He Is Risen!

LEA POVOZHAEV • LUCRETIA B. YAGHJIAN

SPRING BOOKS
of the greatest Christian writers who ever lived is the unknown author of this ancient homily on Holy Saturday. Happy Easter from the editors and staff of America.

Matt Malone, S.J.

What is happening? Today there is a great silence over the earth, a great silence, and stillness, a great silence because the King sleeps; the earth was in terror and was still, because God slept in the flesh and raised up those who were sleeping from the ages. God has died in the flesh, and the underworld has trembled.

Truly he goes to seek out our first parent like a lost sheep; he wishes to visit those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. He goes to free the prisoner Adam and his fellow-prisoner Eve from their pains, who he is God, and Adam’s son.

The Lord goes in to them holding his victorious weapon, his cross. When Adam, the first created man, sees him, he strikes his breast in terror and calls out to all: “My Lord be with you all.” And Christ in reply says to Adam: “And with your spirit.” And grasping his hand he raises him up, saying: “Awake, O sleeper, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give you light.

“I am your God, who for your sake became your son, who for you and your descendants now speak and command with authority those in prison: Come forth, and those in darkness: Have light, and those who sleep: Rise.

“I command you: Awake, sleeper, I have not made you to be held a prisoner in the underworld. Arise from the dead; I am the life of the dead. Arise, O man, work of my hands, arise, you who were fashioned in my image. Rise, let us go hence; for you in me and I in you, together we are one undivided person.

“For you, I your God became your son; for you, I the Master took on your form; that of slave; for you, I who am above the heavens came on earth and under the earth; for you, man, I became as a man without help, free among the dead; for you, who left a garden, I was handed over to Jews from a garden and crucified in a garden.

“Look at the spittle on my face, which I received because of you, in order to restore you to that first divine inbreathing at creation. See the blows on my cheeks, which I accepted in order to refashion your distorted form to my own image.

“See the scourging of my back, which I accepted in order to disperse the load of your sins which was laid upon your back. See my hands nailed to the tree for a good purpose, for you, who stretched out your hand to the tree for an evil one.

“I slept on the cross and a sword pierced my side, for you, who slept in paradise and brought forth Eve from your side. My side healed the pain of your side; my sleep will release you from your sleep in Hades; my sword has checked the sword which was turned against you.

“But arise, let us go hence. The enemy brought you out of the land of paradise; I will reinstate you, no longer in paradise, but on the throne of heaven. I denied you the tree of life, which was a figure, but now I myself am united to you, I who am life. I posted the cherubim to guard you as they would slaves; now I make the cherubim worship you as they would God.

“The cherubim throne has been prepared, the bearers are ready and waiting, the bridal chamber is in order, the food is provided, the everlasting houses and rooms are in readiness; the treasures of good things have been opened; the kingdom of heaven has been prepared before the ages.”
ARTICLES

16 THE ECOLOGICAL EXAMEN
Entering a new world of Ignatian contemplation
Joseph P. Carver

21 GETTING OUT OF OIL
Catholic universities can make a difference through divestment.
Doug Demeo

COLUMNS & DEPARTMENTS

4 Current Comment

5 Editorial As the Deer Longs

6 Reply All with an essay by Michael Baxter and William T. Cavanaugh

10 Signs of the Times

14 Column To an Athlete Dying Young James T. Keane

27 Easter 2014 All Things Dead, Alive Lea Povozaev
After the Resurrection Lucretia B. Yaghjian

36 Poem Martyrdom Is for the Young Peter Kozik

47 The Word Radical Witness
John W. Martens

BOOKS & CULTURE

34 SPRING BOOKS Norman Mailer; Reign of Error; Death of the Black-Haired Girl; Newman and his Family OF OTHER THINGS Tales of a T-Shirt ART Swedish painter Anders Zorn

ON THE WEB

Scripture reflections for Holy Week and Easter from the editors. Plus, Karen Sue Smith talks about the art of Anders Zorn on our podcast, and Jim McDermott, S.J., reviews the film Cesar Chavez, with Michael Peña, right. All at americamagazine.org.
CURRernt CoMMent

Papal Penitent
Since his election just over a year ago, Pope Francis has swiftly become a “pope of surprises.” By his demeanor and disarming way of doing things, Francis has projected the Petrine office in a new light. The images are embedded in our memory: his requests for prayers; his simple way of living and dressing; the genuine embrace of people he meets in the course of the day; the unpretentious way he acknowledges those who are ill and infirm—like the unprecedented audience with deaf and blind people—all the while evoking stories from the Gospels. And, of course, he radiates cheerfulness and kindness as a joyful reflection of his love for God and his fellow human beings. However, there was one thing he recently did that made the world stop momentarily in its tracks.

Pope Francis went to confession.

There is nothing surprising in that—popes do go to confession. What made it noteworthy was that he chose to do so in a public manner before he heard the confessions of others on March 28 at St. Peter’s Basilica. Seemingly oblivious to the media glare, the pope walked to the confessional, knelt and made his confession. By doing so, Francis has impressed upon the world a basic truth: no matter what a person’s station in life, whether “important” or not, we are all in need of divine mercy, even a pope.

Turkey’s Troubles
Last month’s elections in Turkey shed light on troubling developments in a crucial country in the Middle East. While international attention has been focused on the test of wills over Ukraine, Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan of Turkey has been engaged in a destructive battle for influence in that country with the leader of a powerful Islamist constituency. Fethullah Gulen may live in self-imposed exile in a compound in Pennsylvania, but his network of so-called Gulenists operates many influential organizations within Turkey, and its members hold prominent positions within the Turkish government. The Gulenists were once important partners with the ruling Justice and Development Party, or A.K.P., but now Mr. Gulen and Mr. Erdogan are at loggerheads, a state of affairs that could undo much of the recent economic and political growth in Turkey.

Prime Minister Erdogan was not up for election in March, but his party performed strongly at the polls. Mr. Erdogan may now seek to change the country’s rules so that he can run for prime minister for a fourth time. His expansive push for power, which in reaction to popular protests included shutting down access to Twitter and YouTube, is disquieting in a country that was once seen as a stabilizing force in a conflict-ridden region.

Turkey’s troubles are especially worrisome for those looking for models of authority in the Middle East. Modern Turkey was founded as a resolutely secular state. Working together, the Gulenists and the Sunni-dominated A.K.P. pushed for a greater role for religion in the public square. The government followed through on some laudable initiatives, like restoring confiscated Christian properties to their original owners, but it also excluded the Alevi, a more liberal Shiite sect, from the halls of power. The recent turmoil is another disheartening sign that the road to representative democracy in the Middle East is long indeed.

Welcoming the Stranger
Imam Oumar Kobine Layama arrived at the house of the archbishop with only one bag in hand. Displaced by the ongoing conflict in the Central African Republic, the Muslim leader sought refuge at the home of Archbishop Dieudonné Nzapalainga of Bangui. The archbishop welcomed him. “Our house, in reality, is God’s house,” Archbishop Nzapalainga told Catholic News Service during a trip to Washington. “When I open my doors to receive a brother, I am doing what God asks me to do.” The archbishop is not alone. Several Catholic and Protestant churches have welcomed strangers of all faiths during this time of need in the country.

While the violence in the region is often portrayed as pitting Christians against Muslims, the conflict is motivated more by political unrest than by religious beliefs. Imam Layama, Archbishop Nzapalainga and the Rev. Nicolas Guerekoyame-Gbangou, a Protestant leader, recently visited the United States to discuss the need for greater harmony among people of faith and the lessons they have learned from interfaith interactions. The religious leaders have welcomed not only the presence of these displaced persons but also their diverse faith traditions. “The temptation is always to consider them as people—as new sheep—to be converted,” the Rev. Guerekoyame-Gbangou said. “At no moment did I ever obligate people or require people to come and pray with me.”

This openness to the “other” is a hopeful sign amid so much pain and suffering in the region. We hope the example of these men inspires love and respect among people of all faith traditions in their country and around the world.
As the Deer Longs

The editors of America strive to ensure that our editorials, articles, blog posts and videos are not overly focused on the locale in which we live and work. Our magazine is called "America," but our readership is worldwide, both in print and online. But as we look toward Easter and enjoy the first blooms of spring, we would be remiss not to note that many parts of the United States have just suffered through an unusually brutal winter. The "polar vortex," which is said to occur only once every few centuries, seemed to visit many regions of our country every few weeks. Immense snowfalls, frigid temperatures and rivers of slush made this winter one that tens of millions of people desperately longed to see end.

At the same time, it awakened an almost primal desire for spring—its warmth, its colors, its life. "As the deer longs for streams of water," the psalmist wrote, "so my soul longs for you, O God" (42:2). That sentiment expresses what many Americans felt about springtime this year.

That kind of deep longing mirrors the longing we feel for the coming of Christ. St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the 12th-century Cistercian writer, spoke of three comings of our Lord. The first is the coming of Jesus in history, the Messiah for whom the Hebrew people longed for centuries. God became human and entered into the world of first-century Palestine. Theologians sometimes call this the "scandal of particularity." In him God entered the world at a particular time, in a particular place and with the cooperation of a particular woman.

The second of Bernard's comings is the coming of Christ into our lives on a daily basis. All of us—like the psalmist's deer, panting for water—long for a fuller relationship with God.

Finally, in the coming of Christ at the end of time and history, all our longings will be satisfied in an eternal spring.

To Bernard's three comings one might add a fourth: the coming of Jesus out of the tomb. Imagine the inchoate longing of the disciples after the terrible events of Good Friday. One often tends to focus on the disciples' sadness, or their fear, after the execution of their leader. But mingled with that sadness and fear must have been an intense longing for clarity and for consolation. "How could God," they must have wondered, "bring something new out of this?" How the followers of Jesus must have ached for a warm answer to the cold reality of Good Friday. How they must have sought light after the darkness of his death. How they must have longed for something new.

It was not unreasonable for Jesus' followers to conclude that everything was now over. Indeed, most of the disciples seem to have reached that conclusion even before Jesus' death. When pressed, St. Peter denied ever having known Jesus. By the time of the crucifixion, all but a few women and the apostle John had slunk away. By all human measures, everything had ended.

Yet seeing with merely human eyes can mislead us, as it misled the disciples. During this worst of winters, it may have seemed impossible that the frozen ground could ever again yield anything as beautiful as a violet crocus or a yellow tulip or a blade of green grass. But God has other plans.

Renewal is the theme that one finds not only in nature, but also in the church today. In the year following the election of Pope Francis, many Catholics have experienced a decided sense of renewal and refreshment. Catholics who had at times felt unwelcome in the church—among them some women, divorced and remarried Catholics, and gays and lesbians—have reported experiencing a sense of newness. Other Catholics, who have long felt welcomed, nonetheless feel new warmth in the church. This is not to set aside the papacies of either soon-to-be St. John Paul II or Pope Emeritus Benedict XVI. Each pope brings his unique gifts to the office. But it would be foolish to deny that with Pope Francis God is doing something new.

The message of Easter is that Christ is risen. But the message is also that God can always bring new life from what appears to be dead. That God can bring hope out of despair. That God can bring love from a situation in which hatred seems to reign. That God can bring change when things seemed unchangeable. That God can, after the hardest winter in memory, still renew the face of the earth (Ps 104:30). Easter means spring in every area of life.

The message of Easter, in short, is that nothing is impossible with God. This is what the angel Gabriel told Mary at the Annunciation. In John's Gospel the angels tell the women who have come to the tomb on Easter Sunday that same message, but in a new, different and entirely surprising way. They say: "He is risen!"
**Love and Fidelity**

In the spirit of dialogue suggested in “See the Person,” by John P. Langan, S.J. (3/10), my experience of friendship with same-sex couples offers a positive view of their fidelity and sensitivity to each other.

The fidelity, loyalty and caring for each other of these gay couples call me to exert more effort in the relationship I have with my husband. In my sacramental marriage, I see no threat to the institution of marriage by granting civil marriage rights to gay couples.

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**Langan's take on the new stance will politically correct.**

America being asked to make concessions, as if they find themselves the outsiders. They are now that the tables are turned they are free to exert more effort in the relationship I have with my husband. In my sacramental marriage, I see no threat to the institution of marriage by granting civil marriage rights to gay couples.

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**What Is Possible**

The Christian community can accept same-sex unions in response to the biblical imperative that it is not good for man to be alone (Gen 2:18).

