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STUDIES

IN
THE SPIRITUALITY OF JESUITS

Being Sent

*A Personal Reflection on Jesuit Governance
in Changing Times*

CLEMENT J. PETRIK, S.J.

THE SEMINAR ON JESUIT SPIRITUALITY

A group of Jesuits appointed from their provinces in the United States.

The Seminar studies topics pertaining to the spiritual doctrine and practice of Jesuits, especially American Jesuits, and communicates the results to the members of the provinces. This is done in the spirit of Vatican II's recommendation that religious institutes recapture the original inspiration of their founders and adapt it to the circumstances of modern times. The Seminar welcomes reactions or comments in regard to the material that it publishes.

The Seminar focuses its direct attention on the life and work of the Jesuits of the United States. The issues treated may be common also to Jesuits of other regions, to other priests, religious, and laity, to both men and women. Hence, the studies, while meant especially for American Jesuits, are not exclusively for them. Others who may find them helpful are cordially welcome to read them.

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Clement J. Petrik, S.J.

STUDIES IN THE SPIRITUALITY OF JESUITS

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For your information . . .

We were millionaires for a few hours. That unlikely event occurred last August 3 just after three Jesuits—Fr. Edward Schmidt of Chicago, myself, and our host in Vilnius—had crossed the border from Lithuania into Belarus. We exchanged German deutsche marks worth about thirty American dollars into Belarus currency and received 1,440,000 “bunnies.” (The local currency is so called because of the picture of a rabbit on one of the bills and because it is multiplying so rapidly due to inflation.) We spent that munificent sum on our journey to and from the city of Polotsk. Our goal was to visit the site at which, thanks to Czarina Catherine the Great, the Society of Jesus hung on by its thumbnails and continued a canonically valid existence and a heroic apostolic life during the forty-one years when it was suppressed in the rest of the world. These pages are too few for the details of a day that started at seven in the morning and ended near one o’clock the next morning, involved three border crossings, and included breakfast in Lithuania, dinner in Belarus, and supper in Latvia.

Let me simply say that I thought we were on holy ground when finally we talked our way through the gatehouse of the military hospital in Polotsk that at one time had been a Jesuit college and then the Jesuit curia. We could not venture beyond the gatehouse, much less into the building itself. The guards were insistent on that. But we could see the building at that point and also as we walked around the outside walls of the poorly tended grounds. It was a three-story seventeenth- and eighteenth-century building of stucco-covered brick in a simple neoclassical style, with pilasters at the corners and a large, arched central entryway. The front and walls of the building had recently been painted pink and white, but rusting window frames rendered this a useless gesture. The bare and chipped brick walls of the back of the building made it an even more forlorn sight, but large filled-in window arches bespoke a former grand chapel and possibly a theater. The Society of Jesus had lost possession of the building some time before Czar Alexander I exiled all Jesuits from Russia in 1820. Whatever uses it may then have been put to for the next hundred years, it was clear that during the seventy years of the Soviet empire, preventive maintenance there or seemingly anywhere else had been totally neglected.

Paradoxically, the physical state of the place now would rightly distress a Jesuit who knew its history, but that very history made of the place, as I said, “holy ground.” Why? Because on those grounds and in that building played out the lives of the men who, in an act of continuing hope and courage, held the threads that connected two hundred and twenty-three years on one side, from the foundation of the Society in 1540 to its suppression in 1773, to the two hundred and twenty-five years from 1773 to this present year of 1998. We might pray to be as faithful in our lives and work as they were to the spirit of the Society.

Welcoming the new members of the Seminar on Jesuit Spirituality is always a happy occasion, and introducing them to you an equally happy opportunity.

Richard A. Blake (NYK) presently holds the Gasson Chair at Boston College as visiting professor of fine arts. Philip J. Chmielewski (CHG) is superior of the community at the Woodlawn Jesuit Residence and professor of religious social ethics at Loyola University in Chicago. Richard J. Hauser (WIS) is professor of theology at Creighton University and director of its graduate programs in theology, ministry, and spirituality. Thomas M. Lucas (CFN) is department chairman and professor of fine and performing arts at the University of San Francisco.

Studying theology has introduced us all to words or phrases sometimes both freighted with a long history and defined very precisely for scholarly use. The word "theology" fits that description, not to mention other such terms as eschatology, grace, faith, orthodoxy, church, revelation, infallibility, and even the word "God" itself. Now comes a book that takes many of the terms that Christians use to express many of our deepest religious beliefs and, in a brief essay on each such term, illustrated by personal experience, assembles a poetic, commonsense, quite moving lexicon of these familiar words. *Amazing Grace* (New York, Riverhead Books; 383 pp., \$24.95) is "a vocabulary of faith" that will enlarge the vocabulary while enriching the faith of any reader.

One of the current members of the Seminar, James Torrens, has recently published *Reaching toward God: Reflection and Exercises for Spiritual Growth* (Kansas City: Sheed and Ward; 156 pp., paperback \$14.95). This, too, is a series of brief essays, many of which earlier appeared in the Jesuit journal *Human Development*. We reach for God in the midst of all the circumstances of our lives, from family to friendship, from youth to maturity, from self-esteem to disappointment. The author addresses questions that arise from contemporary psychology and its application to some of the basic concepts of Christianity. Fr. Torrens, who was responsible for the last issue of STUDIES, "The Word That Clamors: Jesuit Poetry That Reflects the Spiritual Exercises," knows, as one review remarks, the truth of Freud's observation that artists perceive things long before anyone analyzes them.

And as for an anniversary: In 1898 Jesuit missionaries received permission from the Holy See to celebrate Mass on shipboard.

John W. Padberg, S.J.
Editor

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BEING SENT

A Personal Reflection on Jesuit Governance in Changing Times

July 1968

“You can do it.”

The Superior and the Impact of Changing Times

You can do it,” the provincial said to me that July 2, 1968. He had summoned me to his office to tell me that in two days I would become rector of the Jesuit Community at Gonzaga College High School in Washington, D.C. He had not previously spoken to me about this assignment. I was thirty-six years old and had lived only two years in an apostolic community; in retrospect, I must admit that I knew nothing about governance in the Society.

I can truly say that in my Jesuit “career” I had no “ambition” other than to finish the course, take some graduate studies, and then be an excellent high-school teacher for the rest of my life. Pedro Arrupe once said that it is in being sent that a Jesuit becomes a Companion of Jesus. Four different times I was sent to ministries which I had not ambitioned or anticipated and for which I felt myself poorly prepared. But in faith I went. I would spend twenty-one years as superior of four different Jesuit communities, sent to each one by a different provincial. Each missioning was in a different historical decade, the sixties, the seventies, the eighties, and the nineties. Each community was set in a radically different context from the others. In

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some of the communities, I would also have significant responsibility for the ministry of that community. In this essay I share with you my *particular examen* on these four different situations, and I explore briefly some of the issues arising in each one.

Until the late sixties all rectors were also the directors of the works in which their communities were involved. In the high schools of the Maryland Province, most of the professional staffs of the schools were Jesuits—scholastics and young priests, with a few older Fathers. In 1966 the six high schools of the Maryland Province were given their freedom. Each could express its own identity and serve its own clientele in the Jesuit tradition without being forced into a fixed common regimen of curriculum, discipline, dress codes, and common examinations. Boards of trustees were activated and the schools began to discover the implications of independence. That independence entailed, among other things, a clear distinction between the entity of the Jesuit community and the entity of the educational institution to which it was attached.

To begin the task of determining the distinctiveness of the community and the institution, rectors were to be appointed for the Jesuit community who would have no position of authority in the school. Presidents of the schools would be appointed lacking any position of authority in the Jesuit Community.

I was being sent to Gonzaga College High School in Washington, D.C., to be rector of a Jesuit community of more than forty men, most of whom served the apostolate of the school, while a few others served as the staff of St. Aloysius Parish. Just two years previously one man had been rector, pastor, and president. Now those functions were to be assigned to three different men. A pastor was already in place. I would become rector and another Jesuit from another community would become president.

“May I have your blessing, please, Father?” I asked the provincial. And then I knelt on the floor of his office and received his blessing. The provincial agreed that, because of commitments I had already made for the summer, I would not have to report to Gonzaga until September 1. Fortified by his blessing, I left his office and went home to Loyola High School, outside of Baltimore, where I had just spent my first two years of active ministry as a priest after having finished formation and a year of studies abroad.

Two weeks later, we received the news that the provincial had cleaned off his desk, apologized for not being able to celebrate the funeral of a Jesuit friend the next day, requested a ride to the train station, and taken the train to Philadelphia. There he had contracted a marriage with a divorced woman.

As it turned out, the year 1968 was a time of extreme change in our American society, in the Society of Jesus, in the Catholic Church, and in world history. The Maryland Province was rocked by the departure of its respected, admired, progressive provincial, who had made every effort to bring our province to face the realities and the challenges of religious life in the sixties. In the several months before our provincial's departure, our nation had experienced two assassinations. After the death of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., our cities went into a turmoil of rioting, bloodshed, and death. In Washington, D.C., the flames, the gunfire, and the violence swirled all around the heart of the city, where Gonzaga College High School and St. Aloysius Church are located. Within weeks of the King assassination, Robert Kennedy, was killed in California while campaigning for the Democratic nomination for the presidency of the United States. He had been the leading contender for the presidential nomination, and the Democratic national convention was just two months away.

Less than two weeks after the precipitous and unexpected departure of the provincial, Pope Paul VI issued the encyclical *Humanae vitae*. Surely the Pope could not have foreseen the worldwide radical reaction as clergy, laity, and religious protested this conservative position of the Church. To many, the Church seemed to have ignored the human tragedies constantly being presented to it. It was also known that the Pope had not followed the counsel of most of the experts whom he had appointed to advise him in these matters. By early October of 1968, in the archdiocese of Washington almost a hundred priests, including some of Ours at St. Aloysius Parish and at Holy Trinity Parish, had been put under various degrees of suspension for their unwillingness to totally accept the doctrine and the discipline of *Humanae vitae*, at least as it was being interpreted by various bishops in the United States and around the world.

