

America

AUGUST 7, 2017
\$6.00

THE JESUIT REVIEW OF FAITH AND CULTURE

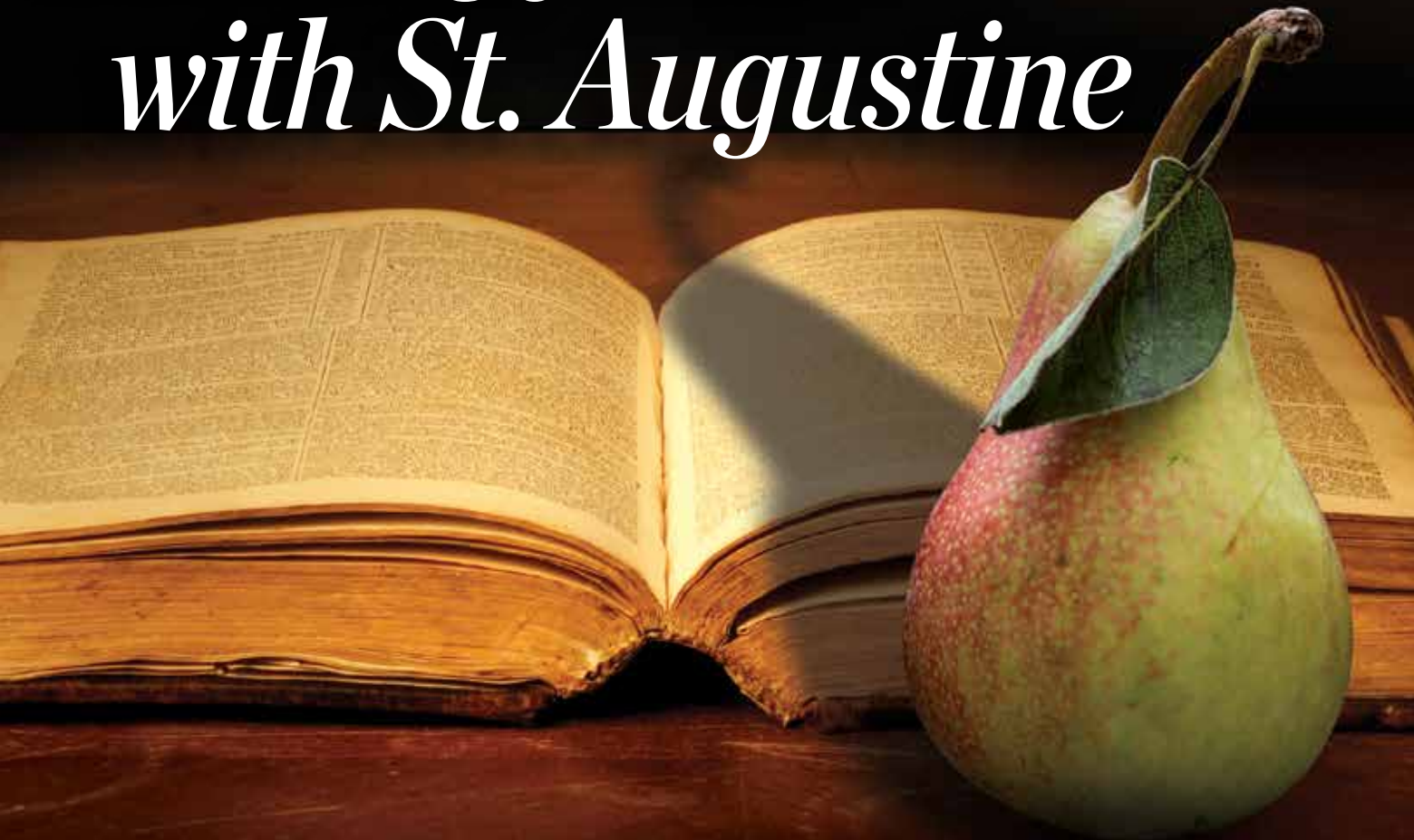
The Price
of a Pardon

p34

Seeking faith with St. Augustine

Elizabeth Bruenig

p18



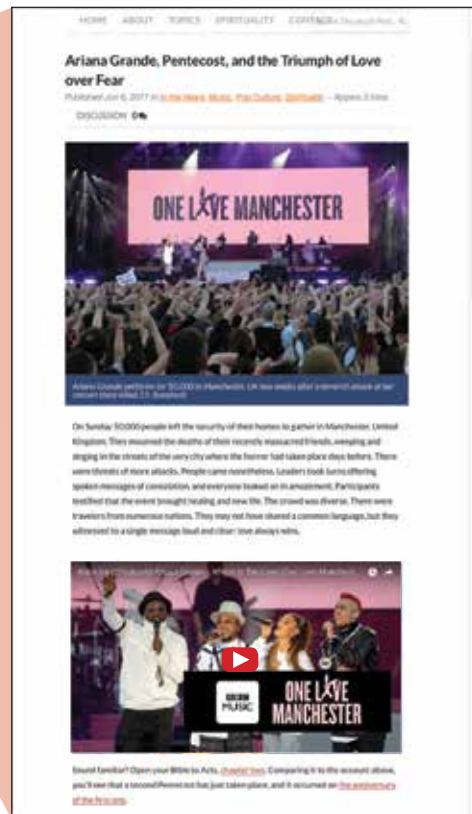
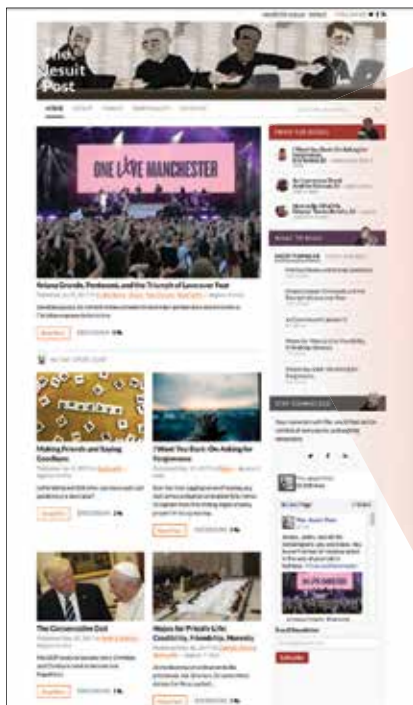
Adrift With
Refugees in Paris

p26



FINDING GOD AT THE INTERSECTION OF FAITH & CULTURE

The Jesuit Post reaches out to young adult Catholics and spiritual seekers, focusing on sacred and secular issues and everything in between.



thejesuitpost.org
 ESSAYS | BLOGS | VIDEOS

America MEDIA
 A JESUIT MINISTRY

The Jesuit Post is published by America Media, the publisher of America magazine.

The virtue of a Catholic journalist

The issue of **America** dated March 9, 1957, includes an article written by a young second lieutenant assigned to a U.S. Army anti-aircraft battalion in West Germany. It was the height of the Cold War. A national draft meant, in the words of the author, that “the Army will take from six months to two years from nearly every man in our generation.” This G.I. from New Jersey was writing, he told us, because he wanted to “explain a soldier’s life” for **America**’s readers, “so that civilians may appreciate him better, and that the recruit may get an idea of what to expect.”

Raymond A. Schroth, S.J., has been telling people’s stories ever since. In the 60 years since that first byline, Father Schroth has contributed more than 60 features to these pages, chronicling the most important events in the life of this country and the church throughout the world, with intelligence, compassion and wit, as well as good old-fashioned shoe leather reporting. And in between, he found the time to pray most mornings in St. Patrick’s Cathedral.

The author of eight books, including a history of The Brooklyn Eagle newspaper and acclaimed biographies of Robert Drinan, S.J., the first Jesuit elected to the U.S. Congress, and Eric Severeid, the path-breaking television journalist, Father Schroth taught American literature and journalism at six universities, including Fordham, New York University, the College of the Holy Cross, Rockhurst College and Loyola University New Orleans. For the last seven years, he has been our literary and books editor, the only person to have served as

the books editor of both **America** and **Commonweal**. Under his leadership, **America**’s book reviews—many written by Pulitzer Prize-winning former students of his—have garnered several first-place awards from the Catholic Press Association.

Yet while he is a gifted editor, at heart Ray is a reporter. And while he has interviewed, mixed and mingled with the famous and the infamous, he has never forgotten that an important part of a reporter’s job—especially for a Catholic journalist—is to tell the stories of ordinary people, the folks in the pews or on the streets. To tell their stories, he has reported from 14 countries. He was one of the first reporters on the scene in the aftermath of the riots in Detroit, 50 years ago this summer. He was gassed by the Chicago police while reporting from the 1968 Democratic National Convention. He ventured into Watts in the scorching summer of 1966 to interview drug addicts, and he reported in 1993 from a Syrian ghost town in the Golan Heights that 20 years earlier had been systematically destroyed. For Ray, finding God in all things, as the old Jesuit chestnut goes, means being a first-rate journalist. And what he once said of Eric Severeid could just as well be said of him: “His most significant achievement was his ability to explain to Americans day after day who they really were, where their country was.”

When he retires from the editorial staff later this month, Ray will take with him a part of **America**’s heart as well as its living history. I am pleased to report that he will continue to make occasional contributions (just last year, in his ninth decade, he report-

ed from Russia for these pages) and, in recognition of an association that spans more than half of the magazine’s history, the board of directors of America Media have bestowed on him the rare honor of naming him an Editor Emeritus of **America**.

We will miss him at our morning news huddle. Ray and I haven’t always seen eye to eye, and he’d be the first to tell you that. But he’s also always been the first to tell me. If he didn’t like where something was headed or what an author was saying, he’d knock on my door and say, “Got a minute?” I have known a lot of journalists in my life, folks who talk about transparency and honesty and hard work. Ray brings those qualities to his reporting because they are simply who the man is. “The first step in teaching moral values to young journalists,” he once wrote, “is to get them to feel pain—not their pain, the pain of others. From that, other virtues—compassion, skepticism, courage and the like—might follow.” Ray would probably tell you that’s just what his dad, Raymond Schroth Sr., an army veteran and reporter himself, taught him growing up in Trenton.

Bon voyage, Ray. You are always welcome in these pages. On behalf of your colleagues, past and present, as well as the generations of readers you have touched through your work: Thank you! And thanks be to God.

Matt Malone, S.J., *editor in chief*;
Twitter: @Americaeditor.



IN THE ISSUE

GIVE AND TAKE

6
YOUR TAKE
How has the opioid crisis affected your community?

8
OUR TAKE
Threats to deport Dreamers are cruel; parishes should work to understand opioid addiction
The Editors

10
SHORT TAKE
The case of Charlie Gard is colored by our preconceptions
Jana Bennett

DISPATCHES

12
PREVENTIVE STRIKES ON NORTH KOREA FAIL
JUST WAR CRITERIA

Black Catholics in America

Venezuela on the brink:
Can Pope Francis help?

El Paso bishop urges deportation halt until immigration is fixed

Misery in Mosul

FEATURES

18
EVER ANCIENT, EVER NEW
How St. Augustine became a catalyst for my conversion
Elizabeth Bruenig

26
THE DISCOMFORTS OF HOME
Each of us is haunted by the question “Where are you from?”
Timothy W. O’Brien



Senator John Thune of South Dakota, center, the Republican Conference chairman, outside the Senate chamber on July 11.
AP Photo/Pablo Martinez Monsivais
(Cover composite image: iStockphoto.com)

VANTAGE POINT

33
LUTHER AND
CATHOLIC HISTORIANS
1967

FAITH IN FOCUS

34
PARDONING A KILLER
Mercy is a risk that
governments must take
Mark S. Singel

IDEAS IN REVIEW

38
HENRY DAVID THOREAU
AT 200
A man of solitude

BOOKS
*City of Gods; Irish-American
Autobiography; Longing to See
Your Face; The Evangelicals;
The Fate of the West*

CULTURE
“Will”; “Planetarium”

POEM
I would be remiss if I didn’t consider
the possibility of gratitude

THE WORD

50
To follow Christ, we have to venture
out into the full fury of life’s storm

Tenacity in prayer reveals a true
person of faith
Michael R. Simone

LAST TAKE

54
LEO J. O’DONOVAN
Helmut Kohl envisioned
a “European Germany”

How has the opioid crisis affected your community?

In response to the above question, almost all respondents (85 percent) told **America** that they had heard about the opioid crisis. Some readers told us that their community seemed unaffected; others suspected their communities were affected in ways that they were unaware of. Many readers, however, especially those in the Midwest, described how opioid addiction had damaged their relationships and communities in countless ways. One reader from Cincinnati wrote that the opioid crisis “is straining emergency medical services, the police [and] foster care, and treatment centers are bursting at the seams. Many lives have been lost.... Unfortunately, some in our community have lost their compassion for those suffering from addiction.”

This struggle for compassion in the context of opioid

addiction was a continuing theme among readers' answers. Another reader from Ohio told **America**: “I’m afraid the community may become immune to helping these people. There is always talk of not administering the drugs that will bring these addicts who overdose back to life.”

While few shared their own experiences of addiction, many more readers spoke of how the opioid crisis had affected people close to them: siblings, children and friends. A reader from Nashville, whose son suffered from drug addiction and whose community is experiencing widespread opioid addiction, called for people to stop shaming addicts. “Welcome recovering people to church. Addiction—however it begins—is a disease, not a moral issue. Shaming people makes the struggle to get well even harder.”

“My husband is a full-time fireman here and responds very often to an overdose. Some as young as 15 to an 80-year-old man last week. People of all races and socioeconomic classes are falling prey to this evil plague in our small community.”

Rochelle, Ill., Midwest, suburban area

“My father suffered from obesity, diabetes, congestive heart failure, COPD, hypertension and lung cancer. In the end, though, what killed him at age 75 was an addiction to opioid pain meds. His addiction greatly affected his relationships and his ability to care for his wife of 53 years with Alzheimer’s.”

Cincinnati, Ohio, Midwest, suburban area

“My sister has experienced an opioid addiction. There were a couple times she was near death, but still, nothing could coerce her into treatment. One time, her 9-year-old son found her with her eyes rolled back in her head, and he called 911. Still, she was able to keep her kids.”

Duluth, Minn. Midwest, urban area

“Statistics suggest that my community is in fact impacted, but I haven’t yet personally encountered it. It’s likely there are high-functioning addicts that I know casually and speak with weekly but have no idea that they are suffering from this. I haven’t heard it discussed in my parish.”

Minneapolis, Minn., Midwest, urban area

“Unfortunately so many of my neighbors are addicted to opioids. Most of the people I know who are hardcore drug addicts are 40, 50 and beyond. They all became addicted due to over-prescribed pain meds.”

Portland, Ore., West, urban area

“I live in the San Diego suburbs. I don’t see evidence of an increase in addiction rates here.”

Oceanside, Calif., West, suburban area

“Parents have buried their children, and former students are in rehab or have served jail time due to opioid addiction. It all started with prescription drugs.”

Auburn, N.Y., Northeast, suburban area

“Opiates are everywhere. Many people are unaware. You get prescribed pills by your doctor; next thing you know, you’re hooked. I started at 15. They were so easy for kids like me to get.”

Conyers, Ga., South, suburban area

These results are based on reader responses to a poll promoted on Facebook, Twitter and in our email newsletter.

Complicit in Atrocities

Re “President Trump Steps Up to Fight Famine” (Our Take, 7/24): While I appreciate the value of recognizing a rare humanitarian gesture by the Trump administration, this editorial neglects to directly acknowledge U.S. culpability for the famine in Yemen, caused largely by a Saudi-led and U.S.-supported coalition.

As the conflict approaches its fourth year, it is worth noting that in supporting the coalition, the Trump administration has simply picked up where the Obama administration left off. Pledging to commit a small fraction of the amount of our annual military support for Saudi Arabia to fight famine may be better than nothing, but a more effective solution would be to use our obvious leverage to press for a diplomatic resolution of the conflict and to end our complicity in the atrocities that made this man-made famine possible in the first place.

Matthew Porcelli

Online Comment

Helping Souls

Re “It’s time to get past the snobbery against pastoral theologians,” by Jim Heft (Short Take, 7/24): I am very much in sympathy with the idea behind this article. But I think it sells the issue short if we accept that pastoral theologians are just one sort of theologian, a sort that ought to be higher up on the pecking order. Karl Rahner, S.J., for example, was a great theologian precisely because he saw that ongoing commitment that should inform all theology worthy of the name—whatever the tensions this conviction generates with the modern university. For me, it is time to recognize that all theology is about “helping souls.”

Philip Endean, S.J.

Online Comment

Interfaith Insight

Re “How Did the Church Help to Prepare You for Marriage?” (Your Take, 7/24): Our parish has regularly sent engaged couples to an Engaged Encounter program after the initial pastoral interview. Most couples now expect to do an Engaged Encounter weekend, and when they return they thank us for insisting that they go. One issue that needs constant attention is interfaith marriage. Often only one of parties has been raised in any religious faith tradition. Non-Catholics appreciate some insights into the Catholic faith, including its similarities with other Christian faiths as well as specific rituals and traditions that dif-

fer. Many times this opens the door to later deeper exploration through the Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults.

Mike Evans

Online Comment

Faith Filled

Re “Land O’ Lakes 50 Years On,” by John Jenkins, C.S.C. (7/24): Father Jenkins provides a reasoned and articulate expansion of the conversation that this statement initiated as it explored the role and identity of Catholic universities in the modern world after Vatican II. He also respectfully engages the challenges and invitations of Pope John Paul II’s 1990 apostolic constitution “*Ex Corde Ecclesiae*.”

Most important, Father Jenkins has personally engaged this challenge by directing one of the pre-eminent Catholic universities, Notre Dame. And I can say from personal experience that Catholic higher education has successfully formed and inspired my two sons, graduates of John Carroll University and the University of Notre Dame (with undergraduate and graduate degrees) to be professional, thoughtful and faith-filled men in the modern world. *Deo gratias*.

Pete Corrigan

Cleveland, Ohio

The People We Serve

There is a need, I think, for Catholic universities to examine to whom the vision of the Land O’ Lakes statement applies. Can we be called to educate only those who can afford it? Are our concessions to athletics, especially in terms of allocation of resources and admissions, consistent with the mission?

The Arrupe College model at Loyola University Chicago is an excellent present-day example of an examination of institutional conscience resulting in a profound movement toward meeting the needs of the marginalized and changing the culture of higher education. The mission is fundamentally Gospel-oriented and calls for a deep and hard look at whom we are serving, whom we are leaving out and what is the effect of our striving to achieve the mission in the day-to-day lives of the people we serve.