An obstacle to same-sex marriage has been a univocal concept of human nature. If we believe God is the creator of all human beings, we must accept the fact that God creates, loves and wills homosexuals no less than heterosexuals.

Secondly, all authentic laws have to be humanly—as opposed to heroically—possible. No just law, religious or secular, violates the basic exigencies of our God-given nature. That persons created homosexual should be restricted to a life devoid of sexual intimacy may be heroically possible, but not humanly possible.

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**Achievement and Hope**

After 28 years in prison ministry, I heartily agree with and admire the work of Manhattan College in meeting the educational needs of inmates. I remember the years when the Pell Grant was available to inmates, and the pursuit of higher education gave them something to work for, a sense of achievement and a hope that life could be better.

Professor Skotnicki and his students are addressing a great need in the lives of many inmates. God’s blessings on their efforts.

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**My Father Daniel**

Thank you so much for the tributes to Daniel J. Harrington, S.J., in the March 10 issue. He was indeed one of the finest men I ever knew. He had a keen wit, a superb biblical intellect, a great sense of humor, and a kind and generous heart. He made a tremendous impact on my life, and I will miss him a great deal.

Father Dan was my mentor, occasional pen pal and faculty advisor in the mid-1980s, when I was a student at the Weston Jesuit School of Theology.

Every Father’s Day since then, I would either send him a greeting card or an email wishing him a “Happy Father’s Day.” I know he really enjoyed getting it; it gave him a good laugh each year. I always told him that because I considered him as my spiritual father, he was as much a father to me as my own biological father, who was a
Land of ‘Israel’?
In “A Scholar’s Life” (3/10), Frank J. Matera, a renowned biblical scholar, makes essential points about the Judaism of Jesus and of the New Testament. Why, however, does he refer to Roman Palestine as the “land of Israel” and to the Hebrew Bible as the “scriptures of Israel”? Jesus was a Palestinian Jew; David’s kingdom, called Israel, was long gone (722 B.C.). Nazareth in Galilee and Bethlehem in Judah were in Roman Palestine. Do we avoid these facts lest we be considered anti-Semitic? Is it right to use the term Israel whenever we mean the Jews collectively?

When the modern nation-state of Israel was established in the 1940s, consideration was given to naming it Judah. That could have avoided the major misconception of Zionism that somehow modern Israel is in geopolitical continuity with ancient Israel of 30 centuries ago.

ROSEMARY REISS
Lake Placid, N.Y.

A New Vision
The March 10 issue of America offers convergent ideas about how the church might approach its mission.

“The Prison Class” calls us to “change the culture...from one of stigmatization and punishment to one of opportunity and care.” “See the Person” asks ministers to encourage personal opportunity and care. “Burdens and Joys” of raising a child with special needs and “Buddhism and Suffering” offer practical methods of action and thought that assist a person to work with the reality of suffering. Coupled with meditation and self-giving, practitioners grow in compassion and wisdom. Both Christianity and Buddhism are deeply relational, seek to heal the suffering of the world, and both arise out of compassion. This mutual foundation is something to honor.

In a world filled with wars fueled by ignorance of each other’s faith traditions, to find common ground from which to dialogue is imperative. As Catholics, we must gently listen to the teachings of other traditions and learn from the wisdom of one another. Together in mutual dialogue, we also participate in alleviating suffering.

MICHELE MICKLEWRIGHT
Brooklyn Park, Minn.
MORE DEEPLY INTO THE WORLD
Michael Baxter and William T. Cavanaugh respond to “A View from Abroad,” by Massimo Faggioli (2/24).

We are the people Massimo Faggioli warned you about. In his article on the polarization of Catholics in the United States, Professor Faggioli mentions us by name as representing the road not to follow. We are accused of “withdrawal from the nation-state” and “retreat” from the polis. Our approach is divisive, sectarian and, if implemented in Europe, even “risks a return to the wars of religion that ravaged Europe for at least a century.”

The idea that we advocate withdrawal strikes us as odd. We work at the largest Catholic university in the country, with 24,000 students, many of whom are working class. Besides teaching, we are involved in the Center for World Catholicism & Intercultural Theology at DePaul, a forum for connecting Catholics from the global South with those from the North. We sponsor lectures, conferences and scholar-in-residence programs. There is a big world out there, much larger than the world of Republican versus Democrat, First Things versus Commonweal. Mr. Faggioli wants Catholics to insert themselves into U.S. politics as the particular into the universal, but when compared with the global embrace of the body of Christ, the nation-state appears as a “sectarian” attempt to draw borders.

Do we advocate Catholic “withdrawal from the nation-state”? Not any more than we could advocate withdrawal from the weather. We drive on the roads, pay taxes, use the postal service, obtain passports. What we advocate is that Christians be more realistic about how the nation-state works. In many ways the United States is a great place to live. It is also the nation that spends more on its military than all other nations combined; promotes a muscular, often idolatrous, civil religion; erodes the autonomy of faith-based institutions; has spent a trillion dollars over the last decade on a secretive security apparatus; and is run by two corporate-sponsored parties who respond almost exclusively to those with money. Half of the electorate already does not bother to vote, even in national elections.

We acknowledge that voting and lobbying can make a difference, though usually not much. But we do not think it is adequate simply to encourage Catholics to pick one of two parties and get in the game. A Catholic is right to feel homeless in the political process, both because a Catholic’s loyalty transcends national borders and because neither of the parties comes close to representing the just and peaceful world envisioned by Catholic social teaching.

This homelessness should not drive Catholics out of the world but more deeply into it. We advocate for experiments in face-to-face community where democracy is not an empty slogan: unions, buying cooperatives, houses of hospitality, credit unions and so on. We do not think that community is restored simply by cutting people off from government aid and leaving them at the mercy of the market.

Nor do we think the only thing people need is a check from the government. Those who have withdrawn from society, or have been cast out, need personal care. Moreover, thinking and acting in a Catholic way should mean resisting the unlimited pretensions of the limited nation-state in which we find ourselves. Refusing to fight in unjust wars and treating the foreigner as oneself are the opposite of sectarian.

Mr. Faggioli proposes renewal of the Catholic Common Ground Initiative as an alternative to what we propose. We are very much in favor of Catholics across ideological spectra meeting to find common ground. What that should mean is that conservatives worried about state-sponsored torture and surveillance can unite in recognizing that the United States is often unfriendly territory for the Gospel and that we should consider ourselves Catholics before considering ourselves Americans. The “social radicalism” that Mr. Faggioli identifies with Pope Francis would seem to demand this shift from identifying with the centers of political power to identifying with the marginalized.

Latinos offer an important signpost for being Catholic in this country today. They have largely avoided easy characterization into either side of the polarity in the Catholic Church. Put more positively, Latinos in the United States have a sense for mestizaje, “mixedness”—a sense that they can be both American and Mexican, for example. Not just Latinos but all Catholics can embrace the reality of mestizaje, because it characterizes Jesus, who is both God and man, who forged a community from both Jew and gentile, who embraces all peoples regardless of the politics of nation-states and who is gathering the nations into a vast pilgrimage to our true home.

MICHAEL BAXTER
WILLIAM T. CAVANAUGH

Michael Baxter is visiting associate professor of Catholic studies at DePaul University in Chicago. William T. Cavanaugh is director of the Center for World Catholicism & Intercultural Theology at DePaul.
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IMMIGRATION REFORM

U.S. Bishops at Mexico Border Push Mercy for Migrants

While comprehensive immigration reform remains stalled in Congress, members of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops joined residents, migrants and advocates from both sides of the U.S./Mexico border in Nogales, Ariz., on April 1. There they celebrated Mass together, remembering thousands of migrants who have perished in the deserts of the U.S. Southwest, which one bishop described as “our Lampedusa.” This “Mission for Migrants” was inspired by the trip of Pope Francis to Lampedusa, Italy, last year to pray for migrants who died attempting to reach Europe by boat.

“As a moral matter, our nation can no longer employ an immigration system that divides families and denies basic due process protections to our fellow human beings,” said Bishop Eusebio Elizondo, auxiliary bishop of Seattle and chairman of the U.S.C.C.B.’s Committee on Migration.

During his homily at the border, Cardinal Seán P. O’Malley, O.F.M.Cap., of Boston said: “Here in the desert of Arizona, we come to mourn the countless immigrants who risk their lives at the hands of [human traffickers] and the forces of nature to come to the United States. Every year 400 bodies are found here at the border, bodies of men, women and children seeking to enter the United States. Those are only the bodies that are found. As the border crossings become more difficult, people take greater risks and more are perishing.”

Recalling the “hardships and humiliations of so many immigrants who come to the States fleeing from poverty and oppression, seeking a better life for their children,” he said, “Sadly enough, devastating. The country has experienced serious economic shocks, including a decline in trade, tourism and investment and an increase in public expenditures. Public services are struggling to meet increased demand, with health, education, electricity, water and sanitation particularly taxed.

The World Bank estimates that the crisis in Syria cost Lebanon $2.5 billion in lost economic activity last year and threatens to push 170,000 Lebanese into poverty by the end of this year. Wages are plummeting, and families are struggling to make ends meet.

Children make up half the Syrian refugee population in Lebanon. The number of school-age children is now more than 400,000, eclipsing the number of Lebanese children in public schools.

The new president of Caritas...
Lebanon has launched an appeal to the international community to work harder for the "common good," seek an end to the conflict in Syria and do more to help refugees who have fled to neighboring countries like Lebanon. The Rev. Paul Karam said the needs surrounding his new job are huge.

The influx of Syrian refugees, he worries, poses existential social, political and humanitarian questions for Lebanon. "These are very big problems for Lebanon. That's why it is very urgent now, not tomorrow, and not after tomorrow, to see how we can resolve this problem."

The Syrian Observatory for Human Rights updated its count of the dead on April 1 as the conflict moves deeper into its fourth year. The group now reports that at least 150,000 people have been killed in Syria's three-year-old civil war, a third of them civilians, though the true toll could be much higher. The nation's Christians have become targets of displacement and death threats and the subjects of extortion, kidnapping and at times brutal homicides. Efforts to end the conflict by bringing together representatives of President Bashar al-Assad's government and the opposition have so far failed. The United Nations peace mediator for Syria said in early April that talks were unlikely to resume soon, and a U.N. study reported in March that if the conflict were to end tomorrow, it would take the nation 30 years to recover.

In a teleconference sponsored by immigration reform advocates on April 4, Kevin Appleby, director of migration and public affairs for the bishops' conference, said the border events underlined the urgency of dealing with the humanitarian costs of the immigration situation.

"We went to [the border] to raise the human issue, the moral issue," said Appleby. "We always talk about the economic, social and legal issues, but in the end, this is about 11 million human beings living in the shadows.

"Immigration laws should protect human rights, not undermine them," he added.

Representative Luis V. Gutiérrez, Democrat of Illinois, the most vocal congressional advocate for comprehensive reform, said during the teleconference that he is optimistic that legislation can pass in the House before Congress recesses for the summer. If it does not, he said, President Obama has the legal authority to ease the threat of deportation for millions of people by executive order.

At the border, which separates the civic "twins" of Nogales, Mexico, from Nogales, Ariz., Cardinal O'Malley noted that the day's Gospel "begins with a certain lawyer who is trying to test Jesus," demanding to know, "Who is my neighbor?" Jesus responds with the parable of the good Samaritan. "In Jesus' day the term 'good Samaritan' was never used by the chosen people," the cardinal said. "The Samaritans were the despised foreigners, heretics and outcasts. Yet Jesus shows us how that foreigner, that Samaritan, becomes the protagonist, the hero who saves one of the native sons who is rescued not by his fellow countryman and coreligionists but by a stranger, an alien, a Samaritan.

"Who is my neighbor? Jesus changed the question from one of legal obligation (who deserves my love) to one of gift giving (to whom can I show myself a neighbor), and of this the despised Samaritan is the moral exemplar."

MOTHER AND CHILD. Souad Mohamed, a Syrian refugee, with her baby inside a tent in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley, December 2013.
Abuse Allegations Down in 2013

The number of allegations of sexual abuse by clergy declined in 2013, while diocesan spending on child protection programs increased under the U.S. Catholic Church’s “Charter for the Protection of Children and Young People,” according to a church-sponsored annual audit. Dioceses and Eastern-rite eparchies reported 370 new allegations of abuse of a minor brought by 365 people against 290 priests or deacons, said the Georgetown University-based Center for Applied Research in the Apostolate. About 69 percent of the alleged offenses reported last year occurred or began between 1960 and 1984. Three-quarters of the alleged offenders are already deceased or removed from active ministry. Eight of the alleged perpetrators were deacons; 282 were priests. Spending on child protection programs jumped to $41.7 million in 2013 from nearly $26.6 million in 2012. The audit reported that more than 99 percent of clergy members, 97.6 percent of church employees and 99.5 percent of educators had undergone safe environment training.