The war in Vietnam, through 1968, was becoming more unpopular as it increased in intensity and decisive victory became ever more elusive. Because of pressures from the war, from the peace activists, and from the civil-rights violence, and because Robert Kennedy seemed to be outdistancing him in the polls, President Lyndon Johnson declared that he would not seek another term as President. After Kennedy's assassination the way was open for Vice President Hubert Humphrey to be the Democratic candidate. But Humphrey was defeated in the November elections, and Richard Nixon took over the Presidency and the war in Vietnam.

Into this maelstrom of events swirling around the nation, the Church, and the Society of Jesus, all of it focused upon Washington, D.C., I blithely entered as rector of a Jesuit community on September 1, 1968. I made my first two significant decisions: I decreed that a new car should be

bought (without air conditioning, though, because we have to be concerned about poverty), and I declared that there was no need to keep the liquor closet locked and the liquor available for only a very few minutes of the day. Both decisions caused some amazement and some rejoicing. Oh well. I was only thirty-six.

There seem to be two wise but contrary pieces of advice given to a new superior. The first: Make no changes during your first year. The second: If you make no changes in the first year, you will never be able to make them. I chose the second as the advice I would accept.

Some of the changes were happily accepted—the car, the liquor mentioned above, for example. Some were accepted with resignation. We instituted a system of personal budgeting. The prevailing system of coming to the superior and asking for “carfare” for the week was obviously archaic and irrelevant. I hoped that a personal budgeting system would make each man more responsible for his life and his decisions. The province treasurer at the time advised me against this system, but I adopted it anyway. Subsequently, similar systems were implemented on all levels of the province and the assiatancy.

“No superior has ever asked me that before!” he (now deceased) said to me when he was telling me about his trip to Florida for personal and apostolic reasons. What I had asked was, “Do you have enough money for your time away?”

I had never governed before nor had I given any thought to it. No one told me what my duties or responsibilities were. Since the situation of an “independent” rector was new to the experience of all of us, I felt we would work it out as we went along.

Issue: The Appointment of Superiors

It has always been the norm in the Society that adequate consultation should precede the appointment of a superior or rector. But that kind of consultation did not often involve the person himself who was being considered for the office of superior. In my own case, my local superior, who was also a province consultor, had obtained permission from the provincial to get my reactions to such an appointment three or four months before the appointment was to be made. He presented me with a “What if . . .” scenario and solicited my reactions. Subsequently, I heard nothing more and proceeded to put the idea aside and to make plans for my own apostolic ministry. Until July 2. On that day the provincial summoned me to his office to tell me that Fr. General had appointed me rector, effective in two days.

This kind of consultation and discernment could not take place in the Society today. The person being considered would certainly be consulted and interviewed before any decision was made. I went to my new community a totally unknown person except for a few who had been “in the course” with me. Given the large numbers of us who were in formation at the same time and the necessarily impersonal way of guiding the lives of all of us, it is difficult for me to imagine that there could have been any who were able to provide accurate *informationes ad gubernandum*. The next three times when I was appointed to a position of ministering to Ours, I was always part of the consultation process.

Issue: Whose House Is This Anyway?

Pain and anger erupted in our community as we began to live out the implications of two entities: Jesuit community and Jesuit school. “We have lived in these buildings for seventy years, and now you tell us that they are not ours? What do you mean, we have to pay rent to the school? This is our home!” Gradually to convert the profile of the community and the profile of the school into numbers representing compensation and cost was simple for a business manager and accountant. It was extremely difficult for members of a Jesuit community whose image of themselves was one of total sacrifice to the ministry, giving their very lives for the education of potential leaders in society and in church. Reducing their reality to numbers on a spreadsheet was to depersonalize and desacralize what all had viewed as their religious commitment and vocation. Misunderstandings, hurt feelings, anger, and astonishment were the common reactions. Community members accustomed to paternal governance by a Father Rector with presumably very deep pockets had no need to worry about their own personal future and their own personal care.

“What do you mean, I have to sign a contract? I give this school twenty-four hours of dedication a day! Why do I need a contract?”

The effort to regularize the relationship of all teachers with the institution and to assure a just treatment for all employees was nonetheless a sore point for the Jesuit community. They were no longer treated by administrators as somehow bound by their religious commitment to the ministry they were engaged in, but as employees from whom certain behaviors and responsibilities could be demanded. They found themselves also being evaluated and compared with other teachers. They began to lose their autonomy in the classroom and had to collaborate with departments and department chairpersons in curriculum planning, methodologies, and discipline.

Issue: Relationship to School Administration

The decentralization of authority produced confusion in the community. To live as "brothers" in community with the president and the headmaster whose decisions in the institution could threaten one's own personal and professional image was not easily accomplished. Nor did it seem totally objective to make decisions in the community about its own use of space or resources while school authorities were part of the deliberation. The "us vs. them" mentality was strong. Even with total goodwill on the part of both the "us" and the "them," the hostilities were felt and expressed.

Beginning in 1966, under the direction of the provincial who would in two years depart the Society, a systematic planning procedure was initiated in the province. The process was to devise a province plan, the first ever for the province. Committees and communities met to investigate every aspect of our ministries and of our life. This all-Jesuit planning process would be making decisions about our commitment to ministries and institutions for the foreseeable future. The departure of the provincial who had started the process and the departure of the Jesuit who was spearheading it did not thwart the progress already underway. A new provincial and a new chairman saw the process through. It was certainly the longest and most extensive consultation and planning process our province had ever carried out. Our men all did their part in communities. They felt the need to defend their ministries and their own institutions against the threat of having the supply of Jesuit manpower cut off or having their own institutions sacrificed for the good of the others. For two weeks at the old Woodstock College, the super committee, termed ADCOM, worked through all the reports and all the recommendations of all the working committees in order to give the provincial the best advice they could. The provincial then took all this advice and went off into seclusion to formulate the final version of the Province Plan of 1969. Specific ratings were given to the relative importance of our institutions, including those of higher and secondary education, to give notice of which had high priority in receiving available Jesuits and which had little or no hope of a life-stream of men.

It is impossible to imagine now that it could ever again happen that, without the expertise and advice of the men and women who now staff those institutions, a group of Jesuit superiors and experts could make decisions which could help or threaten the life of institutions under our care.

Issue: The Sexual Revolution

The year prior to my arrival at Gonzaga, two of its priests left the Society. One had “run off” with a teenage girl. The other seemed to have been having an ongoing relationship with a woman employed by the school; he too left. The opportunity for sexual relationships, sexual expression, and even sexual aggression were more present from this time as society and the values of the world were changing. At least some of our men as adolescents and young adults had not had the chance to achieve a healthy psychosexual balance. Then when opportunities were presented to them in their thirties, forties, or even later years, they made mistakes or entered into situations which made them understand that their vocations had not been screened carefully enough. The precipitous departure of their provincial gave some of our men permission to test their vocation and to investigate what other opportunities or graces their future would hold.

The departure of a reasonably close friend was a painful experience for me. He clearly felt drawn to the married state. He did not want to live in a state of compromised celibacy, but he could not live in a state of total celibacy. I could feel myself being drawn into the wake stirred up by his departure. But my graces and vocation were different from his.

There were several other incidents. The pastor at St. Aloysius, who had been censured by the archbishop after the *Humanæ vitæ* controversy, soon moved out of the community into a position with the federal government. As it became clear to him that his position in the community could not be rectified to his satisfaction, he too decided that he could do more for the poor as a federal employee and husband than as a Jesuit and a pastor. Wanting rather hasty release from the vows of religion, he decided to contract a civil marriage, which ipso facto brought about dismissal from the Society. But he would wait for formal dispensation from clerical celibacy before consummating the marriage. His successor as pastor at St. Aloysius, deciding that he was being called to the married life, also applied for dismissal from the Society and dispensation from clerical celibacy. Indeed, he stayed as pastor until the day his formal papers arrived from Rome.

A young brother had been assigned to our community. In the course of time, he became enamored of one of the young clerical employees of the school. That friendship too ended in marriage.

During my tenure as rector, a laywoman teaching in our school came to my office to tell me that one of our priests had proposed marriage to her. She had not encouraged him, she wanted nothing to do with him. When I questioned him about this situation, he said that she seemed to be willing. But if she was saying otherwise, then he could accept that. End of

incident. Sometime later he left the Society and after a period of time married someone else.

Another time one of our younger priests invited me to join him and a friend, a nun, for dinner. We went to a very elegant restaurant and had an exquisite meal. In the course of dinner, he told me that he and his friend had contracted a civil marriage but that they each wanted to live for a while longer in their respective communities. I knew that by attempting marriage they were no longer religious. They asked me to keep their secret for a while. Not knowing what to do, I called the provincial's office the next day and told the socius what had happened. From that moment I had two very bitter enemies. From each of them I had a bitter tongue lashing and the promise that even if they could some day forgive me, they would never be able to forget how I had betrayed them.

Obviously, not everything was peaceful in Jesuit community life. As rector, somehow I could not look at what was happening as perversions and infidelities; instead, I had to employ the light of faith to learn what God was doing. It seemed to me that we could not limit the way God works and make God fit into our perspectives. I had to believe that God could and did call people both to and through religious life, that for some reason God called these men into the Society of Jesus for a period of time, and that for equally good reasons God sent them on their way again into another form of Christian life.

