



Hans Küng and Joan Chittister

On November 8, 2007, at 7:30 PM in the Foundry Methodist Church, Washington D.C. (1500 16th Street, NW) ARCC will present to Sister Joan Chittister, OSB, the third Hans Küng Rights of Catholics in the Church Award. The Award ceremony, which includes the presenting of a check for \$1000 to Sr. Joan, will be followed by an address by the honoree and the opportunity for members of the audience to make comments and ask questions. The event will conclude with a reception. Sr. Joan's topic will be "Roots and Wings: the Ongoing Renewal of the Church."

Joan, who has been a Benedictine nun at Mount Saint Benedict Priory in Erie, in the northwest corner of Pennsylvania, for over 50 years, is indeed a 21st century example of the "Stalwart Woman" of the Book of Proverbs. In over thirty books along with countless articles and lectures, she has worked mightily for the rights of all oppressed people throughout the world – including the oppressed within the Catholic Church. Joan has become a contemporary symbol, not of a stereotypical "damsel in distress," but of a courageous "Knight Errant," roving across the globe striking blows for freedom for the oppressed both in the world and the church.

Joan's voice is raised as a prophet, giving voice to the voiceless and the marginalized. She also shoulders the "priestly" role by bringing words of encouragement to the depressed, counsel to the concerned, strength to the heavily-laden. Hers is not just the voice of critique of evil, but also of true leadership which suggests solutions and gives the weary warrior hope.

ARCC is honored to be able publicly to recognize her desperately need dual role of Prophet and Priest. I urge as many of you as possible to come to celebrate Joan on this occasion in Washington, or if you are unable, to send her a congratulation at joanc@atglocal.net. Tickets (\$10.00) will be available at the Foundry doors 7:00 - 7:20 p.m.

Leonard Swidler
President

A Vatican II Bishop

I had the incredible good fortune of growing up in a Vatican II parish in New York – in the 1950's and '60's! Saint Thomas More on East 89th Street was one of the smallest churches and parishes in New York City. The physical church itself was an Episcopal church, then a Dutch Reformed church, and finally was bought by the Archdiocese in 1950. Its founding pastor was a medieval historian who wrote textbooks on World and American History for parochial school children and had been Dean and then President of Cathedral College, Msgr. Philip J. Furlong, soon to become Bishop Furlong. I first met Bishop Furlong when, newly consecrated, he came to my then-parish, St. Ignatius Loyola, to confirm me with a couple of

dozen others. A few months later, in 1956, when I was 11, we moved into St. Thomas More Parish.

Going to Sunday Mass at St. Ignatius, a large marble copy of the Gesu, had been a chore and an obligation, especially since I went to church alone – my parents were French, meaning they were baptized, married and buried in the Church and never set foot in one in-between – but going to St. Thomas More was a joy. The children's Mass, at 9 a.m., had fun music, and a celebrant, Fr. Ray, who told us funny stories about Mr. Botchagaloop, that got the Gospels across to us. Then, at 12 or 13 years old, I discovered the beauties of the Solemn High Mass at 11:15, and I was hooked.

Bishop Furlong was an excellent amateur musician who read music easily and had a beautiful bass-baritone voice which deepened into a full bass in his 80's and 90's. He knew and appreciated good music and understood its power in liturgy. When he learned he was to "launch" this new parish, he checked the organ and the acoustics and then set out to find just the right musician to be Music Director. He found a wonderful Hungarian composer and organist, Kalman Antos, who also taught organ at Manhattanville College. Antos hired three professional singers – a tenor, a baritone and a bass (who had been at the Metropolitan Opera) – and he and the Bishop assembled a choir of boy sopranos. From the very first Sunday the Church opened, there was a Solemn High Mass sung by the boys' choir alternating with the congregation bolstered by the three adult male singers who came out of the choir loft to sing with us. In short order we (the congregation) had a repertory of 4-5 complete Gregorian Masses. Antos wrote some motets for the boys and men to sing during the Offertory and at Communion. Other times he chose the best of the sacred repertory for Offertory and Communion music. Our processional and recessional hymns were Protestant more often than Catholic. My mother, who had been an actress and singer, chuckled when I sang "A Mighty Fortress" around the house. And we had a perfect end to our Sundays. At 8 p.m. a fair number of the congregation gathered with the Bishop to chant Compline in Latin.