Bishops Slam Maduro

In a hard-hitting statement released on April 2, Venezuela’s Roman Catholic Church accused President Nicolas Maduro’s government of “totalitarian” tendencies and “brutal repression” of demonstrators during two months of political unrest that has resulted in the deaths of 39 people. The bishops’ denunciation is likely to revive church-state tensions that were constant during the 14-year rule of Maduro’s predecessor, Hugo Chávez. Bishop Diego Padrón, who heads Venezuela’s conference of bishops, said the principal cause of the crisis was the government’s attempt to implement “the fatherland plan,” a blueprint for government that Chávez left behind. “Within it they are hiding the promotion of a totalitarian-style system of government, putting in doubt its democratic credentials,” he said, reading a church communiqué. Though it defended the right of students and others to protest, the church condemned both the demonstrators’ tactic of barricading roads and the state’s suppression of dissidence. “The government is wrong to want to solve the crisis by force,” the church statement added. “The solution is clear: sincere dialogue between the government and all sectors.”

Religious Diversity Highest in Asia

Pew researchers report that six of the world’s 12 nations with a “very high degree” of religious diversity can be found in the Asia-Pacific region—Singapore, Taiwan, Vietnam, South Korea, China and Hong Kong; five are in sub-Saharan Africa—Guinea-Bissau, Togo, Ivory Coast, Benin and Mozambique; and one is in Latin America and the Caribbean—Suriname. No countries in Europe, North America or the Middle East-North Africa region have as high a degree of religious diversity, according to the study’s index. Of the 232 countries in the study, Singapore has the highest diversity score. The United States has a moderate level of religious diversity, ranking 68th among the 232 countries and territories included in the study. Christians constituted a sizable majority of the U.S. population (78 percent) in 2010. Of the seven other major religious groups, only the religiously unaffiliated claim a substantial share of the U.S. population, at 16 percent.
Mercy
The Essence of the Gospel and the Key to Christian Life
Cardinal Walter Kasper
“Ven alrededor de la caridad, y nunca tengas miedo de amar. Améntate con los seres humanos.”
—Pope Francis
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Another March Madness is over. We saw a few Davids slay some Goliaths along the way (nice job, Dayton!), but the N.C.A.A. Men's Basketball Final Four this year remained the home of perennial powerhouses. Not since Villanova knocked off Georgetown almost 30 years ago has a true long shot taken home the title.

It has been almost as long since the most thrilling, inspiring and emotionally wrenching run of all time in the N.C.A.A. tourney, that of the 1990 Loyola Marymount Lions.

I was a true believer in those days but not yet a student at L.M.U., a teenager who listened to their games on KXLU-FM in my parents' living room, following the breathless announcers who could barely keep up with L.M.U.'s fast-break style. I had other reasons to cheer for L.M.U.—three of my siblings were undergraduates at the time, and four more of us would follow in the coming years—but my real reason was simple: there was no more exciting team on earth.

Paul Westhead, former head coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, had installed a system that privileged speed and scoring above all else. Typical offensive plays resulted in a shot within seven seconds. “See How They Run at Loyola Marymount” read a New York Times feature on the Lions that year, and run they did, averaging 122 points per game in the 1989-90 season.

Westhead's success was also due to two Philadelphia playground legends who provided the perfect inside-out punch: Hank “The Bank” Gathers, a charismatic 6-foot-7 (well, maybe) power forward, and Bo Kimble, a reserved 6-foot-2 (not by a long shot) swingman. Hank led the nation in scoring and rebounding in his junior year, and would have done the same again had he not been slowed by medication he took after fainting in an early-season game. Instead, Kimble led the charge, averaging 35 points a game to lead the nation, and L.M.U. steamrolled into their conference tournament with a 23-5 record.

Seven minutes into a game on L.M.U.'s home court against the Portland Pilots, Hank took an alley-oop pass on a classic L.M.U. fast break and threw it down for a monster dunk. Slapping hands with his teammates, he ran back to midcourt and turned to face the defense. Moments later, he collapsed.

With a crowd instantly around him, Hank tried once to get up, then sank back to the floor. He was taken outside on a stretcher. After an eternity of waiting, the news came in: a heart attack, later diagnosed as the result of hypertrophic cardiomyopathy. And just like that, Hank was dead.

Sheer physical size and talent are no match for the human spirit.

Suddenly a nation was watching. The little team from nowhere was on the cover of Sports Illustrated, with the perfect headline: “For You, Hank.” They won again the next week, beating the Alabama Crimson Tide and setting them up for a showdown against the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. The winner would go to the Final Four.

Alas, U.N.L.V., with four future N.B.A. players on their roster, destroyed the fairytale. They won 131-101 on their way to the championship. Kimble went eighth in the N.B.A. draft to the Los Angeles Clippers. Paul Westhead was hired to coach the Denver Nuggets. L.M.U. soon returned to basketball obscurity. But the true believers remember a March Madness that can never be forgotten.

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The Ecological Examen

Entering a new world of Ignatian contemplation

BY JOSEPH P. CARVER

Along the coast of Oregon at the Nestucca Wildlife Sanctuary, there are old-growth Sitka Spruce over 500 years old. I imagine that they were around when St. Ignatius was a boy, and I feel connected to him through these soaring wonders. Sitting at the base of these towering creatures has long been one of my favorite places to pray. As I stare out at the Pacific from this sanctuary, I can easily follow Ignatius’ advice to find God in all things—especially in creation.

The daily examen and Ignatian imaginative prayer are two effective channels for cultivating greater mindfulness of God’s presence in one’s interior life. These practices are rooted in the belief that we experience God’s movements in our feelings, moods, actions and desires—that is, in our lived experience as incarnate beings. God reveals himself in our emotions as much as he does in our clear and distinct ideas. In them we recognize God’s ceaseless invitation to come closer, to be more like God, to be one with God. We also become conscious of our resistance to God, which arises from sin in ourselves and in the world around us. These same spiritual tools can be used to cultivate ecological sensitivity and a heightened awareness of God’s immanence in the natural world.

Creation Re-examened

Using the technique of the examen with an ecological lens allows us to reflect prayerfully on the events of the day within this larger world. We witness our relationship with creation, and we detect God’s presence and direction for us within it. Further, just as the goal of any examen is a discerning heart, so the purpose of an “ecological examen” is to recognize ourselves as creatures in and of the world: How is God inviting us personally to see creation, and how are we responding?

The five movements in the ecological examen parallel the traditional examen. We begin with thanksgiving and gratitude for all creation, which reflects the beauty and blessing of God’s image. We ask: Where was I most aware of this gift today? Second, we specifically request to have our eyes opened by the Spirit as to how we might protect and care for creation. Third, we review the challenges and joys experienced in this care, asking: How was I drawn into God today through creation? How was I being invited to respond to God’s action in creation? Fourth, we ask for a true and clear awareness of our sinfulness, whether it be a sense of superiority and arrogance in our relationship to creation or a failure to respond to God in the needs of creation. Finally, we end in hope: asking for hope in the future, asking for the grace to see the incarnate Christ in the dynamic interconnections of all creation.

I always conclude my examen with the prayer of Jesus: “The glory that you have given me I have given them, so that they may be one, as we are one, I in them and you in me, that they may become completely one, so that the world may know that you have sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me” (Jn 17:22–23). This prayer invites conversion and reminds us that all serious solutions to the ecological crisis of our time include the demand that we human beings change our thinking, relationships and behaviors so that we may be woven into the unity of creation.

The examen, like the Spiritual Exercises, progresses to the point of exhorting us to a total commitment to the life of Christ. Inspired by the Spirit, looking at the events in our lives and on the earth from an ecological perspective moves us to deepen our commitments, to return to daily life with enthusiasm, inspired to transform, heal and recover the natural environment of which we are a part.

In my experience, the practice of the ecological examen has led to profound experiences of gratitude for the gifts of creation, especially those that might otherwise be missed in a merely spiritual process. This examen teaches us that our ultimate purpose, “to praise, reverence and serve God,” en-

JOSEPH P. CARVER, S.J., is president of Seattle Nativity School.
tails a Christian environmental response as part and parcel of everything we do. Indeed, such a response becomes part of our service to each other, to our communities and to God.

Like the traditional examen, the ecological examen leads us through three steps: awareness, appreciation and commitment. Awareness involves taking off the blinders that keep us focused on our own self-centered pursuits. From this awareness comes appreciation, as we cannot appreciate what we are unaware of or not in relationship with. We learn to see as intrinsically valuable those things we may previously have only tolerated and treated as objects. Creation becomes an indispensable teacher rather than an opponent to be dominated or a resource to be exploited. Suddenly we find ourselves learning from and imitating our fellow creatures: the dung beetle in our kitchen compost; the flippers of humpback whales as a model for our spinning turbines.

Finally, such graced appreciation leads us to committed action. We move beyond recycle and reuse, beyond stewardship to restoration and renewal. Healing the earth begins, according to Thomas Berry, C.P., by seeing ourselves and all creation as a communion of subjects instead of a collection of objects.

Prayer Reimagined
Similar graces come from using our imagination in prayer to contemplate scenes from the Gospel. In the Ignatian method, we are invited to engage the Gospels with all of our faculties, but most often this engagement is limited to taking on the role of another human being. By entering into Ignatian contemplations in non-human roles, however, we not only increase our sensitivity to creation but open our hearts to new depths of insights offered by the Spirit. Thus we are invited to enter into the scene as if we were part of the natural world—seeds scattered on rocky soil or the oil that anoints Christ’s feet. There are literally hundreds of opportunities in the Gospels and seemingly endless examples when we include the Hebrew Scriptures and the psalms, and these contemplations cannot help but provoke feelings of gratitude and compel us toward action on behalf of creation.

While directing the Spiritual Exercises last summer, I sat with a retreatant who was spiritually spinning. He was on the fifth day in the third week of the month-long retreat, preoccupied not with Christ himself but with the intensity of Christ’s suffering, speaking again and again of the gruesomeness of his contemplations. As we came to the end of our conversation, I invited him to place Christ in the tomb by the end the day. Though I rarely give specific directives like this, I felt compelled by the Spirit. He agreed. Then I suggested that he imagine himself not as a human witness to this scene but as the tomb itself. Again he agreed. When we met late the next day, he tearfully said four words: “Christ rose within me.” Deeply consoled, he went on to recount the powerful contemplation he had experienced as the tomb.
described himself trembling with life and energy, an inert tomb quickening with essence, like a desert blooming after rainfall, an anonymous, indifferent place of death suddenly shooting color skyward. His contemplation of the tomb itself allowed him an even deeper experience of the risen and life-giving Christ incarnate.

New insights arise when we allow ourselves to be confronted by heretofore unimagined questions: Can we see and feel how the ground beneath the cross was the first chalice to receive the blood of Christ? Can we offer comfort to Christ imagining ourselves as the oil that anoints his feet—softening scaly cracks, rejuvenating calloused, impenetrable heels? What does transformation feel like if we imagine ourselves as the water turned to wine at Cana? Contemplating such scenes evokes courage and a new kind of reverential humility for the gift of creation—the same virtues Jesus cultivated in following the will of God by becoming part of the natural world.

Combining this new language of images with the wonder and grace of creation also has the power to heal our own hurt or broken selves. A few years ago, when directing an eight-day retreat, I invited a woman to pray using the parable of the growing seed (Mk 4:26–29). She was grieving deeply over her inability to conceive, and for many years suffered from a profound sense of shame and guilt. Entering into this contemplation as the soil, she experienced a pervasive sense of healing. She returned the following day filled with joy to recount how she “had given birth to God’s Word...a living Word!” She spoke of the new sense of being both a disciple and mother. (I have often wondered if any physical healing came from this spiritual grace. Whether or not it did, her healing gave her a mission, and in living this mission she remains a healing presence in the world.)

Ignatian Inspiration
Looking at the life of Ignatius, as recorded in the saint’s autobiography, we can see how God certainly enlightened him through the Trinity in creation: “One day while reciting the hours of our Lady on the steps of some monastery...he saw the Holy Trinity under the figure of three [organ] keys.” The fullness of the chord and the harmony drew forth tears. He could not stop talking of the Trinity and spoke of his visions of rays, the manner in which God created the earth and the luminosity of creation.