Barry Fitzpatrick

Online Comment

Threats to Deport Dreamers Are Cruel and Shortsighted

Immigration policy in the United States is dispiritingly divisive, but there is one bright line that few voters want to cross. There is overwhelming support from both Democratic and Republican voters for protecting the so-called Dreamers from deportation. These undocumented immigrants were brought to the United States as children and have little or no memory of living anywhere else. Nevertheless, a small number of elected officials want to jeopardize the lives of people who have worked, paid taxes—even though they are ineligible for food stamps and other benefits—and raised families in the only country they know.

In late June, the Republican attorneys general of 10 states threatened to sue the federal government in an attempt to end the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals program, the formal name of the executive action by President Barack Obama that halted deportation proceedings against Dreamers and allowed them to get work permits. John F. Kelly, the secretary of the Department of Homeland Security, reportedly told a group of Hispanic legislators in mid-July that the Trump administration may not defend the program in court. But Mr. Kelly implied that there would be no crackdown on Dreamers even if the program is overturned, according to *The New Yorker*, saying the nearly 800,000 Dreamers protected by DACA “fall into the category of people who should stay in the U.S.”

This was hardly reassuring, given the haphazard and inconsistent policy decisions of the Trump administration, especially on immigration matters, as well as reports of deportation

proceedings against formerly protected Dreamers. It is also alarming that President Trump signed an executive order in January that greatly expanded the definition of “criminal” as a reason for expedited deportation; it now includes anyone an immigration officer deems a “risk to public safety or national security.” Even with DACA in place, Dreamers have reason to feel threatened; without it, the prospect of sudden forced repatriation to countries where they may not even know the language is frighteningly real.

The U.S. bishops have reaffirmed support for Dreamers. In a statement on July 18, Bishop Joe S. Vásquez of Austin, Tex., chair of the bishops’ Committee on Migration, urged the Trump administration “to continue administering the DACA program and to publicly ensure that DACA youth are not priorities for deportation.”

It is worth noting that the DACA program became necessary because Congress has failed to pass the Dream Act, which would codify protections for those brought illegally to the United States as children. Different versions of the Dream Act have been introduced since 2001, and it received majority support in the U.S. Senate in 2010 but could not overcome a filibuster. On July 20 two senators, Lindsey Graham of South Carolina, a Republican, and Dick Durbin of Illinois, a Democrat, introduced the bill again. We urge Congress to make a first step toward long-overdue immigration reform by finally passing it.

During the recent debate on health care reform, Senator Shelley Moore Capito, a Republican from West Virginia, cut through the polit-

ical rhetoric to declare bluntly, “I did not come to Washington to hurt people.” Protecting Dreamers would be a simple way to prove that.

Parishes Should Lead Efforts to Understand Opioid Addiction

“We can’t just keep reviving people.” Even among the many tragic and shocking stories of the opioid addiction and overdose crisis, a statement as stark as this stands out. Larry Mulligan Jr., the mayor of Middletown, Ohio, was quoted in *The Washington Post* on July 15 speaking about the frustration felt by first responders who are often reviving the same people from overdoses over and over again. He concluded, “We have to address solutions.”

It is worth remembering that the problem of repeated revivals of the same overdose victims is itself a kind of progress, made possible by the availability of drugs like naloxone that allow the effects of an overdose to be rapidly reversed. Yet these medications introduce new problems, from the ballooning cost of this antidote to the question of how to care for people beyond the moment of revival itself.

Some of these challenges require policy changes, like limits on extreme price increases for life-saving drugs. Some providers of naloxone have doubled their prices over the last year; one company has increased the price of an injectable version by more than 600 percent. As the cost of saving lives with naloxone begins to put serious financial strain on local governments, state and federal legislators and regulators must ask if limits on profiteering during a public health crisis are necessary.

The pastoral challenges are just as pressing. According to Sally Sattel, resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, an estimated 2.5 million Americans abuse or are addicted to opioids. Communities must move beyond simply stopping an overdose in progress. A number of bishops, including J. Michael Miller, C.S.B., of Vancouver; Douglas Crosby, O.M.I., of Hamilton, Ontario; and Edward C. Malesic of Greensburg, Pa., have recently issued pastoral letters on the church's response to the opioid epidemic. Archbishop Miller wrote that "Jesus would identify himself with those afflicted by mental illness and addiction."

Catholic Charities has also been on the front lines of the opioid crisis, offering a range of services for addicts and their families and helping to lead community responses. Along with offering social services and educational programs, the church also has a vital role to play in mustering the spiritual energy necessary to respond to the pain and despair that is often at the root of addiction. Whether from the pulpit, in faith-sharing groups or at coffee hour after Mass, parishes should lead the effort to share and understand the experiences of those struggling with addiction, so that we can learn how to offer them not just revival but hope.

- | | |
|---|--|
| President and Editor in Chief | Matt Malone, S.J. |
| Executive Editors | Maurice Timothy Reidy
Sam Sawyer, S.J.
Kerry Weber
Jeremy Zipple, S.J.
James Martin, S.J. |
| Editor at Large | Robert C. Collins, S.J. |
| Production Editor | Kevin Clarke |
| Senior Editors | Edward W. Schmidt, S.J.
Raymond A. Schroth, S.J. |
| Books Editor | Joseph Hoover, S.J. |
| Poetry Editor | Gerard O'Connell |
| Vatican Correspondent | Michael O'Loughlin |
| National Correspondent | José Dueño, S.J. |
| Associate Editors | Ashley McKinless
Olga Segura
Robert David Sullivan
Eric Sundrup, S.J.
Zachary Davis, Joseph McAuley |
| Assistant Editors | Eloise Blondiau |
| Producer | Shawn Tripoli |
| Creative Director | Sonja Kodiak Wilder |
| Art Director | Elizabeth Bruenig |
| Contributing Writers | Brendan Busse, S.J.
Nichole M. Flores
Pascal-Emmanuel Gobry
Cecilia Gonzalez-Andrieu
Jim McDermott, S.J.
Kaya Oakes
Nathan Schneider
Stephanie Slade
Eve Tushnet |
| Contributing Editors | Ellen Boegel
Patrick Gilger, S.J.
Adam Hincks, S.J.
Leah Libresco
Maryann Cusimano Love
Paul McNelis, S.J. |
| Regional Correspondents | Dean Dettloff (Toronto)
Anthony Egan, S.J. (Johannesburg)
Jan-Albert Hootsen (Mexico City)
Jim McDermott, S.J. (Los Angeles)
Timothy Padgett (Miami)
Russell Pollitt, S.J. (Johannesburg)
David Stewart, S.J. (London)
Rhona Tarrant (Dublin)
Judith Valente (Chicago)
Verna Yu (Hong Kong) |
| Special Contributors | Jake Martin, S.J., Sean Salai, S.J. |
| Editor, The Jesuit Post | Daniel N. Gustafson, S.J. |
| Moderator, Catholic Book Club | Kevin Spinale, S.J. |
| O'Hare Fellows | Teresa Donnellan
Nicholas Genovese
Wyatt Massey |
| Summer Interns | Jack McCordick, Anna Marchese, Suzanne Pekar |
| Executive V.P. & C.O.O. | Ted Nadeau |
| V.P. for Finance and Operations | Rosa M. Del Saz |
| Director of Advertising Services | Kenneth Arko |
| Director of Marketing | Louis Cassetta |
| Advertising Operations Manager | Chris Keller |
| Special Assistant to the President and Editor in Chief | Nicholas D. Sawicki |
| Business Operations Staff | Anastasia Buraminskaya, Glenda Castro,
Karina Clark, Ana Nunez, Ryan Richardson, Elena Te |
| Chair, Board of Directors | Susan S. Braddock |

33 West 60th St. 6th Fl.
New York, NY 10023-7905
www.americamagazine.org
facebook.com/americanmag
twitter.com/americanmag

(212) 581-4640
©2017
America Press Inc. d/b/a
America Media

The Charlie Gard case reveals a persistent bias against disability

How we tell the story of Charlie Gard is important. Is it simply about prolonging life and avoiding natural death? It might seem so. Charlie was born last August with a rare genetic condition called M.D.D.S. Tests suggested that he had low brain function but likely felt pain from treatments, especially the ventilator used to keep him breathing. Britain's Royal Courts of Justice ruled in April that the experimental treatment sought by his parents was unlikely to improve Charlie's condition and that removing the ventilator was in his best interest. On July 24 his parents ended their legal efforts to extend Charlie's life, accepting the assessment that he had suffered too much neurological damage for even the experimental treatment to work.

But questions persist, and many Catholics wondered why Charlie's life should have been prolonged. The church enables us to make a distinction between ordinary means and extraordinary means of prolonging life and seeking treatment. As St. John Paul II wrote in "The Gospel of Life," "To forego extraordinary or disproportionate means is not the equivalent of suicide or euthanasia; it rather expresses acceptance of the human condition in the face of death" (No. 65). And it appears that there are no "ordinary" treatments that could have helped Charlie.

Yet I worry about a different story in Charlie's case: the potential for disability bias. This worry emerged as I read the Royal Courts' decision, which emphasizes Charlie's brain function. It reads: "At one stage, Great Ormond Street Hospital got as far as deciding to apply for ethical permission to attempt

nucleoside therapy here—a treatment that has never been used on patients with this form of M.D.D.S.—but, by the time that decision had been made, Charlie's condition had significantly worsened and the view of all here was that his epileptic encephalopathy was such that his brain damage was severe and irreversible [and] that treatment was potentially painful but incapable of achieving anything positive for him."

So the difference between seeking treatment and not seeking it was chiefly about brain damage and Charlie's potential disability. That does not, to me, mandate what "The Gospel of Life" calls the "acceptance of the human condition in the face of death." It suggests to me our own societal failure to accept people with disabilities, especially mental disabilities.

"The Gospel of Life" helps us think, too, about this societal failure. Its discussion of a "culture of death" suggests that we privilege normal bodies and overlook the aging, suffering, disabled and unborn, among others. We privilege those who can make independent choices over those who are clearly dependent. Moreover, this privileging of normalcy is pervasive: "We are all involved and we all share in it" (No. 28).

The fault for disability bias therefore does not lie with any particular group. Medical doctors, judges, parents and outside commenters all make decisions with a set of cultural norms about bodies that are both difficult to see and difficult to resist.

It is difficult, for example, to see that questions about mental state are not cut-and-dried facts about someone's potential to live. When tests

measure brain function, they do not give a solid indication of future quality of life. The bioethicist Jeff Bishop has argued in his book *The Anticipatory Corpse* that we arbitrarily create guidelines about brain function that support our culture's particular view of mental health in relation to death. Yet there are numerous examples of families and medical practitioners being surprised by improvement and recovery in cases of apparent brain death or vegetative state.

Christians have resources to think differently about disability. We are asked to live lives of solidarity with all, including those who are disabled (*Catechism of the Catholic Church*, No. 2208). We have the example of the L'Arche Community, which sees friendship as the primary marker of human life. Charlie's parents and friends clearly want to be in friendship and solidarity with him.

When the court's ruling is so focused on brain function rather than imminent death, while Charlie's family and friends sought solidarity and friendship, I think that the court ought to have permitted experimental treatment when his parents sought it. To do so would have pushed against the subtle bias perpetuated about disabilities.

Jana Bennett is an associate professor of religious studies at the University of Dayton, a managing editor for the Journal of Disability and Religion, and the author of Singleness and the Church. This is an updated version of an essay published at americamagazine.org.

Homily Aids



The Catholic Health Association is pleased to offer a collection of homilies to help connect the healing mission of the Church with parishes and the communities we serve.

Written by prominent Catholic theologians and preachers, the homilies bring important issues about healing and care for the poor in the context of Gospel and Church teachings.

UPCOMING HOMILIES

The homilies will be posted two weeks prior to these scheduled Sundays:

AUGUST 20

20th Sunday in Ordinary Time
Mt 15:21–28

The Canaanite Woman

OCTOBER 29

30th Sunday in Ordinary Time
Ex 22:20–26

"You shall not molest or oppress an alien ...

NOVEMBER 26

Solemnity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, King of the Universe
Mt. 25:31–46

The Last Judgment



Visit www.chausa.org/homilies
for these homily aids.

For more information

Contact Brian Smith, CHA senior director, mission integration and leadership formation, at bsmlth@chausa.org or (314) 253-3503.

New Scripture Study

from
**Father
James
Martin**



Thousands of churches will celebrate Bread for the World Sunday on October 15 or another Sunday this fall — as people of faith work together to end hunger.

Rev. James Martin, SJ, editor-at-large of *America* magazine and author of the best selling *Jesus: A Pilgrimage*, has written a study on Matthew 22:1-14, the parable of the wedding banquet and the Gospel for October 15.

A Bread for the World Sunday guide is available to order — with notes about a children's sermon, prayers, and other suggested activities. Worship bulletin inserts in English and Spanish are also available.

To order
FREE resources visit
www.bread.org/sunday
or call 800-822-7323



breadfortheworld
HAVE FAITH. END HUNGER.

425 3rd Street SW, Suite 1200
Washington, DC 20024

www.bread.org
800-822-7323

XC17-AM

PREVENTIVE STRIKES ON NORTH KOREA FAIL JUST WAR CRITERIA

Three successive Kim regimes in North Korea have made an art of nuclear brinkmanship on the Korean Peninsula. The newest Kim, 33-year-old Jong-un, seems especially intent in recent months on provoking a response from the United States.

His latest attempt was North Korea's first successful launch of an intercontinental ballistic missile—one capable of reaching Alaska, according to defense analysts. It was probably not a coincidence that the North Koreans tested their most advanced missile as Americans celebrated Independence Day on July 4.

In a statement before an emergency meeting of the U.N. Security Council on July 5, the U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, Nikki Haley, called the I.C.B.M. test a “clear and sharp military escalation” and warned that such provocations “are closing off the possibility of a diplomatic solution” to the standoff in East Asia.

“The world is on notice,” she told the members of the Security Council. “If we fail to act in a serious way,

A Hwasong-14 intercontinental ballistic missile was successfully launched in North Korea on July 4.

there will be a different response.” The United States, she said, is “prepared to use the full range of our capabilities to defend ourselves and our allies.”

That military threat serves a worthwhile role, hovering above diplomatic pressure on the Kim regime, but the Rev. J. Bryan Hehir believes that even the expanding reach of North Korean missiles cannot morally justify a preventive strike by the United States at this time. The Trump administration, he adds, should remain careful about how it talks about a possible response to the unpredictable Mr. Kim.

Discussing Ambassador Haley’s comments at the United Nations on July 6, Father Hehir said, “I think people have to watch their words in this situation. It is not unlike the Syria crisis, where you say, ‘XYZ,’ and back yourself into a corner.”

Father Hehir is the secretary for social services for the Archdiocese of Boston and a professor at Harvard University’s John F. Kennedy School of Government. For decades he has been a key adviser to the U.S. bishops’ conference on peacemaking and international security.

From Father Hehir’s perspective, a hypothetical preventive strike against North Korea fails a test for moral legitimacy on three “just war” grounds: All other options to conflict have not been exhausted; the expectation of success is weak; and, finally, any U.S. strike would initiate a conflict that would lead to horrific non-combatant suffering.

It may be difficult for saber rattlers in Washington or on Twitter to accept, but patience and caution ought to continue to guide the Trump administration’s response, according to Father Hehir. “We have not satisfied the last resort criterion in that there are other ways to continue to deal with this problem,” he said. In terms of the probability of success, he points out that because its nuclear forces are hidden in cave bunkers or dispersed on mobile launching platforms “it is very hard to conceive of a use of force that would completely eliminate North Korean nuclear capacity.”

Finally, “Whenever you think of the use of force on the Korean Peninsula, the dominant [just war] category that stands out here is proportionality. That is, if there ever were a case where the use of force is justified, you still don’t fight a war that causes more harm than good.” It is hard to imagine, he explains, that containing North Korea’s hypothetical threat to the United States could be

morally balanced against the devastation a renewed conflict would cause to South Korea and Japan. “We have to take into consideration what could happen to our allies.”

South Korea’s capital, Seoul, with nearly 26 million people in its metro area, is a mere 35 miles from the demilitarized zone, where 70 percent of Pyongyang’s conventional military capacity is crowded. According to the U.S. Department of Defense, a second Korean War could entail 200,000 to 300,000 South Korean and U.S. military casualties within its first 90 days, in addition to hundreds of thousands of civilian deaths.

With the prospect of open conflict so unpalatable, the United States has little choice morally but to continue a “multidimensional and multilateral” economic and diplomatic campaign to encourage the North to change its bellicose ways, according to Father Hehir. Despite his strong belief that just war principles do not justify renewed conflict, Father Hehir does believe that military force has a key role to play in this geopolitical drama. As discussions continue, the threat of the possible use of military force should focus the North’s attention, he suggests. A similar deterrent threat, after all, kept the peace between the United States and the Soviet Union for decades.

“We spent 40 years [confronting] a much more powerful adversary and found a way through it,” he added. “That ought to be burned into the minds of decision makers” in Washington. The president’s personality and lack of background on geopolitical issues “certainly give one pause,” Father Hehir says, adding, “You cannot handle this situation with one-liners sent out of the blue.”

He hopes the president listens to more seasoned voices on world affairs in his administration, like Secretary of Defense James Mattis and National Security Advisor H. R. McMaster, as next steps are discussed, urging that those today clamoring for a more muscular approach to North Korea should be disregarded. “There were voices in the 1950s who called for the use of nuclear weapons with China and Russia,” Father Hehir recalled. “That would have been a disaster,” he said, “and we would have been condemned by history.”

There is still plenty of time and negotiating room, he argues, to avoid that fate today in Korea.

Kevin Clarke, *chief correspondent*. *Twitter: @clarkeatamerica.*

'Act justly, love goodness': Black Catholics in America

The Catholic Church in the United States has 71 million members, 2.9 million of whom are black. Representatives from that vibrant community met in Orlando in July for the National Black Catholic Congress. The series of talks, workshops and liturgical celebrations examining issues facing black Catholics has been held every five years since 1987. The event concluded with the prophet Micah's call to "act justly, love goodness and walk humbly with your God."

"We have to work together to get closer to God and to get closer to each other," says Tonya Dorsey, a speaker at the congress and the minister of music at St. Martin de Porres Parish in Philadelphia. "Once we treat each other with respect and dignity, people will be drawn to us."

One pastoral priority that emerged from the con-

gress was to "dismantle racism in all forms." That appeal followed discussion of the Black Lives Matter campaign, which prompted Auxiliary Bishop Fernand Cheri III of New Orleans to apologize to young black Catholics for abandoning the movement. "Partly, I didn't understand it, and by the time I did understand it, it was too late," Bishop Cheri said, responding to a frank dialogue on dissatisfaction with the church's handling of racial issues.