There was one gesture of his that always touched me deeply. Very often the Bishop would join us for Mass even when he wasn't celebrant, sitting in a chair against the left wall of the sanctuary. At the end of Mass after everyone had processed out, he would stand in the sanctuary at the step, bow deeply to the congregation, and then bless us. He did the same thing at the end of Compline. It was the same deep bow he gave to the Blessed Sacrament at Mass after the Consecration. He was showing his profound respect for us and it meant a great deal because, in a way, it summarized our whole relationship.

The atmosphere at St. Thomas More was always friendly and respectful of the parishioners. The Bishop assumed we all had brains and that a parish was a cooperative effort. A couple of examples:

We started in 1950 with a parish debt of \$100,000. Our offertory envelopes for the first ten years were double envelopes with a partition in the middle: one side was marked "Sunday Offering" and the other side was marked "parish debt reduction." We always knew exactly to what we were contributing and we paid the debt off in ten years. I learned to read a Financial Statement from the St. Thomas model, which was always clear, detailed, audited, and printed in the church bulletin for everyone to see.

Parishioners were encouraged to do as much as they wanted at the Church. When I was 13 I mentioned that it must be wonderful to help in the sacristy. Next thing I knew, I was being trained and became an assistant sacristan.

When I began going to daily Mass, I noticed something a little strange. Several minutes before the beginning of the first Mass at 7 a.m., the celebrant came out in an alb and stole, said the Confiteor, gave absolution, and distributed Communion to a number of women who left the church immediately after receiving. This did not happen before any of the other Masses. I finally asked why. The women were all nurses at a nearby hospital. Their shift started too early for them to be able to go to morning Mass (this was before the introduction of evening Masses). When they told their plight to the Bishop he said he couldn't make the Mass earlier because of tight scheduling, but he could arrange to have the Church opened a few minutes early and have Communion given to them before Mass to bless their day. It might not have been liturgically correct, but it meant a lot to those nurses.

Professor Antos usually played a Bach piece after the High Mass. When he found out how much I loved Bach, he started telling me when there was a Saturday wedding, and he invited me to sit next to him in the choir loft. I got to pick out some of the music (we had a lot of all-Bach weddings!) And I became a page-turner extraordinaire. The choir loft was behind a curtained wall of the sanctuary and so it was the only place in that church where one could see the altar, host and chalice during Mass in those days of backs to the congregation. It seemed a very special privilege to that barely teenager.

Finally, there were the special ceremonies of the seasons.

During Advent, every Saturday we had the "O" Antiphons, which the congregation learned and sang in Latin, interspersed with the beautiful Lamentations of Jeremiah. The Lamentations were sung by the professional adult singers and the Bishop in cassocks and surplices, taking turns singing individually, standing in the sanctuary before the altar. Exquisite!

Christmas Eve many of us, lay and clergy together, gathered on the Church steps, sang "O Come Emmanuel" and blessed the Creche in the front yard. A parish child would put the Christ Child into the manger. A few hours later, at 11 p.m., every parishioner who could squeeze into the Church did so and we sang Christmas Carols. At Midnight there was a Solemn High Pontifical Mass celebrated by the Bishop. I still remember the Offertory, the magnificent contrast of our bass, Mr. Ezechiel, singing the verses of *Adeste Fideles*, especially the third verse, "Cantet nunc io chorus angelorum" "Let us sing now choir of angels" and the 30 boy sopranos answering in full voice "Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo." After Mass, many of us went through the door at the back of the Church into the Rectory for hot apple cider and cookies. After the High

Mass Christmas morning, we had coffee and cookies. Come to think of it, we often gathered in the rectory after Masses. There was always coffee, juice and cookies and we stayed in our rectory as long as we wanted, for it was our house, and we knew it.