Further, we cannot ignore Ignatius’ experience at the Cardoner River, which offered the most powerful single experience of God he ever had: “While he was seated there, the eyes of his understanding began to be opened...everything seemed new to him.” Whether it was on the rooftop of the Jesuit curia in Rome or gazing at the starry heavens above Loyola, he beheld the stars as well as “the other things on the face of the earth” with new eyes (Spiritual Exercises, No. 23).

Right up to the end of his life Ignatius referred to these unifying visions of the created world in the text of the Spiritual Exercises, his letters, the Constitutions and in his decisions of all kinds; and the prayers he left behind irrevocably echo creation. I believe that Ignatius would delight in the beautiful irony that he, who gazed so lovingly on the stars, is himself composed of stardust. Yet such, we know, is the truth. The stars that taught him so much about reverence, awe and wonder are composed of the very same elements of which he himself is composed—God delighting in the very same elements in each.

When I ask retreatants where they find God, they tell me stories of mountaintop views, the beach at night, a river they have long sat beside or old-growth Sitka at the edge of the Pacific. Never once has anyone told me they find God next to a polluted river, a mountaintop removed for mining or a trash-strewn alley. Today, in a world that can no longer sustain the dichotomies of spirit versus matter, or ecology versus spirituality, it is up to us—perhaps especially those graced by the gift of Ignatian spirituality—to reconcile these mislabeled opposites for the life of the world—to indeed find God in all things.
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Catholic universities can make a difference through divestment.
BY DOUG DEMEO

Catholic colleges and universities have a long and storied history of providing full scholarships and affordable higher education to low income, minority and immigrant students. In addition, they continue to fulfill their mission to develop the whole person (cura personalis) by linking liberal arts and professional studies to critical moral thought, promoting retreats, building faith-centered community service and justice programs and more. But today there are key issues that challenge the fidelity of Catholic colleges and universities to their core mission. John R. Wilcox, emeritus professor of religious studies at Manhattan College, has made a compelling case in these pages that there is an urgent need to address the “erosion” of the “Catholicity” of Catholic colleges and universities (Am. 9/6/13). He argues that the best way to do this is through the creation of “mission communities” on Catholic campuses. Primarily, their call would be to “play a prophetic role, at times speaking truth to power” for the purpose of “keeping Catholicity vital in all areas of [institutional] life.”

Professor Wilcox offers several examples of how Catholic mission communities might work to maintain and strengthen the Catholic character of colleges and universities. The investment and management of Catholic universities’ financial endowments is one such area in which a new “living endowment” could preserve and promote Catholic mission. In particular, he suggests that mission communities would “offer reviews of college policy and strategic planning and foster a palpable Catholic culture as shaped by the religious heritage of the founders.” While it would be interesting to examine more fully the issues, practices and value perceptions of “mission-based” investing at Catholic institutions, the singularly urgent issue of climate change—and the powerful momentum that has been growing within the fossil fuel divestment movement—deserves attention in this moment.

Considering the strength of Catholic teaching on climate change and ethical investing, the divestiture of stocks and bonds from fossil fuel corporations taking place in a growing number of secular and non-Catholic religious organizations is bringing Catholic higher education—which, with a few exceptions, has been largely absent from the national conversation—to a crossroads of mission. At this critical junction of institutional integrity, mission communities could play an important role in helping university administrators and trustees to envision a new way of being faithful to Catholic mission and to grasp the prophetic (and arguably financial) urgency of divesting from fossil fuel corporations.

The Catholic Church accepts that human actions like

DOUG DEMEO, a fellow with GreenFaith, an interfaith coalition for the environment, is an adviser on socially responsible investments.
burning fossil fuels have a negative impact on the earth’s climate, and it understands that the effects of climate change raise crucial ethical issues as to how we tend to God’s creation. In his message for the World Day of Peace in 2010, Pope Benedict XVI highlighted the “urgent moral need for a new solidarity…in the face of signs of a growing [ecological] crisis which it would be irresponsible not to take seriously.” He called for “strengthening the linkage between combating climate change and overcoming poverty.” At the same time, scientists warn that our planet is rapidly reaching a level of greenhouse gases in the atmosphere that will likely cause permanent, accelerating climate change. As described in numerous scientific reports from the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, a vast majority of climate scientists agree that humanity can emit only 565 more gigatons of carbon dioxide by 2050 if it is to avoid a catastrophic level of climate change. Yet, the world’s largest fossil fuel corporations still plan to burn the 2,796 gigatons of carbon dioxide in their reserves, a business strategy that would result in levels of human suffering and ecological degradation unmatched in human history.

In order to address the systemic causes of climate change, an increasingly global array of religious groups, colleges and cities are moving to divest from fossil fuel corporations in order to diminish their political and economic influence. Some are also pursuing reinvestment in clean technology and energy efficiency initiatives within their own facilities and holdings. The movement has been spearheaded by the Go Fossil Free campaign, which calls on institutions to “immediately freeze any new investment in fossil fuel companies, and divest from direct ownership and any commingled funds that include fossil fuel public equities and corporate bonds within 5 years.”

While the divestment campaign’s ostensible goal is to decrease the value of fossil fuel corporations’ stocks, it carries deeper implications. The campaign’s proponents recognize that the political process has failed to produce a legislative response to the grave threat represented by climate change, largely because of the outsized influence of the fossil fuel lobby. Campaigners believe that divestment represents a way to turn public opinion against this lobby. At a time when there is no prospect for climate legislation, the fossil fuel divestment movement seeks to rekindle debate on a critical moral issue and to create an environment in which genuine solutions become possible.

In that light, this campaign resembles past divestment campaigns, like the anti-apartheid efforts of the 1980s, in which impassioned divestment debates in educational, governmental and religious institutions played a vital role in undermining the legitimacy of the apartheid regime in South Africa. Through a similar approach, the fossil fuel divestment campaign seeks to redraw society’s collective moral boundaries by asserting that institutions with a moral or educational mission should no longer profit from the fossil fuel industry. Its primary method is to force a morally challenging debate about the long-term impacts of climate change, the entrenched power of the fossil fuel industry and the incompatibility of these with a thriving future for humanity and the wider community of life.

To date, the divestment movement is supported by several faith communities, including the national United Church of Christ, the Anglican Diocese of Wellington, New Zealand, the Episcopal Dioceses of Olympia in Washington State and Massachusetts, individual Lutheran and Unitarian churches in the United States and GreenFaith, an interfaith alliance devoted to environmental stewardship, where I am a fellow. On the Catholic side, the Franciscan Action Network recently made the bold decision to join the movement and is encouraging Franciscan colleges and universities to support growing student and faculty activism for divestment, which is already occurring on several Jesuit campuses.

**Corporate Responsibility**

In its statement “Economic Justice for All” (1986), the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops points out that while economic markets can encourage beneficial economic development, markets alone do not “automatically produce justice” that protects the common good of all people, to which our climate is unmistakably linked, especially with respect to the poorest among us. The church therefore insists that when economic activity in free markets damages the common good, free markets must be circumscribed by “ethical norms” grounded in Catholic teaching. Thus, the U.S. bishops’ document “Socially Responsible Investment Guidelines” urges investors to draw on “the values, directions and criteria which guide its financial choices from the Gospel, universal church teaching and Conference statements.”

In “Ex Corde Ecclesiae” (1990), Pope John Paul II insisted that in order to remain faithful to the church, “Catholic ideals, attitudes and principles [must] penetrate and inform university activities” across all areas of an institution. This necessarily includes the investment and management of a Catholic university’s endowment. Given the magnitude of the climate crisis, as well as other destructive impacts of fossil fuel extraction, such as mountaintop removal and groundwater contamination, Catholic university administrations should at the very least enter into the fossil fuel debate. Some, like the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Mass.—my alma mater—have taken steps in this direction.
The Duties of Justice

In response to the claim that Catholic institutions should divest from fossil fuel holdings in order to uphold their Catholic mission, at least three rebuttals can be anticipated—and refuted.

First, college and university administrators and trustees might argue that the best way for Catholic institutions to address climate change is to focus on reducing their own carbon footprints. Although such direct activities to alleviate injustices are important and commendable, the U.S. bishops point out that their program The Two Feet of Love in Action calls for micro-level actions coupled with macro-level efforts (i.e., social justice) to address the systemic dynamics that cause and perpetuate what John Paul II, in “On Social Concerns” (1987), called structures of sin. Pope Pius XI cautioned in “Divini Redemptoris” (1937) that “no one [should] attempt with trifling charitable donations to exempt himself from the great duties imposed by justice.” Since fossil fuel corporations are at the heart of the systemic perpetuation of climate change, Catholic institutions should take steps to divest from fossil fuel companies even as they continue to reduce their own carbon footprints and remain faithful to their mission at large.

A second possible argument against fossil fuel divestment is that this activity may compromise institutional endeavors (like scholarships and facilities expansion) by restricting endowment growth. This is essentially an appeal to fiduciary responsibility. In response, it should first be mentioned that the highly-respected Chronicle of Higher Education reports that divesting from fossil fuel companies is unlikely to harm the endowments of colleges and universities. Many other financial studies likewise argue the fiduciary responsibility of divestment, given the looming prospects of “stranded assets” or a “carbon bubble”—meaning the future of fossil fuels is highly tenuous, at best. But even if fossil fuel divestment were to restrict endowment growth, the Catechism of the Catholic Church states that for a given action the “end does not justify the means” (No. 1753). In reference to Catholic colleges and universities, the end of institutional advancement does not justify investment in fossil fuel companies that profoundly contradict Catholic teaching. This is especially true when the quality of the future of graduating students is at stake—a big reason why more of our students are raising their voices on behalf of divestment.

A third argument is that socially responsible investment, rather than divestment, is the best way to mitigate climate change from an equity ownership perspective. Socially responsible investing, as described by Christian Brothers Investment Services Inc., a leader in Catholic S.R.I., involves shareholder advocacy and “a multi-strategy approach—stock screening, proxy voting, corporate dialogues and shareholder resolutions.”

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to influencing corporate behavior, two points should be highlighted about S.R.I. and the fossil fuel industry. First, scientists say that fossil fuel corporations must keep 80 percent of their carbon reserves in the ground in order to keep climate change from causing runaway harm. For all intents and purposes, this means that oil companies will have to stop drilling for oil and coal companies will have to stop mining coal. These activities are the principal ways that fossil fuel companies make their profits, and shareholder advocacy is unlikely to effect changes to core corporate practices to the degree required to reverse the most unthinkable effects of climate change.

Furthermore, S.R.I. in fact recognizes a role for “screening companies from our investment portfolios,” as Christian Brothers Investment Services says. This means that even investors actively committed to corporate engagement and advocacy sometimes acknowledge that circumstances may justify or even require the refusal to invest in a company or companies in order to remain faithful to Catholic teaching. Conscious of the way fossil fuel corporations manifestly undermine Catholic teaching by fostering climate change for profit, fossil fuel corporations are a prime example of companies (not unlike manufacturers of weapons of mass destruction) in which Catholic mission requires the use of such “avoidance screens.”

Although fossil fuel divestment is a crucial tool to address climate change, this strategy alone is an insufficient response to climate change for the Christian community. Local, national and global leaders as well as the U.S. bishops have advocated that responses to climate change must provide transitional and adaptation funding. Additionally, divestment must be accompanied by the type of reinvestment in clean energy technologies advocated by GreenFaith’s campaign Divest and Reinvest Now.

While climate change and endowment investment are both complex issues demanding careful thought, Catholic mission requires that financial returns not foster or exacerbate climate change. In Matthew’s Gospel, Jesus tells his followers: “No one can serve two masters. He will either hate one and love the other, or be devoted to one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon” (6:24).

Climate change has brought Catholic colleges and universities that invest in fossil fuel corporations to a moral crossroads. These institutions must now decide whether they will prioritize the integrity of their mission or the status quo of their investments in fossil fuels. Climate change shows the two to be mutually exclusive.