Part of the solution, suggests Ms. Dorsey, involves listening more to younger voices. "We've got to be open to our youth...They really want to be a part of the whole life of the church."

Anna Marchese, *America intern*

AUGUSTUS TOLTON

Augustus Tolton (1854-97) was ordained in 1886 and is believed to be the first black Catholic priest in the United States. He is now being considered for canonization by the Congregation for the Causes of Saints.



2.9 MILLION
BLACK CATHOLICS
IN THE U.S. EQUALS
3.8% OF THE TOTAL
CATHOLIC POPULATION

GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION

798 PREDOMINANTLY
BLACK PARISHES

74 IN LOUISIANA **38** IN TEXAS **33** IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

21,000 TOTAL U.S. PARISHES

6 U.S. DIOCESES
HEADED BY BLACK BISHOPS

ATLANTA • BELLEVILLE, ILL. • HOUMA-THIBODAUX, LA.
MEMPHIS • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO • BEAUMONT, TEXAS



U.S. CATHOLICS:

	BLACK	WHITE
ATTEND MASS WEEKLY	48%	30%
SAY THEIR SOCIAL NEEDS ARE MET BY THEIR PARISH	62%	41%
WOULD BE "UPSET" IF THEY NEEDED TO CHANGE PARISHES	41%	21%
WISH MORE OF THEIR FRIENDS ATTENDED THEIR PARISH	27%	7%

76% OF BLACK CATHOLICS DO NOT ATTEND A PREDOMINANTLY BLACK PARISH

31% HAVE FELT "UNCOMFORTABLE" BEING THE ONLY BLACKS IN THEIR PARISH

45% ARE SATISFIED WITH THE CHURCH'S EFFORTS AT PROMOTING RACIAL INCLUSIVENESS

A woman prays during the National Black Catholic Congress in Orlando, attended by more than 2,000 people. Father Augustus Tolton celebrated Mass at the first Congress in 1889; the group began meeting at five-year intervals in 1987. ▶

PARISHES THAT ARE AT LEAST 10% BLACK REPORT HIGHER WEEKLY CONTRIBUTIONS PER HOUSEHOLD (**\$11.34**) THAN THOSE WITH **NO BLACK MEMBERS (\$9.71)**.

CNS/courtesy Nancy Jo Davis, National Black Catholic Congress

Sources: population and weekly contribution data from Center for Applied Research in the Apostolate (2013), defining as black all who identify as black, African American, African or Afro-Caribbean, including those who also identify as Hispanic; parish data from U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops; polling data from National Black Catholic Congress (2011 survey).

► Opposition members wave a Venezuelan flag outside a poll station during a symbolic referendum in Caracas, Venezuela, on July 16.

Can Pope Francis help Venezuela step back from the edge?

Pope Francis made yet another call for dialogue to end the violent unrest in Venezuela, speaking at St. Peter's on July 2. What happened six days later in Caracas made some Venezuelan watchers wonder if he had summoned a minor miracle.

On July 8 the Venezuelan opposition leader Leopoldo López, who was jailed in kangaroo-court fashion three years ago for leading antigovernment protests, was released from a military prison and moved to house arrest to serve out the rest of his 14-year sentence. Some hoped the gesture was a signal Mr. Maduro might finally be ready to embrace the Vatican's outline for a negotiated settlement to the increasingly deadly standoff between that regime and the Venezuelan opposition.

Venezuela, the Western Hemisphere's most oil-rich nation, is spiraling through one of the worst economic collapses in the world today thanks to depressed crude prices and gross left-wing mismanagement. Since April, more than 90 people have been killed during massive antigovernment protests.

Rome is urging Mr. Maduro and his supporters—known as Chavistas after their revolution's late founder, Hugo Chávez—to hold free elections, release political prisoners and restore the democratic separation of powers they have mowed down. But the pope, who helped the United States and Cuba forge a historic rapprochement three years ago, would have to be a miracle worker indeed to extract any of those concessions from the Chavistas. They have ruled Venezuela for 18 years and, despite a near-90-percent public disapproval rate, still enjoy the support of the military.

In fact, say diplomatic sources, Mr. López's transfer resulted less from Francis' plea than from international condemnation of Chavista thugs who stormed the opposition-controlled National Assembly on July 5, Venezuela's independence day, where they bloodied a number of

legislators. The López "release," they say, was simply Mr. Maduro's grudging attempt to clean up the regime's image a bit as it moves ahead with a scheme to rewrite Venezuela's constitution.

Maduro announced that project, called the Constituyente, without the approval of Venezuelan voters, as mandated by the current constitution. The Chavistas, who plan to start the Constituyente process on July 30, are expected to grant themselves dictatorial powers similar to those the Castro regime exercises in Communist Cuba.

Many fear the Constituyente will only throw gasoline on Venezuela's flames. The opposition Assembly deputy José Gregorio Correa said, "An angry 90 percent of the population is not going to tolerate 10 percent imposing this fraud on them by fiat."

Which is why Venezuela's Roman Catholic bishops are issuing statements much less politic than the pope's. In July the country's top Catholic prelate, Archbishop Diego Padrón, followed Francis' appeal with a more exasperated declaration. Mr. Maduro's Constituyente, he said, "represents the institutionalization of a military, socialist, Marxist and Communist dictatorship."

Venezuela's crisis, Archbishop Padrón added, "is now a struggle between a government-turned-dictatorship and a people calling for freedom."

The opposition sponsored a symbolic plebiscite on the Constituyente on July 16. More than seven million Venezuelan voters, in Venezuela and expatriate communities around the world, issued a resounding no.

Turnout was especially strong in Miami, home to the largest Venezuelan enclave in the United States. More than 100,000 expats like Patty Fucci cast votes. "This is tangible proof for the international community of what the Venezuelan people want," said Ms. Fucci.

Tim Padgett, *Miami correspondent*. *Twitter: @TimPadgett2*.



El Paso bishop urges deportation halt until immigration is fixed

The bishop whose diocese sits on the stretch of the U.S.-Mexico border visited by Pope Francis last year is urging Catholics and elected officials to take action against “a dark night of fear and uncertainty” imperiling undocumented migrants living in the region.

“Our border community knows the reality of a broken immigration system,” Bishop Mark J. Seitz of El Paso writes in “Sorrow and Mourning Flee Away,” a pastoral letter published on July 18. In it he condemns “the militarization of our border” and calls for a “moratorium on the deportation of non-violent immigrants” until comprehensive immigration reform is enacted.

Bishop Seitz also announced the creation of a scholarship program for undocumented immigrants brought to the United States as children, known as Dreamers, to attend Catholic schools, and he announced that U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement and Border Patrol officers would not be allowed on diocesan property without a warrant.

The letter, which the bishop describes as “just the beginning of a deeper solidarity with the poor and excluded,” comes as Texas prepares to implement a new law aimed at dismantling so-called sanctuary cities and as the Trump administration moves forward with plans to build a wall along the U.S.-Mexico border.

Bishop Seitz told **America** he wrote the letter because he is concerned “the narrative of those who say that immigration is the cause of every problem in our country and that the border is a fearful place seems to be winning out.” In reality, he writes in his pastoral letter, the border is “beautiful, rich in history and culture, faith and natural wonder.”

“This is a place where people of many cultures, languages and nationalities coexist and thrive,” Bishop Seitz said. “I ask lawmakers and policymakers in other parts of the country to end the demonization of our border, our border residents and migrants.”

Discussing the plight of contemporary undocumented immigrants, he said, “They’re afraid every time they leave home, even to come to church sometimes.”

Much of the 13-page letter is addressed to El Paso Catholics directly. “As your pastor, I cannot ignore the stumbling block of a system that causes so much suffering among God’s people,” the bishop writes. “Misguided policies and walls are widening the divide between us and our sister city of Ciudad Juárez, deportations are separating parents from children, and harsh political rhetoric is causing fear in our parishes and neighborhoods.”

The Texas law that will punish communities that refuse to cooperate with federal immigration officers is set

CNS photo/Bob Roller



Bishop Mark J. Seitz of El Paso, Tex., touches the hands of people in Mexico through a border fence following Mass in Sunland Park, N.M., in 2014.

Catholic Relief Services responds to misery in Mosul

As the fighting subsides in Mosul and the final members of the Islamic State (also known as ISIS or ISIL) surrender or are eliminated by Iraqi military and coalition air strikes, many of the ruined city's remaining residents have fled to camps on the open desert.

According to Hani El-Mahdi, the country representative for Iraq for Catholic Relief Services, about 40,000 people made the dangerous passage out of the city in June and July. These "internally displaced people" had endured years of rule by ISIS militants, weeks of street-to-street combat and daily U.S. air attacks and ISIS bombings. Because Iraqi soldiers are worried about ISIS infiltrators and suicide bombers, those fleeing have had to abandon all possessions before making their way out of what remains of west Mosul: "This was the only way they could escape Mosul; they were not allowed to carry anything out."

Many have simply walked from the city to the desert camps, a distance of 20 to 30 kilometers, says Mr. El-Mahdi. Now they confront hunger, thirst and the desert's unforgiving sun. Temperatures have hit 110 degrees, he says. "The summer heat is brutal." More than 750,000 residents of Mosul have been displaced during the nine-month Iraqi offensive against ISIS.

Mr. El-Mahdi says C.R.S. staff are bringing food, water and "summerization kits" to the newly displaced. The relief packages include battery-rechargeable electric fans, ventilation equipment for tents, cooling containers for food storage and shielding from the sun. Once the immediate life-saving response ends among the newly displaced, Mr. El-Mahdi says C.R.S. will begin offering long-term programs, including education for children, to help normalize life in the camps.

Kevin Clarke, *chief correspondent*. Twitter: @clarkeatamerica.

to go into effect on Sept. 1. According to The Houston Chronicle, it mandates that local police inquire about immigration status during routine stops and levies penalties on sheriffs and police chiefs who refuse to cooperate. Several counties are resisting the law, and Texas bishops have opposed it.

In his letter, Bishop Seitz writes about the practical effects of the law, which he says would raise "the spectre of a mass deportation force," and he writes the larger community will be affected, as undocumented immigrants may be too afraid to call the police to report crimes.

He stopped short of joining the so-called sanctuary church movement, in which some houses of worship have promised to shield undocumented migrants from immigration officials, writing that he "would not offer false expectations of protection" to those facing deportation. Instead, he said, the diocese plans to train lay volunteers who will be part of a "rapid response team" prepared to help at-risk individuals navigate the legal system should they face deportation.

Michael J. O'Loughlin, *national correspondent*. Twitter: @MikeOLoughlin.



AP Photo/Felipe Dana

Iraqi civilians flee fighting through the rubble of destroyed houses in the Old City of Mosul, Iraq.

EVER
ANCIENT,
EVER
NEW



How ‘*caritas*’ and the ‘Confessions’ inspired my conversion

By Elizabeth Bruenig

Shortly before Easter 2014, my family visited me in the United Kingdom, where I was studying Christian theology at Cambridge University. I rode the train to meet them in London, where I planned to deliver the news to dad myself. Mom already knew. Months earlier, I had requested from her a copy of my Presbyterian baptism certificate, which she located and provided without judgment, reasoning that there were worse things a young person could get up to in a foreign country than converting to Catholicism.

It was late when I made it to their hotel, where I met them in an upstairs lounge. We caught up for a little while before I mustered my courage and came out with it.

“I’m converting to Catholicism next week,” I said. “That’s when we do it: Easter.”

At first my dad did not believe me. After all, why? To them, converting to Catholicism did not seem like something I would do. Up until that point my parents had thought of me as most parents of that era likely thought of their adventurous, college-aged children: leftist, radicalized by the 2008 financial crisis, inspired by the Occupy Wall Street movement, no ally of anything establishment or retrograde. They knew I was very religious, but conversion likely made even less sense to them given my strong faith: Why mess with a good thing?

In the Beginning

I was baptized as a child in a Presbyterian church my family attended for a time, but was raised Methodist. I liked my Methodist church, though I was not ever sensitive to its doctrinal uniqueness. I knew we believed in a kind of free will before I knew what sort of theological conviction that belief ran up against. I knew we relied heavily on the Bible, though we were not as thoroughly literal as others. I knew we believed in being kind and orderly and that our pastors were learned and gentle and trusted to guide and illumi-

nate, though each of us went alone before God.

When I left home for college many states away, I intended to keep up with my Methodist churchgoing but didn’t. Our Protestant chaplain was a profoundly humane Quaker with whom I spent a great deal of time, and in the light of our friendship I periodically attended meetings of the Society of Friends. I appreciated the authenticity and earnestness with which the Quakers pursued God and thought it appropriately humble to sit silently under the white beams of a New England meeting house and await him.

But I was restless. In the quiet of the meeting house I would let my mind circle around threads of Scripture, moving like a spiral, inward toward meaning. But as the spiral tightened toward a kernel of truth, difficulties began to snare the lines. Already I was reading raptaciously about the histories of the biblical texts: their journeys through translation and interpretation; their auditions for the canon and those that did not make the cut; the late additions and redactions. I had not been raised to think the Bible totally bereft of metaphor or allegory, but these were problems of authority, not interpretation. Who could say what was symbolic or literal, what was historical artifact and what was currently applicable instruction?

Protestantism charges the individual conscience with many, if not all, of these interpretive duties. The trouble, as I came to see it, is that while Scripture must contain at least some meaning that is stable over time, consciences are not. Not only do individuals change over the course of a lifetime, inclining them to different (though entirely honest) interpretations; people change as cultures change. And some of those shifts in society and culture have major ramifications for how (or whether) we understand the things we read.

Truth in Charity

Take, for example, the winding historical journey of *charity*. The word *caritas* appears multiple times in the

Latin text of the Bible and is usually translated into English as either “love” or “charity”; different translations of the same passages can feature either, as an attempted correction to the problem that follows.

The King James Bible renders 1 Cor 13:3 as “And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.” To contemporary readers, especially those outside the Catholic tradition, that verse may seem a little odd: How is it possible to give all of your possessions to the poor without doing charity? Doing so would appear to be the very definition of charity.

But the word has changed over time. As the scholar Eliza Buhrer points out, the original term Paul used was the Greek word *agape*; but, inspired by Cicero, Jerome, in the fourth century, translated it into Latin as *caritas*. That choice, Buhrer writes, “cemented the idea that *caritas* would forever be associated in some way with poverty,” though it certainly bore no such inherent association in its original Latin usage.

Thanks to Paul’s use of the term *agape*, early Christian writers (including Augustine, who never used *caritas* to mean almsgiving) were very cognizant of the difference between *caritas* and what we would now identify as charity. But throughout the middle ages, Buhrer observes, sermons and homilies on poverty began to conflate *caritas* with giving itself, and though the church would always distinguish between the two uses, they blurred in the popular religious imagination.

These days, *charity* in popular usage refers almost exclusively to almsgiving or other activities that support people in need; the less-apt reading of *caritas* won out. Thus, one often hears the popular talking point among politically conservative Christians that assistance as administered by the state *is not charity*, because it is compulsory—an argument meant to refute Christian arguments for state-funded welfare programs. This idea draws from both senses of *charity*, the antique and the medieval. On the one hand it suggests there is no moral imperative for Christians to pursue a robust welfare state because the Bible actually counsels love, something that cannot be coerced; on the other, it seems to accept that the term *charity* itself denotes the giving of goods.

It is possible to resolve the confusion: True, love cannot be coerced, and that which is given without love is not given in the spirit of *caritas*; still, it is entirely possible to



build political institutions that ensure humane conditions for the least of these out of *caritas*. In that case, the charity is not in the transmission of goods to the poor, but in the initiative to create a world where those transmissions reliably take place.

And yet, so much depends on one word and its tangled history. It seems unlikely that the average reader of the King James Bible can be expected to have researched and understood the different uses of *caritas*—I did not do so until graduate school—yet one would be ill-suited to grasp the full meaning of 1 Corinthians 13, not to mention the political discourse that rests on it, without having done so. We read words as we understand them, but words change over time, and so do we.

As a student, I became increasingly aware of the problems these textual knots posed for the way I had been taught to relate to God: How could I read my way to God by the light of my own conscience if I was not even entirely sure of the meaning of what I was reading, much less my ability to read it reliably? And in the course of all that confusion, as if by divine providence, a professor assigned St. Augustine’s *Confessions* in one of my classes.



Honest Confessions

I began to read Augustine compulsively. I devoured the *Confessions* and *City of God*, then moved on to his letters, his sermons, the *Soliloquies* and the *Enchiridion* and on and on. Some five million words of Augustine's writings survive, and I wanted to read them all.

I loved his clarity of mind, his incredible intellect, his dazzling charisma. I loved, as a young adult, all that intensity—the strength of his feelings for God and the world, his passion. But I also appreciated the service his writings provided in terms of navigating difficult texts: Without quite knowing it, I had begun to rely on the tradition of the Roman Catholic Church.

Tradition provides a chain of provenance beginning with the original biblical texts and extending down into our present year, with scholars and clerics reading their predecessors and puzzling out how to apply their thinking about God and his people to new questions that arise with time. Instead of leaving a single conscience to the knotty business of making sense of ancient texts, the tradition offers Christians a chorus of helpful coreligionists passing down insight over time. An individual's conscience plays a role, of course,

in her own interpretation of the tradition; but the weight of time and expertise are instructive, and they whisper through space and centuries that you are not alone.

I had been persuaded that this method of dealing with interpretation and authority made sense by my experience of Judaism. Early in my career at Brandeis, my predominately Jewish college, I had the privilege of taking a class with a rabbi who approached familiar texts with an inquisitive, demanding intellect, but also the company of several hundred interpreters, whose collective thinking bore weight and balanced the affective prejudices of modern readers against those of the ancients.

College is likely when most people come into Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, and though I had read them before I, too, found my interest in left insights into political economy refreshed around that time. And it made me all the more curious about Augustine, who seemed to speak for a manner of thinking that could critique and even reject the aspects of modernity that are corrupt without receding into sterile nostalgia or abandoning the witness of history altogether. The reasoning was just as flexible as it needed to be, and no more. It was beautiful, elegant even.

Early Christian writers, Augustine among them, thought deeply about the nature of creation. ▶



As a Protestant, I had learned that commentaries on Scripture were just that: the ephemeral striving of mere mortals, bereft of meaning in their own right, useful only insofar as they happened to be correct according to one's own judgment. But more and more I was convinced I could not carry out a Christian life by myself. I did not want to read and draw my own conclusions; I wanted guidance, clarity, authority. God had not seen it fit to leave Adam alone in Eden, nearer to God than we are now. He needed help, and God gave it to him.

I began to see God had already done the same for me. I just had to accept it.