The third week in January was the Chair of Unity Octave, which was barely noticed in most parishes in those days but wonderfully celebrated at St. Thomas More. The Bishop wanted us to realize the great variety of Churches and rites in communion with Rome as well as those not yet fully in communion, so every year we hosted a different Church and had a Mass celebrated in a different rite. The clergymen would bring their own vestments and accoutrements and often their own choir. I still remember the thrill and awe of receiving a cube of consecrated bread and wine on a golden spoon from one priest in golden vestments and a veiled headpiece.

And I so looked forward to Holy Week. It's difficult to describe the beauty and impact of those days in that little church. The music and ceremonies were beautiful, as always, but it was the little touches that came to mean the most – at least to me. After Holy Thursday's Mass, the Blessed Sacrament was taken out of the Church to the small Lady Chapel next door. The church was stripped bare but when you walked into the chapel, the simple wooden altar was covered with lighted candles and banks of lilies that flowed to the floor on all sides. The love with which the Lord was surrounded during his night of agony was palpable.

In those days when one never saw the pastor, the Bishop was in back of the church, at the door or on the church steps after every Mass on every Sunday or Holy Day, greeting us and hearing our concerns. He somehow managed to know everyone's name, even if you had never introduced yourself. He always made time to see anyone who asked and was amazingly savvy of the world.

I first went to talk with the Bishop in my early teens when my parents' fighting became difficult to bear and he was caring and supportive. Then, one evening when I was 22, I gave in to a man with whom I thought I was in love and I, as they say "became a woman." The next morning my first thought was "Oooops, I'd better go see the Bishop." But, when I got into his office, looking at the cherubic face of this man I had known and revered since childhood, I couldn't get it out. I hemmed and hawed and finally mumbled "I sort of got carried away with a man, Bishop." He looked at me with a sweet matter-of-fact expression and said "Well, how far did you get carried, Chrissie – all the way?" I nodded yes. Then he asked "Have you seen your doctor?" I shook my head no. "Go see your doctor right away." And he said the formula of absolution. No muss, no fuss, no sermon – just practical concern for me.

There was another occasion when the Bishop literally helped me to keep going in a crisis. When I was 30, my mother suddenly had a massive cerebral hemorrhage and was found in a coma by my father. She survived brain surgery and ten days in the hospital and then died. My father had already had several strokes and was being kept alive on medication. He was so shocked and surprised by my mother's death, wondering if he had missed some sign, that we were afraid the stress would push him over the edge, cause another stroke or even kill him. So we tried to keep everything low-key. Since seeing me cry upset him,

I held it in and kept a stoic face. But, I could only do that for so long. After I had made arrangements for the Funeral Mass at St. Thomas More, I stopped in to see the Bishop. The next thing I knew, I was kneeling next to his chair with my head in his lap, crying my eyes out. He held me, rocking me like a child, and let me cry. No sermon – he was just *there* for me – and I was able to get through the difficult days that followed.

When John XXIII called Vatican II, our pastor, being a bishop (albeit an auxiliary) went to Rome for all the sessions: October-December 1962, September-December 1963, September-November 1964, and September-December 1965. Bishop Furlong reported to us, his parishioners, from Rome at least once each session, and usually twice. In these letters he told us what was happening at the Council, what the Fathers were thinking, what it meant for the Church and for us. It was clear that he was unreservedly positive about the measures the Council was discussing and passing. Return to the sources, inculturation, lay participation at all levels of worship and governance, true ecumenism – these were all things in which he believed and which he had tried to implement within the then-rules in his own parish.