One of the most important ways that mission communities can preserve and promote Catholic fidelity at colleges and universities is to advocate that administrators and trustees divest their endowments from an industry whose essential practices blatantly contradict and undermine the teachings and mission of the Catholic Church.
Our family of five recently moved into a brick castle atop a hill owned by my husband’s host family. Dima, my husband, came to the United States as a child, without his parents, played hockey and attended school while living with a family that has since become his own, and mine. Their generosity extends into every aspect of our lives. Last spring, as we prepared for Pascha, the Orthodox celebration of Easter, they readied our Paschal basket with sausage and cheese pancakes from a Russian store. Their kindness was special in a season during which I was dealing with a nursing infant and a blanket feeling of distractedness, which also had kept me from preparing a Christmas feast the year before.

It had been a difficult year for us. We decided to move in order to save money and live closer to my husband’s job. At Christmas, Dima had stayed home from church to stuff stockings, hung among boxes and the disarray of a household prepared to move. My heart had ached to be with him, but holding our baby girl and seeing the boys serve at the altar infused me with hope that the weight of our growing family, channeled in Christ, would pull in the direction I longed to go: nearer to God. As the Lenten season leading to Pascha unfolded and I reflected, I believed that God’s love was continually being worked out in us. Faith focused me, and while life did not appear to change as much as I desired, God never strayed from us.

We anticipated Pascha throughout Lent. Like heaven and earth, light and dark, fasting and feasting, there was a symbiotic relationship among all things, giving birth to fullness in Christ. For even during the Lenten journey, bobbing up through the dark was radiant, risen light. I was driving under a canopy of leaves, sun shining on the fields and warming my Subaru as I wound down country roads. Silence seeped through my soul and into my body: heaven is here. During Holy Week, my friend asked how I was, noting the weight of the baby in my arms, son at my heels and his brother serving at the altar. I ached at what seemed like a yawning divide between those I loved and myself. “It’s heaven and hell,” I said.

Heaven was here, always radiating goodness, light and love, even throughout the fallen world. Christ himself suffered. He wept bitterly at Lazarus’s tomb. But Christ did not make us to die. Creation was made in the image and likeness of Christ, who trampled death by death and then was raised from the dead. Pascha was the whole universe wonderfully reconciled to him and held in perfect unity. It was outside of time, spanning past ages to all ages to come. And yet, through the lens of the Fall, we often fail to see what is precious and full of life. Instead, we see the imperfect situations of our own lives.

Key to Salvation
On Holy Saturday, my husband unearthed my childhood jewelry box from our storage unit and brought it to our new home before we returned to church that night for Pascha. From this box our middle son happily drew a small charm of a key. He slipped it on an old gold chain and wore it around his neck along with a big, powder-blue cross and two other crosses. I was tempted to tell him he looked like a gypsy, but held my tongue. With our children and basket, we entered the pleasant night air. “Momma gets excited,” Dima chuckled to our older son. We arrived...
at church by 11:20 p.m. and placed our food basket in the banquet hall to be blessed by Father after the service. There was an air of excitement as other young families scuttled sleepy children and baskets from the hall to the sanctuary. We bowed down before Christ whose resurrection we would celebrate within the hour, bounced a happy and rested baby Elizabeth between us and settled the groggy boys. The fullness of the hour was upon us, and I marveled that we had come, and that Christ invited us, sinners, to his banquet.

Eight years before, at my first Pascha, the service had seemed outrageously long and nothing had quite fit together. Still, it had been in that place, at that time, that Christ had come to me, a sinner, and given me what was necessary to believe. He was still coming, and this time I was waiting for the bridegroom with anticipation. The earthly experience of Pascha is always new.

The next morning, Pascha dawned bright and the sunlight seemed enough to fuel me, despite having had only three hours of sleep. While the children slept, my mind flitted about, landing on the memory of my son’s key on his necklace. At the Pascha service Father spoke of how Pascha was not a symbol of Christ’s resurrection, but an actual saving event central to salvation in Christ. This “key” was Christ’s descent into the underworld to free the captives, from Adam and Eve on. He liberated creation from the bondage of sin—from hell itself—and the body of the risen Christ was the key that unlocked the bonds of death. All things fallen, raised. All things dead, alive.

**The Christian Perspective**

It was easy to doubt then and now. Even with faith, sometimes I cannot fully accept that Christ is risen. My host-mother said, “What difference does it make? I still have to pay the bills.” How difficult it is to experience the Christian perspective. Truly, it is a gift of grace to experience joy in the Lord, and one should not judge others struggling to do so. Remembering that the mark of a Christian’s life is joy in Christ, I marveled at how easily I strayed from the Christian perspective, still fettered in chains that Christ had undone. It was a struggle for me in Paschaltide to maintain the Christian perspective sought after, and in moments experienced, during the Lenten journey. When Bright Week—the seven days after Easter in the Orthodox tradition—arrived, I found the muscles of my heart already weakening. I had not understood that Christ risen meant all things fallen rise, and that heaven was on earth—reconciled in Christ. My mind seemed to be moving closer to this understanding. Still, my flesh was slow to follow, and the struggle to rejoice with family and friends, especially as most are outside of the church, remained difficult.

In times like these, the best we can do is encourage good in others. Good leads to God. Through words and nonverbal actions—touches, facial expressions, simply facing another person—I encouraged others to love. I expected all these insights to come at the first hour, but in my grand web of worries, exhaustion wound me into fitful distraction. Humility silenced my tongue. Throughout my Lenten journey, I wondered how to share life with those not in the Orthodox tradition and with those who do not profess faith in Christ. I wondered how to live in a way that reached out to the other in truth and love, expressing the heart and genuinely listening and caring for the other.

St. Seraphim of Sarov told us, “Acquire a peaceful spirit and thousands around you will be saved.” This seems to apply only to those who have a spiritual radar, only to those pilgrims eager to engage the truth and to become more obedient to it. I wondered about those around me, those I heard say: I used to go to church, and then I grew up. St. John Chrysostom, archbishop of Constantinople, tells us in a Paschal sermon that the table is fully laden. All are invited to come and feast: those who anticipate the Lord from the first hour, and those who wait until the 11th hour. Each is personally, lovingly invited. St. Mary of Egypt came. The woman at the well came. The sinner on the cross came. God’s love draws each of us together in him.

“Christ is risen from the dead!” means that all who have fallen are raised up in him. “Indeed, he is risen!” is confirmation that we believe in God, that there is heaven and that goodness triumphs. Trampled underfoot is every lesser thing that so typically bogs us down. “Rejoice, O Full of Grace, the Lord is with you” is extended to each Christian from the loving, helping hands of the Lord’s mother.

May we accept Pascha in our innermost beings, granting Christ the key to our hearts that turns our perspectives ever more to him.
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St. Ignatius suggests that in prayer we contemplate Jesus appearing after his resurrection first to the Virgin Mary. He explains: “Though this is not mentioned explicitly in Scripture, it must be considered as stated when Scripture says that he appeared to many others.” The meditation that follows imagines how that encounter might have unfolded.

The other women asked me to go with them to the tomb that morning to prepare his body for burial, but how could I anoint for burial one who was destined to rise again? I was drawn so strongly back to his cross on Golgotha that I asked John—his beloved disciple and now my son—to accompany me there before daybreak, when we could be sure that no Roman soldiers would be there to remove the crosses or interfere with our visitation. He willingly joined me, and we set out in the early morning dark and made our way once again out of the city to that holy, horrific place of my son’s execution.

As we expected, the hill was abandoned and desolate at that early hour, but the three empty crosses still stood high against the morning sky, which was now slowly giving up its darkness to the first slivers of sunrise still to come.

I asked John to leave me for a while so that I could grieve and pray on this holy ground where I last saw my son alive, where he called to me for the last time—“Woman”—then spoke those final, self-emptying words—“It is finished”—and died. So John withdrew to a small cluster of olive trees on the other side of the hill to wait for me, and I walked closer to the cross, remembering with cruel detail my son hanging there yesterday, but at the same time comforted that the cross was now empty.

At first I simply stood there, looking at that stark, unforgiving sight of three crosses standing sentinel against the dawn-streaked morning sky, reliving every moment of my son’s agony and mine: for surely the pain I endured as I watched him die was a thousand times more excruciating than what I experienced when giving birth to him in Bethlehem.

But as I continued to stand before his cross, his life was again before me: images of an infant nursing at my breast; Simeon’s strange words of blessing at his presentation at the Temple; his first, faltering but soon firmly planted steps in front of our home in Nazareth; then growing up—so suddenly it seemed—at 12 years of age and staying behind in Jerusalem, so many Passovers ago, to be about “his Father’s business.” I knew then that this would be no ordinary child, and that just as I had said yes to God in bearing him, I would soon have to let go of this child my womb had welcomed into the world for more than just my own maternal pleasure.

In the shadow of this looming cross, now bare of my son’s body but still bearing dark smudges of dried blood where the nails had been—and to my eyes its arms seeming to cradle him toward resurrection—I could not help myself: I finally broke down and wept, kneeling at the foot of his cross, kissing it through my tears and...
asking my God, “Why? Was it for this that you asked me to bear this child? Was it for this unspeakable end that my soul first magnified the Lord? Holy and Righteous One, in the face of this terrible crucifixion, how can I believe in your resurrection?”

But as I wept and railed at the God who let this happen, I kissed the cross again and was flooded with a warmth and sweetness that suffused my being like the summer breezes off the Sea of Galilee, and moments afterward the sun rose over Golgotha and bathed the cross in an almost blinding light. I remained kneeling there, kissing the cross a third time and letting my body and soul absorb the warmth and light of dawn, when I saw a shadow pass between me and the sloping hill behind the cross, and as I watched, the shadow seemed to come toward me.

Thinking that it was John returning to come and get me, I got up slowly from my kneeling position, and before turning around, said to him, “John, I did not mean to stay here so long, but I am ready now to return home.” But I had not finished speaking when another—not John—said in a voice unmistakably his own, “Woman, behold your Son! I am risen, as I said.”

I turned around, afraid to trust this voice, but it was his, and there he stood, in a clean white tunic like many that I once washed and hung out to dry—my beloved son and God’s—standing before me with eyes brighter than the rising sun, and the tenderest of smiles now spreading across his face as we embraced freely in front of the empty cross that had held him in darkness yesterday, but now was as bright as day.

I would have liked to invite him home for breakfast. But just as he would have done when he still lived with us, he let me go and said, “I must go and tell the others now, but we will meet again before I ascend to the Father. Perhaps we can break bread together then.”

“My beloved son,” I said, “the table will be set for you when you come.”
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After he finished reading an earlier biography of himself, Norman Mailer told me, with a mixture of rue and triumph, “He missed the twinkle.” His new biographer, J. Michael Lennon, does not miss the twinkle or much else about the writer who swaggered across a half century of American life, writing novels, plays, poems, essays, journalism, even some theological speculation along with directing movies. Near the end Mailer stood, propped on two canes like a wounded mercenary who had fought behind the lines all his life, a writer/celebrity as drained by the daring and scope of his ambition to find the Northwest Passage to the origins of American mores as Theodore Roosevelt was when, scarred and fevered, he emerged from his post-presidential search for the source of the Amazon.

I knew Mailer well for 35 years, but I know him better after finishing Lennon’s remarkable evocation of his Promethean life. One of Norman’s favorite quotations was from André Gide, “Please do not understand me too quickly.” Lennon has not done this. He has proceeded with the patience of a medieval artist from Ravenna contemplating the array of glittering tiles on his work table, then selecting and testing their tone and clarity by turning them one by one against the sun before fitting them carefully into a panel that reveals the tort cake-like layers, some bitter but many sweet, of the truth of his subject.

Mailer and Teddy Roosevelt, each a burly and electric presence, shared not only a driving curiosity about life but a code of living. It was a code adopted also by Ernest Hemingway, in whose big, two-hearted river of style Mailer bathed like a biblical pilgrim, about finding courage by stepping boldly into the tiger’s cage to stare him down or wrestle him barehanded to his doom or one’s own. Is it a coincidence that these three are often pictured in safari jackets, the armor of secular knights bound to obey the Arthurian command to “enter the forest at its darkest part,” where no one had cut a path before? Mailer, like Hemingway, would take gambler’s risks (his father was a gambler) to scatter the fire of the gods to scatter the choking mist of dread, a concept much used by Mailer, that hung like ground fog over the Grail of the deepest and most dangerous human secrets.

Neither Mailer nor Hemingway—a paperback copy of one of whose books lay on Mailer’s otherwise spare writing desk—would put aside T.R.’s big stick as they used a club fighter’s feints and punches to stake their claim on the heavyweight title of American writing. As Lennon makes clear, Mailer, the Saturday morning amateur boxer and the brawling score-setter at Saturday night society parties, was, like Hemingway, never done with affirming his manhood as he wrote, using as many styles as Picasso, about human love, human strife and human longing, scaling the walls of an overgrown Eden to find the Grail of true experience.