Issue: Peace

"Clem?" It was the provincial's voice on the phone that morning. "Yes. What can I do for you?" I asked him. "A couple of our guys were arrested last night and they are in the city jail. Can you, as the nearest superior, go and see if they need anything?" Of course I went. But they were doing just fine. They were filled with the righteousness of their cause, protesting for peace and against the war in Vietnam. But they were a little frightened about the uncertainties of prison life and the length of their stay in jail. Fortunately, they did not stay there very long. They had been hauled in during one of the mass arrests that the police used to make in order to quell any riots or demonstrations. But their being in jail was a sign of the unrest that existed in our nation and especially in Washington, D.C., the focal point of most of these demonstrations.

With mild curiosity and hesitant support, I would walk to the National Mall to observe what was happening. My first demonstration was when I was a "fourth-year Father" at Woodstock. A large group of theologians was allowed to go to Washington for the Civil Rights March led by

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and to be present on the Mall when he gave his “I have a dream” speech. But the moral issues of racism were much clearer than the issues of war and peace. Certainly our Jesuit community would have been united on the issues of racism, but seriously divided on the issues of peace, war, and Vietnam. On several occasions it happened that the tear gas used by the police or the National Guard to dispel protesters could be smelled wafting over the Jesuit complex of St. Aloysius Parish and Gonzaga College High School. One of the Jesuit pastors once allowed the demonstrators to meet in the parish church and to sleep in school facilities. He interpreted these facilities to be “parish facilities,” even though the parish had not made use of them for years and they had been taken over by the school.

Polite discourse about these issues proved impossible. Rather than by words, I tried to give leadership by example. I let it be known that I took part in most of these peace demonstrations. They merge now in my memory except for two that remain vivid.

It was in the late spring, shortly after the tragedies at Kent State. There was to be a massive peace rally and demonstration in Washington on the Ellipse behind the White House. The reports that circulated for several weeks before the demonstrations gave great cause for anxiety. There was anger and bitterness against the Nixon Administration because of Kent State. There were news accounts of an armory being broken into and weapons stolen. Not just the police and the National Guard but the regular military also was being positioned to keep order and quell violence. On the day of the demonstration, in the courtyards of the federal buildings could be seen the hundreds or even thousands of soldiers ready to come forth if needed. All around the White House parked bumper to bumper were transit buses forming a barricade to protect the building and those inside.

Putting on my collar and picking up the oils and a stole, I went forth to this demonstration telling myself that this is where the Church needs to be. Wanting to be a sign of hope and reconciliation, I went to be part of this demonstration. It was one of those days in late spring when Washington is at its most beautiful. There were bright sunshine, cloudless sky, gleaming federal buildings, and marble monuments; the grass glowed, the flowers shouted their colors, and the temperature was perfect.

Enjoying the great weather but dreading what might very well happen this day, I approached the Mall and the Ellipse behind the White House. A slight blue haze hung over the thousands of mostly young people who were there. As I got closer, I realized that the haze was the smoke from burning marijuana. The speakers droned on from the stage, but at least at the fringes of this enormous crowd, nobody was paying much attention. The weather and the pot and the age of the demonstrators had coalesced to make

this one great picnic rather than one great angry mob. People were sprawled out over the grass. Some had music, food, and drink. Party time!

Breathing a sigh of relief and a prayer of gratitude, I wandered around to see what more was going on. Just to the east of the Ellipse is a large fountain with a pool. A crowd was gathered around the pool and a noise was coming from the crowd. Like Zaccheus, I could not see over the heads of the demonstrators. I climbed up on a bench to see what was happening in the pool. A dozen or so youngsters in their late teens or early twenties were splashing around in the pool and shouting slogans. Then one of them shouted, "Let's take our clothes off." And they did. As I watched this spectacle from atop my bench, someone—a Catholic certainly—spotting my clerical garb said, "What do you make of that, Father?" "Well," I said, "it looks like they are having a good time."

The other demonstration I recall took place during the summer. A big pro-America rally was scheduled at which the Rev. Billy Graham was to speak. He would speak from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, from which Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. had given his "I have a dream" speech. The crowd stretched out from the steps of the Lincoln Memorial almost to the edge of the reflecting pool to the east. I was listening to Dr. Graham and facing the Memorial when I heard the chanting behind me. Turning around I saw the "crazies" standing shoulder to shoulder across the reflecting pool and wading deliberately toward the crowd, toward me. They were in various stages of undress as they came toward us shouting, "Hell no! We won't go!" Thinking I had better get out of the way, I turned back toward Billy Graham; and there in front of me was a whole line of horse police facing the approaching demonstrators. I do not remember what happened next or how I got out of there, but I did.

In this environment, at a relatively young age I was called to be a steadying influence on a Jesuit community of some forty men, almost all of whom were older than I. In this environment too, where "peace" had become a fighting word, now and then I had to write letters for some of our high-school seniors who wanted to register for the draft as a conscientious objectors.

Issue: Protests in the Church

We convened an emergency meeting of the Jesuits in the morning before going to our work in the school. It was October 3, 1968, and we had just heard that two men from our community, the pastor and the associate pastor of St. Aloysius Church, had had their faculties restricted by the archbishop because of a document they had signed which protested the

encyclical *Humanæ vitæ* and its position on birth control and human freedom. At issue in this meeting was not so much the rightness of the encyclical nor our own positions in matters of sexual morality. The issue for us was the treatment of our brothers and the disciplinary action against them that was levied without any form of “due process.”

We fashioned a statement of our feelings about the treatment of our priests, and we asked the archbishop to rescind the restriction on the faculties of our men. We asked him to allow them to continue to give to the people the freedom of conscience that the teaching of the Church had always allowed. The majority of those in the community signed the final version. Then, accompanied by another of our priests, I took the statement to the archbishop’s office and left it with his receptionist. Much to our dismay, the media had the story, distorted of course, even before the letter had been delivered. The car radio told us on the way to the chancery that the Jesuits at Gonzaga College High School had written a letter of protest to the archbishop in which they disagreed with the encyclical of Pope Paul VI. That, of course, was not exactly the burden of our letter.

Our letter had its repercussions. It was commonly misinterpreted by everyone. Attempts to correct a false impression were futile. Parents who had previously considered sending their sons to Gonzaga were not only scared off by the riots of the previous spring and by the risks they perceived in sending their fourteen-year-old sons to the inner city all alone, but now they were also concerned about the Jesuit education at Gonzaga, which they perceived as being against the Pope and the archbishop.

Some of us attended a few meetings with the disaffected diocesan clergy who had begun the whole protest movement. For the most part they were young, bright, and zealous men, sincere in their positions and convinced that they were promoting the good of the people. Most of them eventually left the priesthood, being unable or unwilling to work for and accept the restoration of their full faculties. It was a very difficult time for the church of Washington, which lost some of its best qualified men. Those who would struggle for due process and wait for the restoration of their faculties had to endure about four years of tension and misunderstanding. Perhaps only one Jesuit left the priesthood because of this controversy; but this man also had other issues in his life and the *Humanæ vitæ* controversy only added to them.

For a young rector, this experience was heady and dangerous. What motivated me to write the letter to the archbishop? What made me agree to convene the community meeting and take this action? Never before having had to take an unpopular stand based on principle, I was embarking on a voyage through a dark passageway with many hidden dangers. When I called

and consulted the provincial about the letter, he said, "Do what you have to do."

We also had to pay the consequences. Having dropped off the letter at the chancery, we did not know if we would be dismissed from the diocese the next day. The consequence for the men in our community who had signed the letter, and for priests throughout the diocese who had in any way expressed some disagreement over the encyclical, was to listen to the moral theologian John Ford, S.J., theological advisor to the archbishop of Washington. Fr. Ford, in effect, taught a class and invited questions. It was basically an authoritarian appeal for acquiescence rather than an effort to persuade or to seek common ground.

I still have to ask myself whether our action was wise and prudent or whether there was some other way to be united with our brothers whom I perceived to be treated unfairly. Now, thirty years later, there are still some of Ours who resent what I did in 1968.

Issue: The Discipline of Community Life

Whatever "sensitivity sessions" are or were I do not know. I have never taken part in one. But the fear of them cast a long shadow over our attempts at community meetings. The rhythm of regularly scheduled community meetings was just beginning. The novelty implicit in them was that we were all expected to participate and "share our feelings" about whatever the agenda might be. This kind of gathering was far from the "he-speaks-we-listen" kind of experience we had all been accustomed to. We had an image of "sensitivity sessions" as taking the participants apart psychologically, getting them to say things which in ordinary situations they would never utter or admit, and then letting them hang out there with all their vulnerabilities evident to all. Let it be said that such was never the intent or the dynamic of any community meetings, but many feared that this is what they would prove to be.

A whole new understanding of community was emerging. Community was now being defined in terms of personal relationships and not in terms of location or work. Common prayer, common worship, shared lives, openness of communication, honesty and charity were now the elements of community. Community liturgy thirty years ago—and this is still true today—has not been able to express our unity with one another and with Christ. The liturgy has often been a divisive element in our communities. Either the liturgical style or the dueling homilies would make it difficult for some to attend and participate. Thirty years later there is still more than a remnant of these feelings.

Time would often be the great excuse. Common prayer or common worship or community meetings could never be scheduled at a time when everyone could be free and available to participate. I reported to one provincial that it seemed to me that these community disciplines were not part of the charism of the Society, not something that Ignatius would have liked; if they were, they would have taken hold in our communities. It seemed to me that you discovered what the Society was all about if you looked at the men God had called to this vocation. We are who we are, and at that time we were not a group who easily moved toward the personal or the intimate, toward communication and openness with one another, toward common prayer and worship, to all of which our superiors and GC 31 were summoning us.

There were those who, desirous of seeking a more satisfactory community life, asked to move out of the large communities and to form “small” communities or “intentional” communities. These men felt a need to live away from their work, to experience life without “servants,” to have an opportunity to live in a more personal community with just a few men with whom they could share and pray. The reality of those communities, at least at first, was that they were expensive to maintain, they created the need for more cars, they became semiautonomous, and weakened the relationship with the local superior and the “large” community. Moreover, to judge from those who left the Society after belonging to those communities, at least some of our men wanted to move into them for greater personal independence, which in turn led to their requesting dismissal from the Society.

