

The Journal

*The Holy Spirit is at work in the whole people of God, in all human history, and in the whole world.
Walter Principe, Toronto*

May - June 2001

*So many times throughout the evening I reflected on the purposes and meaning Corpus has in our lives and the great mystery it represents as a unifying force to bring "Peace and Love" into the lives of many who for so long had been without purpose or friendship.
Joe Cashen, Mississauga, ON*

*A church excommunicates herself when she refuses to recognize a true sister church, since that other church, in the sacramental mystery sense, is, after all, the same church! The church can only be the true church insofar as she remains in koinonia with every sister church.
Ernest Skublics, Toronto, ON*

The married priest is a true vocation of prophecy in this day of Church renewal... it is a call from God... a living sign of the future of our Church. The married priest will not just fade off into the sunset and leave others at peace to go on with destructive policies. Emil Kutarna, Regina, SK



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May - June 2001
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The Journal welcomes submissions from small faith communities and individuals that share its vision of the Christian Church as one in which all are equal, decisions are made by consensus, healthy relationships are nurtured, justice is done, and the Good News of Jesus Christ is proclaimed.

All submissions to the Journal must be received by the 15th of each of the following months: January, March, May, July, September and November.

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FOCUS TOPIC

for the July - August 2001 Issue

Stories of Ministry Continued

Articles for this issue are due by July 15.

Life is Our Ministry: The Story of Marguerite & Dick Perrott

by Marguerite & Dick Perrott, Sidney, BC



M We will talk about our spiritual life as background for our other life. I discovered that the Mennonites call it "The walk with God." Our life of faith, our ministry if you like, has been part of our ordinary life, our "being there" to listen, and if possible, to comfort and encourage anyone in need.

D Before we got married when each of us lived our separate lives, we each had our own religious experiences. My parents brought us up spiritually into a world of fundamental Wesleyanism. Church was for Sundays and we went morning and evening. As we got older we went to Sunday School in the afternoon. At the same time, I discovered a hidden psychic world, a world anathema to my parents, but into which I could escape at bedtime or when I went for walks by myself. I found that with concentration I could levitate and I experienced psychic windows into the future. In my teenage years, we moved next door to an Anglican Church and I started to attend their services and became an altarboy serving many times a week. I enjoyed the richness of the ritual, the candles, the incense, and particularly the language of the KJB.

At 16, I went to college and to work on a farm. I remember once at lambing time, we had a sheep with twin lambs and another ewe whose lamb was born dead. We quickly skinned the dead lamb and wrapped the skin around one of the twin lambs which we thrust under the ewe who had lost hers. She smelled the skin of her lamb and accepted and raised the new one. It was a benefit for both. Later I reflected on that experience and it meant a lot to me.

I also met the world of science which seemed to have all the answers. But then came WW2 and its horrors. I needed some faith to sustain me. I had read about Muslim faith, Buddhism, and most of the christian sects. I found that catholicism had what I needed and I started taking instructions. At this time, I met Marguerite's family, and I was most impressed by the way they lived their faith, honouring God in their fellow human beings. This did much to convince me that I had found my spiritual way.

M My family was catholic and I went to catholic school though the Council school was closer. My friends did not go to the catholic school. There was no shadow of discrimination. We went to a non-denominational highschool which had scripture readings every morning but catholics were not required to attend. There was no prejudice there among the staff

or the students. For example, in history class or exams, I could express a different opinion without penalty. I have always been very blessed to have met people who were very open and accepting. When I went to college I met nuns for the first time. I fell for the idea of the garb, but the nuns did not fall for me and they told me that I should try the world for a bit first. Then the war came. That was the end of that for convent life. The only time in my life I felt that I was spreading the "Catholic" version of christianity was during the years when I belonged to the Catholic Evidence Guild and we had our "soapbox" in the Birmingham Bull Ring every Sunday night.

D One of my early teaching experiences was with the Benedictines. We lived in a cottage in the monastery garden and I taught in the highschool. The Benedictine family was very good at looking after their retired priests. Eventually, we had to look for accommodation elsewhere. Then I taught in a Dominican school. There the headmistress ran a very open school and everyone had a loving relationship with the children under their charge.