Change of Heart

Plenty of converts to Catholicism prize the church's prudence when it comes to evaluating modern conditions. Because the church is a pre-modern institution, it does not take for granted many of the givens of modernity: that personal freedom ought to be endlessly maximized, for instance; that the most important goal in life is finding oneself; that politics and religion are two sharply and rightly separate spheres.

In an essay in 2005 about his conversion to Catholicism from Episcopalianism, R. R. Reno, editor in chief of the periodical *First Things*, wrote that "modern theology is profoundly corruptive. The light of Christ must come from outside, through the concrete reality of the Scriptures as embodied in the life of the Church. The whole point of staying put is to resist the temptation to wander in the invented world of our spiritual imaginings."

By modern theology Reno means the (mostly) liberal theology that rose up after the Enlightenment to defend Christianity from its cultured critics. In those defenses, however, Reno finds a profusion of mere theories—thin lattices of argumentation constructed to prop up denominations whose commitments, if not their doctrines, are compromised. "What my reception into the Catholic Church provided," Reno wrote, "was deliverance from the temptation to navigate by the compass of a theory." Instead of the ephemera of ever-generating theories, Reno found he could rely on the solid pre-eminence of the Catholic Church, whose internal life is marked by striking continuity with the past.

Ross Douthat, a prominent columnist for *The New York Times*, described his reasons for converting in similar terms in 2014. While Douthat noted that he could

"easily imagine [Andrew] Sullivan, or some of my other eloquent critics, regarding the remarriage-and-communion proposal as an ideal means of making their conservative co-religionists grow up, of forcing us to finally leave our fond medieval illusions behind and join the existentially-ambiguous, every-man-a-magisterium chaos of our liberal, individualistic, postmodern world," he suspected a reversal on the issue of divorce and remarriage could undercut what drew many to Catholicism in the first place: a long, documented historical integrity that has withstood political and social pressure to change.



"The Conversion of St. Augustine" (Detail), by Fra Angelico. Photo: Wikimedia Commons/Museo Thomas-Henry

Reno and Douthat, both of them sensitive and extremely learned critics of culture, religion and politics, are also (as one might expect of those with a healthy skepticism regarding modernity) political conservatives. I, with equal concerns about many of the conditions that make up the current political and social order, am not.

Part of the reason I found Catholicism's challenge to modernity so compelling was that it critiques aspects of our world that mostly go unquestioned, even by those who have disputes with liberalism in sexuality, marriage and so on. For me, the case in point was property ownership, the

underlying question beneath all our current debates about poverty and wealth.

Early Christian writers, Augustine among them, thought deeply about the nature of creation. God made our material world, of course, but what for? Knowing what the bounty of the earth was meant to achieve would help them figure out how to use it rightly, that is, in accordance with God's will for it and for us. In the view of the early church (and indeed, in the view of the church today), the world had been made and given to all people to hold in common to support their flourishing. "God made the rich and poor

Plenty of converts to Catholicism prize the church's prudence when it comes to evaluating modern conditions. ▶



from the one clay,” Augustine wrote, “and the one earth supports the poor and the rich.”

Property entered the equation with sin. Since people could no longer be trusted to honor the original purpose and use of creation, governing authorities were able to maintain order by dividing it up. But the church remained sensitive to the pre-property purpose of creation, and with its own authority (throughout the Middle Ages, for instance, ecclesiastical courts heard many cases regarding property and contracts) and power to persuade states and subjects, it urged vigilance against the tendency of the wealthy to amass more than their due, to the detriment of the poor. Individual actors departed from the counsel of the church, of course, but never succeeded in altering its doctrine to advance their own purposes.

But that changed after the Protestant Reformation. While Erasmus and Thomas More had each been meditating on the common ownership of all things just prior to the schism, Luther and his adherents took a different approach. Reacting to the radical communitarianism of the Anabaptists, the Reformers took the view that all things ought to be held in common as a thin veil for idleness, debauchery and sloth. With their assault on the authority of the established church, they sapped the moral force from the church's teaching on property, which was now up to each person to decide for himself; and with their remonstrance against the temporal authority of the church, they appointed the regulation of property strictly to the state, which was meant to order human affairs toward sober efficiency, not some final good.

In the years after the Reformation, increasingly strongly articulated and absolute rights to private property gained ground in European thought, finally flowering into “the rights of an individual to resist the extractions of both church *and* state,” according to the British historian Christopher Pierson in *Just Property*. If this situation sounds familiar, it is because it is the rallying cry of almost all those who resist efforts to broaden our country's support for its poor. Taxes, they say, are theft, and governments have no right to seek the good, only the maximal liberty of its client-citizens.

Yet the church remains firm, unmoved by this current in modernity. And while it is impossible to speak for all Protestants—and important to note there exists a vast array of opinions on property ownership within the Protestant tradition, some hewing close to the Catholic view—

the Catholic Church, at least, bases its position on property in a moral universe far more stable than that which has been constructed since the Reformation. And by the time I neared the end of my time in college, I had become convinced it was the only firm ground from which a Christian could fight back against the domination of the poor by the rich, against poverty, against the destruction of families and communities at the hands of businesses and their political lackeys, against a world stripped of meaning.

Confirmation

By the time I graduated from college, I knew I was not through with Augustine. I left for the United Kingdom at the end of my first summer out of college, where I would earn my M.Phil. in Christian theology, with a focus on Augustine. I studied under an Anglican priest and Christian socialist whose reading of Augustine deepened mine, and it was somewhere between our meetings that the seed that had been planted some time earlier came to fruition. When I told my tutor I intended to convert, it seemed like something I had already put off too long.

In retrospect, I do not remember my confirmation very clearly. I was confirmed during a very early Easter Vigil, around 4 a.m., in the Catholic chaplaincy at Cambridge University.

Photo: iStockphoto.com/Yi Xiang Yang



I walked to the chapel in the dark; it was cool and damp, and nightclubs were still releasing Saturday night's revelers in a trickle into the streets. By the time I reached the chapel I was awake on pure adrenaline, exhausted but alert. I was electrified and dazed throughout Mass, aware enough to remember the dreamy surprise I felt when I realized a professor of mine was holding the chalice I drank from for the first time, too tired to recall what she said to me afterward when we all gathered upstairs to celebrate.

When I went home that morning it was daylight—very bright, and all the mist had warmed to dew. My friends parted ways near the chapel, and I walked home through a few little alleys that rounded gardens where light-colored roses were already in full bloom. It is in my nature to wander, and I had never seen the streets so bright and placid before, but I was too worn out to linger.

I felt changed when I arrived back at my room, though everything seemed the same: a desperate pile of books by my bedside, a stack of xeroxed papers spread over my desk and the *Confessions* alone on my squat nightstand. I fell asleep contented, following the shape of the letters on its spine. It felt good to rest.

Elizabeth Bruenig, a contributing writer for *America*, writes about Christianity and politics.

*This isn't just about coffee!
It's about helping people!*

Our freshly roasted organic Arabica Colombian coffee is a wonderful side benefit. All profits go to our Catholic missions for projects to help impoverished people around the world. Your cup of Saint Basil coffee can help change a life. Join our all-volunteer team by purchasing your coffee at:

www.saintbasilcoffee.com

or call 713-880-9090



Our coffee is certified "fair trade."

Cup is not available for purchase.



DISCO

For migrants and Christians alike, the question 'Where are you from?' is haunting and elusive.

By Timothy W. O'Brien

THE MOMENTS OF HOME



Paris, France, AP Photo/Yann Korab/Sipa USA



You do not have to go far in or around Paris to encounter someone holding a sign with the French words “Famille Syrienne, S.O.S.”—Syrian Family, S.O.S.

“FAMILLE SYRIENNE. S.O.S.” These days you do not have to go far in or around Paris to encounter these words. Usually they are scrawled in black marker on a well-worn piece of cardboard, a makeshift banner tersely introducing a Syrian family and their plight. The sign is held gingerly in the hands of a family member, occasionally a parent, often a very young child. Sometimes the spelling is off here or there, a fact that only heightens the urgency of the request.

The venue can be most anywhere. Some families have set up camp under highway overpasses, seeking shelter where there is no silence. Still others populate the core train stations that bring millions to Paris daily for work or for pleasure, originating from around the country and from Europe beyond. Still others claim the sidewalk as their domicile, families of four on single mattresses under blankets inadequate against the winter cold. They are begging for pocket change in neighborhoods where a pair of shoes or a night’s hotel room can cost more than a flight from New York to Paris.

Some brandish their Syrian passports. The gesture is ingenious in its way, and symbolically rich. Occasionally it lets them across a frontier as perilous as any they have crossed to arrive here, the border of the passerby’s compassion. Showing that dark blue book says, silently, that

they are really Syrian, really fleeing, in the flesh, the horrors we see on the nightly news. Sometimes people press a coin or a folded bill into the palm of the mother or father. Most pass with gaze averted, that most practiced of Parisian arts. As with most problems before which we feel powerless, this is one we prefer to view in low-resolution.

A young woman far from home speaks to us softly as we pass: “*as-salamu alaykum.*” Peace be upon you.

•••

In a certain strand of the American imagination, France—and Paris especially—is the epitome of the expatriate dream. If home will no longer hold you, or you can no longer stand to be at home, it is the place you go. The motives for going are varied, and the names are storied: Beecher Stowe and Fenimore Cooper, Fitzgerald and Hemingway, Baldwin and Coates.

Upon departure, some are beset by a nostalgia that lasts until they regain American soil. For others that painful longing for home is absent. But in all cases and in every age, so far as I can tell, it is precisely the effort to be at home in France, to make a home where one has none, that shifts both how one regards the particular land of one’s birth and the very idea of “home.”

“*D’où venez-vous?*” It is a question I get a lot, having

CNS photo/Etienne Laurent/EPA

moved to France for part of my formation to be a Jesuit priest. Like so many others in the French capital region, I have the air of a foreigner. And though in terms of French proficiency, I am no Voltaire, “Where are you from?” is a question that most interlocutors think within my linguistic capabilities.

And it is, strictly speaking. Except that it is a very difficult question to answer. Because what they are asking is: where is your home, *chez vous*? To answer such a straightforward query with “*Ah, c’est compliqué*” is to risk appearing unnecessarily needy, overly dramatic or both. To answer: “Well, I was born outside of Philadelphia, where my family still lives. I left home at 18 for college in Massachusetts, worked in D.C. for a few years, and then in nearly nine years as a Jesuit have lived in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Maryland, with stints in a couple of foreign countries” is to risk appearing—to say nothing of actually being—somewhat neurotic.

“The United States. Philadelphia.” That’s my usual answer. And it is true, as far as it goes; I am just not sure how far that is. It elides the fact that I am actually from the suburbs. More egregiously, it ignores that I have not lived there for nearly 15 years. In other words, my breezy reply hides the elusiveness, the instability of “home.”

I am hardly unique in this. Many millions in the West have left home for school, for work or for love, not fleeing so much as seeking; and what they seek requires them to be elsewhere. The very concept of an “adopted home,” so prevalent among my friends and contemporaries, points ineluctably in this direction. We have tried to make a home, several even, in places where properly speaking we have none.

“We have to be about the business of life.” That’s my mother, momentarily turned Stoic sage, when she wants to deflect the mutually sore subject of the distance between us. This business seems to take us further and further from *chez nous*.

•••

What is true in the United States is perhaps even truer in France and in Europe more broadly. The principle of free movement of persons, that keystone of the European Union, means that in theory an Irish citizen is as “at home” in Paris as her French counterpart is in Dublin, or in Bucharest, or (until Brexit is finalized) in London. In other words, the question of home has orbited the union since its inception. The coherence of the project depends upon making one’s home as interchangeable as the euro

itself. This fluidity serves the common market, another pillar of the European Union by allowing human capital to move freely.

Easier said than done. In France, as elsewhere, the emergent European identity has been grafted onto an already knotty array of national questions. First is the perennial issue of the place and integration of immigrants into French society and culture. This, in turn, raises thorny issues around colonial legacies, race, language and—perhaps thorniest of all given French *laïcité*—religion. In other words, questions of European identity quickly become questions of national identity. This has been a persistent theme of France’s electoral politics this year. In the first round of presidential voting, after all, over 40 percent of voters cast a ballot for a candidate who—in one way or another—supports a “Frexit” from the European Union. In the second round, over 33 percent voted for the anti-E.U. candidate Marine Le Pen, one of whose slogans—“*On est chez nous!*”—can be translated as “It’s our home!”

It is to this already thick stew that we must now add the reality of mass migration, which includes, but is bigger than, the refugee crisis. Many who today seek a home in Europe are fleeing war, persecution or devastation—but not all are. And the movement of these several million migrants, whether labeled refugees or not, has been facilitated by the free movement of persons wrought by the European Union. Many of these persons arrive meaning to stay, and this despite considerable and perhaps insurmountable obstacles to integration.

Of course, when we set all this against the backdrop of a spate of recent terrorist attacks (Paris, Nice, Rouen) and a lingering sense of nonspecific threat (soldiers with big guns in public places), then we realize something important: The question of “home” is no longer orbiting European nations like France. It is haunting them.

•••

The city in which I live, Saint-Denis, is located just north of Paris. Outside France it is best known to soccer fans and Marie Antoinette enthusiasts. The Stade de France is here, built for the 1998 World Cup (France won), and the royal necropolis that is her final resting place is in the city’s gothic basilica. Saint-Denis is a place of flux and transition for those arriving in France or departing from it. On one hand, it is crisscrossed by the A1 expressway and the RER-B train line, which both serve the same function: to connect downtown Paris with Charles de Gaulle Airport, the main gateway to the country. On the other, it is a city

of immigrants from all over the world who have come to make a new home in France.

In December, the urban park built above the submerged A1 became the site of a pop-up migrant camp. The authorities had, to put it politely, discouraged their prior residences in Parisian parks. Their continued migration to Saint-Denis, by contrast, seemed rather encouraged. Some had been at Calais, in the most recent of several so-called jungles, among the thousands hoping to reach the United Kingdom. The camp here grew quickly: 50, then 100. Eventually, it topped out at around 500 human beings. Almost all of them were living under small, worn camping tents. The park became a scrim of blue, red, green and purple stretched between the brown earth and the slate December sky.

Volunteers from the neighborhood mobilized quickly, providing some sort of breakfast each day. In the evenings more organized groups often arrived with a hot meal. Early one night after the encampment had taken root, I accompanied another Jesuit, French by birth, to survey the situation not 50 yards from my front door. There were a lot of tents, and many people doing what people usually do. Some were talking and laughing, bobbing around makeshift fires trying to stay warm. Others were eating and drinking. And a few were performing the bodily functions that eventually result from such activities.

When we turned toward home, a resident from an apartment building overlooking this scene approached us. He had seen us conversing with those who were serving dinner. Not incorrectly, he took us to be among those sympathetic to the plight of the migrants, inclined to help in what ways we could. Incorrectly, because we did not fit the racial profile typically associated with either a migrant or a Saint-Denis resident, he took us to be from somewhere else.

“Good evening, gentlemen,” he began, extending his hand in what would soon be revealed as an ironic gesture of *politesse*. “I live here in Saint-Denis, and I just want to thank you for helping turn our struggling neighborhood into a place where migrants piss and shit in front of our homes.”

A fusillade of vague allegations followed, delivered with passion and conviction. (*They might be terrorists. I've heard that in some of their cultures raping children is standard practice. And have you heard how they treat women where some of them are from?*) We were awash in a stream of hyperbole and stereotype, the kinds of things said to justify the fear and anger we sometimes feel, but that only show that we are afraid and angry and reacting according-



ly. They are the things often said about the “other,” whoever that might be. But having them shout at me—and not 10 feet from the nearest tent—quicken my pulse. I felt my face flush. I had the sudden urge to say something.

But I was tongue-tied, struck dumb not so much by his tirade as by my blunt-force French, uniquely unsuited to this moment. Fortunately, my fellow Jesuit spoke for me, for us. They were relieving themselves in front of our home, too, he said. Our neighbor was impervious to this fact. Likewise, he was unmoved by our reminder that these people had abandoned their homes and risked their lives to arrive in a place where they did not speak the language and had no network of support. People who are not desperate do not do such things. He could have added that whatever our feelings about public urination or defecation—and may I say that, generally, I am opposed—there are such things as extenuating circumstances.

Reminded by my fellow Jesuit of their plight, and told of our felt duty to offer some form of assistance, our neighbor said something that has been seared in my mind ever since. Still caught in the full heat of the moment, he shot back instinctively and no doubt sincerely, “That is not my problem!”

An uneasy silence fell. After such a definitive proclamation, no one seemed to know what more to say. He left



French police evict Syrian refugees from a camp on Sept. 13 in a park they set up next to the Church of St. Ouen in Paris. “Do not abandon victims” of conflicts in Syria and Iraq, Pope Francis said.

us shortly thereafter. We finished our walk home.

If it seems, in my retelling of this story, that I am treating this gentleman harshly, I assure you this is not my intent. Some of his concerns, hyperbole aside, are quite valid. Our care for the displaced cannot be taken to mean that community development, property rights, public sanitation and public safety somehow cease to matter. The exercise of charity, if charity it be, is never a zero-sum game.

“That is not my problem,” he said. And, to my surprise, I loved him for saying it.

But why? After all, this is the kind of statement that makes it easy to disregard this man and his concerns, to caricature him into oblivion. Doing so would set up a tidy conclusion to this kind of essay. Given my religious context, such a tactic might involve a quote or three from Pope Francis on the urgency of hospitality or the problem of indifference; better still, it might invoke his example of welcoming migrants into the Vatican. In any case, I would be the hero of that story. And, were you to agree, we would share that cozy mantle of righteousness.

This would be far too simple and—given that reality is seldom that way—almost certainly false.

“That is not my problem,” he said. The fact is, this was what I myself had thought silently as I walked around the

camp just a few moments before. “This is horrible,” my mind whispered. “And how is it my problem?” It was also what I had said less explicitly earlier in the day—and the week and the month—as I averted my gaze from yet another passport-bearing family in the train station on my way to class. “Too bad, but how is this my problem? And anyway, what can I do?”

“That is not my problem.” It was perhaps the only thing my neighbor could have said capable of bridging the space between us. Because when he said this, he showed me myself. And I loved him for it, though I did not particularly love what I saw.

•••

Faced with complexity, whether a thorny political reality or the messiness within and without, we instinctively opt for clarity and simplicity. This is especially true when we feel powerless or hopeless. When we are afraid, in other words. Such simplicity may involve supporting defensive political gestures that leave underlying issues unaddressed. As often, and perhaps at the same time, it involves disengagement or apathy.