So, we began implementing the Vatican II reforms as soon as they became known through our informal episcopal “grapevine.” We started with lectors quite early, at first men only. Our first experimental lector was my then-boyfriend (extremely innocent) and I was asked to write his “copy” which was to introduce, explain and tie all the readings together. The choice of possible hymns for processional, recessional, offertory and Communion suddenly was greatly broadened. We also added leaders of song at most of the low Masses. Prof. Antos wrote us Masses and motets in English for the High Mass, which we alternated with Latin favorites. We took frequent informal surveys within the congregations at the various Masses to see what worked and where the problems were. There were also many other changes and new creations at St. Thomas during this time, such as a Parish Council and other governing bodies.

For me these were fairly busy years at St. Thomas which had become my anchor before, during, and after my years at Manhattanville (1962-1966) and then at New York University Graduate School (1967-73). But demography was changing and we had to adapt. The main problem musically was that each year we had fewer and fewer choir boys – from a high of 32 boys in the late ‘50’s and early ‘60’s to barely 6-10 in the late 60’s and early ‘70’s. Prof. Antos, who had already drafted me to keep the choir boys in line during Friday afternoon practice, help get them into their cassocks, surplices, collars and bows before the High Mass every Sunday, and keep them behaved during Mass, knew I had a large operatic three-octave voice, but he also had uncanny instincts and he understood the mechanics of the human voice. One day he said to me “We need you to sing with the choir boys. You know all the music.” I reminded him everyone in the Church knew my voice—small church, big voice – it was unavoidable. He said “No, no, you must sing in *petite voix* (little voice). Ask your mother how to do it.” So I asked her and it was a cinch (she was an excellent teacher). Within half an hour, I sounded like a very pure soprano, about 10-11 years old. So now I was a boy soprano!



Prof. Antos was wonderful but he respected and followed rules scrupulously. Women were not yet allowed to be Catholic Church singers who processed and were visible like male singers. So, on Sunday morning I would practice with the boys and men downstairs, get the boys dressed, and when everyone was set, I would go through the rectory to the choir loft, to sing sight unseen.

One Sunday morning I thought I was running late so I ran up the stairs and ran through the rectory, almost knocking over the Bishop as he came out of the elevator. As I apologized profusely, he asked “Where are you running, Chrissie?” I told him I was going to the choir loft to sing. Then he asked “So why aren’t you processing in with the other singers?” I gave him a rueful look that said because a certain Hungarian that we know will have a fit if I do. The Bishop shook his head a bit and said “Someone has to be willing to be first, Chris.” At that he tapped my shoulder as he did when he had said something self-evident, meaning “Do it. It’s up to you.” So I ran down the

stairs, grabbed a cassock and surplice, ran back up and was barely able to position myself in the procession after the boys and before the men before the entrance music started. When we reached the choir loft, Antos stared at me, so I calmly told him “The Bishop said I should process.” And that settled that. From that day on, there were visible women singers at St. Thomas – and women lectors and Eucharistic Ministers.

This last incident occurred after the Bishop had formally retired as an Auxiliary Bishop of NY and as Pastor of Saint Thomas More. As Pastor Emeritus, the Bishop was entitled to continue living in the St. Thomas rectory, and he did until his death in 1989. I left NY to teach at the University of Detroit and then at Gallaudet in Washington DC, but I did get back to St. Thomas More occasionally, such as for the Bishop’s 90th birthday celebration. When I saw him for the last time, a year before his death at 96, his mind and memory were still as sharp and his smile as loving as ever. I miss him to this day and I thank God for the blessing he was in my life..

Bishop Furlong was an extraordinary man, and exceptional in many ways, but he was also part of an extraordinary generation, the generation that brought about the window-opening, Church-changing, soul-liberating phenomenon known as Vatican II. Pope John XXIII was the instigator and inspiration for the Second Vatican Council, but it was a growing nucleus of bishops from all around the world, supported by an exceptional generation of theologians, that took that inspiration and carried it to its needed conclusion, that made it into the most pastoral of all the councils of the Church. Pius XII had sent pastors and theologians back to Scripture, reinvigorating theology; bishops were better educated in general and had been forced to integrate into their societies, maturing pastorally as well as socially and economically; and for once, the absolute monarch of the institution, the Pope, was enlightened, pastoral and open to the promptings of the Holy Spirit. The result was the theology and liberating spirituality of Vatican II, which will hopefully continue to nourish and challenge the Church for years to come.