The tree of the knowledge of good and evil still stood, a gnarled and silent witness to the Fall and every human impulse compromised and infected by this original failure, including the birth of lust and the murderous impulse for brother to slay brother. With exquisite and painful sensitivity, Mailer felt the hard human truths that lay beneath the hypocritical repressions of the 20th century and, again like Hemingway, used his own experience as a sounding board, to chart the painfully unearthed secrets about love and betrayal, of every brave and every mean act committed by humans down through the uncounted generations.

Lennon follows Mailer from his obscure Brooklyn boyhood to the summit of his fame in the apartment, the lower floors of which he sold off to pay off his taxes, in Brooklyn Heights. In an unhurried way he tells a handful of tales about Mailer’s growing up, spoiled by a bevy of aunts but especial-
ly by his mother, Fan, who whispered in his ear as a baby that she hoped he would grow up to be a famous man. Lennon does not force the story but lets it tell itself about the influence of these indulgent women on his sense of power and destiny.

Mailer once told me that if he were arrested for killing 1,000 people at a shopping mall, his mother would say that these people must have done something terrible to upset Norman so much. She seems to have felt as much in one of Mailer’s most notorious acts, using a pen knife on his wife Carole that wounded her far more grievously than he intended and landed him in Bellevue Hospital for a psychiatric evaluation. Mailer’s collision with the feminist movement earned him the disdain of leaders like Germaine Greer. When the Chicago Tribune book editor John Blades asked me to ask Norman to review a book by her for that newspaper, he replied with good humor, “Some checks should never be cashed.”

The stories of Mailer’s pursuit of six wives, with whom he fathered nine children, are counterpointed by serial infidelities, affairs as ripe and plentiful as a bumper crop, that Mailer only seriously tried to stop under the influence of his last wife, the beautiful beauty queen, painter and writer from Arkansas, Norris Church, who stood up to him, forcing him, as he said, into his last great experiment, fidelity. This was not a complete success either, as Lennon makes clear as he, so to speak, uses the backstory of Mailer’s marriages as the equivalent of color commentary on his prodigious literary output.

Lennon, a onetime literature professor, observes Norman, with whom he worked for 30 years, with great human understanding for Mailer but applies his critical faculties dispassionately to his subject’s writing. Unlike many literary biographers who try to recreate their subject from months in dusty university archives, Lennon knew Mailer well, observed everything and gives a master class in Mailer’s writing with which Norman would not disagree.

His Conquest
The story of Norman’s conquest of American letters with his World War II novel, The Naked and the Dead, made him famous at 25 and set him on a career marked with follow-up disappointments to himself and most of the critics with The Barberry Shore and his novel of Hollywood, The Deer Park, a work whose main character was named Sergius O’Shaughnessy, a not incidental indication of his fascination with the Irish, and a book he never quite let go of, tinkering with it, trying everything but mouth to mouth resuscitation, even dramatizing it for Broadway, to stir it to life.

Mailer, smoking pot and drinking, wrote in a creative fog for a period in the 1950s, but he worked his way through that and all the collateral damage his behavior did to his home life and his professional reputation.

He emerged, riding the political and cultural winds of the times, with collections like Advertisements for Myself and Cannibals and Christians, which shine, in their unnerving accuracy in rendering the national mood and their sheer genius for presenting himself as the sounding board for American experience. His essay on “The White Negro,” with its provocative attribution of a kind of courage to those who broke out of their sociological no man’s land by violent acts, placed him in the limelight, some would say the crosshairs, of critics and the reading public. His long Esquire piece, “Superman Comes to the Supermarket,” on John F. Kennedy attracted wide attention and set Mailer on a career within a career, providing vivid accounts of political conventions and campaigns in the turbulent Sixties. Lennon recounts all this of Mailer, lashed to the wheel of his own storm struck vessel, endlessly searching for that Northwest Passage into the heart of the nation’s experience.

He never gave up on that quest and, writing of himself in the third person, produced The Armies of the Night, grasping, as he once told me, “the high wire of irony,” in a masterly account of the anti-Vietnam War march on the Pentagon in 1967. That book, like the tightly disciplined masterpiece, The Executioner’s Song, about the murderer Gary Gilmore, won the Pulitzer Prize and placed Mailer once more in the front ranks of American writers.

While all this was going on, Mailer was still working on his long awaited Egyptian novel, Ancient Evenings, that, when it finally appeared in 1982, brought a mixed chorus of reviews but a recognition of the sections, like the opening one on the embalming and entombing of an Egyptian royal, filled with the kind of magic of which Mailer was capable.

Lennon matches Mailer’s literary and personal lives seamlessly, informing and educating the reader at the same time. Mailer kept writing and making public appearances even after his bad knees required him to stump about on a pair of canes. A week after 9/11 he invited my wife and me to a gathering of American intellectuals at the Cape Cod home of the psychiatrist Robert J. Lifton. The attack, Norman whispered to us, had left them reeling because it shredded the flag of the politics that had become the equivalent of their creed. Mailer spoke to this issue in a powerful extemporaneous talk that revealed the overflowing reservoir of his own spirituality and the small spilled cup of his listeners.
Meeting God
Mailer told me afterward that he would visit Ground Zero if my wife and I went with him “because there are spirits there.” We made the trip, a kind of pilgrimage for Norman, who insisted on walking with his canes despite the pain from his knees, something he felt that he should suffer on this landscape of sorrow and loss. He had written a novel in the previous decade, *The Gospel According to the Son*, in which he took on the voice of Jesus to tell the story that had pulled at his sleeve for attention ever since he had read it again some years before in a hotel room’s Gideon Bible. A few years later, after open heart surgery, his 80th birthday and his feeling, as Lennon tells us, that he had become a battered freighter still plying the sea lanes, he asked Lennon to collaborate with him by drawing him out with questions about God. His only condition was that Lennon not give him the questions in advance so that his answers would be spontaneous. The book, finally called *God, An Uncommon Conversation*, is fascinating in its revelation of Mailer’s rich imagination and his determination to find that Northwest Passage before he died. He had Lennon send me the chapters to read as each was completed and asked me to comment. He welcomed my comments but, as I expected, changed nothing because of them. He often quoted St. Thomas Aquinas, “Trust the authority of your own instincts.”

Mailer speaks, as he often had, of an “embattled God” the outcome of whose contest with Satan depends on how we carry the tide of battle in our own lives. God, therefore, is winning here one day and losing there the next, but the eternal stakes are high and being human demands that we commit ourselves one way or the other. Lennon questions him on a broad range of subjects, and many of his responses would not be unfamiliar to process theologians. What always struck me about the exchange was the seriousness, perhaps passing that of any other contemporary American writer, with which Mailer, famed for his seeming social infamy, addressed the major issues of life. There may not be a better definition of morality than taking seriously “all that,” in Joyce’s phrase, “is grave and constant” in life.

Norman originally wanted to call the book “Into the Mystery,” for he knew that he would soon, as he would say, be “taking the bus,” and he wanted to

Martyrdom Is for the Young

Ursula, shot dead, marched the ten thousand virgins, just walked them! with the pope in tow to say she could or to prove maybe that the purity of youth was worth the shock of Huns beheading them, each and every one, as God’s synchronicity seems to bargain lives away in those old stories, leaving ribs and shoulder blades and femurs intricately piled like lattice beneath the church floor and the bishop’s slippers. How did she reckon her sad pilgrimage or, at eleven, marriage to a king? And Sebastian’s painterly wounding—What of that? His torso lean and slightly twisted in the beautiful agony of arrows, while behind his abandoned look skyward he must have been thinking how

had it come to this with his gift for healing and his luck, now bound by an empire to a tree as the archers, job done, departed from their malfeasance back to the voiceless and blind in the town?

And Jesus, of course, we know his knowing or not knowing, never having been to Rome or seen the enemies of the state suspended like sacks on their limbs snapped by the roadside. Too late! He could not have been man and not regretted, wiser as he confronted Pilate at the bloody bowl, how much good was left to do and how his angel knew him in the darkness as awakened, and infinite and finite.

BY PETER KOZIK

Peter Kozik is a graduate of Williams College and Syracuse University where he received an M.A. in English and creative writing and a doctorate in teaching and curriculum. He lives in central New York State with his wife, Carolanne, with whom he raised five children, and teaches in the Education Division at Keuka College.
make sure that he put the jigsaw puzzle of his life into as good order as possible. Lennon recreates these last months with an insight and tenderness that do not block out his biographer’s integrity. He recounts what I remember when my wife and I visited him in Provincetown a few weeks before he died. The table was crowded, but he asked us to sit on either side of him. He ate only some sticks of chocolate, the last thing he could really taste. He would be heading to the hospital for surgery on his lungs and the outcome was uncertain. Still, he was brimming with life as he looked into the face of death.

Here was Norman, I felt, the lion in autumn, ever courteous and ever curious, the man in full that Lennon brings to life in this book. “We love you, Norman,” I said as we embraced, and he whispered “I love you too.” That is the remarkable man behind all the fireworks of his life whom you will meet for yourself in J. Michael Lennon’s gripping and touching biography.

EUGENE C. KENNEDY is emeritus professor of psychology at Loyola University Chicago. His most recent book is Believing (Orbis).

CHARLES M. A. CLARK

CORPORATE CLASSROOMS

REIGN OF ERROR
The Hoax of the Privatization Movement and the Danger to America’s Public Schools

By Diane Ravitch
Knopf. 416p $27.95

When John Maynard Keynes said that the world is ruled by the ideas of economists and political philosophers, “both when they are right and when they are wrong,” he left out that often it is not evidence or logic that determine which ideas “rule the roost”; it is Karl Marx’s dictum that the ruling ideas would be “nothing more than the ideal expression of the dominant material relationships.”

In Reign of Error, the historian of education Diane Ravitch documents how the material interests, and the ideology that best represents them, are reshaping public education, transforming it from a public good based on the civic virtue of the common good and transforming it into a commodity to be chosen by consumers and a profit center of corporations. At stake is more than public unions, tenure and test scores; it is Lincoln’s hope for a “government of the people, by the people, for the people.”

Using test scores as their primary metric, the corporate reformers of public education argue that inefficiencies in the running of schools, including tenure and pay based on seniority and education, have created a crisis in education and that turning schools into businesses (charter schools) and treating teachers as workers motivated mostly by financial gain (merit pay) will improve public education (raise test scores). Ravitch calls into question both the diagnosis of the problem and, more important, the efficacy of their remedies. We should not fail to see the financial interests of those who would like to privatize public education. Like the movement to privatize social security, the ultimate goal is for business to redistribute a large share of public education spending away from students and providers of education and toward capital (Wall Street and corporations). The main inefficiency from their perspective is that economic activity is taking place that they are not profiting from.

The first two-thirds of Reign of Error reviews the many claims that public education is in crisis (which is often reduced to declining test scores and the education gap between the United States and our economic competitors). Each of these chapters starts with a review of the rhetoric of government failure (and the need for privatization) and then moves to a review of the actual evidence. An illustrative example is the gap in test scores between American students and those from other rich countries. A study in 2010 of 34 countries in the Organization for Economic Development ranked the United States 14th in reading, 17th in science and 25th in mathematics. The evidence shows that our low ranking is due to U.S. willingness to allow nearly one in four of its children to grow up in poverty. American students in school districts with low poverty rates in fact score at the top of international rankings.

The privatization movement in education seems to assume that poor test scores are the cause of poverty and that reversing test scores is the best way to eliminate poverty. Michelle Rhee, Bill and Melinda Gates and others in the corporate reform of education movement pose the question: Should we wait to end poverty before we improve schools in poor neighborhoods? This is a false choice. The evidence (laid out by Ravitch and many others) clearly shows that poverty (or the income of parents and environment) is the most important variable in determining student outcomes. Teachers, good or bad, have a much smaller influence on student outcomes. Using merit pay to incentivize teachers
to raise test scores in poor school districts as the primary anti-poverty and education policy is like trying to reduce lung cancer deaths by only improving cigarette filters. Poverty, like all social outcomes, is complex, and reducing poverty will require both changing economic and social institutions and improving schools in high-poverty areas. It is both/and, and not either/or. Reducing poverty will require reducing inequality, which means less money for those behind the privatization movement.