“Fear is not a Christian habit of mind,” Marilynne Robinson has written. This is true, and so is the fact that fear, whether justified or not, is an extremely powerful mo-

tivation—even among Christians, myself included—even, judging by the recurring themes of human history, in supposedly Christian lands. I daresay that fear is a more familiar principle of action than self-sacrificing love. Alas, these themes do not seem in imminent danger of exhaustion.

All the same there are good reasons to question whether “home”—as a stable concept, something definitively achieved—is a habit of mind common to human beings in general, and Christians in particular.

We need only think of the former American expatriate in France, Ernest Hemingway, holding his shotgun on the way to a home he never found here below. We need only think of Abraham and Moses, claimed by many as “forefathers in faith.” The first left his home on the promise that a new one would be shown to him, the second died with a long sought-after home finally on the horizon. The theme is recurring: “We have here no lasting city, but we seek the one that is to come.” That’s the writer of the Letter to the Hebrews.

And it was Jesus himself who, unlike foxes and birds, had no place to lay his head. He thought this important enough to tell his disciples up front. The question of his first followers, “Master, where are you staying?” is met not with a postal code but with an invitation: “Come and see.” What they saw was the road.

There are differences between the rootlessness of the disciple and the rootlessness of those in the West who leave home seeking degrees, loves and jobs. Still, both are free choices. This freedom, or more precisely its lack, is in turn what distinguishes the plight of the person living under a tent in Saint-Denis. Physical need here replaces social mobility, privilege or a sense of vocation. We miss this difference at the risk of spiritualizing the inhumane, or—worse still—blessing it. The same Christ who uprooted his disciples still taught them to welcome the stranger and to shelter the homeless.

And yet, for all the differences, the fact remains that home is our shared problem.

Ironically it is migrants themselves who seem to retain the strongest faith in what is sometimes called the European dream, a dream they pursue with their lives as collateral. Recent events in my homeland suggest that much the same may be said for its American counterpart.

But more ironic still, and most telling for my point, is that my interlocutor on that December evening, the one so tenaciously staking claim to his home, was himself a foreigner. He was an immigrant of African extraction. In

fact none of us, not myself, not my neighbor, not even the French Jesuit I was with, was a native of the particular place we were claiming as “our home” on that frosty night. Home united us, even as it so palpably divided us.

What we fear, what I fear, in the face of the migrant or the refugee might not be so much their foreignness but rather their familiarity. They give flesh and blood to the quest for home, that most elusive of realities these days.

•••

My unquiet silence continued for the rest of that evening as I returned to my apartment. As the camp continued to grow, the quilt of multicolored tents became visible from my bedroom window—until Dec. 19. That morning, as volunteers peddled coffee and tea and baguettes, police began to gather at the edges of the camp. Like the migrants, their presence grew quietly and gradually and steadily. Eventually about 200 officers began the task of once again relocating those present—to shelters, this time. Temporary, of course.

In departing, the migrants were made to leave their tents behind. For a short time the camp was a ghost town populated only by those perfect symbols of the need, the lack, the ephemerality of home. For weeks they had offered a daily reminder that in addition to a physical necessity, home is a spiritual hunger, something longed for, grasped after. The problem with such spiritual hungers, and their beauty, is that they very often go unfulfilled. We know them only in reaching for them and in finding that they elude us.

Just days before Christmas, the tents were efficiently dismantled by workers in white hazmat suits. Then they were destroyed.

Temporary fences were erected around the park where the camp had been, their stated function to keep erstwhile inhabitants from returning. The fences were there for several weeks—longer, ultimately, than the migrants themselves. For us who remained, they marked an absence, but not only that. The fences sketched in chain link the contours of our problem: We assert our own sense of home by denying one to others. This is darkly ironic, if well attested in human history. But the particular inflection of this problem today, in France as much as in my homeland, is that we deny to others what we ourselves are seeking but have not found.

Timothy W. O’Brien, S.J., is a graduate student in theology at Centre Sèvres, Paris. Twitter: @tob_sj.

A Luther Renaissance in Catholic Thought

How Catholics learned to avoid polemics and look at Luther differently

It has been 500 years since Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses to a church door, and 50 years since this piece examining how Catholic historians understand Luther appeared in the pages of America. The spirit of ecumenism and mutual appreciation that—happily—now characterizes much of Protestant/Catholic dialogue is a relatively recent development in that history. William W. MacDonald pointed out in this article that by avoiding polemics and trying to understand Luther in the context of medieval Catholicism, Catholic historians had something new to offer for both Catholic and Protestant understandings of Luther.

This article appeared as “Luther and Catholic Historians,” on Oct. 21, 1967. The full text can be found at <https://www.americamagazine.org/section/vantage-point>.

Less than a generation ago, Luther was often blindly condemned as a sex-ridden fallen monk who had deliberately imperiled the papacy, shattered forever the unity of Christendom, distorted religious truths and somehow seduced millions of Europeans into embracing his heretical doctrines. Today, however, many Catholic theologians and philosophers, men like the late John Courtney Murray and Michael Novak, have acknowledged that Luther was a compassionate man of great human qualities and a profoundly spiritual thinker who was driven to revolt by worldly and incompetent Popes and by a corrupt Renaissance Church, which was trading upon its monopoly of salvation to exploit its members. At the recent Vatican Council, which accepted many of Luther’s ideas—including the vernacular liturgy, the supremacy of Scripture and the concept of the visible Church as the people of God who all share in the priesthood of Christ—it was reported by an American magazine that delegates were greeted with a picture of Martin Luther with a caption that read: “In your heart you know he’s right.”

Nowhere has this Luther renaissance in Catholic thought been more prevalent than in Catholic historiography. In a truly admirable spirit of co-operation and goodwill, contemporary Catholic historians are avoiding the bitter polemics that characterized previous Catholic interpretations of Luther and are turning their attention to the study of the basic, dynamic qualities of the religious, political, so-

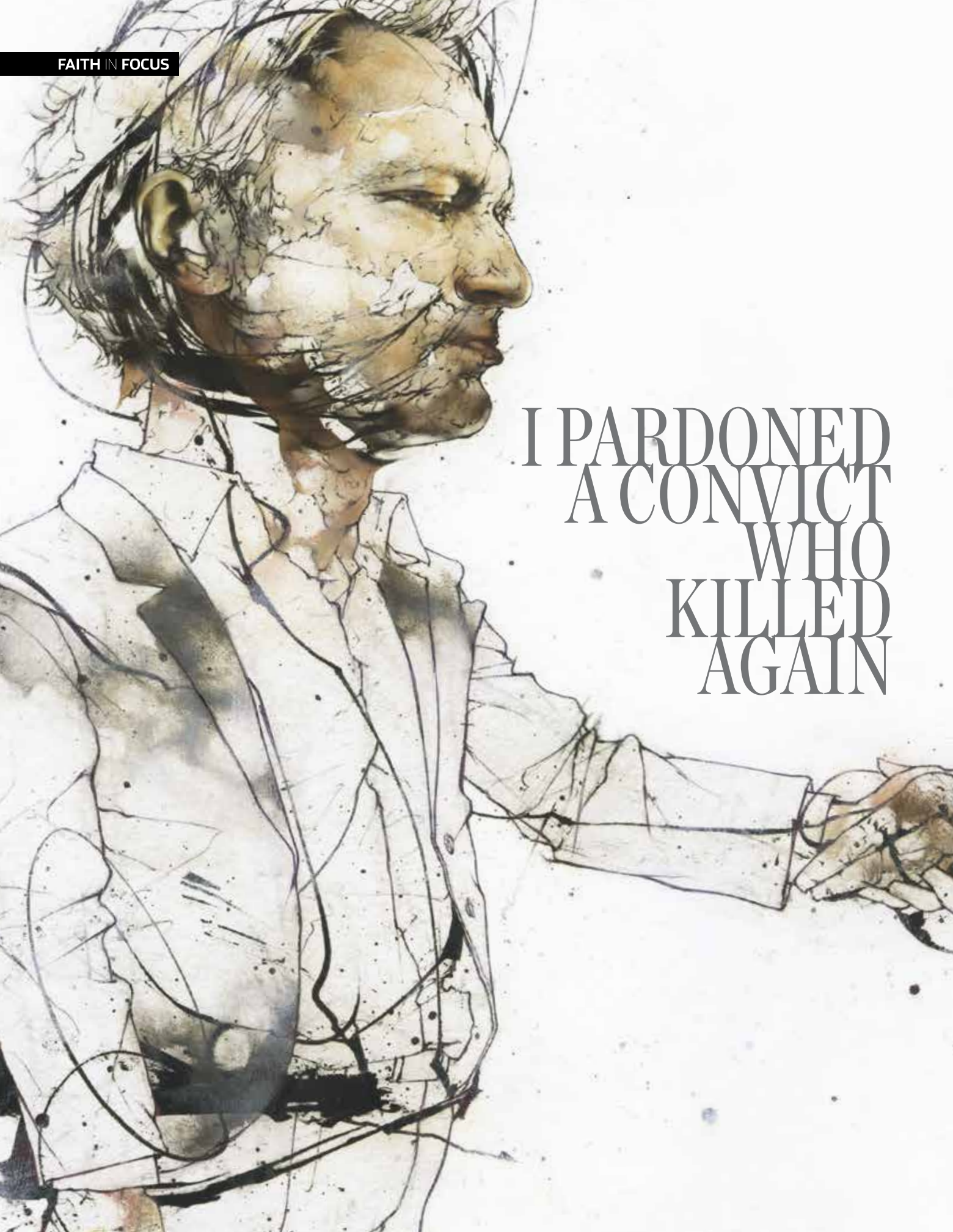
cial and economic conflicts and currents of the Reformation age.

•••

This renaissance in present-day Catholic historiography on Martin Luther has had a tremendous impact upon Reformation scholars, both Catholic and Protestant. It clearly indicates to Catholics that Luther was a complex individual who defies simple characterization; that the Reformation he began cannot be fully understood in terms of good and evil, right and wrong, black and white; and that Catholics must face the facts of corruption in the Church if they wish to comprehend the background to Luther’s religious revolution. Protestant historians, on the other hand, especially Gerhard Ritter and Jaroslav Pelikan, are today writing about Catholicism before and during the Reformation with sympathy and understanding.

Here is, I think, the crux of the problem of earlier historiography on Martin Luther: just as some Protestant historians weakened their arguments by exaggerated praise, so the Catholic historians weakened theirs by exaggerated condemnation. Thus, perhaps the two greatest contributions of Catholic historians to Reformation scholarship are their placing of Luther in the setting of medieval Catholicism and their correction of the godly image of Luther that flourished from the works of effusive Protestant admirers.

William W. MacDonald was an assistant professor of history at Lamar State College, Beaumont, Tex.



I PARDONED
A CONVICT
WHO
KILLED
AGAIN



*Here's why
I still believe
in mercy.*

By Mark S. Singel

Art by Andrew Zahly

In October of 1994, I had an eight-point lead in the race for Pennsylvania governor. I was serving as acting governor at the time, while Gov. Robert P. Casey underwent a double-organ transplant to treat a rare liver and blood disorder. With just four weeks to go before Election Day, my chances looked good.

Out on the campaign trail, I received an urgent call from my campaign manager.

“Do you remember a Reginald McFadden?”

A chill covered me like a bucket of ice from head to toe. Of course I remembered him. Two years before, as a member of the State Board of Pardons, I recommended that Mr. McFadden, who was serving a life sentence for murder, be released from prison.

This can’t be good, I thought.

THE CRIME

In Pennsylvania, the Board of Pardons was created to prevent the buying and selling of criminal pardons following an era of considerable corruption. It also provides a “safety valve” for the criminal justice system for those instances in which the judge and jury simply get it wrong.

The main purpose of the board, though, is to temper justice with mercy. In the overwhelming number of cases, the facts are not in dispute. It is not the role of the board to retry each case but simply to determine if a prisoner or applicant is entitled to a second chance.

Most of those votes help clear the record of folks who had done something stupid earlier in life—offenses like shoplifting, small drug possessions. But “lifers” also appear before the board and ask that their sentences for truly heinous crimes be commuted. Poring over the horrible details of these crimes and balancing them against applicants’ progress and suitability for clemency was one of the most difficult assignments I had as lieutenant governor.

In August 1992, the board considered the case of Reginald McFadden.

Mr. McFadden and three accomplices broke into the home of an elderly woman 23 years earlier with the intention of robbing her. Surprised to find the woman at home, they bound and gagged her while they robbed the house and escaped. She was found dead the next day, and Mr. McFadden and his accomplices were arrested and charged with murder.

While Mr. McFadden acknowledged that the victim suffocated as a result of the gag on her mouth, he consistently maintained that they never intended to commit murder. He was 16 at the time of the robbery and made good use of

his time in prison. He received various academic degrees and certificates and completed programs in drug, alcohol and stress management.

The board heard from numerous experts, including psychiatrists, wardens, the commissioner of corrections and the judge who imposed the original sentence that Mr. McFadden was an excellent candidate for commutation. One wrote: “Mr. McFadden has grown up, received his education and undergone a major religious conversion in jail. The inmate has earned an outstanding institutional record, and his discharge plans are realistic.”

There was additional information that was known to the board but never made public: Mr. McFadden had assisted corrections personnel during two days of rioting that occurred at the Camp Hill prison in 1989. He had identified some of the ringleaders and put himself in jeopardy of retribution as a result.

The board was also assured that Mr. McFadden had strong community support and had a job waiting for him after he served an additional two years under halfway house supervision.

With all of this factored into the decision, the board voted 4 to 1 to recommend a commutation.

In March 1994, Governor Casey signed the order that commuted Reginald McFadden’s sentence to the 24 years that he had already served in Pennsylvania prisons. In July, Mr. McFadden reported to a community corrections center in New York for a gradual return to a society.

THE CONSEQUENCES

Three months later, I learned how Mr. McFadden had used his new-found freedom just as the media was issuing its teasers for the 6 p.m. news:

The Pennsylvania Governor’s race took a tragic turn when Reginald McFadden, who was pardoned by the state Board of Pardons two years ago, was arrested for the rape of a suburban New York woman. He is also a suspect in the murder of a 78-year-old woman from Long Island.

I barely had time to return to my office in Harrisburg to face the cameras with my statement:

In 1992, the Board of Pardons, on which I sit, recommended to the governor that Reginald McFadden be considered for a commutation. The governor accepted that recommendation, and in June,

McFadden was released. I voted for that recommendation. I regret that decision more than any other in my career. I made a mistake that I deeply regret. My prayers and condolences go out to the victims and to their families.

I was too numb to recall the questions I received from reporters. I do remember pointing out that the pardons process was painstaking—but it is not perfect. “These are terribly difficult decisions,” I said. “Based on the evidence and recommendations we had, it seemed like the right thing to do. I’ll have to live with that mistake for the rest of my life.”

The political fallout was immediate and brutal.

My opponent went into full attack mode and overnight had a political ad on every television station in the state all but charging me with Mr. McFadden’s crimes.

Within a matter of days, my eight-point lead in the polls had become a seven-point deficit.

Several key aides to my campaign wanted to go on the attack. They wanted to shift the blame to the governor, who actually signed the commutation. They wanted to remind folks that Mr. McFadden was the killer, not me. They wanted to expose my political opponent as an opportunist for distorting the facts in such an outrageous, Willie Horton way.

Instead, we lowered our campaign guns. There were real consequences to my vote for Mr. McFadden. One woman was raped and another killed. I felt the pain of those families and could not pretend that I was not partially responsible. I was tired of sniveling politicians who could not stand by their own decisions. I was determined to win the hearts of minds of the people of Pennsylvania directly and honestly. If that meant losing an election, so be it.

WHY MERCY

I have had 25 years to reflect on my decision to recommend clemency for Reginald McFadden. Given the ease with which political opponents can twist compassion into weakness, providing second chances to known criminals is always a risk. Why did I take that leap of faith on a convicted murderer?

I was raised in the Byzantine rite of the Catholic Church, one of six siblings in a family of modest means. My parents instilled in us the importance of kindness, charity and cooperation—all essential virtues for a fair distribution of chores and a reasonable chance of equal dinner portions. And every day, we attended a Slavonic liturgy that taught us to ask one thing: *Hospodi Pomiluj*. Lord, have mercy. The refrain was sung by a choir or chanted by

the congregation more than 50 times at each Mass.

Having so often petitioned a gracious God for the blessing of mercy, how could I deny it to others? Some might say mercy belongs in the realms of family and faith but has no business influencing the actions of a government official. But I believe forgiveness is in fact a requirement of civilized society.

St. John Paul II understood this. In 1981, he was shot by Mehmet Ali Agca in St. Peter’s Square. The pope—with fragments of a bullet still lodged in his abdomen—visited his assailant in prison and offered him forgiveness.

Nelson Mandela spent decades in a cell for his opposition to apartheid. When Mandela was inaugurated as president of South Africa in 1994, he invited his jailer to the ceremonies.

Franklin D. Roosevelt eloquently expressed the American brand of this compassion at the Democratic National Convention of 1936, where he outlined the mission of a great and generous country: “Better the occasional faults of a government that lives in a spirit of charity than the constant omissions of a government frozen in the ice of its own indifference.”

It was a spirit of charity that led the Board of Pardons and the governor to give Reginald McFadden a second chance. The decision likely cost me the race for governor. It cost Mr. McFadden’s victims and their families infinitely more, and to them I am deeply sorry.

But as much as I regret that fateful decision, I cannot accept the alternative: a government and a society that looks with cold indifference at those who have turned their lives around and who languish in our overcrowded prisons. Too often fear and hatred drive our reactions to tragedy, and the result is only more pain, more violence, more suffering. For me, mercy and compassion are more than personal options. They are the antidotes to that fear and hatred. They are the underpinnings of what can make America not only great but good.

Mark S. Singel served as lieutenant governor and, for a period of time, acting governor of Pennsylvania between 1987 and 1995. He is the founder and president of The Winter Group, a government relations firm. Mr. Singel has been married to Jacqueline for 41 years and has three children and three grandchildren.



Watch America Media’s video interview with Mark Singel at americamagazine.org/pardon.



*Henry David Thoreau:
a man of solitude
seeking connection* By Ryan Harper

Thoreau is concerned with the labor required of and on a self: an individual working out his connections to people, places and processes.

I have come to Walden in many seasons. My last visit occurred on a brisk autumn day, when I discovered some locals swimming in the pond. Dipping my toe in the water, I was surprised how well kettle ponds hold their heat, even at such a late date. Not all bodies do so.