As rector, I suppose I had the right to oversee more closely the communities that had sprung from our Gonzaga group. But both by temperament and by choice, I have no desire to pry into the lives of others. On one occasion when I went to one of these communities to tell them that the provincial was coming for visitation and wanted to stop by their house, a minor panic ensued. However, I had misinterpreted the provincial’s intentions. He was not expecting to visit their house, but to have them visit him while he was at the large community. It was a lesson to me, however, that I should keep in closer touch with those who were attached to us.

One of my many weaknesses as superior was presuming that our men were aware of their responsibilities and obligations. I had no desire to regulate their lives, their comings and goings, their idiosyncrasies, their spiritual lives. I tried to make it clear that as rector I was not the spiritual father. In retrospect, I should have been more aggressive and intruded myself more into the lives of the men in the community. To give them freedom and money and choice was good; to remain aloof was not.

Issue: Directed Retreats and Spiritual Direction

Perhaps the most significant grace of the late sixties and early seventies was the resurgence of the directed retreat. For me the directed retreat and spiritual direction had two effects. The first, of course, was to be able to articulate to someone else my own experience of God and of prayer. But more important for me was the opportunity to hear from others their experiences and reflections. My faith has always been more formed by the faith of others than by anything I could do to build it up. It has been helpful to me to share the experiences of others and to know that I am not alone in my graces and darknesses.

The *Spiritual Exercises* has provided me with a framework for thinking about God and God's grace. It has also given me a way to analyze the experiences of others and be able to direct them on their next step toward the Lord.

I gave my first directed retreat even before I had made one. I was invited to give a directed retreat to nine religious women, all from the same house. In June of 1972 we all went together to a little retreat center in Rhode Island. I did not know that what I was attempting to do was impossible—to direct nine persons at once, to see them each day individually, to celebrate the liturgies, and to share meals with them. But I did it anyway.

I learned as rector that some of our men were reluctant to make directed retreats. I suspect that it was because they did not trust their own experience of God and were therefore unwilling to share that experience with someone else. One of my consolations a few years later when I was in "the retreat business" was to be asked by some of the men who had lived with me at Gonzaga to direct them through the Exercises. For some of them it was their first experience of a directed retreat.

And So . . .

After six years I considered that I had done my duty in ministering to Ours. I was glad to allow someone else to assume this role. Living those six years day by day had not seemed difficult. But in retrospect I can see that those years were pivotal for everyone.

I stayed on in the Gonzaga community for four years after my term as rector had ended. By that time I had "been sent" to become headmaster of the school (another story in itself). Toward the end of my term as rector, "Watergate" burst upon us. Both the Vice-President and the President left office in disgrace. The country was reeling and Gonzaga too was hitting bottom. As headmaster my thoughts and energies were directed towards

other cares—a rapidly declining student enrollment, an effort to develop our curriculum creatively and collaboratively, instituting for the first time a community-service program as a requirement for graduation, opening better communications with parents, facilitating communication among all segments of the school staff. I did not expect to be a superior again. But . . .

March 1979

“There is no need to send me.”

The Superior and Corporate Discernment

There is no need to send me as director to the retreat house at Faulkner,” I wrote to the provincial in February of 1979. “Just make the acting director the permanent director and he will be able to make the decisions necessary for the ministry.”

During my sabbatical year at Weston College from 1978 to 1979, I had to leave the comfort and security of Cambridge, where I was enjoying the time I had been given to visit or interview for various positions in the province that needed to be filled. I interviewed somewhat reluctantly for the presidency of two different high schools. I did not want the positions, and I knew I would not be chosen anyway; my role was to be part of the candidate pool presented to the various search committees. I also went to Loyola Retreat House in Faulkner, in southern Maryland. I thought that there was no point in assigning me there, because my heart and my values were centered on a quite different kind of ministry. I wanted to walk in the footsteps of Fr. Horace McKenna in Washington, D.C., in order to learn how to serve the poor; and as Horace became more frail and less energetic, I wanted to take over his ministry. So I was surprised when I was asked to interview or consider other apostolic opportunities. I was even more surprised when, on the Feast of the Canonization of Ignatius and Xavier, March 12, 1979, I had a call from the provincial assistant assigning me to be director of the ministry at Loyola Retreat House in rural Charles County, Md., and superior of the Jesuit community, which included the Jesuits at the retreat house as well as the Jesuits six miles up the road at St. Ignatius Parish, Chapel Point, Md.

Although I had been giving retreats of various kinds almost from the time of my ordination sixteen years before, although I had just made a “long retreat” at Guelph as part of my sabbatical, and although I was taking courses at Weston College on the Spiritual Exercises and on spiritual direction, I had never been part of a retreat-house staff. It seemed to me a good

thing to cut short my sabbatical year at the end of March and move my possessions to Faulkner. I thought I owed it to myself to see what goes on in a retreat house before I became the director of one. I moved in on the first of April and became director on June 1, 1979.

Issue: Mixed-Gender Community

Taking over as director of the work of the retreat house and as superior of the Jesuit community, I knew that we were six Jesuits on the staff and living in the community. But one religious woman had been invited by the previous acting director to come and help for a while with retreats. And she was still in residence with us. She was helpful in many ways both as a director of retreats and as manager of the housekeeping and kitchen staffs. As the months went by and I did nothing to regularize her position with the retreat house, one of the men took me aside to tell me that I had to do something about her—either to have her stay or to have her leave. I invited her to talk with me about her future, and it was clear that she wanted to stay. She had many gifts to bring us: by training she was a psychiatric nurse; moreover, she had done some hospital administration and was experienced in spiritual direction. She had made the thirty-day retreat and was familiar with the *Exercises*. She was skilled in matters involving housekeeping and kitchen management, could deal easily with people, and at this time was searching for a new direction in her life. Thus, she seemed to be a perfect gift to us. With the approval of my brothers, I worked out the terms of her membership on our staff, which included her continuing to live in our house.

Our newest staff member easily won over the retreatants, even the most macho of them. They were inspired by her words, her understanding, and her care. She was able to relieve me of all concern for the kitchen and the housekeeping. Because she was a nurse, she was able to handle medical emergencies as they arose. Living in the house with us, she was able to be on call any time of the day or night. She was a great blessing to the ministry.

The sister and the six Jesuits all shared equally in our weekly staff meetings, which soon became community meetings as well. I saw no need to call meetings where only sister was excluded. Since she lived with us, she really was part of our community, sharing our community/staff room, our meals, our prayer, and our worship.

The community/staff meetings also became the consultants' meetings. At the time, there seemed to be no point in having meetings of the consultants that would exclude only two of the Jesuits. We were a community

small enough that whatever would be taken up with consultors could also be treated by the whole staff.

In the course of the years (I would be director-superior for seven years) the men began to think that I was too much under the influence of sister and that I listened to her more readily than to them. Their criticisms had some validity. Sister and I shared some basic points of view and the same approach to retreats and direction. I relied very much on her advice and assistance—in fact, more than I did on the advice and assistance of our men. But she was always there when I needed her or her help.

I suppose that other Jesuits have been superiors of mixed-gender communities. I thought at the time that I had done it well. Sister even made her “account of conscience” to me when I invited the men to do so. But the men felt that they had no opportunity to be “at home” just by themselves. They thought that sister should have had her own community to which she could relate. But the circumstances at the time did not make that possible. It was an interesting experiment for seven years. Shortly after I was reassigned, sister also left.

Issue: Total Identification of Community and Ministry

Like the communities of the early Society, the community of the retreat house was totally identified with the apostolate. The Jesuits were the backbone of the ministry. It was easy to set goals and evolve a mission statement for a ministry and community so closely focused.

It is a blessing to have the mission of the community totally identified with all its members. We collaborated in a common ministry. We worshiped together each day along with our retreatants. We had a period of prayer and sharing each week at our staff meetings. We went away together for our staff planning days. Our work was to talk with others about our God and about God’s place in our lives. Our work was to listen with reverence and respect to our retreatants and directees as they shared with us their own efforts to live in God’s presence and to accept the inspirations God gave them in their lives.

It is also a curse to have the mission of the community totally identified with all its members. Mission and community are not the same. Community exists for the sake of mission, but mission does not exist for the sake of community. Community inspires and facilitates mission; it discerns and makes choices about mission. One of my failures as director of the ministry and superior of the community was not recognizing the need to distinguish clearly the several communities that made up the reality of my life and the lives of my associates.

In retrospect, I can see that there were overlapping circles of communities. These communities were (1) the Jesuits who lived at the retreat house and worked in the retreat ministry there, (2) the combined group of the Jesuits at St. Ignatius Parish and at the Retreat House, (3) the apostolic community that included the Jesuits and the sister (and other laypersons at various times) who shared with us the corporate ministry of the Spiritual Exercises, and (4) the community of support personnel who cleaned the house, cooked the meals, and maintained the buildings and grounds. Implicitly I was asking the several communities to give up their own identities and to sublimate them into the identity of the larger unit of the mission. This inclination of mine had its effect on how things were decided and done. Decisions and consultations made for the mission impacted on the life and the environment of the other communities, especially the community of Jesuits living together at the retreat house. The men felt that they had no real input into how and where they would eat, sleep, and recreate, that they had no private "at home" space which was just their own. Even if all the decisions had been the best possible decisions, the process of consultation and formulation of the decisions was faulty at best. Some of the communities justly felt uncared for by their superior.

Issue: Justice and Service to the Poor

Two young women, sisters, each with a child, lived in one motel room. There they slept, ate, and tried to be family together. There they prepared their children for school and themselves for work; there they tried to envision a better future for themselves. Hardly the American dream! They lived that way not by choice. Even though both women had been employed for some years by Loyola Retreat House, had a regular income and the anticipation of ongoing employment, they were unable to secure better housing for themselves, even though they could afford the rent.