M During the war, I spent four years in Coventry. I was sacristan in our church until it was flattened. Our Anglican neighbours opened their church and school to us. Dick and I were married in the ruins of the Catholic Church because of the civic law. I went over early and I put flowers in two vases on our open air altar so that we would at least have flowers. But life went on very happily and we had our first child the day after the war ended. I have found that many people have helped us as we went along. One of the first was "Nanny" who helped take care of Hilary while we both worked.

D In 1953 we came to Canada to Vancouver to Immaculate Conception parish where I taught in an independent boys boarding school run by the Jesuits Fathers. The parish and school had various lay societies that helped in the running and building of facilities. There was a great sense of accomplishment in securing good prices for furniture and cleaning and scraping desks in order to keep within a budget.

M Hilary went to the Sacred Heart convent school and enjoyed it. All of our children went to catholic schools and always did well in them. We came to Vancouver mainly because the school provided us with a house to live in. The students slept in the dorm on the top floor. Between 1953 and 1960 we moved five times into other school houses on the same basis- we seemed to have a way with the students. Out of the blue, Dick was asked to go and teach in Campion, and I said "Why not? We have never been to the prairies."

D Teaching in a Jesuit school was very different from teaching with the Benedictines and Dominicans: discipline was very strict, and there was a form of elitism in that it was necessary to have a relationship with people in the corporate and political world. I began to question whether the catholic highschool was producing a better student than

the secular highschool. I had my doubts. It seemed to me that if a catholic child had a good foundation in the primary grades, then that student would be well equipped to have an influence in the secular highschool.

M The prairies were not beneficial to Dick's health, and so we had to relocate. We moved to Manitoulin Island to the reservation and worked with aboriginal people. When we stepped out of the car for the first time, I felt that we had come home, and we heard later that the people there felt the same way. It was the beginning of a very fulfilling relationship with aboriginal people wherever we have been. We next went to Alberta and worked on a Blood Reserve.

D On Manitoulin Island, we had Jesuit priests who were great with the people, but the Sisters were not as good with the people. On the Blood Reserve, the reverse was true: the Sisters were great to work with but the French priests were difficult to get along with.

Teaching is a lot more than feeding information into heads. In each class, there are 30/40 people each with a background, hopes, prejudices, wants. I tried to educate each one of them in how to live and make the most of life- the facts of teaching were secondary. I tried to love them all, with their faults, rebellions, swear words, and physical conditions. And they had to know that they were loved.

M In 1965, we moved back to Ontario and Dick was principal of the catholic school and I was a consultant with the public schools.

D The ten years at Holy Cross were the happiest years of our lives. The school had 850 students in an English and French school. I had help from French speaking students and teachers whenever I had to address the assemblies and the public in French.

It was a very loving relationship. I spent each recess in the school yard. Each student knew that they could come to my office anytime. I often had to go to the hospital with a student who had an accident during the school day. I would be there until the parents arrived. I tried to be a "good shepherd" who knows his sheep.

After ten years, I thought it was time to make a change; so because we had bought a house in the Annapolis Valley, we moved there and I worked as vice-principal of a school.

M I took a job as a part-time teacher.

D A new school was built in Annapolis Royal and I was offered the job of principal of the intermediate school.

M We had about three pastors in Nova Scotia; the last one had been a Naval Chaplain and he had a wonderful spirit of ecumenism.

D We decided to retire and we slowly headed west stopping in Ottawa for a year and in Georgetown where we had lived once previously.

M We stopped for a while on Salt Spring Island, but we decided it was not big enough to hold us so we moved to Sidney. We have been in St Elizabeth's parish ever since and we find it a warm community. We welcomed again the contact with the aboriginal people who think of us as family. In the Indian schools, we would not allow injustices to happen by prejudiced people wishing to lord it over others. There were many who tried. We fought for our Indian neighbours, and thankfully, they realised it, and we were good friends. This is still so today; we are often treated to a bear hug in the parking lot at the supermarket. Each one of us reaps what we sow. Today we still try to love and care for anyone whom God sends us.

D Our life has been very mundane; it is not always easy to disassociate the mundane from "the spiritual" and that, we believe, is a good thing.