Like many Americans, my first exposure to Thoreau occurred in high school. My language arts textbook excerpted the famous passages from *Walden, or Life in the Woods*: those lines about simplifying, hearing a different drummer, advancing in the direction of one's dreams. At the same time, I was immersing myself in all kinds of adolescent ego literature, that favored genre among young white American men who fancy themselves exceptional, independent and worthy of independence. Among the canonical texts were William Ernest Henley's poem "Invictus," Ayn Rand novels and a handful of Ralph Waldo Emerson's essays.

This literature can encourage hesitant but promising young people to follow their individual visions. But it also can stunt growth. The flimsiest volumes in the genre rarely discuss the process of self-cultivation (what it takes to nurture a self worth relying upon) or how to balance individualism with piety (how to rightly relate one's individual visions to the sources of their being). Were one to judge by Thoreau's deployment in school textbooks, or on motivational posters and internet memes, his work would seem just this flimsy—and for that reason harmful.

The United States has more than our share of stentorian, self-proclaimed self-reliers—career individualists who produce little but platitudinous talk about individualism. Out of their mouths, the rhetoric of non-conformity and self-reliance licenses gross inattention to history, to the environment, even to the selves on which they claim to rely. If such people read, it is not surprising to find adolescent ego literature functioning for them as devotional literature well into what is called their adulthood. If Thoreau's words merely decorate the playrooms of grown children, his burial is long overdue.

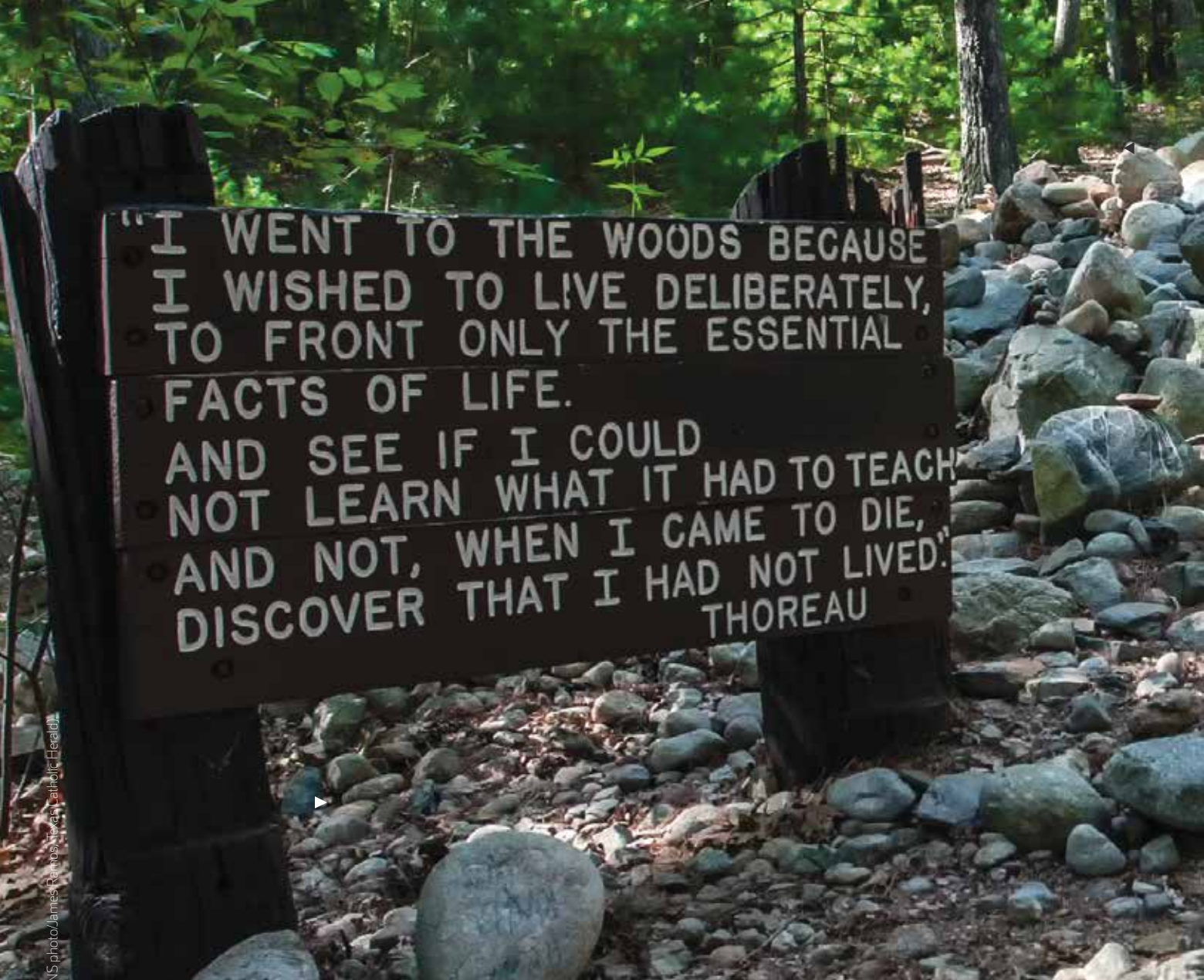
But laboring with Thoreau requires turning all of the leaves—not simply the plucked quotations, not simply *Walden*. While *Walden* gives us plenty to discuss as a self-contained work, it is important to remember that Thoreau was seeking to live a fully integrated life. Every part was to inform and complement the others. Not all that transpired during Thoreau's residence at the pond—Walden the Experiment—appeared in *Walden*. During Walden the Experiment, for example, Thoreau completed *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, was jailed for refusing to pay his poll tax and took one of his long excursions to Maine. In the seven years between the conclusion of Walden the Experiment and the publication of *Walden* the book, Thoreau visited Cape Cod and lectured regularly. Through it all, he kept his journal, which functioned as a site to test undeveloped ideas

but also possessed some of the same extravagant conceits one finds in his published works. Thoreau was always experimenting in partial view of his neighbors. Where did any of his experiments begin or end? How much was contained and released at Walden, or in *Walden*?

Thoreau is turning 200. I am approaching 40. I cannot tell how old my country is, or if it is maturing. I am thinking about *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, and I am thinking about Walden the Experiment. I am turning new leaves—not so much abandoning Thoreau's great literary work as surveying Walden's broader topography, in search of all arable tracts. Read alongside one another, Thoreau's works disclose aspects of his methods and aspirations that are often latent in any solitary work. So examined, his enterprise does not reduce to juvenile navel-gazing. Thoreau's full experiment is a record of self-reliance coupled with piety. The man is concerned with the labor required of and on a self: an individual working out—and out of—his connections to people, places and processes. It is not precisely solitary work.

•••

Were Thoreau a simple idolater of his own vision—in Emersonian language, a "mean egotist"—episodes of disorientation would not be so central to his reports. For example, Thoreau's *Cape Cod* essays are filled with miscalculations. Shipwrecks are everywhere. Thoreau and his friend Ellery Channing find themselves mistaken for two robbers who



NS photo: James Ramos, Texas Catholic Herald

are wandering the peninsula, and Thoreau constantly must render an account of his true identity, never certain if the account will land. Thoreau the surveyor has difficulty calibrating distances on the continent's edge; the ocean, the sand and the lights refract each other in unpredictable ways.

While Thoreau is confident in *Cape Cod*, maybe even cocky at times, his is the confidence of non-attachment—the sort that permits his vision to be adjusted and corrected. He loses nothing by being confused, and

he does not hesitate to invoke figures whose measures exceed his own. Consider the final lines of the essay “Highland Light,” when Thoreau is verging on an evening of sleep in a house below a lighthouse:

The light-house lamps a few feet distant shone full into my chamber, and made it as bright as day, so I knew exactly how the Highland Light bore all that night, and I was in no danger of being wrecked. Un-

like the last, half awake and half asleep, looking upward through the window at the lights above my head, how many sleepless eyes from far out on the Ocean stream—mariners of all nations spinning their yarns through the various watches of the night—directed toward my couch.

Thoreau seems not merely untroubled but grateful for the “daying” of his night. The ordinary moment



The Walden cabin site is marked by a cairn of stones and a wooden sign quoting Henry David Thoreau.

upended by tricks of light holds the promise of revelation for those willing to receive it. The individual who tells us in *Walden*, “morning is when I am awake and there is dawn in me,” seems so inclined, at any hour.

But this is not entirely an individual’s hour. Thoreau’s *Cape Cod* revelation involves other people. Thoreau has described the lighthouse keeper’s duties in the preceding paragraphs; we know that another man illumines Thoreau’s private chamber. The keeper’s light casts itself toward Thoreau and a

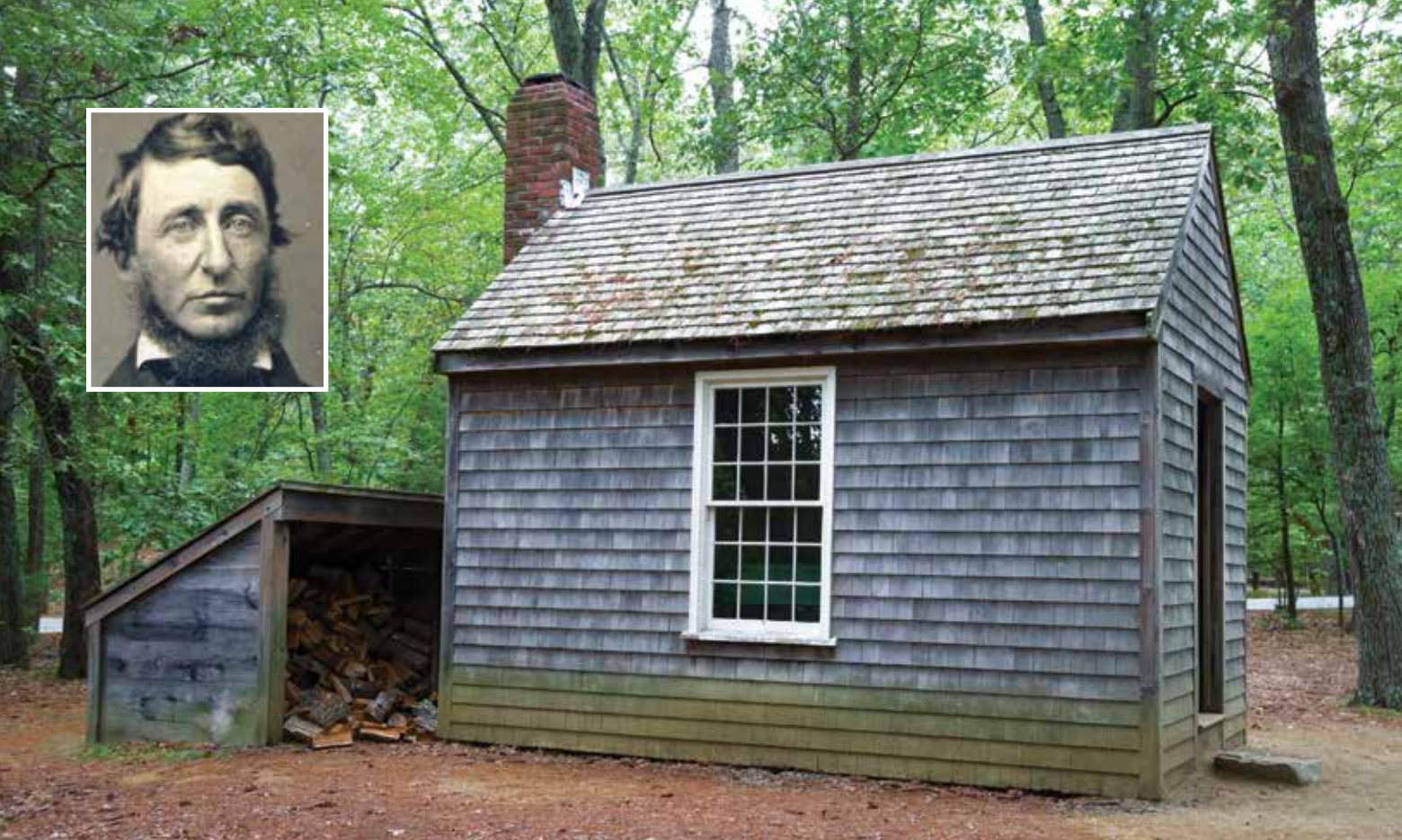
broad swath of humanity at sea, whom Thoreau does not so much see as sense by meditating on the lights above. Calling attention to their duty as watchers of the night, Thoreau implicitly links the mariners to the prophetic “watchmen” of Hebrew Scripture: Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. The Thoreau of *Walden* is certainly attempting to enact a prophetic vocation: to be fully wakeful, to “wake his neighbors.” But on this night in Cape Cod, it is others who are sleepless. The mariners outpace and elude Thoreau, the would-be prophet

who tells us that, of late, he has been but half awake.

Thoreau does not completely cede his own prophetic calling to these fully awake watchers. He remains somewhat full of himself. But Thoreau is working out his calling in light of others’. The watchmen bear witness to his place of repose, calling him to task.

•••

“Mean egotists” are not sensible of a power that they cannot countenance, whose presence is overwhelming. The Hebrew prophets are again instruc-



tive: Direct encounters with the divine yield woe, confusion and fear. Those who experience simple self-exaltation are probably false prophets. In the “Ktaadn” essay in *The Maine Woods*, Thoreau is ascending the great mountain and becomes, again, disoriented:

I stand in awe of my body, this matter to which I am bound has become so strange to me. I fear not spirits, ghosts, of which I am one...but I fear bodies, I tremble to meet them. What is this Titan that has possession of me? Talk of mysteries!—Think of our life in nature,—daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it,—rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! the solid earth! the actual world! the common sense! Contact! Contact! Who are we? where are we?

As on the Cape, Thoreau is a bit full of himself: Who else in Scripture encountered some power on a mountain whose presence he could hardly bear? But unlike his approximate peer Walt Whitman, who tends toward moral satisfaction and personal delight when he is overwhelmed by measureless creation, Thoreau seems unsettled. Spiritual heir to the Mid-Atlantic Quakers, Whitman believes in the goodness of all creation, which softens the blow of apparent dissonance in such moments. Whitman is frequently awed; he is rarely mortified. Thoreau’s immediate spiritual ancestors are New England Puritans; creation might be good at its root, but the dissonance is substantial. Ascending Katahdin, Thoreau experiences every substance, even his own body, as a vast enigma. He verges on terror.

“Who are we? where are we?” This does not sound like a man who has a sentimental, simplistic view of

the self. Subjects and objects converge as Thoreau, possessed by “this Titan,” feels himself being absorbed in and by the material mystery of the universe. First-person pronouns become pluralized; this is not one man’s absorption. At the same time, Thoreau discloses at least a felt otherness, a distance between subjects and objects, that persists even in their convergence. Thoreau is capable of feeling spiritual connections with nature, but here his relation to the world as flesh—“the solid earth! the actual world!”—proves harrowing, barely untranslatable. Incarnation is mystery. “Contact! Contact!”—maybe a celebration, a lamentation, a command, a distress signal or some unaccountable combination. In any case, Thoreauian self-examination is a reckoning with the earth, with touching bodies.

•••

This season I visited Walden again.

- ▶ Laboring with Thoreau requires turning all of the leaves—not simply the plucked quotations, not simply *Walden*.

Standing several feet away from the replica cabin, the bronze Thoreau is staring at his left hand, walking away from his abode. Thoreau's final experimental act here was departure. He hypothesized in *Walden* that he could hold the heat of his pondside dwelling even after he released himself from it. He could hold the heat because of what he had kindled there and what he had

disciplined himself to absorb—in solitude, not in isolation, independence along with piety. The same man tells us in *Cape Cod*, “when your lamp is ready to give light, it is readiest to receive it.” Two hundred years after Thoreau's birth, I realize that *Walden* amounts to more than a private *Life in the Woods*. In 2017, I hear Thoreau calling us to an individualism more connected in its

solitude, more attentive to its sources. It is ours to take up the labor, to put away the childish things.

—————
Ryan Harper is a visiting assistant professor in New York University's religious studies program. He is the author of *The Gaithers and Southern Gospel: Homecoming in the Twenty-First Century*.

I would be remiss if I didn't consider the possibility of gratitude

By William O'Leary

For my friend Bruce, who believes in lists

For the brackish water, and electricity
That charge our thoughts and spines.

For the woman who made the first pot.

For fish I have seen in clear water
In dreams that are the uncaught words of poetry.

For charity, joy, peace, patience
That have always roamed the woods in front of me.

For the slow speech of stones.

For the colors of sky and sea
That meld on certain evenings, letting slip
The ghosts who bring us to our prayers.

For wells and all things watery, including biting snow.

For believing in Adam and Eve
And Sister Mary John Francine who called them
St. Adam and St. Eve
And all the believing that followed.

For Wordsworth, who first called Space Time's brother.

For the geometries of arms and legs
That bring our hearts to breathe.

For vows of marriage, vows of silence, vows
Of chastity that bend the starlight to the earth.

For nicotine, money and air conditioning.

For holy names and graves.

For the time it takes
To see the men and women
I've despised men and women again.

For the grace of growing old
And thinking that it's wisdom.

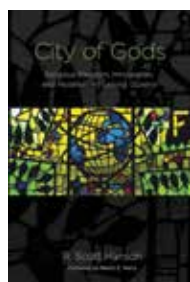
For that share of intimacies
I don't share with words
But recollect with sadness and content.

William O'Leary practices law in Dearborn and Downriver Detroit. This poem was a runner-up in *America's 2017 Foley Poetry contest*.



"How much pluralism...can a pluralist society stand?" Flushing, N.Y., may be an ideal place to explore questions asked by John Courtney Murray, S.J., some 50 years ago.

Dispatches from America's ethnic enclaves By Paul Moses



City of Gods
Religious Freedom,
Immigration, and
Pluralism in Flushing,
Queens

By R. Scott Hanson
Foreword by Martin E. Marty
Fordham University
Press. 336p \$35



Irish-American Autobiography
Religious Freedom, The
Divided Hearts of Ath-
letes, Priests, Pilgrims,
and More

By James Silas Rogers
The Catholic University
of America Press. 208p
\$24.95

One of the best assignments in my 23 years in daily journalism came when I covered the local religion beat at New York Newsday in the early 1990s. It licensed my curiosity to explore religion at the grassroots in an era of intense immigration that was reshaping New York City.

I met a lot of interesting peo-

ple—the 17-year-old Hindu priest in Queens, for example, who, when beaten up in a case of mistaken identity, agreed not to press charges in exchange for the opportunity to lecture his assailants, who were Christians, about the teachings of Jesus.

But as much as I saw of the city's diverse religious life during those years (which I wrote about in *America* in 1993), I realize I missed a lot. That was my reaction to reading R. Scott Hanson's new book, *City of Gods*, which explores the extraordinary religious diversity of the Flushing section of Queens. He understands what he sees with the depth and context of a religion scholar and has a good reportorial eye. It makes for a delightful journey through American religious history and into the future, as witnessed in the streets of what the author says is the most religiously diverse community anywhere.

