, they do so knowing they are not alone and often they are enlivened by that realization.

By comparison, I can imagine myself with a group of U.S. Catholics faced with the reality of oppression—in this case, perhaps, from the Church itself. We may be venting our anger, we may be planning a response or even engaging in protest. I myself have participated in many of those activities. I don't remember the crucified Jesus being welcomed.

What that means, I think, is that we have a much harder time staying in for the long haul. The protesters of oppression in Latin America had no guarantee that liberation would come in their lifetime. Indeed for most of them it has not. They were committed to *la luche, the struggle,* not merely determined to win. Seeing immediate or short-term results was not their objective. Walking with Jesus the way of fidelity and integrity was, confident that liberation would come because it was the will of God.

I suspect there are two reasons why our U.S. experience is different. For many Catholics—even those who have embraced much of the Vatican II ethos—Good Friday was God taking out on Jesus the punishment we deserved for our sins. I've been observing Lent and Holy Week for 11 years at St. V's and I've heard repeated homilies attempting to root out this pseudo-heresy. It seems, however, to be deeply ingrained.

Jesus' life *and* death are salvific, not because a pissed-off deity needed to be placated, but because Jesus, in the face of incredible opposition and suffering, remained faithful to living the God-life within him and to carrying out his mission as he understood it from God. It is that reality which the largely peasant Latin Americans seem to have grasped and we U.S. well-educated U.S. Catholics—despite our education, despite our book discussions—seem to have missed.

Of course to follow Jesus' "Way" is not easy. To take on the mind and spirit of Jesus means we have to do that totally. The history of what used to be called "banana republics" demonstrates that. So often in history, revolutions in the name of liberation have substituted one dictatorship for another. The outer details change but the inner ethos remains the same.

I would suggest it's evident in the level of venom and disgust we hurl at those leaders in the church who represent oppression for us. And I am the first to admit that that's easy to do. No wimpy "Father, forgive them" for us, no siree! It's a perfectly natural human reaction. But it wasn't the one Jesus opted for. For him the cross *was* the ultimate expression of his rebellion against the forces of evil and oppression. "You will not change me. You will not turn me from the path to which I have committed my life."

This essay is not a plea for a do-nothing approach to oppression within the Church. In fact, my own position would be that the Spirit actually calls us to do everything we can to advance the *Spirit's* agenda. But it does argue that we have a long way to go to learn *how* to do that. Can we, in our First World, North American arrogance actually learn something from our Catholic brothers and sisters to the South?

Educational Opportunities

VATICAN II- LECTURE SERIES: IN CELEBRATION OF 50 YEARS

Primer session -Vatican II: The Historical Setting Presenter: Chris McCullough	Monday, October 22; 7:30 – 9:00 PM St. V's Rectory Basement Classroom
Process Session - Vatican II Roundtable A discussion of questions	Monday, November 12; 7:30–9:00 PM St. V's Rectory Basement Classroom

Lecture II: *On The Church in World* Presenter: Fr. Joe Komonchak	Monday, November 19 at St. Vincent de Paul - 120 N. Front St.	7:30 -9:00 PM	
New DATE!! *On Divine Revelation* Presenter: Fr. John Donahue, SJ	Monday, November 26 at St. Ignatius - 740 N. Calvert St.	7:30 -9:00 PM	
Lecture III: *On The Liturgy* Presenter: Sr. Mary Collins, OSB	Monday, Dec 10 at Corpus Christi – 1316 W. Mt. Royal Ave	7:30 -9:00 PM	
Lecture IV: *On The Church* Presenter: Dolores Leckey	Monday, April 22 at St. Alphonsus – 114 W. Saratoga St.	7:30 -9:00 PM	
Lecture V: *Vatican II: Then and Now* Presenter: Rosann Catalano, PhD	Tuesday, May 28 at The Basilica – 409 Cathedral St.	7:30 -9:00 PM	

All Lectures will occur in the Church sanctuaries with a reception to follow each of the presentations.