A housing system rightly protected the investments of property owners, but wrongly discriminated against the poor who, though they had steady full-time employment and could afford the monthly rent, were not allowed to rent a house because they had no credit, often no bank accounts, and usually could not afford the security deposits up front. Noticing these circumstances among the employees of our retreat house whom we valued highly for their loyalty, hard work, initiative, and their reverence for the persons coming to Loyola to find the Lord, we wanted to do what we could to help them to live in a more humane and healthy way.

We began by watching the classified advertisements and by consulting with real-estate agents. Discovering an advertisement for a house with an

affordable rent and in a convenient location, one that could provide a home for our employees and their children, we would call or go to the house or the agent and make inquiries. When sister and I would appear for this purpose, the agents were more than eager to show us the house and to rent to us, no questions asked. But when we told them we were representing our employees, African-Americans for whom we had great concern and affection, the barriers went up: credit, security deposit, income level, single parent, and so on. We perceived a racist attitude, not uncommon in the counties of southern Maryland, in the real-estate agents who were bound by law not to discriminate. There was indeed no overt discrimination; in reality, however, if you were a poor African-American in southern Maryland, you had no chance of a loan at reasonable rates of interest, no chance to purchase your own home, no chance to rent a house for your own use. Your only recourse was a motel room where the manager collected day by day and was ready to evict the resident whenever he pleased.

How could we at Loyola Retreat House help our employees whom we valued highly as collaborators and friends? We decided we would supply, as loan or as gift, the necessary security deposit for a home. We would also co-sign the lease and guarantee regular payment of the rent. These maneuvers helped a bit with agents and owners; but the traits of racism were still evident when we were told, "I have decided not to rent it at this time." "I can not afford to put it in shape at this time." "I have already promised it to someone else."

One bitter cold and dark night in January, we learned that a young couple about to get married would rent a house they owned to our two women employees and their children. Overjoyed, we went to see the house. Snow encrusted with a hard layer of ice covered the ground. Out in the country where we were, beyond stores and street lights, the darkness was profound. As we approached the house, our bodies barely penetrated the icy crust on the ground. Slipping and sliding on the icy, dark lawn, we looked at the first real home our two employees would be able to have as adults. It was a single-storied building with two bedrooms on the ground floor, as well as a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, and a bath. In addition, there was a furnished attic that would be suitable for sleeping. Though the house was not equipped with central heating, it was warmed by an efficient kerosene heater. Moreover, the property featured a large lawn that would later serve for family gatherings and cookouts. All in all, it was a potential paradise for deserving people.

This first foray into housing inspired us to look into and to help other members of our staff and their families. Through a generous benefactor and a lay woman who had become a part-time member of our staff, we

established the "St. Jude Fund" to help the poor. On the retreat-house grounds was a three-foot statue of Mary with a small bronze plaque at its base. Only by getting down on one's hands and knees and bending very low could one decipher the inscription: "Madonna of the Poor." A copy of this statue stood inside the retreat house. It became the place where generous retreatants could put contributions to the St. Jude Fund and could help us to help the poor of Charles County.

Jesuit communities are often on the lookout for ways to help the poor. Often their efforts are unsatisfying. Checks are written to agencies who do the actual caring. At Loyola Retreat House we were by most standards a poor Jesuit community. We could not afford to write big checks. But we did find a way to enter the lives of the poor and to invite others to assist us in our efforts. In the course of my years at Loyola, we were also able to create the "Zaccheus Fund," named for the tax collector Zaccheus who perched in a sycamore tree, trying to see what Jesus was like. As he passed by, Jesus observed Zaccheus perilously perched on a tree branch, and he loved him. Then Jesus said, "Zaccheus, hurry down. I mean to stay at your house today." With the Zaccheus Fund we tell retreatants too poor to afford our per diem to "hurry down here to Loyola; the Lord wants to spend time with you. Do not worry about the cost in dollars."

Issue: Patriotism and the Flag

It shocked me when one of our Jesuits suggested that a national symbol ought not to fly over the house and grounds of a religious institution like Loyola Retreat House. The danger, he explained, is the too facile readiness to equate, although not consciously, patriotism to the United States with goodness and justice. There was a tendency, albeit subtle, to view the United States as God's promised land and its citizens as God's chosen ones. There was a tendency to view Americans as the predestined and as the evangelists of a new world polity and a new world economy. There was a tendency to give the American flag a reverence that by rights we gave only to the crucifix and the Blessed Sacrament, a reverence so great that to defile the flag was akin to sacrilege. Yet everyone should know that the history of the United States is not one of noble altruistic thrust, but is pockmarked by racial and religious discrimination, greed, exploitation of the poor and the laborer, imperialism, deception, overweening competitiveness, materialism, isolationism, and a narrow-minded inability to see the good in other philosophical, political, and cultural systems. The country had recently extricated itself from Vietnam and a war that many thought was unjust and immoral. Almost all the motivational words and phrases in the popular American culture come from sports. Football has become the ritual act that expresses

who we are and what we hope to be in the United States—winners! The entrance hymn is always the same, “The Star Spangled Banner.” The flag, moreover, is more likely to divide than to unite. It divides “us” from “them” and clearly states that we are No. 1.

Our ministry at Loyola Retreat House went directly counter to these American ideals. We wanted, not to separate nation from nation, but to unite all peoples as brothers and sisters of Jesus and children of God our Father. We did not wish to proclaim “I’m No. 1!” but to insist that each of us is No. 1 and that each of us is loved by God to a degree beyond our comprehension. We wanted to welcome saint and sinner to our refuge and sanctuary.

Quietly I acceded to the suggestion. Our proud flagpole, gift of one of our retreat groups, would stand unadorned with Old Glory. We would know the reason, but we would not make a public issue of it. No *Washington Post* photographers capturing the bare and flaking mast silhouetted against the cloud-dappled sky! And so it began.

But then came questions. “No flag flying this weekend, Father?” Well, the rope is broken (as indeed it was), so the flag can’t be raised. “We’ll send somebody to take care of that for you, Father.”

“No flag, Father?” Ours was ripped in a storm (as indeed it had been) and we do not have another. “I’ll send you one, Father, one that flew over the Capitol.” I soon learned that every day flags are constantly being raised and lowered over the Capitol so that they may be marketed as such.

“No flag, Father?” I am sorry, but we do not have one. “What happened to the one we sent you last year?” I do not know what happened to it. (Indeed I had no idea where it was.)

A retired general who had gone ashore at Anzio in World War II brought his group on retreat. Good men all, and generous and brave. “We brought a flag with us this time!” Well, you can raise it if you wish, but I want you to know that we have deliberately chosen not to fly a national banner. “What?!?” Later in the conference room of the retreat house, we fought again the battle of Anzio, D day, the Bulge, Saipan, Okinawa, and Pearl Harbor. The general and his cohorts thought I was a heretical Jesuit, a Commie sympathizer, a hippie peacenik, unpatriotic, anti-American, and proclaimed that I should “love it or leave it.” I tried to apply the *præsupponendum* of the *Spiritual Exercises* to their speech, and I could understand all the pain and commitment they had brought to the unquestioned service of their country. I would not forcibly take down their flag. Just imagine *that* statue next to the Marine Corps statue in the Washington area!

As superior of the community and director of the apostolic mission, I had heeded the advice of my community and staff. But it was difficult to stand on principle in the face of men who had faced death for their principles.

Issue: Discernment and Decision Making

Corporate discernment and decision making was a significant theme during my time at the retreat house. In those years we had to make an important decision about ministry that could affect the time commitments and the responsibilities of all the staff. The decision could also require a significant outlay of money. It was a process we had to do together, and so we gave it a try.

One of our men, employing his own initiative, imagination, talents, and inventiveness, had developed a ministry to youth using a portion of the retreat house's 250 acres and some long-empty farm buildings for this ministry. So the question before us was, Do we want to commit ourselves as a Jesuit community and as an apostolic community to a corporate ministry to youth using the portion of property and the facilities being developed by one of our men, a commitment that might require our attendance and our presence to this ministry, a commitment to make sure that the facilities were being developed according to codes of safety, and a commitment to raise and supply the funds necessary for promoting such a ministry?

The question was not simple. Any decision or a failure to make a decision could affect the happiness and the ministerial effectiveness of all of us and could divide us as a community. In my view, the key to Ignatian discernment and decision making are these elements: (1) recognition by all that there is one decision maker and that all are willing to accept his decision; (2) recognition by all that universal acceptance of a decision is impossible unless each person has Ignatian indifference, the desire to accept the will of God even if it differs from one's own desire and inclination; (3) recognition that the whole process begins with prayer and continues with an awareness of God's presence to the group; (4) an authentic attempt by each participant to see and appreciate the viewpoint of the other participants and to see the goodness and the weakness in each of the pros and cons; (5) a serious attempt to perceive how the Spirit of God is moving in the group and a willingness to express this perception and to accept the perception of others; (6) a confidence and willingness to entrust to the decision maker the task of declaring the decision to be made in the name of all.

As an apostolic community we went through this kind of process for a considerable period of time. It was not easy. What revealed itself was a lack of trust that we could each comprehend the issues or could refrain from

pushing our own favored agenda. The fault, I believe, was in myself. I was unable to communicate effectively the process or to model adequately the behavior that I expected from everyone.

As superior of the community and director of the work, I was the decision maker. I had invited the staff and community to share the discernment, and now the decision had to be made. At the end of the group-discernment process, I went off for a week alone to review the issues for myself, to pray for guidance, and to formulate the decision we would all have to follow. I wrote out my decision and my reasoning and presented them to the group with a certain amount of peace. There was not universal happiness or agreement; but, then, we are Jesuits, after all.