Flushing has the feel of an Asian city (70 percent of the population is Asian); and with 72,000 people living in or near its pulsating downtown, it is

big enough to be a small city. According to Hanson, it has more than 200 houses of worship within 2.5 square miles, including over 100 mostly small Korean churches, six Hindu temples, two Sikh gurdwaras and gathering places for Falun Gong members, Jehovah's Witnesses, Mormons and Catholics.

Flushing is probably best known as home to the 1939 and 1964 World's Fairs, the New York Mets and the location of the fictional traffic accident that is a turning point in the novel *The Great Gatsby*. But it is also the site of a landmark event in U.S. religious history, the signing of a document in 1657 called the Flushing Remonstrance. It came about after the strict Calvinist governor of the Dutch New Netherland colony, Peter Stuyvesant, directed the town not to harbor Quakers and then had a man who violated the order arrested and tortured.

Thirty town officials, none of them Quakers, responded by signing a document that declared "the law of love, peace and libertie" extended to "Jews, Turks and Egyptians, as they

Photo: iStockphoto.com/s70

are considered the *sonnes of Adam*.”

The 300th anniversary of this statement of religious freedom was much celebrated in Flushing in 1957 at a time when organized religion was at a peak. The community’s religious breakdown of Protestant-Catholic-Jewish—the “triple melting pots”—reflected the great migrations of the 19th and early 20th centuries.

The most important part of the book comes in the ensuing chapters on the ethnic transformation of Flushing following passage of the Immigration Act of 1965, which removed legal restrictions created amid the rise of nativism in the 1920s. Hanson writes that he became determined to explore fundamental questions about religious pluralism.

He takes his intellectual cue from John Courtney Murray, S.J., who saw societal value in religious pluralism but wondered about its limits, asking: “How much pluralism and what kinds of pluralism can a pluralist society stand? And conversely, how much unity and what kind of unity does a pluralist society need in order to be a society at all?”

Hanson sees Flushing as an ideal place to explore the questions Father Murray asked some 50 years ago. “Nowhere are so many different religious traditions concentrated in such a small geographic area,” he writes.

Along the way, we learn much about the religions that make Flushing home, particularly on nuances of Hinduism seen through the various temples located there. There is pushback and some anti-immigrant sentiment from the community in reaction to “the unchecked proliferation of places of worship.” Hanson finds that crowding people from many different ethnic

groups in close proximity can lead them to seek privacy rather than mingle.

Despite the neighborhood conflicts that emerge, Hanson’s conclusion is mostly optimistic. “The story of Flushing suggests that there may be no limit to how much pluralism a pluralist society can stand,” he writes. “In general, this small, densely populated neighborhood with over two hundred different places of worship has not been torn apart by ethnic and religious conflict but instead has been characterized mainly by a history of civil coexistence.”

Citing the work of the political scientist Robert D. Putnam, Hanson suggests that the lack of community unity in Flushing will change over time; he predicted more civic engagement over several generations.

City of Gods is a timely book because it provides a framework for understanding current controversies over immigration. Hanson’s conclusion echoes the title of Roger Sanjek’s 1998 book about the demographic change in two other neighborhoods in northern Queens, Elmhurst and Corona, *The Future of Us All*. Hanson writes: “The microcosm of world religions in Flushing may be a unique, extreme case, but its story runs parallel to the larger American story.”

Another angle on ethnicity emerges in James Silas Rogers’s *Irish-American Autobiography*. In this case, the question is whether ethnic identity can persist “despite all the forces of homogenization.”

Rogers contends that there is still “a distinct Irish identity in America,” and that it is revealed in memoir and autobiography. His aim is to “persuade readers that the story of the Irish in America is in some ways

the story of an ‘ethnic fade’ that never quite happened.” (His focus is on Irish Catholics.)

I would like to think that he is right, but there is a substantial body of social science on what sociologist Richard Alba labeled the “twilight” of ethnicity among Americans of European ancestry. Rogers takes up the challenge of showing otherwise.

Whether he succeeds in making this point is in the eye of the beholder, but he makes the journey interesting. His keen analysis covers books ranging from that of the boxer John L. Sullivan, *Life and Reminiscences of a 19th-Century Gladiator* (1892), to Frank McCourt’s *Tis*. He treats the television comedy “The Honeymooners” as “Jackie Gleason’s Memoir of Brooklyn.”

Rogers, who is editor of *The New Hibernia Review*, notes that the *New York Times* writer Dan Barry delves into the importance of Irish music in his effort to connect to his Irish heritage, which his parents downplayed. Music is indeed one of the ways that Irish culture survived British repression, and it is perhaps the best way for it to survive the perils of assimilation.

Rogers says that the 2004 memoir *Pull Me Up*, by Barry, who was raised on Long Island, may be “the first great memoir of suburbia.” The account of Barry’s work is one of the points where Rogers best makes his case that Irish Catholics will continue to feel the pull of their ethnicity.

This is a question that won’t go away: It already looms before Flushing’s post-1965 immigrant generations.

Paul Moses is the author of *An Unlikely Union: The Love-Hate Story of New York’s Irish and Italians*. *Twitter: @PaulBMoses*.

How to build a better preacher

Thomas J. Scirghi, S.J., an associate professor at Fordham University, is a renowned academic expert and a master of the art of preaching. His inspiring vision can be succinctly put: “Preaching is the act of talking to people about Jesus Christ.” The old story is told in a new way when the Scriptures are opened to us. Those hearers whose “hearts burn within them” are moved to action in their daily lives.

Scirghi recognizes how much preparation good preaching requires. He offers wise and practical guidelines for how to proceed—and how not to. Preaching differs from impersonal lecturing or theological commentary—even on church or community concerns. Preachers should never “leave

Jesus in the sacristy.” Nor are they called to be entertainers, especially not by relying on joke books. Yet humor and laughter have an important role.

Crafting the homily begins with personal listening and spiritual reflection. Research in theological commentaries may open the meanings of the day’s Scriptures. What personal insights, experiences and meaningful stories come to mind? No rote reading of someone else’s prepared sermon can substitute for firsthand witnessing.

The organization and words of the homily must be carefully wrought. Scirghi recognizes that the gift of language gives unique glory and power to humankind. Since we are embodied creatures, physical rehearsals always improve performance. Attention to voice, stance, timing, use of notes and eye contact produces better performance.

Scirghi ends his compact book with a discussion of the special challenges involved in preaching at weddings and funerals. In brief: Don’t let celebrating God’s story in Jesus become lost, either to a eulogy of the deceased or to the sentimental social ritual of the bride and groom’s special day.

Scirghi fearlessly defends his convictions with his characteristic dry humor. So was he teasing when he stated without comment that they use powerpoint presentations at funerals in Australia? One thing is for certain: By that point his readers will be longing to have this book delivered to and absorbed by every parish in the land.

Sidney Callahan is the author of many articles and books on psychology and religious life.

From Jonathan Edwards to Billy Graham

The Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist and historian Frances Fitzgerald has written a 700-plus page account of the evangelical movement. She begins her account in the middle of the 18th century with the first Great Awakening and ends with the 21st-century revivals. Her major argument is that Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield set the tone as preachers who rejected the intellectual dissections of the Bible by Anglican and Puritan ministers, replacing them with emotional appeals to the heart.

Fitzgerald’s dispatches on every major evangelical moment from Edwards to the Scopes Monkey Trial of 1925 take up less than a third of the book. Her real focus is on the post-

World War II evangelical movements, as reflected in the book’s subtitle: *The Struggle to Shape America*.

After surviving the Great Depression of the 1930s and World War II, the nation was ready for a religious revival. Enter Billy Graham, a country boy from North Carolina whose revivals pitted Christian Americans against the atheistic Communists. Later came Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority, Pat Robertson of the Christian Broadcasting Network, and the mega-church and theme parks of Jim and Tammy Bakker. These preachers believed that the banning of school prayer, the practice of homosexuality, the legalization of gay marriage and, most important, the legalization of abortion “would bring God’s wrath” upon the country.

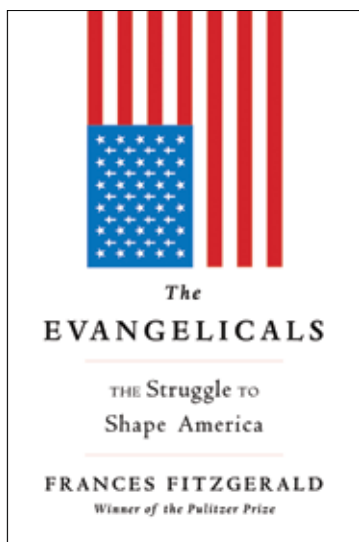
Fitzgerald writes that the evangelical movement became politicized

during the presidential campaign of 1976, when the candidate Jimmy Carter and President Gerald Ford both claimed to be born again. But Fitzgerald believes the evangelicals have lost their clout today. The younger generations view the presence of women in the workplace as normal, accept homosexuality and same-sex marriage and do not care what bathrooms L.G.B.T. persons use. Only the abortion issue remains. The changes are unsurprising, given that unaffiliated Christians outnumber evangelicals among millennials.

Larry Madaras is a retired college history professor and co-author of Taking Sides in United States History.



Longing to See Your Face
 Preaching in a Secular Age
 By Thomas J. Scirghi
 Liturgical Press. 130p \$15



The Evangelicals
 The Struggle to Shape America
 By Frances Fitzgerald
 Simon & Schuster. 752p \$35

Fixing the capitalist system

In 2016, for the first time ever, the Democracy Index of the Intelligence Unit (E.I.U.) of The Economist dropped the United States from the highest category, “full democracy,” and rated it a “flawed democracy.” To many of us, it does indeed appear that the United States no longer believes in its own capacity to lead the world toward greater freedom.

In *The Fate of the West*, Bill Emmott harshly criticizes President Trump, but not from the usual standpoint of left-of-center outrage. Rather, he illustrates why the administration should be equally odious to the classical free-market conservative.

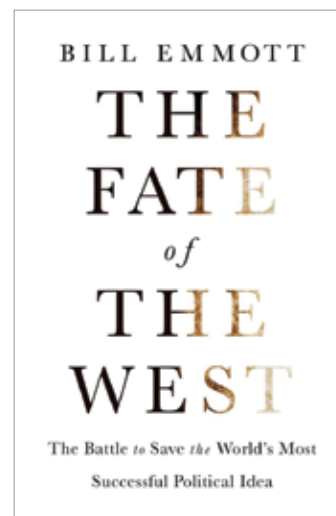
Emmott is a liberal in the 19th-century, John Stuart Mill sense. The “West” that he describes embodies Millian principles: free speech, free markets, equal political rights and only such government intervention as will preserve those conditions. Mr. Emmott is troubled by economic disparity, not for its own sake but because it gives the wealthy an unequal voice in political affairs, thus solidifying class distinctions and hampering social mobility. He also considers Mr. Trump’s retreat from international cooperation and hostility to immigrants puerile and self-defeating. Yet Emmott also favors deregulation and praises Margaret Thatcher. He does not want to scrap the capitalist machine.

Emmott strikingly argues that, in a healthy society, equality must be promoted not only among races and genders but also between young and old. He perceives, correctly, that the vast majority of U.S. social spending (Social Security, Medicare and so

on) acts to subsidize older citizens at the expense of the younger—and this as Western populations are steadily aging. He warns persuasively that countries must raise their minimum ages for retirement and eligibility for public pensions to avoid drowning in public debt.

Bill Emmott has written a wise and reflective book, but his writing style is prolix and drab. Sadly, he also says nothing about climate change, a problem that neither democracy nor capitalism is well suited to address. As the planet warms, enthusiasm for his worldview, which dates from the very Industrial Revolution that set that warming in motion, seems likely to cool.

John Matteson is an English professor at John Jay College of Criminal Justice and a winner of the Pulitzer Prize.



The Fate of the West
 The Battle to Save the World’s
 Most Successful Political Idea
 By Bill Emmott
 The Economist Books. 288p \$36.50



‘Will’ explores the genesis of genius and Shakespeare’s Catholic roots

“Shakespeare” by any other name—the Earl of Oxford, Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe—would still be the reigning genius of the English theater. The play really is the thing. Does it matter who wrote “Hamlet” or “Macbeth”? Our fascination with the artist often serves to obscure the art.

And yet the story of Shakespeare himself is eternally appealing because we want to know what confluence of circumstances or chance or divine blessing could produce such a towering figure. Also, we love a mystery.

Shakespeare is certainly that. We know he was a husband, a father, a businessman, an actor, certainly a politician; his take on history was often tailored to appease the Tudors. But during the years leading up to his first appearance in the records of the London stage (1592), we do not know much else. It is into this befogged period of Shakespeare’s life that “Will” presumes to fill in the historical blanks. The TNT series portrays the young playwright as, among other things, an adulterer, an

opium smoker, an acquaintance of Bacon and Sir Walter Raleigh and an ambitious climber with literary immortality in his crosshairs.

He is also a Catholic. Like any historical fiction worth digesting, “Will” is grounded in facts, and one of the accepted facts about Shakespeare’s life is that he came from Catholic people. He may even have had a Catholic marriage. But he was also a member of the Anglican Church, and despite what are viewed by scholars as clues to his beliefs within his plays, he kept his religious cards close to his vest. Did we mention he was a politician? Maybe he was just a survivor. Being a Catholic under Elizabeth I could get one hanged, or drawn and quartered. Among the victims of Elizabeth’s Protestant zeal are the Forty Martyrs of England and Wales, canonized by Paul VI in 1970. One of these, Robert Southwell, S.J., is a major player in “Will.”

Southwell, the Jesuit, poet, clandestine missionary and saint, was, it seems, distantly related to William

Shakespeare, though in “Will” the relationship is immediate and familiar. Southwell (Max Bennett) regularly dragoons Will (Laurie Davidson) into the resistance. In accord with the quite justified paranoia of the Catholic faithful who surround the charismatic Southwell, Will is regularly roughed up and interrogated by fuming “Popists,” who suspect he may be a spy. That any of this might have actually happened seems the furthest of possibilities, but the violence here is realistic—perhaps too realistic.

The, shall we say, “variations” on history committed by “Will”—including a soundtrack that includes The Clash and David Bowie—do make for colorful, captivating drama and provide an undertow of tension on which the rest of the plotlines nimbly navigate.

Said devices include Will’s introduction to the Globe Theatre and its habitués, who include Richard Burbage (Mattias Inwood), based on the real-life actor with whom Shakespeare would enjoy a successful and profitable

The story of Shakespeare is eternally appealing. We want to know what confluence of circumstances, or divine blessing, could produce such a towering figure.



partnership; his sister, Alice (Olivia DeJonge), with whom Will enjoys a different kind of partnership; and his father, James (Colm Meaney), the builder of the Globe and a fulminating critic of all things Shakespeare. He will learn.

One of the intriguing things within the scripts for the series are the Shakespearean allusions; Episode 1 is called “Towards Die Many Times,” which is not quite the line from “Julius Caesar.” Neither is the observation by the foppish Christopher Marlowe (Jamie Campbell Bower) that “the fault lies in my astrology,” to which Will replies, “Perhaps the fault lies not in your stars but in yourself.” One can see the budding playwright absorbing, digesting and reworking what he hears, and what we hear is the verbiage of 1589 London becoming noble. We can only assume, as the chapters roll out, that the same thing will happen to the unformed subject of “Will.”

John Anderson is a TV critic for *The Wall Street Journal* and a contributor to *The New York Times*.

Cosmic meditations from Sufjan Stevens

On June 9 the record label 4AD released “Planetarium,” a new album from the singer-songwriter Sufjan Stevens in collaboration with Nico Muhly, Bryce Dessner and James McAlister. While the conceit of the 17 tracks is a meditation on the celestial bodies of the solar system, the album is very much about humanity. The cosmos is treated not so much as a natural wonder as a source for myths that serve the drama of the human search for meaning. The album’s soundscape creates liminal spaces between the sacred and the profane, the mundane and the cosmic, prompting us to consider how we finite creatures want to live in the face of the infinite.

As a theologian, I am most interested in Stevens’s poetic lyrics, which fans have long admired for their rich layering of Christian, Greek and Roman mythic imagery over the writer’s narrative storytelling and autobiography. In the final three-song sequence, the story of humanity is refracted through the light of our Anthropocene era. The instrumental “In the Beginning” leads into “Earth,” the 15-minute track at the heart of album’s narrative arc. For all the meaning we cast onto the heavens, Earth is where

“living things refuse to offer/ Explanations of their worth/ We in turn avenge the Author/ With paranoia and prediction/ Exploration, competition/ Ceremony, inner anguish/ Lord, I pray for us.”

In “Mercury,” the final track, people are as quicksilver as the Roman god. There is no set answer, no known future for the many crises of our own design. But we are reminded that each person is a “Carrier, friend” of our divine and earthly histories. The track’s final words, “Where do you run?” are both a question and a warning: How will we choose to use our potential for ourselves and for the Earth?

Like any effective piece of art, “Planetarium” recasts the work we have before us. Maybe it would be better if more of us saw the project of theology itself as a planetarium in the cosmology of salvation. Then we might stand a greater chance of remembering, for the sake of creation, not to make too much of ourselves in the face of the infinite.

Christine E. McCarthy is a doctoral candidate and teaching associate in the department of theology at Fordham University.



“Planetarium” is a meditation on the celestial bodies of the solar system.

Tune Out the Noise

Readings: 1 Kgs 19:9-13, Ps 85, Rom 9:1-5, Mt 14:22-33

Matthew wants to show us Peter's walk. Although similar narratives appear in Mark and John, only Matthew includes the account of Peter walking on water. Here Matthew shows us one of his favorite themes: grace conquering fear. Matthew took an account that affirmed Jesus' divinity and crafted it into a lesson on the power of faith.

Jesus progressively reveals his divinity in these chapters of Matthew's Gospel (Mt 14:15-17:8). Today's narrative comes immediately after the feeding of the 5,000. Hostility to Jesus continues to increase even as his fame spreads. Several of his wonders confuse his closest disciples, especially his two miraculous feedings of crowds, his walking on water, the healing of the Canaanite woman's daughter and the transfiguration. The confusion and fear that characterize the disciples in today's reading give way through these events to deeper faith, which reaches its climax in Peter's confession that Jesus is the Christ (Mt 16:13-20).

As a first step to similar faith, Matthew teaches Christians to leave security behind. Humans will cling to the flimsiest refuge. To follow Christ, we have to venture out into the full fury of life's storm and leave our fantasies of security behind. We know we can do this because the same Jesus who summoned Peter to leave the boat remains with us today, challenging us to do the same.