Christine M. Roussel

The Way We Were: a Story of Conversion and Renewal by Joan Chittister OSB (Orbis Books 2005)

Sister Joan Chittister has done it again! After more than forty books and countless articles and newspaper columns, she can still produce a seemingly innocuous book about the Benedictine way of life and her particular Benedictine community which speaks - indeed resonates - with all of us. This book is a revelation: who would have thought that 130+ dedicated, vowed, religious women would have so much pain, difficulty, indeed, division following the recommendations of the Second Vatican Council? And who would have thought that trying to understand that painful process could help us so much to understand our own struggles as post-Vatican II laity?

The Benedictine Priory of Mount Saint Benedict was founded in the mid-19th century largely to educate the daughters of the many German immigrants who had settled in PA. It was, strictly speaking, a non-cloistered Benedictine community as the majority of the sisters taught at their St Benedict's Academy which also supplied many of its applicants to the monastery. It was a Spartan life, with all the nuns living and sleeping in dormitories and keeping the Liturgy of the Hours when they weren't in the classroom. The pre-1960 Erie was a Benedictine monastery guided by five basic characteristics: it was reflective, regular, focused, clear, and effective. It was a life of silence, thought and prayer and it was predictable. It may not have been passionately exciting anymore but it was doing a great deal of good nonetheless.

Then, in 1965, while it was turning all of the Catholic Church on its head, the Council in its document *Perfectae Caritatis*, the *Decree on the Up-To-Date Renewal of Religious Life* asked women religious to "examine their lives according to the 'the charisma of the order, the needs of the members and the signs of the times.'" The enormous changes this request eventually brought about at Erie is chronicled with great accuracy and detail by Sister Stephanie Campbell, OSB, in *Vision of Change, Voices of Challenge: The History of Renewal in the Benedictine Sisters of Erie 1958-1990*, published in 2001. In *The Way We Were*, on the other hand, Sister Joan examines this process from a sociological, theological and emotional point of view. Her focus is the period 1965-1990 under the three prioresses, Alice Schierberl, Mary Margaret Kraus and Joan Chittister herself, who guided Erie through this period of transformation. Discerning what these directives meant for the Erie sisters, processing the possibilities raised and testing them took the better part of 20-25 years. Because first, as Sr. Joan explains in one of the most moving parts of her book, the beginning of Part II which she calls "Deconstruction":

The renewal of religious life did not simply involve a community's willingness to adopt a checklist of new behaviors. It required that religious cease to do a number of things that had been considered eternal, thought of as absolutes, once assumed were the ultimate norms of sanctity. Renewal, suddenly, harked back to the author of Ecclesiastes who wrote simply but profoundly, "There is a time for tearing down and a time of building up."

"The first task of renewal, though we hardly knew it then, called for the courage to tear things down, to eliminate those rituals, customs, works that were no longer effective." (49)

"Renewal, we did not realize then, required more than creativity. It required, first of all, that we dismantle much of our old ways of looking at life, of looking at ministry, of looking even at the self. Renewal, ironically, required deconstruction." (50)

But realizing some kind of change is needed and knowing exactly what has to be put down, to end, to stop, in order to make the kinds of change such change implies are two different things.

If truth be known, most people seldom really recognize when one thing has served its purpose and another needs to begin. Not if we are emotionally attached to it, not if it's "always been this way." . . .