Issue: Collaboration with Advisory Board and Non-Jesuit Staff

I would be hard put to answer the question: What is your field? I consider myself to have been trained in the seminary to be a more-than-adequate minister of word and sacrament and to have been trained outside the seminary to be a more-than-adequate teacher of classical and modern languages in secondary school. I am grateful that throughout the many "careers" I have had in the Society of Jesus, I have always had the opportunity to be a minister of word and sacrament. I would evaluate that ministry as having been effective in the lives of others and gratifying in my own life. My seven years at Loyola Retreat House were a graced time when I could be a full-time and easily available minister of word and sacrament. I could give myself readily to preaching and to spiritual direction with sensitivity and compassion. But that was only part of the job. I needed a good deal of help for the other managerial aspects of a retreat house facility.

A board of lay advisors was already in existence. I began to set before them the needs and problems that were beyond my competence and required their advice and cooperation. The chapel needed to be made more suitable for post-Vatican II liturgies. The kitchen had to be brought up to code: the county health department had not been happy with our kitchen. One of the inspectors had told me he would not have the courage to eat food from our kitchen. The house needed fire escapes and smoke detectors. The compressor and the cooling tower for the air-conditioning system needed replacing. A new well needed to be dug. The emergency generator no longer functioned. The cliffs were eroding. Water was seeping through the basement walls. The salaries of employees needed to be upgraded. The pond needed to be dredged so that it could provide an adequate water supply for fire trucks, should there be a fire in the house. Funds needed to be raised for these and other projects.



The board rose to the occasion and became an invaluable help to me. Their own spiritual lives, nurtured in the retreat house, overflowed in their service to others by making the retreat house a more permanent institution for many more generations of retreatants. The board began to develop not just its fiduciary sense, but its proprietary sense and wanted to look into the programs and the message being promoted by Loyola's retreats. To a great extent, such concerns were beyond the competence of the board. Part of my responsibility as director and as a representative of the Society of Jesus was to educate the board in Ignatian spirituality and in the goals of our ministry in the Maryland Province.

In my seven years at Loyola, our staff consisted primarily of Jesuits. But for all those years, the sister was part of us, and at various times other lay men and women shared our life and our ministry in varying degrees. The witness of their lives, the richness of their experience, and the depth of their reflections on God's working in them enriched our ministry. Their collaboration was invited and welcomed.

Issue: Collaboration with the Local Church

Founded in 1958, Loyola Retreat House was considered to be the "Archdiocesan Retreat House for Men." Its mission was clearly in service to the local church and to the parishes. The Jesuit weekend retreat was one of the few ways open to laypersons to develop their spiritual life and their relationship to God by means of an intensive experience. But by the time I came to the retreat house, the Church and the world had changed. The *cursillo*, the charismatic renewal, and the emergence of groups like Opus Dei and the Legionaries of Christ had multiplied the opportunities for spiritual growth among the people of God. Loyola had to reconsider its ministry and its mission. The familiar scenario of the rising costs of operating an institution and the declining client base served to force the issue. Programs had been introduced for specific target groups: married couples, men and women in twelve-step programs, singles, youth, religious, and so on.

The approval and encouragement of the archdiocese was important to us. Our ministry could not have flourished without it. We welcomed to retreats the permanent deacons, the priests, and the seminarians of the archdiocese. We invited the cardinal and the bishops to join us in celebratory events. But our one attempt to invite the archdiocese to collaborate with us met with frustration.

The archdiocese was losing its youth-retreat facility. The office of youth ministry of the archdiocese was seriously looking for another place to carry out its youth retreats. We invited the archdiocese to share with us the

youth-retreat facility we were developing, and there was for a time some serious interest. But eventually the archdiocese withdrew in order to be more autonomous in its ministry.

And So . . .

Confronted with the prospect of staying on a year longer than usual at Loyola Retreat House, I also began to look forward to a "return to the ranks." I considered these seven years to be the most influential on me personally. The necessity and the importance of corporate spiritual discernment were painfully imprinted on me. The consequences of inadequate consultation clearly observable. The kind of work I had to do forced me to act contrary to my introvert personality. Fund raising and public relations demanded my attention. I had to be totally in charge. More important, my own spiritual life grew because I had to articulate my own faith and practice in response to the confidences placed in me by retreatants. I began to articulate my spirituality of "being sent." I became quite knowledgeable about the Spiritual Exercises, and I developed a style of preaching retreats that was able to touch the lives of the men and women who came to us. I learned to appreciate the faith and holiness of persons outside the Catholic tradition and to share with them my own faith. My brothers and sisters in ministry taught me much about justice and about concern for the poor. These lessons would serve me well when I was sent to my next mission.

December 1985

"Where everyone is poor"

The Superior and Service to the Poor

We would like you to consider being the pastor of a small inner-city parish where everyone is poor and where almost all the people speak Spanish," our provincial assistant for pastoral ministries said to me as my term at Loyola Retreat House was coming to an end. "Well," I said, "there are a few problems with that. I have never worked in a parish. I have never worked with the poor. And I cannot speak Spanish. But if that is what you want, of course I shall do it." My assignment to Holy Name Parish in Camden, N.J., and its Puerto Rican congregation would not be made public for another nine months. And after that time I would have an opportunity to learn Spanish in the Dominican Republic before going to Holy Name. I would then serve another whole year as associate pastor before becoming pastor and superior.



I was at this time thinking to myself that at my advanced age (I was fifty-three) I was in my last significant assignment as a Jesuit. I would no longer have a major responsibility for one of our Jesuit ministries. My prediction about "significant assignment" proved to be totally inaccurate. The time at Holy Name would prove to be my most significant ministry thus far.

Issue: The Camden Context in 1987

By a ten-year written agreement between the Diocese of Camden and the Maryland Province of the Society of Jesus, effective in January 1983, the Jesuits took over the ministry of Holy Name Parish and School in the northern part of the city of Camden, N.J. The population of that city is about eighty-four thousand people. In round figures, 56 percent of the population is African-American, 36 percent is Latino, and the rest is "other." There is a smattering of Vietnamese, Chinese, Korean, Filipino, and European (Polish, Italian, Irish, English, and German). There are eight Catholic churches, including the cathedral and the pro-cathedral.

Statistically, Camden is the fifth-poorest city in the country. And North Camden, which is the territory of Holy Name Parish, is the poorest section of that city. Within the parish boundaries there are about eight thousand people: about six thousand of them are Latino, mostly Puerto Rican, and almost all of them claim an affiliation with the Catholic Church. But perhaps half of this group have not been inside a Catholic church since their First Communion. Single-parent households are the norm, as the men, unemployed and lacking job opportunities, play the welfare-system game and skip out of the house. Teenage pregnancies are common. An uneducated adult population has no appreciation of how important education is for the future of their children. The dropout rate is horrendous. Only a small percentage of students finish high school, and a smaller percentage yet go to college. The community colleges have to spend most of their time doing remedial work in English and math before the youngsters can progress.

The unemployment rate in the city is extremely high. Needing money and having no jobs, the men easily slip into petty thievery and drug dealing. North Camden had become the open-air drug market serving the affluent from the wealthy suburbs and from Philadelphia, who whisk into the area in their luxury cars, make their deals, and whisk out again. No family in North Camden is untouched by the drug culture. There may be a daughter who is addicted, a father who is a dealer, an uncle who is in jail, a neighbor who died violently. In my first year as pastor, a twelve-year-old boy was gunned down in his living room. He was a not-so-innocent victim

of the drug/poverty culture. I conducted the wake service in the tiny parlor of a neighbor's home packed with family, neighbors, and the curious, and I laid hands in blessing on every child present and prayed that they be spared. The next day, conducting a religion class at our school, I was with the sixth grade, youngsters the same age as the murdered child. I asked the class what their lives were like in North Camden. Every child had a story to tell of violence, bloodshed, death, drugs, and jail that he or she had witnessed or that had happened nearby. I staggered out of that class close to tears.

The youngsters share a common mind-set that in their lifetime they will inevitably have to face violence, prison, destitution. There is for them no other world. Why waste all that time going to school when I am going to die young anyway? Why work and earn and save for what I want when I can have it now for the stealing? Why plan for a happiness that will only come much later in a lifetime that is not guaranteed to me when I can get all the pleasure possible now through sex and drugs? For a youngster from Camden, immortality means that after I die from an overdose or from a gunshot, I will leave behind a handsome corpse, my friends will wear T-shirts with my name on them, and a graffiti artist will emblazon my name on the wall of an abandoned house. *Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*

Not typical but not uncommon in North Camden was a person like my friend Yvette, whom I often referred to as my "Lazarus at the gate." A former prostitute, addict, and convict, she was still a manipulator, liar, and thief, a victim of AIDS, with open sores over her almost fleshless body. She was dirty and smelly, with straggly hair; she had stolen my camera and probably other things from the rectory. The parish staff avoided her and would not let her into the rectory. Even knowing that she lied to me, manipulated me, and stole from me, I gave her money anyway. She had given birth to five children by three different men. The last child died in infancy, a victim of the AIDS his mother had transmitted to him. Three other children were in foster homes. The oldest child was with her. Yvette's sister had been shot and killed by an angry boyfriend. She had seen a fellow addict die from an overdose. Her happiest days were the months she spent in jail, sheltered, clean, well fed, and receiving regular medical care. She would become a grandmother at age twenty-nine. The life of this young Puerto Rican woman was geographically limited by Philadelphia on the west and Atlantic City on the east. For this young woman I felt a genuine love, even though I knew that there was nothing I could do to help her permanently.