Too often we let the storm drown out the summons. Perhaps we confuse the noise with God. In our first reading, Elijah has to ignore phenomena worshiped by other nations—fire, earthquake, wind—before he could encounter the God of Israel.

Perhaps we know the noise is not God, but we forget that God is stronger. Peter was in Jesus' own presence. He saw Jesus walk on water and heard him say, "Come!" Even this was not enough for him to ignore the storm. He was a sailor, and he knew the danger of a storm at sea. He had no comparable memory or skill to help him understand how to walk on water.

Many today worship noise. When we pursue power, wealth, fame or ego, we fashion and adore idols of noise,

When he saw how strong the wind was, he became frightened. (Mt 14:30)



PRAYING WITH SCRIPTURE

Have you ever done something that seemed impossible?

What are your "gods of noise"?

How can you tune out the noise to hear Christ?

petty gods whose thundering demands allow not a moment of rest. Just as likely, we find ourselves in Peter's condition: followers of Christ and recipients of his grace who still hesitate before the fume and froth of the world's storms.

We may sink a few times in the process, but we can rely on Christ to teach us to walk on water. This practice will take many forms. The rookie volunteer who teaches a sixth-grade religion class is walking on water. The college graduate who joins a service corps to perform works of mercy in a tough neighborhood is walking on water. The Knights of Columbus who endure isolation and misunderstanding to promote the Gospel of life are walking on water. The Catholic Worker arrested for advocating peace is walking on water. The parents who choose—sometimes against the advice of doctors—to give birth to a handicapped child are walking on water. Peter's walk, however brief, led immediately to the rescue of his fellow disciples. Like Peter's, our acts of faith, shaky as they might be, will help effect the salvation of others.

Michael Simone, S.J. teaches Scripture at Boston College School of Theology and Ministry.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH



CATHOLIC
INITIATIVES

(jesuit)ical

Introducing a new podcast from the young(ish) lay editors of America Media.

ashley

olga

Each week, hosts Ashley McKinless, Olga Segura and Zac Davis bring listeners a smart, Catholic take on faith, culture and news (often over drinks).

zac

You can find Jesuitical on iTunes, Americamagazine.org or wherever you download your favorite podcasts.

Listen today!

America | MEDIA
A JESUIT MINISTRY



Annual Pilgrimage/Retreat TO CENTRAL AMERICA FOR BISHOPS, PRIESTS, BROTHERS AND DEACONS

January 15—26, 2018

We invite you to pray with us at the shrines of modern-day martyrs in the lands where they gave their lives: Blessed Archbishop Oscar Romero of El Salvador; Bishop Juan José Gerardi of Guatemala; Servant of God Father Stanley Rother, diocesan priest from Oklahoma City who served in Guatemala; the four churchwomen and six Jesuits and their companions murdered in El Salvador.

Contact:
Claudia Velardo
Maryknoll Fathers and Brothers
P. O. Box 302
Maryknoll, NY 10545-0302
Telephone: 914-941-7636, Ext. 2689
cvelardo@maryknoll.org

For further information and to apply online:
MaryknollPilgrimage.org



Great Is Your Faith!

Readings: Is 56:1-7, Ps 67, Rom 11:13-32, Mt 15:21-28

Two Gospel narratives reveal that Jesus' ministry extended even to Gentiles. One is today's story of the Canaanite woman and the other is the healing of the centurion's slave. The Canaanite woman also appears in Mark, and the centurion appears elsewhere only in Luke. Only in Matthew's Gospel do both narratives appear.

The account of the Canaanite woman thus appears redundant at first. Matthew has already established that a true Israelite is someone with faith in Jesus' message (Mt 8:10). Matthew makes a few changes to Mark's version of today's Gospel that allow him to make a claim even stronger than including Gentiles in Jesus' ministry. The Canaanite woman's stubborn prayer is a genuine example of the faith of Israel.

Matthew reworks Mark's narrative in a number of ways. He transforms Mark's discursive prose into a full-scale dialogue. This is significant, since, in the ancient world, the dialogue form indicated a search for the truth. Matthew's change tells us that the conclusion had implications larger than the story.

Another detail unique to Matthew is the epithet "Son of David" that the woman uses for Jesus. David was a shepherd, and this royal title evokes the responsibility of the ancient kings to keep the nation whole. God's speech in Ez 34:16 echoes some of those duties: "The lost I will search out, the strays I will bring back, the injured I will bind up and the sick I will heal."

'Lord, help me.'
(Mt 15:25)



PRAYING WITH SCRIPTURE

Which of your prayers demand perseverance?

To whose prayers can your voice bring new strength?

This duty extended only to the people of Israel. The woman in today's story is a Canaanite (Mark uses the Greek name for the same people, "Phoenician"). She came from the nation that had produced a number of Israel's enemies and whose deity, Baal, had nearly usurped the Lord's role as national God. Because of her nationality, her narrative departs from the story of the centurion. This is not a pious, high-status foreigner asking for a one-time favor. This is a needy and potentially hostile outsider whose desperate faith inspires her to claim a place, however lowly, in the inheritance of Israel.

The wider implication of the dialogue, then, is that Gentile membership in the community of faith was not a restricted favor to a few elite individuals. It was the common inheritance of all people. Although it took the early church a long time to sort out the details, Matthew establishes that anyone with a tenacious faith in the grace offered through Jesus had a place among the followers of Christ.

Even though these questions of inclusion have been long settled for Christians, the woman's perseverance is still ours to emulate. A key Christian inheritance from Israelite faith is that persistent prayer for an impossible goal yields surprising grace. Abraham, for example, prayed diligently for a son even after he and his wife could no longer conceive. Not only were his prayers answered, but along the way he also developed a friendship with God unique in the Scriptures. Tenacity in prayer, even in the face of impossibility, reveals a true person of faith.

Our prayer must be equally resolute, remaining open to God's surprising grace. When we receive no answer, we must persevere. When others tell us to stop, we must persevere. As long as we need God's grace and help, even when we cannot imagine how it will come, we must persevere. The resolute faith of one woman delivered a child from evil. The tenacious prayer of a church can transform a world.

Michael Simone, S.J. teaches Scripture at Boston College School of Theology and Ministry

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH



CATHOLIC
INITIATIVES

AMERICA MEDIA SEEKS AN ASSOCIATE EDITOR

for digital and print to lead **America's** coverage of the Latino Catholic experience in the United States. The Associate Editor will report stories, cultivate writers and travel to cover important events of interest to the Latino community in the United States, Latin America and the Caribbean. The Associate Editor will provide feedback on articles being considered for publication by the editor in chief, write editorials in his or her area of expertise, review and edit manuscripts and proofread content.

Professional Requirements:

- ▶ B.A. or B.F.A. required, advanced degree preferred
- ▶ 3+ years of experience
- ▶ Excellent writing and proofreading skills
- ▶ Editorial sensibilities that align with the mission of America Media
- ▶ Team player with strong communication and computer skills
- ▶ Knowledge and interest in the Catholic Church a plus
- ▶ Bilingual proficiency in English and Spanish, written and spoken

In addition to broad knowledge of the faith, tradition and social justice teachings of the Catholic Church, it is desirable that associate editors have a specific area or areas of expertise. For this position, **America** is looking for candidates with deep knowledge and interest in issues affecting Latino Catholics in America, including though not limited to immigration, education and economic mobility. Candidates should have a broad range of contacts in the Latino community. Though most content in this area will be published in English, candidates should be able to vet translations in cases in which **America** chooses to publish in both Spanish and English.

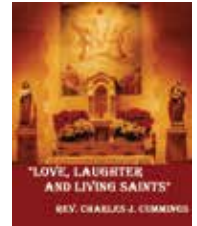
Please forward a cover letter telling us a little more about yourself than we will see in your résumé, along with salary requirements and résumé to: jobs@americamagazine.org

America | MEDIA
A JESUIT MINISTRY

BOOKS

LOVE, LAUGHTER & LIVING SAINTS:

Childhood Memories & Parish Happenings, by the Rev. Charles J. Cummings (P.O. Box 3271, Williamsport, Pa. 17701), retired priest, Diocese of Scranton, Pa. Book and preview available: Amazon paperback, \$12.95; Nook or Kindle e-book device, \$4.99.



WANT YOUR AD HERE?

Visit americamedia.org

E-mail: karko@americamagazine.org

Call: 212-515-0126

Print versions of classified ads are \$2 per word. Visit the digital classified section at americamagazine.org/classifieds and place a digital ad for \$175 per month.



PASTOR/ ADMINISTRATOR SOUGHT FOR INTENTIONAL CATHOLIC COMMUNITY in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Community of Saint Peter is a vibrant, financially strong, intentional Catholic community established in 2009 by its members following the closing of the parish church by the Cleveland Catholic Diocese.

We seek a full time ordained pastor to lead the community with vision in

- Worship
- Ministries
- Administrative duties

Interested individual should visit www.communityofstpeter.org for information about the position and the application process.

One Europe Under Kohl

How the former German chancellor seized the mantle of God

By Leo J. O'Donovan



Helmut Kohl died on June 16 at the age of 87. The former chancellor of Germany is the first person to be honored by the European Union with an official memorial event in the French city of Strasbourg on July 1.

Perhaps no one knew Kohl better than Jean-Claude Juncker, president of the E.U.'s European Commission. He recalled the French theologian Blaise Pascal's statement, "I like things that go together." So it was for Kohl, to whom European union and German union were two sides of the same coin. He wanted not a German Europe but a European Germany. And when the time came that his own country might be one again, Juncker continued, Kohl felt the rippling of the mantle of God—and seized it.

The immense man from the Pfalz region in western Germany, who so loved his homeland, committed himself to what many others had spoken of with only a "maybe one day" reservation. He was prepared to do so because of the personal relationships he had cultivated since he began his 16-year chancellorship in 1982. The same personal investment in politics came to the fore when, with the adoption of the euro in 1999, European unification became irreversible. As we sat on the lawn at Georgetown University in the spring of 1998, I asked him, "Helmut, why are you putting yourself through yet another campaign?" "For the euro," he immediately answered.

Bill Clinton's speech during the memorial, explicitly requested by Kohl's widow, Maike Kohl-Richter, was as emotional as Juncker's. Recalling their dinners together in Washington, the former president said that Hillary Clinton loved Kohl because he had an even larger appetite than her husband did, often in evidence at his favorite restaurant, Filomena's. Clinton also praised Kohl by saying, "He gave us a chance to be part of something bigger than ourselves."

Felipe González, the former prime minister of Spain, and Dmitry Medvedev, the prime minister of Russia, spoke of receiving Kohl's support when they needed it. But someone who never knew the chancellor, President Emmanuel Macron of France, added a telling note about Kohl's deeper legacy, including the personal values and warmth that can give political ideas their full strength. Warning of a merely technocratic Europe, Macron presented himself as an ally of the current German chancellor, Angela Merkel, in their commitment to the European project. Kohl, he pointed out, did not speak French, but he *knew* France. "And now we have every reason to be realistically optimistic," he ended, "to have courage and hope."

Merkel gave the closing, and longest, speech of the day. She did not hide their known disagreements but emphasized that so much of what is

taken for granted today in Europe would not have been possible without Kohl. She honored his insistence on the monument in Berlin to the murdered Jews of World War II. Her final words, addressed to the deceased in the coffin draped in the European flag, were "I bow before you in gratitude and humility."

The solemnity of the occasion was accompanied by deep sorrow and yet true hope. Europe had done its duty in honoring its great citizen—and could be true to itself only by a new commitment from, in Juncker's words, "all of us who love Europe." As the coffin, now covered with the German flag, was taken from Strasbourg through Kohl's hometown of Ludwigshafen and down the Rhine to the Imperial Cathedral of Speyer, the sky darkened. But the sight of the incomparable cathedral raised hearts and, once within, the funeral liturgy—ever ancient, ever new—reminded us where our final hope comes from. The music, by composers from six different European countries, was magnificent. Every flame of faith in the vast space, each in its own and yet mysteriously conjoined way, added to the prayer for the man going home, for his peace and for the peace of the world he had served so well.

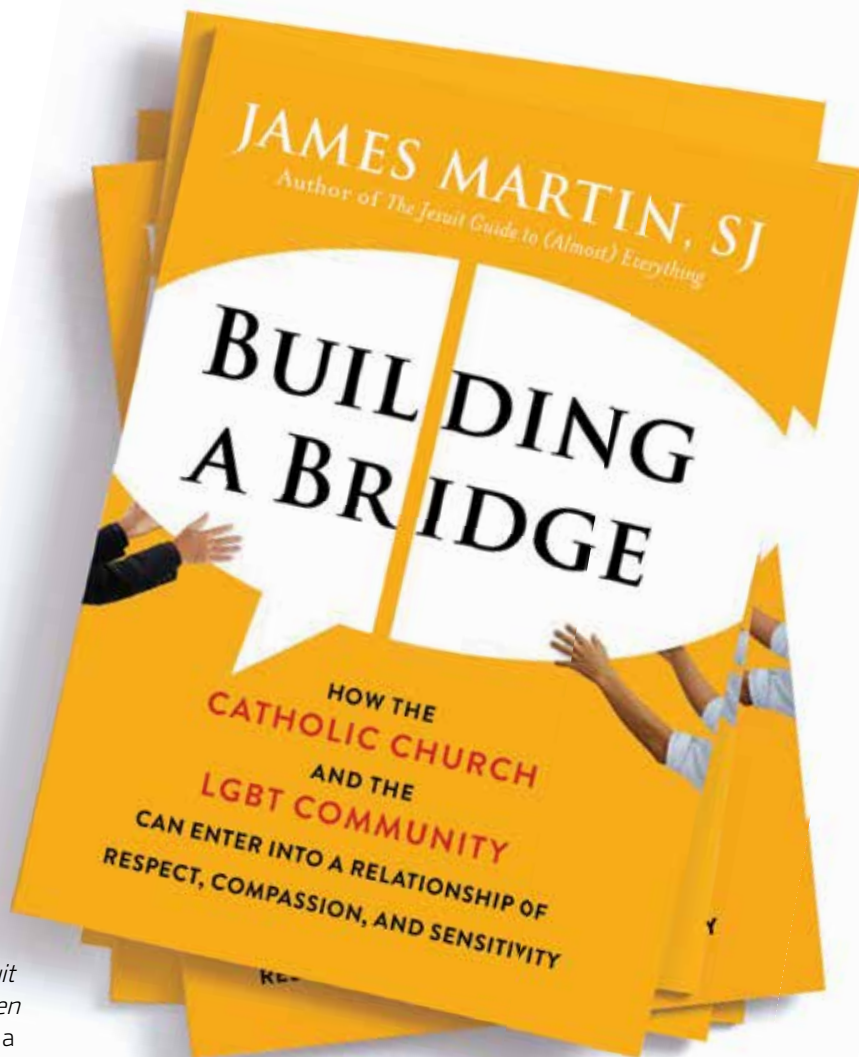
Leo J. O'Donovan, S.J., is president emeritus of Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., and director of mission for Jesuit Refugee Service/USA.

A welcome and much-needed book.

— CARDINAL KEVIN FARRELL



REV. JAMES MARTIN, SJ, is a Jesuit priest, editor at large of America magazine, and bestselling author of *Seven Last Words*, *The Abbey*, *Jesus: A Pilgrimage*, *The Jesuit Guide to (Almost) Everything*, and *Between Heaven and Mirth*. In April Pope Francis appointed him as a Consultant to the Secretariat for Communication.



A GROUNDBREAKING BOOK INCLUDES SPIRITUAL RESOURCES FOR THE LGBT COMMUNITY

“A welcome and much-needed book that will help bishops, priests, pastoral associates, and all church leaders more compassionately minister to the LGBT community. It will also help LGBT Catholics feel more at home in what is, after all, their church.”

— CARDINAL KEVIN FARRELL,
Prefect of the Vatican’s Dicastery for the Laity, Family, and Life

“In too many parts of our church LGBT people have been made to feel unwelcome, excluded, and even shamed. Father Martin’s brave, prophetic, and inspiring new book marks an essential step in inviting church leaders to minister with more compassion, and in reminding LGBT Catholics that they are as much a part of our church as any other Catholic.”

— CARDINAL JOSEPH TOBIN, Archbishop of Newark

“Father Martin shows how the Rosary and the rainbow flag can peacefully meet one another. A must-read.”

—SISTER JEANNINE GRAMICK, SL, cofounder of New Ways Ministry

 [FrJamesMartin](#)
 [@JamesMartinSJ](#)
 [JamesMartinSJ.com](#)

 **HarperOne**
An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers

Available from HarperCollins e-books

Discover great authors, exclusive offers, and more at [hc.com](#).

Front cover design: © HarperCollins
Cover artwork: Akura Yochi | Shutterstock and Business stock
Author photograph: Nutopia



2017 Book Award Winners

We are proud to announce that the Catholic Press Association (CPA) and the Association of Catholic Publishers (ACP) have honored several Ave Maria Press books this year. Please join us as we celebrate these recent award winners.

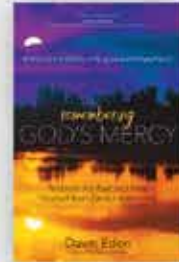
First-Place Awards



One Ordinary Sunday
PAULA HUSTON
CPA: First Place
(Popular Presentation of Catholic Faith)
ACP: First Place
(General Interest)



The Catholic Mom's Prayer Companion
EDITED BY LISA M. HENDEY AND SARAH A. REINHARD
CPA: First Place
(Collections of Prayers)



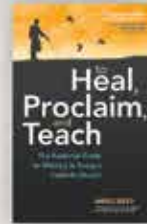
Remembering God's Mercy
DAWN EDEN
ACP: First Place
(Inspirational)



Joined by Grace
ACP: Second Place
(Ministry Resource Programs)



Redeeming Conflict
ACP: Second Place
(Resources for Ministry)
CPA: Honorable Mention
(Professional Books)



To Heal, Proclaim, and Teach
CPA: Third Place
(Pastoral Ministry)
ACP: Third Place
(Resources for Ministry)



Divine Mercy for Moms
CPA: Third Place
(Family Life)



The Mysteries of the Rosary
CPA: Third Place
(Coffee Table Book/Religious Art)



The Enthusiast
CPA: Third Place
(History)



Great Catholic Parishes
CPA: Honorable Mention
(Pastoral Ministry)



The Complete Encyclicals, Bulls, and Apostolic Exhortations
CPA: Honorable Mention
(Pope Francis Books)

Look for these titles wherever books and eBooks are sold.
For more information, visit avemariapress.com.



AVE MARIA PRESS
A Ministry of the United States
Province of Holy Cross