Of all the dimensions of change, old ideas are the most difficult to abandon. Those ideas form the

	Jan - Mar 07	Apr - Jun 07	TOTAL
Ordinary Income/Expense			
Income			
4100 - Membership Dues	300.00	400.00	700.00
4200 - Gifts	245.00	635.00	880.00
4300 - Special Projects	0.00	0.00	0.00
4400 - Sale of Publications/Other	0.00	13.00	13.00
4500 - BOD Contributions for Mtgs	525.00	880.00	1,405.00
4600 - Misc	0.00	0.00	0.00
4700 - BOD Pledged Donations	0.00	0.00	0.00
4900 - INVESTMENT EARNINGS			
4900.1 - Interest			
4902 - Interest from Savings	134.34	187.34	321.68
4960 - CD Interest	130.98	343.60	474.58
Total 4900.1 - Interest	265.32	530.94	796.26
4940 - Income From Parnassus			
4903 - Parnassus Interest	161.32	105.94	267.26
Total 4940 - Income From Parnassus	161.32	105.94	267.26
4950 - Income from HD Vest			
4951 - Interest	16.61	26.32	42.93
Total 4950 - Income from HD Vest	16.61	26.32	42.93
Total 4900 - INVESTMENT EARNINGS	443.25	663.20	1,106.45
Total Income	1,513.25	2,591.20	4,104.45
Expense			
6100 - Postage & Delivery			
6110 - Newsletter Postage	156.00	117.00	273.00
6100 - Postage & Delivery - Other	0.00	23.41	23.41
Total 6100 - Postage & Delivery	156.00	140.41	296.41
6210 - Travel - Board Meeting	1,100.00	1,064.80	2,164.80
6220 - Reimb to BOD for Mtg Expense	0.00	740.00	740.00
6300 - Telephone	0.00	50.00	50.00
6400 - Office Expense	27.00	0.00	27.00
6500 - Other Projects	60.00	0.00	60.00
6700 - Printing			
6710 - Newsletter Printing	0.00	81.56	81.56
Total 6700 - Printing	0.00	81.56	81.56
6900 - Misc Expenses	14.11	32.20	46.31
6910 - Bank Service Charge	0.00	15.00	15.00
6999 - Uncategorized Expenses	0.00	0.00	0.00
Total Expense	1,367.11	2,123.97	3,491.08
Net Ordinary Income	156.14	467.23	623.37
Net Income	156.14	467.23	623.37

ARCC Financial Statement January-June 2007

ground on which we stand. They are the very foundation of our world. To move forward, therefore, a group must begin to recognize the new issues that the old ideas do not resolve. . . . They have to reexamine everything they do and why they are doing it. They have to be willing to "deconstruct" what they have given a lifetime to internalizing. . . .

Deconstruction is that moment in time when what we have always accepted as the unassailable givens of life fail to withstand either the scrutiny of reason or the needs of the present. (51-2)

As I read and re-read these passages, I found myself nearly moved to tears by the sacrifices implied in these pages, but I was also moved to admiration – almost awe –for the courage of the sisters of this community - and all the others it represents.

And yet, the almost visceral wrenching of deconstruction/renewal described by Sister Joan also resonated with me on a much more personal level, for it is, writ large, what many devoted lay Catholics have gone through as well. So much of the triage of essentials and customary accretions, testing of reasonableness and then actualizing of changes, weighing of costs and returns, discernment of wheat of the Gospel from chaff of unnecessary compromise, has characterized, indeed, been essential to all thinking Catholics' evolution since Vatican II. Staying the same, sticking with the familiar, is easier and reassuring but it just doesn't work anymore. The signs of the times are all over and Catholicism must cope or it will become totally irrelevant.

It's very difficult to accurately summarize a book like Sr. Joan's "The Way We Were" because she says so much worth quoting on so many topics that one wants to quote the whole book. To put it very briefly, she touches upon and draws out the most salient and challenging aspects of each of the major documents of Vatican II for religious, clergy and laypeople. The heart of this truly fascinating discussion are the two chapters that end Part Two, "Deconstruction," entitled "The New Theology: An Internal Agenda," and "The New Theology: The External Agenda."

Part Three, "Development" deals more directly with the kinds of issues and changes that manifested themselves at Erie, and how Sr Joan and her predecessors dealt with them. One is struck all through this book at the trust these nuns had in their own judgment and the grace of the Holy Spirit. Even when new ministries, such as standing with

those marginalized by poverty and segregation, cost them some of their all-important financial support, they followed their consciences and the leading of the Spirit. Above all, they realized that this was *process* - it had to be seen through completely and in a patient, organized manner. Only that way would the Erie community discover its new identity.