Into this context the Jesuits came in 1983. According to the original concept, the ministry would begin with three Jesuits—a pastor-superior, a youth minister, and a street person. The promise had been made that the

team would grow to have significant social outreach and a component of theological reflection. It took a while for all of these pieces to get into place. But within two years and with the help and support of the bishop, a Jesuit physician and a Jesuit attorney had established their practices in facilities directly across the street from the parish rectory. Into this mix I arrived in 1987 to be associate pastor for one year and then pastor-superior for six years. When I became pastor-superior, we numbered five priests and one sister. At fifty-five years of age, I was ten years older than the sister and thirteen years older than the next oldest priest.

This Jesuit community was different from the other two where I had served as superior. Here we were five men, three of us directors of works. Each of these directors had his own mission, staff, facilities, budget, and sources of income. My challenge as superior was to facilitate and encourage the ministries of each man and to try to bring the various ministries under the one umbrella of the Jesuit enterprise at Holy Name Parish. One strategy to accomplish this goal was the twice-annual gatherings of the “joint staffs”—parish, school, law office, and medical services—at the Jesuit villa in Cape May, N.J. In these gatherings we all had the chance to share prayer, hopes, and experiences. The gatherings were inspirational not just for the lay persons but also for the men and women religious. Further adding to the sense of unity of mission was the relationship to Holy Name Church shared in some measure by all the members of the various staffs. They either went to Mass there or sent their children to school there. The unity was further strengthened because church, school, law office, and medical services all served the same population, basically the Latino population of North Camden. As superior I had no authority over any of the ministries. As pastor I had authority over the parish and the school. But our commitment to a corporate Jesuit ministry in North Camden gave me the moral influence to invite the three ministries to share and collaborate.

Further strengthening the corporate ministry were our efforts at fund raising on behalf of the “Friends of Holy Name.” The funds would be used primarily but not exclusively by our parish and school to help the poor. With the support of my Jesuit brothers, I was able to raise what, for our poor ministry, was a significant sum of money each year.

Issue: Collaboration with the Laity and with the Local Church

Obviously, in a city like Camden, where the social problems are beyond belief, where physical danger always threatens, where voiceless citizens are ignored by politicians, where stable full-time employment is hard to come by, where fourteen-, fifteen-, and sixteen-year-old children are

having children; where abandoned houses invite drug addicts, prostitutes, unwary children, and garbage dumpers; where vacant lots are littered with glass and debris; where the schools, especially the middle and secondary schools, cannot keep out the weapons, drugs, and violence—in such a city the only hope for the people is a coalition of churches, community groups, and social-service agencies attempting to give the people voice and empowerment and hope for their lives. Such a coalition has great influence in the political offices of city, county, and state. The coalition of such groups can attract the attention of the media and allow the voice of the people gradually to be heard and respected.

The Jesuit hubris often wants to go it alone and be a powerful force for good. Failing that, the Jesuit hubris aims at leading the charge for justice. Only reluctantly does the Jesuit hubris take a lower seat at the table of collaboration. Our Jesuit community at Holy Name had all those levels of hubris. Each of the five of us possessed all three levels to different degrees. We either offered or invited collaboration with individuals, civic organizations, church organizations, the police department, the city council, and the mayor's office. In a city as small as this, none of the political leaders could hide for long from public view. Sooner or later that public official would have to listen to one of us or to one of the organizations with which we were affiliated.

Our collaboration with the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chestnut Hill was vitally important. They had staffed and directed the parish school, and rejoiced when we arrived to share with them the important ministry to the Catholic Latino youngsters of North Camden. Our nurturing spirit in the parish and pastoral associate was a School Sister of Notre Dame whose presence, charity, and competence in the parish gave credibility to the efforts of the Jesuit Fathers. Another School Sister of Notre Dame was the office manager and physician's assistant in the medical office. She too was an indispensable person, and our ministry would have been totally different without her. At the heart of our parish was our permanent deacon and his wife, whose attention to many details saved the pastor from much confusion. Collaborating with us also were volunteers from the JVC and many volunteers from the parishes of the diocese who wanted to do what they could to help the poor.

We collaborated with the Society. We invited and welcomed into our ministry novices, scholastics, and new priests who were looking for an experience of ministry in a poor, multicultural urban context. We welcomed support from other Jesuit ministries. This support was not just financial: students at a university and a secondary school spent time with us, helping us to accomplish things in our ministry that we could not do for ourselves.

Most important of all, we collaborated with the bishop and the diocese. The bishop's charitable funds supported the medical services and the law office; his charitable and educational funds supported about half the cost of running our kindergarten-to-eighth-grade elementary school. While pastor, I served for two years as episcopal vicar for Hispanics. As Jesuit superior I had the consoling confidence that we were living out and working for the apostolic goals of our province—collaboration in our ministries, education to benefit the poor, theological reflection on our ministries, and promotion of the Ignatian spirituality of the Spiritual Exercises.

Issue: Theological Reflection

Theological reflection on our ministries was part of the original plan for the Jesuit work at Holy Name. By the time I arrived, four years into the work, this kind of reflection had not yet been undertaken. As superior I was aware of the mandate we had, but it was a process beyond my understanding and skill. The plan had been that a "scholar" would eventually be assigned to our community who, in addition to his scholarly ministry, would enable us in the process of theological reflection. That plan did not eventuate. I let that aspect of our ministry dangle.

But halfway through my tenure, we had a young scholar in our midst who dragged us kicking and screaming into the process. I kicked and screamed because I did not understand the process; others kicked and screamed because they were more activist types and achievers and had no patience for long introspective processes. But the process began and came to a happy conclusion. It lasted almost two years, with regular monthly meetings of all members of all the staffs who wanted to participate. The process was described in an issue of *Human Development* several years ago. I am not proud that I was unable personally to take the lead in devising the theological reflection. But I am proud that two of our community members were able to plan and initiate the process and to see it through.

Issue: What I Have Learned

What did I learn as superior of the Holy Name Jesuit Community? It was my third chance to be a superior. The first two times I felt I was equal to the challenges, even though I made mistakes. In this third turn I was superior of the community and director of one of the three works of our corporate Jesuit apostolate. This is what I learned.

1. There were things I was capable of doing and other things I could not do. I was a good leader of prayer, worship, and sacramental ministry. I

was a good spiritual director and director of the Exercises for our parishioners. But I could not organize and direct the theological reflection. I could not research the context of our ministry. I could not meet the press and present our positions. I could not be the local community organizer. But I could be the superior and the pastor. I could allow others to do what they did best. I could collaborate with others in their ministries and projects. At times intimidated by the professional competence and personal qualities of my brothers, I was reluctant to require things of them. Our weekly half hour of community prayer, while supported by me, came about through another.

2. Age and age gaps do make a difference. Because I was much older than my brothers, they showed me a certain deferential respect. Because I was of a generation of Jesuits who were formed in a way much different from their own, they recognized the shortcomings in my vision and were able to adapt to me.

3. Relationships with the men in the community are on two levels that often do not overlap: the personal and the religious. On the religious level, the men were all open and honest with me in their annual "formal conversations" and did not seem to mind too much if I asked questions that intruded on their privacy and their religious life. On the personal level, there was a certain amount of affection and friendship among us, and the desire and the effort to build better community with one another. But for all of us, our closest friends were elsewhere.

4. The quality of my communications both public and professional improved with my personal involvement with the community and the ministry. Because of my deep involvement with the ministry, I was able to write eloquently in our fund appeals. I was also able to give talks on our ministry that the audience found interesting and moving.

5. I did not have to succeed at everything. One year at Province Days, talking to one of our distinguished priests, I tried to describe our work at Holy Name. He seemed to sense in me a dissatisfaction and disappointment with what we had been able to accomplish. He pointed out that ours was primarily a ministry of presence and hope. Our people did not really expect that we were going to be able to solve all their problems. What they wanted was the assurance of our presence with them on their journey and the promise of hope for the future. The notion of the "ministry of presence and hope" gave me great consolation and peace.

My strong feelings about the ministry led me to commission a statue for Holy Name Church. The one statue had two standing figures, one behind the other. The front figure is a young boy, with bare torso, blue jeans, and high-top sneakers. There are wounds on his body, his head is

drooping and his eyes are closed. He is either dead or unconscious. He is supported by a figure of Jesus, who lovingly looks down at the boy's face. Inscribed in Spanish at the bottom of the statue are the Eucharistic words, "Esto es mi cuerpo." The statue is titled "The Body of Christ in North Camden."

And So . . .

I left Holy Name on a Sunday afternoon in June 1994. I was somewhat numb but extraordinarily grateful for the opportunity to have served there. I was especially grateful to the Jesuits for the community we had formed. As I left, I had a slight feeling of abandoning those who would continue ministering in Camden. But yet in faith I knew that once again I was being sent. My occasional returns in the next four years would be bittersweet. Bitter because the violent death of the young continues and the consequences of the drug and poverty cultures continue. Sweet because the presence of the Church in their midst makes even stronger the startling faith of the people. Sweet because of the *besos*, *abrazos*, and *cariño* of the people. And bitter because this same affection, offered to me on my return, is not merited and cannot be reciprocated. Having lived among the poor, I grew in my admiration and respect for their courage, their honesty, and their wisdom. They have done great things for me. And I continue to have great admiration and affection for those who minister to the people of Holy Name.

November 1993

"What about you?"

The Superior and Collaboration in Ministry

What about you?" the provincial said in the course of a meeting of the province consultors. I was at that time one of the consultors, and we were discussing the need to assign a new rector to Georgetown Prep School, our Jesuit day and residential school in the affluent Maryland suburbs of Washington, D.C. I did not think that the provincial was serious. He had made a similar remark once before about another situation when I felt he could have been serious. But I protested my incompetence to do that ministry, and he rightly listened to me.

On this second occasion I could not take him seriously, because the ministry at Camden where I was completing seven years had given me good experience of parish ministry and helped me develop a facility to minister in

Spanish. Both of those skills I considered to be important for further ministry in the province, and I was eager to use them somewhere. Georgetown Prep did not fit the image I had of my future. The ministry at Prep was not pastoral, it was not among the poor, and it was not Spanish.