Furthermore, the proposals that the corporate reformers are implementing (charter schools, merit pay, elimination of tenure, etc.) do not work. The privatizers rely on Stephen Colbert’s “truthiness” to defend their war on public education. While there are examples of charter schools that are successful, on average they are no more successful than public schools. It is worth noting that one of the biggest successes in Michelle Rhee’s experiment with Washington, D.C., schools involved an improvement in one school’s passing rate on reading tests to 84 percent from 44 percent in two years. This earned the principal and teachers high bonuses.

Later it was discovered that on the answer sheets for these tests, an average of 12.7 answers had been changed by the teacher from wrong to right (compared to the city average of one erasure from wrong to right.) With pecuniary reward as the main incentive and test scores as the main metric, we should not be surprised that stories of cheating on standardized tests have become all too common. If we view public education as just another market activity, then we should not be surprised when educators become more like bankers.

As with all institutions, public education is not perfect and has many areas in which it can be improved, yet to undertake improvement it is imperative to know what the actual problems are and their causes. The last third of *Reign of Error* presents a series of reforms designed to improve education based on evidence. Part of real reform of education requires lessening the impact poverty has on students’ ability to learn, starting at the very beginning with universal prenatal care and continuing with better trained teachers and more resources for schools in low income communities.

While the market mechanism and profit motive can be useful social institutions for providing private goods we consume as individuals, they have never been able to provide the public goods that bind us together as a community. In a modern economy, these include health care and education. The essential attribute of a private good is the ability to exclude others from using it (this is necessary for market efficiency). Education and knowledge are the last things we should be privatizing. The application of the “market mentality” to public goods like education is transforming the United States into an association of consumers rather than a nation of citizens. The distinction, I think, is fundamental, for it may leave us with government for the people, but it will not be of the people and by the people.

CHARLES M. A. CLARK, a professor of economics, is senior fellow at the Vincentian Center for Church and Society at St. John’s University, New York City.

DIANE SCHARPER

THE COSTS OF BELIEF

DEATH OF THE BLACK-HAIRED GIRL
By Robert Stone
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt. 288p $25

A lapsed Catholic, Robert Stone considers his loss of religion one of the pivotal events of his life. If nothing else, it provides inspiration for his award-winning fiction and for the religious impulse behind his work. In his eighth novel, *Death of the Black-Haired Girl*, religion shapes the lives and aspirations of the main characters but not in ways one would expect.

Winner of the National Book Award for *Dog Soldiers* (1974), finalist for the Pulitzer Prize and recipient of numerous awards, Robert Stone is considered one of America’s greatest living authors. But one would not have predicted his success from his upbringing. Yet if there’s an underlying truth to Stone’s life and work, it is that what goes around, comes around.

Abandoned by his father, Stone was raised by his schizophrenic mother. Because she was often hospitalized, he spent much of his early childhood in an orphanage run by the Marists. He also attended a Marist elementary school and high school where, as he said in an interview, he learned to read and write and would later earn writing awards.

At 17, Stone rejected Catholicism because of its dogmatic nature—at least as Stone saw it. He became a militant atheist and was expelled from school. After passing a high school equivalency test, he joined the Navy and took up journalism. Later, he studied at New York University, then Stanford, where he began writing his first novel, the best-
selling Hall of Mirrors (1967).

Stone would reconnect to his spiritual side at Stanford while working on his master's degree and taking LSD as one of Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters. What he found, though, was less the person of Jesus Christ whom he had come to know (and reject) in the Catholic Church and more of a presence. As he explained it in an interview, he witnessed "an enormously powerful, resolving presence within which all phenomenology was contained…. In spite of all the horrors, way down deep, everything was all right…." This sense of a resolving presence resonates in Stone's novels. They deal with many of the concerns that Stone himself has grappled with—including drugs, mental illness, the problem of evil, the existence of a caring God and the teachings of the Catholic Church.

Now, with Death, 76-year-old Stone continues mining the territory—although in a shorter and less-realized form. Caught in a morally ambiguous universe, the characters search for the meaning of life while hoping—but not necessarily believing—that their lives have a meaning.

Set on the campus of an elite liberal arts college in New England, the novel is both a mystery and a meaning-of-life story. The mystery—who killed the black-haired girl and why—provides the background for a look at philosophical and ethical issues.

The first half of the story is somewhat slow. The characters are hastily sketched, and the prose seems heavy with catch-all phrases and inside jokes whose point never quite comes through. Instead of a protagonist, there are several central characters, among them Jo Carr, the college councilor.

Carr, who is the most fully realized of the characters, tries to help Maud Stack (the black-haired girl of the title) survive in a world where immediate gratification is the order of the day. Carr, though, vows to use a scrupulously nonreligious approach to counseling. But that's difficult for a former missionary nun. One of the most powerful scenes in the story occurs when Carr forgets herself and, while visiting a patient in the hospital, offers to baptize him, then realizes "that the sacrament would lay him down and out and break him in half."

Carr left her religious order partly because she believed that the Catholic Church did not do enough for the poor and partly because she was afraid of a renegade priest who has since died. Now, 10 years later, Carr thinks she not only sees the priest (known as The Mourner) but also talks to him. She, who doesn't believe in visions or in spiritual claptrap, doesn't know what to think about this turn of events. Her musings and the attention given to her interior life allow her character a depth that the others lack.

The novel provides teasing glimpses into the rest of the characters. These include Maud, a college senior whose problems set the story into motion and who is killed in a hit-and-run accident about halfway into the novel; Professor Steve Brookman, Maud's faculty advisor, who is also her lover; and Eddie Stack, Maud's father, who is a retired policeman.

Maud skewers a group of pro-life demonstrators in a newspaper article with photographs of malformed fetuses. Her thought—"no offense intended…to the Holy Romantic Megachurch itself"—is that abortion is no big deal. Nature/God is the "Abortionist" par excellence.

But Maud is offensive. Her language is inflammatory, blasphemous and so overdone that at times it's almost funny (at least to this reader). Unfortunately, the small college town of Amesbury has more than its share of religious crazies. Unfortunately also, Maud is quarreling with Steve Brookman, who wants to end their relationship and, in a fit of irritation, refuses to check the suitability of Maud's article.

So her story is published, and the plot becomes decidedly more interesting. After Maud is killed, the townspeople think the perpetrator is one of the crazies. There are several suspects. One is the schizophrenic John Clammer, a vociferous anti-abortionist who wanders in and out of mental hospitals and is fond of quoting lines from Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven."

And there's Professor Brookman. Brookman is seen arguing with a drunken and visibly upset Maud, who has come to his house in order to have it out with him. As the shouting match ensues, some believe that Brookman pushes Maud into the path of an oncoming car.
Ethical questions attempt to hold the novel together. What is the proper relationship between teachers and students, between spouses and between fathers and daughters? What are the kinds of love? Does mankind’s suffering have meaning? There’s even concern with liberation theology, the post-Vatican II church, as well as the correctness of conservative versus liberal thinking in the Catholic Church, which never looks very good in this story with “all the...slobbering priests.”

Maud, Eddie and Carr are fallen-away Catholics. Maud detests anything connected to her former religion. Eddie, who lost his faith after his wife died, is furious with the pig-headed monsignor (as Stone portrays him) who won’t allow Maud’s ashes to be get away. Carr, who has changed their lives (to use a distinction from active engagement in education, the church infuriates her, but she can’t get away from it. Neither, apparently, can Robert Stone.

Ultimately, it is Carr’s perspective that gives rise to the force that drives this novel. As Stone puts it describing one of Carr’s introspective moments, “The effort of belief, the replacement of it with sheer terror and a sense of what she thought of as her own cowardice, had cost her.” In one way or another, belief or the lack of it costs every character here, and they pay the price. As they do so, the plot—while never a page-turner—carries the story to a mostly satisfying conclusion.

DIANE SCHARPER teaches English at Towson University and is the author of several books, including Radiant: Prayer Poems.

ROBERT P. IMBELLI

HEART TO HEART

NEWMAN AND HIS FAMILY
By Edward Short
T&T Clark. 448p $34.95

The achievements of John Henry Newman are staggering. He did nothing less than craft a language that enabled many 19th-century men and women to affirm the awe-inspiring mystery of God in not merely a conventional notional manner, but with a real apprehension that influenced and changed their lives (to use a distinction that permeates his work).

Moreover, he did so in a rich variety of genres: sermons and essays, novels and plays, poems and prayers as well as his matchless treatises. His genius was far-ranging—as was his correspondence. One marvels that Newman, whose literary production issued not from the solitude of the cloister, but from active engagement in education, preaching, pastoral ministry and establishing the community of the Oratory in England, could ever find time to compose some of the finest letters in English literature.

Yet volume after volume of these letters have been carefully edited and published, revealing the mind and heart of this extraordinary figure. Nor, of course, are we speaking of a limited-character “tweet” but of a substantive, often musically modulated outpouring of insight, whimsy, polemic, grief and sometimes heartfelt self-revelation. All these qualities appear in the letters he exchanged over 70 years with members of his family. It is the merit of Edward Short’s generous volume to give us access to these, and so much more. Newman’s cardinalial motto was “Cor ad cor loquitur”—“heart speaks to heart.” As Short remarks, “never did he practice it more lovingly than within his own fractious family.”

John Henry Newman was the eldest of six: three brothers and three sisters. Their shared intimacy was profound—which made their subsequent divisions all the more painful. Short devotes a chapter to Newman’s father and mother, and one to each of the siblings. He adds another, crucially important chapter, on Newman’s correspondence with his nephew, John Rickards Mozley, eldest son of his sister Jemima. For the most part, the chapters draw from the letters exchanged between Newman and the person in question. But Short, the author of a fine volume titled Newman and His Contemporaries, also provides ample excurses on other writings of Newman, as well as representative figures of Victorian England.

I can only hint at some of the riches of the present work. Though all the figures of this intriguing family deserve close attention, two perhaps exercised, in different ways, a particular influence upon the development of Newman’s character and vision. The business failures and disappointments of his father and the sudden death of his beloved sister Mary at age 19 left indelible marks upon him. Short summarizes: “If the lesson of his father’s life had been to renounce worldly success, the lesson of Mary’s death was to see mortal attachments as intimations of immortal tidings to come.” These words bring to mind Newman’s most famous poem, “The Pillar of Cloud,” which begins, “Lead, kindly Light.” The poem concludes with his own intimation of time-transcend-
ing immortality, which Mary’s untimely death had but heightened: “And with the morn those angel faces smile/ Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

The lengthy correspondence with the other siblings, Charles and Frank, Harriet and Jemima, by turns affectionate and argumentative, sets in bold relief, within the narrow focus of family, the two defining issues of Newman’s life and illustrates the cost they exacted. The sisters embody the Anglican establishment’s horror of all things “Romish”; they never became reconciled to John’s conversion. The brothers represent, each in his own fashion, the 19th century’s growing moralistic relativism and skepticism regarding religious truth claims and the normativity of revelation.

This latter attitude Newman famously characterized in his “Biglietto Address” (on the occasion of being made a cardinal) as “the spirit of liberalism in religion.” He understood by this the reduction of religion to an individualistic morality and private sentiment with no demonstrable basis in objective truth. Against this increasingly prevalent view, Newman had set himself from his early days. And nowhere was he more engaged in this struggle, charitably but insistently, than with his own brothers.

The chapter devoted to Newman’s relationship and correspondence with his nephew, John Rickards Mozley, sums up the tension between Victorian society’s fading religious inheritance and its growing materialism and rationalism. The outcome, in Newman’s eyes, was to dull the “pied beauty,” to flatten the multidimensional nature of reality. His counterstrategy was not a retreat from the world, but an untiring effort to articulate and evoke a sacramental vision: a vivid sense of “real presences.” For Newman all hints and intimations find their fulfillment in Christ’s eucharistic presence. And, though he may not have succeeded with his brothers or nephew, many, like the Jesuit priest and poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, drew enduring inspiration from Newman’s vision and witness.

Edward Short’s superb knowledge of 19th century English literature and history illuminates his presentation. At times this very knowledge and the enthusiasm it engenders lead him to take leisurely strolls down fascinating bypaths. But eventually the reader is guided back to the main road, and the interrupted discussion is taken up again, now enriched.