One amusing but probably quite accurate, description of the personality types that emerge at times of great change is found on pages 128-9:

High intuitives, whose vision of the future was deeply perceptive but seldom clearly articulated, simply "knew" that renewal was necessary and were intent on the now of it.

High sensates, whose approach to the present bordered on the visceral, understood the pressing reasons for immediate change, took them for granted, and were confused by the need to keep repeating what they found to be obvious.

On the other hand, the rationalists in every group, who needed arguments on which to rest their justification for change, either slowed the process by pursuing one question after another or, satisfied that the theology of change was clear, insisted on its implementation. No more theorizing, no more argument.

Finally, those who needed order and the opportunity to judge issues on the basis of results and who needed to evaluate changes one at a time before they moved on to a new phase of the process felt swept away by the rate of change. (128-9)

Anyone who has worked in any kind of reform movement will recognize these personality types – they are close to universal.

But again, the courage, even heroism, with which these nuns re-evaluated the cornerstones of their entire spiritual lives, such as obedience and transcendence of the world, is inspiring and it makes absolutely fascinating reading. Sr Joan doesn't gloss over the difficulties or how much the sisters had to learn. This is a book in which the reader, especially if she or he is involved in some aspect of the same metamorphosis, truly feels "We Are All In This Together."

And then, the difficult but deeply satisfying transition from Renewal, looking at what has to be changed and how, to

Revitalization, which is actually changing it. Much of this phase, of actualizing the renewal upon which the

**The Association for the
Rights of Catholics in the
Church
presents the
2007 Hans Küng Award for the
Rights of Catholics in the Church
to
Sr. Joan Chittister**

**Thursday November 8, 2007
7:00 p.m.**

**Foundry United Methodist Church
1500 16th Street, NW,
Washington , DC 20036**

**7:30 Presentation of Award
8:00 Sr. Joan's Lecture:
"Roots and Wings: the Ongoing
Renewal of the Church"
9:00 Open Forum – questions and
responses from audience
9:30 Reception**

community had agreed, fell to Sr. Joan during her tenure as Prioress, a job she certainly had not sought or wanted but which she did conscientiously for twelve years, guiding the sisters, counselling them, and keeping the Erie Community from splitting into two priories along ideological lines. The entire process deserves to be read, savored and learned from.

For my part, I give thanks to God/de for the Erie Benedictines, first for being, then for re-inventing themselves when necessary, and finally, for leaving us wonderful testimonials and even kinds of maps of how they did it, that we can adapt to our own needs.

Read this book. It will recharge your batteries, as it did mine.

Christine M. Roussel



You can be an **ARCCAngel** and help us publish an issue of *ARCC Light* by making a \$500 donation. This can be done by an individual or a group, and it can be as a memorial or a tribute that will be acknowledged on this page. Please contact Bob Schutzius (rschutz1@prodigy.net) for details.

"Conservatives, devoted to what they consider unchanging truth, adopt a mantle of fidelity to the past. Liberals, devoted to exploring the moral dimensions of new questions, see themselves as faithful to the future envisioned by Vatican II. But truth is commitment to what's under the changes and renewal is what's devoted to developing a tradition as well as reshaping it. They are not opposites. They are two faces of the same thing and, if we are all to survive together, we must learn to respect one another until the dawn comes and the light shines." (Sept. 17, 2007, <http://ncrcafe.org/node/1336>)

Joan Chittister, OSB

ARCC Light is published by the Association for the Rights of Catholics in the Church. For membership information, contact ARCC, 3150 Newgate Drive, Florissant, MO 63033, send email to arcc@arccsites.org, or visit our website, <http://arccsites.org/>. Suggested donations are \$25.00 per year.
Editors: Christine M. Roussel, PhD, rsvpcmr@juno.com
Ingrid H. Shafer, PhD, Email: ihs@ionet.net