I had left the high-school ministry fifteen years before. While I placed and continue to place a high value on the educational apostolate in secondary schools, I really felt that I was too out of touch with that ministry to be able to contribute to it in any significant way. The provincial, however, was serious about this assignment, and in June of 1994 I carted my possessions to Georgetown Prep. This school, where I had begun my regency thirty-seven years before, and all the high schools had developed a great deal since I left this kind of work fifteen years previously. There were new challenges for the rector of the community.

Issue: Corporate Community Apostolate

Our province had instituted a systematic annual apostolic audit in which each community rendered an account of how it was living out the province's apostolic agenda. This audit was not meant to be an accounting of the school's activities as regards collaboration, theological reflection, service of the poor, and the promotion of Ignatian spirituality. It was meant as a *particular examen* for the Jesuit community. The audit had two phases: formulation of the community's apostolic objectives for the next year (September to June) and evaluation of the community's apostolic objectives as determined for the present year. It was easy enough to fashion a list of practices of the school: so much money given to minority students in scholarships, so many students on retreats and in spiritual direction, types of service programs our students were involved in, and so forth. But these practices did not get at the heart of our corporate commitment to the province goals. The challenge to the rector was to help the members of the community to grow in their understanding of themselves not just as committed to a particular school but as members of the worldwide Society and sharing in its apostolic goals.

Issue: Diminishing Presence and Diminishing Control

The demographic studies compiled abstractly twenty-five years previously were being verified now only too painfully. Of the ten Jesuits who were engaged full-time or part-time in the school, five had been there more than twenty years. They themselves had become a small community of men who cared for each other and who remembered fondly the "old and better days when the school was really in Jesuit hands." Two more were

regents who were completing their final year of regency. The only Jesuit academic administrator was the president. The headmaster, the deans, and the business manager were laymen. My Jesuit brothers did not in principle object to laymen in control. But they had a hard time seeing in any particular layman the qualities and the characteristics which would ensure that the school remained in every sense Jesuit. The challenge to me as rector was to help our men grow in their perception of how they could best contribute their presence as Jesuits in the school in such a way as to have increased influence even with decreased authority. The further challenge was to seek ways to promote the Jesuit charism among the teaching staff and the administration.

Issue: The JSEA

Since its inception in 1971 as an entity distinct from the old JEA, the Jesuit Secondary Education Association has been a graced resource for all the Jesuit secondary schools in the United States Assistancy and has also had a worldwide influence. The JSEA, through research and publication, has been able to articulate the spiritual rationale of Ignatian education and to promote specific strategies to accomplish the aims of Ignatian education. The JSEA has trained administrators for Jesuit education, and has sponsored and conducted workshops in specific educational works for faculty and staff from all the Jesuit high schools in the assistancy. Extremely effective have been the biennial colloquia on Jesuit education, open to participants from every school, especially faculty and staff who have recently become part of the Jesuit educational system. Because of the resources and availability of the JSEA, rectors, presidents, and principals have been able to form a community of persons imbued with Ignatian spirituality who consider their profession as educators to be at the same time a vocation given by God to love and serve him in the young. As a result of the contributions made by the JSEA, the task of being the animator of the apostolate and of collaborating most profoundly with the school administration has been made a good deal easier for a Jesuit rector. His challenge will be not the "what" but the "how." What he is to accomplish should be fairly clear. Not always clear is how to approach the personalities, the politics, the power structure, and the deep-rooted practices of a given school.

Issue: The Province Ministry of Secondary Education

What I found at Georgetown Prep, and indeed what can be found in any institution where the Jesuit faculty has been around for a long time, is that the members of the community are totally and proudly committed to

their school, its traditions, and its alumni. They are particularly sensitive to a criticism from an “old boy” that the school is not what it used to be “when I was going there. We learned, by God, or we spent our lives in jug.” And so they give their lives and themselves even more to promoting the life of this institution and making it the best possible school it can be. This characteristic of our men is a most admirable grace, and it manifests the qualities that have always been present in our Jesuit history.

But just as every curse is also a blessing, so every blessing is also a curse. The dark side of such commitment is that it fails to recognize the broader question: What is and should be the ministry of the Society of Jesus in secondary education? What are the values to be propagated and the target population to be served? Is it our present vocation to maintain a significant Jesuit presence in schools that now have a life of their own and a clientele cultivated over several generations? Or is it time to claim victory, to declare that we have indeed been able to provide secondary education for the poor and economically segregated Catholic immigrant population of the first half of the twentieth century, and that now it is time to revive that same calling with more radical institutions that might serve a similarly needy population today?

A Quaker, a member of a Middle States evaluating team that I once worked with, said to me that the Quakers came to America to do good, and they did well. The Society started its schools in our province to do good and they have done well. Their schools have moved to a level of affluence that takes them out of the reach of today’s target population. What then is the mission of the province today in secondary education? How does the province best fulfill this mission? Questions such as these a rector needs to raise even in the presence of those who, because of their state of mind, are unwilling to hear them. A challenge for the rector is to have those currently in the schools and those coming into the schools to understand exactly what they are choosing and exactly what they are putting aside by their choices. And each person needs to discern with his superiors what his Jesuit vocation is at the present moment. Mobility and availability are at the heart of the Jesuit apostolic charism. The rector must help his men to pray for this great grace.

Issue: Health Care of Jesuits

Growing in importance are the health-care needs of the men in our communities. We are rapidly aging. We no longer need statistics to convince us of that. The situation is most acute in our educational institutions, where our men have the longest tenure and where they have lived the greatest

portion of their lives. As the communities get smaller and the income of the community declines dramatically, the need to care for the aging, the aged, and the infirm will become more demanding. It is unjust and uncharitable to dump or warehouse these men in some remote province infirmary. A growing challenge to a Jesuit rector is to provide a home and care for his brother Jesuits who can no longer be totally independent. It is a challenge that he must share with the able-bodied men of his community. None of us should be able to point to someone else and say, "It's his worry, not mine." Brothers have to care for each other. But the rector will have to be proactive, making sure, especially during his annual "formal conversation" with the men, that they are taking proper care of themselves especially with regard to diet, exercise, drinking, prayer, and spiritual direction.

Issue: Prayer

To be authentic, the Jesuit superior of any community must be able to "talk the talk and walk the walk." Let there be no word without deeds and no deeds without words.

I stayed at Georgetown Prep just two years before being sent by another provincial to another totally different ministry. The two years were hardly enough time to come to grips with all the issues. No one can know whether my continued presence would have strengthened the Jesuit charism and made it more authentic than before. During those two years I tried to model for the community the behaviors I expected of them. I did this by my manner of speaking to them at community meetings, by the kinds of work I did in the school, and by inviting them to pray with me.

At the beginning of my first year, I invited the men to join me for common prayer one day a week from 7:00 to 7:30 in the morning. We would gather in an agreeable place, and I would bear the responsibility of preparing the prayer. All they had to do was be present and join in if they felt they wanted to. The first week seven showed up. The second week five came. For the rest of my two years only the president and I came. But we were as faithful to the time as our schedules would permit. For me those moments of shared prayer were helpful and consoling. They enabled me to bring more faith to bear on my mission to the community and to the school.

And So . . .

As this monograph goes to press, I am about to be sent a second time since I left Georgetown Prep. It sometimes seems like the theory of

reincarnation—I am sent again and again until I get it right. And then nirvana! Coming to the last years of my Jesuit life, I have peace, knowing that, although I was not the best, I was at least adequate to the missions given to me. Without being too pious, I would like to think that just as Jesus was sent in obedience by the Father, so also I have been sent in obedience by the Society, and that thereby I have lived as a Companion of Jesus.

Conclusion

My final recommendation to a superior is: Pray for your men. Regularly while at prayer say aloud to God the names of each of the men in your community, look at their photographs and fantasize them, expressing their love of God and God loving them. Offer each one to God and ask God to give this man all that he needs to be an effective Jesuit apostle. And then do the same for yourself.



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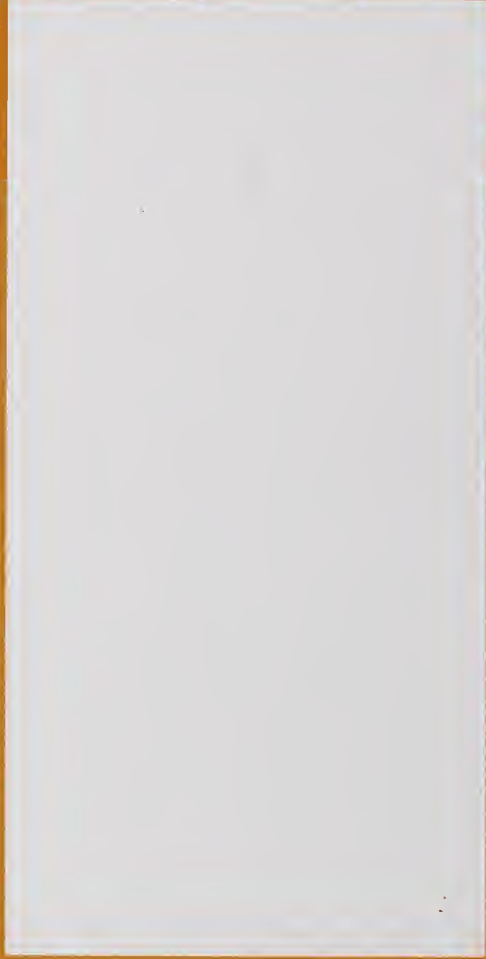
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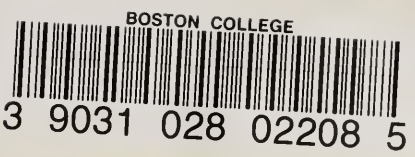
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