Of all the members of the family, undoubtedly the one closest to Newman’s heart was his mother, Jemima Fourdrinier, of Huguenot heritage. Short writes: “Newman had a deep bond with his mother—one forged in heartbreak and loss, as well as love and affection—and it showed him not only the vanity of human wishes but the wisdom of empathy.” That “empathy” is apparent in the letters Newman exchanged, not only with family, but with countless men and women over the course of his long and fruitful life. Empathy also marks Edward Short’s wise study.
I love the feel of an old T-shirt. I had a Hulk Hogan shirt from the 1980s that was already well-loved when I bought it from a thrift store in middle school. It amazingly never got a hole, but by the time I parted ways with it after college, my sunscreen had a higher SPF than this T-shirt, which you could see through.

I used to see a T-shirt as simply my childhood clothing of choice when I didn’t have to follow my school dress code, but the more I’ve traveled and lived abroad, the T-shirt has become a defining symbol of our global, interconnected world and, strangely enough, a metaphor for our church.

Since the publication of Thomas L. Friedman’s book *The World Is Flat* (2005), people have often used the “flatness” of our world as a metaphor for the ease with which we can now both communicate and compete with people all over the world.

While people often focus on how we now can video-chat with loved ones around the world or on how work that was previously done in the United States by professionals can now be outsourced to India or other countries, few things illustrate the flatness of our world and a catholicity of connections more than the simple T-shirt.

In much of Africa, most clothing is the same mass-produced stuff that we wear in the United States. In fact, much of it was first worn in America. After clothing has been produced in a factory in Asia or Latin America, then used in the United States and donated to a second-hand shop there, it often ends up in a developing country.

African markets are full of T-shirts from American high school sports teams and, it seems, all the universities that played in March Madness.

Not surprisingly, I often see shirts from my alma mater, Notre Dame, which has legions of T-shirt-wearing fans and a bookstore that appears to carry more apparel than books. Globalization has seemed particularly real to me, however, when I’ve spotted men in Tanzania wearing shirts from my hometown youth soccer league and from my tiny Catholic high school in Iowa.

In a country where people don’t keep dogs as pets and where there is no booming Irish population or anyone named Keith, it can be entertaining to see people wearing T-shirts identifying them as “World’s Biggest Poodle Fan” and “Keith’s Me, I’m Irish.” I once saw a young man who could not have been more than 18 years old sporting a T-shirt emblazoned “Proud Grandfather of a Michigan State Graduate.”

Just as globalization has lowered the prices of so many of the products we rely on, used clothing here is very affordable. While some shirts seem out of place, spending less on clothing enables families to spend more in other areas.

At the same time, the simple T-shirt can also represent some negative elements of our flat world. Mass-produced used clothing has made clothing very cheap, though it also employs far fewer people than if clothes were locally made.

**T-shirts are evidence of a disposable society.**

T-shirts are also evidence of a disposable society and a culture of waste. Go to any consignment store, and you will find many T-shirts that were worn only once or maybe not at all, including the ubiquitous family reunion T-shirt. As an experienced thrift-store shopper myself, I can attest that no one wants to buy another family’s reunion shirt. (Of course, that doesn’t stop people from donating them and consignment stores from trying to sell them.)

I find the humble T-shirt to be also a good symbol for our universal and increasingly “flat” church. Feeding the global glut of T-shirts is a desire to represent or remember a very particular group or event, like the homecoming powder puff game at Lincoln High School in 2013. Similarly, the root of the big-C Church is a very small-c community of people praying together.

While there has always been a movement of materials in order to produce things, like a T-shirt, the scope of trade has expanded dramatically in recent decades. Analogously, even our creed states the catholic—that is, universal—nature of our church, but the flatness of information, communication and migration offer our church new opportunities and new challenges.

Just as a T-shirt held over from childhood will no longer fit the same way, and it would be silly to try to wear it, we as a church will also need to adapt to our increasingly flat world.

**Michael Roisman, S.J., teaches at Loyola High School in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. Follow him @RossmannSJ.**
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A SWEDISH MASTER
An American gallery revisits the work of Anders Zorn.

The sumptuous colors, dazzling brushwork and sheer drama in the paintings of Anders Zorn (1860-1920) earned the Swedish artist fortune and fame during the Gilded Age. But Zorn’s work and name gradually fell into obscurity outside Sweden. As a result, his brilliant body of work has not been shown in the United States for 100 years—until now. A major retrospective, “Anders Zorn: Sweden’s Master Painter,” which includes oil paintings, watercolors, etchings and several sculptures (90 works in all) runs through May 18 at the National Academy Museum in New York City, after a debut in San Francisco. The quality of these works ought to re-establish Zorn’s artistic reputation and reignite his popularity among Americans.

Zorn’s style has been compared favorably with that of John Singer Sargent, a peer whose oil portraits and watercolors continue to attract crowds and buyers, as well as with that of Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, a Spanish master of light and the quick brushstroke. In Zorn’s day, his portraits were sold for larger sums than Sargent’s were; his name was better known. It would have seemed strange at that time that the American public would later come to know Sargent’s name more than Zorn’s. But history is full of surprises and reversals.

Although Zorn, the illegitimate son of a brewer, came from humble rural beginnings, his “divine gift” was recognized at the Royal Swedish Academy of Fine Arts in Stockholm, where the teenager won prizes and became a student leader. To establish himself internationally, Zorn did what other artists of the Belle Epoch had done: he traveled to exotic places and exhibited the paintings he made to the public in London and Paris. The current exhibition contains astonishing watercolors from Zorn’s early travels in Spain, Portugal, Algeria, Italy, Turkey and Cornwall, England.

He also painted scenes of Mora, his hometown, catching the dynamism of local dancers and fiddlers, showing women at work making lace, brewing beer, herding livestock and sorting fish. Zorn’s nudes, mostly of robust local women, are noteworthy for their sensuality and natural context. Strawberry blonde women wade into the water or climb out of it on rocks; mothers take children for a swim. Such natural gestures in a rural landscape contrast starkly with the artificiality of nudes positioned like statues in French art studios or made to appear as if at their toilette. In Zorn’s paintings, one
can smell the water and the trees, see the sunlight or feel the chill; in a natural habitat his nudes look relaxed and at home. Viewers will find much to admire in Zorn’s rendering of water, whether sun-drenched or rushing beneath an overcast sky. Water is a subject in many of Zorn’s paintings. “Sea Study,” a postcard-sized, nearly monochrome image of sea and sky, is at once simple and riveting.

At 29, Anders Zorn had become a success in Paris, the city of artists. His works had been exhibited at the competitive annual salons; and he had won a gold medal at the World’s Fair in Paris in 1889. That same year the French state inducted Zorn as a knight into the French Legion of Honor.

Zorn began to cultivate lucrative commissions in the United States as a portrait painter. In “Clarence Barker,” one of the most charming watercolors on view, a grandson of Cornelius Vanderbilt exchanges loving glances with his dog. In 1894, at the Chicago World’s Fair, Zorn befriended the Boston art patron Isabella Stewart Gardner, whose visage appears twice in this exhibition. In Zorn’s oil portrait of her, an exuberant Gardner, dressed in a long white gown, bursts into a room through a pair of French doors as fireworks light up the night sky behind her. Gardner is also the subject of a small etching, rather static by comparison. Taken as a whole, however, Zorn’s etchings are one of this show’s liveliest surprises. These small monochrome works—some dashed off in lines that throb with life, others intricately hatched, mysterious and dark—depict the over-sized personalities of Theodore Roosevelt and the sculptor Auguste Rodin, among others. Zorn perfected his etching technique, he said, by studying the works of Rembrandt.

Once upon a time Americans couldn’t get enough of Zorn. He visited the United States seven times, during which he painted the portraits of bankers, industrialists and their wives, and two presidents—Grover Cleveland, on view, and William Howard Taft, whose portrait hangs in the White House. Zorn also made a number of self-portraits that show how he looked at various ages, evincing his energy and resolve. In “Self-Portrait in Red,” Zorn, 55, a rudy-faced, bull of a man, stands before us in a three-piece red suit, with both arms bent and a cigarette in one hand, as though caught on his way out the door.

Anders Zorn was a creative genius, a hard-working entrepreneur and a virtuoso, but he was no solo act. Emma Lamm, Zorn’s wife, brought upper-class family connections to their union. She posed for her husband, traveled with him and for 20 years after Zorn’s death established his legacy through the Zorn Museum in Mora.

A beautifully illustrated catalogue of the exhibition published by Rizzoli, “Anders Zorn: Sweden’s Master Painter,” is available online and at the museum. It contains helpful essays by Johan Cederlund, director of the Zorn Museum in Mora, and several others.

Finally, viewers who wish to compare Zorn’s figurative works with the paintings of a contemporary master will not want to miss “Philip Pearlstein: Six Paintings, Six Decades,” a concurrent exhibition also at the National Academy. In these six large paintings, one finds no celebrities and no natural surroundings. Rather, Pearlstein’s nudes are all carefully positioned indoors and juxtaposed with selected props. They are distinctly modern, provoking viewers to ask what makes them “modern.”

KAREN SUE SMITH is the former editorial director of America.
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Radical Witness
SECOND SUNDAY OF EASTER (A), APRIL 27, 2014

Readings: Acts 2:42–47; Ps 118:2–24; 1 Pt 1:3–9; Jn 20:19–31

“They devoted themselves to the apostles’ teaching and fellowship” (Acts 2:42)

Shortly after the ascension, the number of believers in Jerusalem was about 120, according to Acts 1:15. Whether the number is exact or symbolic of a restored Israel, the church started small.

The crowds who pressed around Jesus in Galilee and greeted him during his triumphal entry into Jerusalem were gone. The believing community consisted of a small group who had not only followed him through the crucifixion, but were giving testimony to the resurrection. When the apostles chose a 12th apostle to replace Judas, the criterion was that the disciple chosen must have been present from the “baptism of John until the day when he was taken up from us—one of these must become a witness with us to his resurrection.”

There is good reason that Easter is the center of the church’s witness and its origin: without the belief that Jesus had been raised from the dead, to what would these followers of Jesus have borne witness? How could they have carried on as church? It was through the resurrection that they understood Jesus was Lord and that salvation came through his name. Their mission, which they chose to accept, was “that you may come to believe that Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God, and that through believing you may have life in his name.” But how would 120 people bear witness to the world?

There was no blueprint for the church as to how to evangelize and worship, nor “Seven Easy Steps to Start Your Religion” and not even a focus group or a PR firm. One of the great shocks of Jesus’ mission is how large a role was given to the nascent church to fulfill Jesus’ earthly ministry. It would be up to the disciples of Jesus to take what he had taught them and what they had witnessed and reflect on all they had experienced in order to bring the message to the world. Yet within decades the church had spread throughout the Mediterranean world and beyond. What is even more surprising than the rapid extent of their reach was the combination of radical and ordinary in the establishment of the church’s witness.

Though the first Christians felt the press of the eschaton, they spent time on the ordinary acts of living and worshiping together. Acts tells us that the first followers “devoted themselves to the apostles’ teaching and fellowship.” The teaching must have been the oral tradition of Jesus’ own instruction and the recounting of the events of his passion, as well as understanding Jesus in the context of the Scriptures. The fellowship (koinonia) certainly included the teaching and “the breaking of bread and the prayers,” but even more fundamentally the sense of oneness in their communion. The breaking of the bread signals the eucharistic celebration in nascent form, but we should not overlook the actual sharing of meals together that marks community. Later Acts speaks of how “they broke bread at home and ate their food with glad and generous hearts.” Prayer would have been central to their lives even prior to following Jesus, and it remained at the core of their communal life together.

In fact, the communion the early disciples experienced with each other might be seen as the fulcrum between the ordinary and the radical. It was in the love of neighbor and God gained through discipleship with Jesus, the penetration of God’s word of mercy and grace and the communion of the Holy Spirit among them that decisions were made that radicalized this band of followers. We are told that “all who believed were together and had all things in common.” This was not simply generous sharing, but radical transformation of the place of worldly goods.

The earliest disciples “would sell their possessions and goods and distribute the proceeds to all, as any had need.” Material goods were necessary to meet the needs of daily life; they were necessary so they could witness to salvation in Jesus. They did not choose mansions, fortune or fame, however, but the communal life and radical sharing of goods in order to better witness to Jesus so that all might believe. Acts says that “many wonders and signs were being done by the apostles,” but the greatest wonder is that their ordinary lives and choices powerfully bore witness to Jesus as the primary goal of their mission.

JOHN W. MARTENS

JOHN W. MARTENS is an associate professor of theology at the University of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn.
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