Testimony to Mother-Daughter Ministry

by Ruth Irving, Nanaimo, BC



To tell our story is to ask us 'how have we helped to bring about the Kingdom of God'? As ministry tells us to act upon and meet the needs of others it brings me to reflect on an example of ministry with untraceable

beginnings and an unstoppable future. This ministry is not scheduled for the masses of our population to take in at a set time on a set day. It may not reach that many people this week. But it has inspirable depth and unmeasurable teaching.

My Mom is a minister. Though unofficial or unrecognized, my mother has ministered along with my father to the most intimate of groups, my family. She brings us into the Kingdom of God, making the ordinary Holy. Celebrating closely in our lives, she has nurtured our physical, emotional and spiritual growth. She embraced what was closest to her, welcomed many challenges and invested in the future. A future that tells us her ministry has not merely been a service, but a proclamation for living. One that warms newcomers to our home, one that feeds the hungry, forgives our mistakes and teaches unconditional love. Her ministry is committed and time-tested. She and my Dad brought three little people into the world and she honours her ministry to us with her devotion, time, and her whole self. Now I wonder, is not the ultimate ministry one that has been passed down from one before you and creates a vision for one beyond you? My Mom's story of ministry, of the haven she shelters us with where our truth and potential thrives, brings church and God to us. Her story does not abruptly begin with her and probably did not with her mother or her mother before her. Instead, her ministry has nurtured a legacy that makes home the primary church.

How do I define my Mom's ministry?...By carrying it on, and my story has just begun.

Portrait of a Country Parish

by D'Arcy Coulson, Luskville, QC

The beautiful red granite church of St-Dominique in Luskville was built by area pioneers more than 125 years ago in this rural Quebec region near Ottawa. It was a time of optimism and hope for both French-speaking and English-speaking members of the parish. Most went to Mass and benefited from the work of residential parish priests who knew their stories. Usually, there were assistant priests as well. Later, when the school was built, a religious congregation provided an exceptional education for youngsters who could attend. The cemetery offers an overview of parish history, and also offers, the locals say, "a good view of the river and the mountains" for incumbents.

Today, of 250 families in the parish, perhaps 50 families are active, most attending weekly Mass, celebrated on Saturday evenings only. The parish priest, no longer in residence, commutes 30km from the nearest town, and is responsible for two parishes. He is stretched but does what he can. He is rarely able to spend time in the parish weekdays. He has established lay committees for liturgy, preparation for sacraments, education, social action and property. A much respected priest, he is an excellent preacher and has introduced a contemporary liturgy tailored to his congregation consistent with Vatican II renewal. Women and girls are very much involved. The pastor is one of three excellent men in the nearest town, all in their 60's, serving three large congregations there. Every parish has introduced liturgical renewal and can boast of vibrant Sunday services with high attendance if with fewer Masses. The expanded school has no religious on staff, though an elderly nun liaises with Church and school.

Posted on the bulletin board at the rear of the church is a note from the Archbishop of Gatineau-Hull, Roger Ebacher. The note outlines the number of religious and diocesan clergy in the archdiocese, the decline in numbers of clergy relative to an increase of total population, the age of active clergy, most 50 and older, and the number of students in the seminary- all presenting a discouraging picture for the present and a critical picture for the immediate future. The note is simply a statement of the facts for the information of

parishioners. Implied are reduced Eucharistic services for many churches, reduction of services to parishioners and schools, and a stark shortage of priests now and in the future. Not surprisingly there is no mention of married priests in the archdiocese (some estimate there are 500+ in the national capital area) or development of alternative forms of priestly ministry. The note also implies, perhaps, a tacit appeal for lay leadership. The note in effect sounds an alarm for Catholics of the archdiocese, although there seems to have been no public discussion. That we will face an even more severe crisis in ten years if the situation does not change is the implied and understated message.

One cannot but be saddened by the note. The Archbishop faces an impossible situation. Short term, the situation has some positive elements: all three pastors are progressive, personally engaged and committed to service. Their sermons are engaging and even charismatic. They are terribly short-staffed, even with the excellent lay leadership that they have groomed. The pastors are overworked and concerned about the future of their people and celebration of the Eucharist when they are no longer available. The least one can do is hope and pray for the emergence of Catholic lay leaders to address with their Bishops this complex and difficult issue, in the interest of their children and their Church.

Active members of Corpus can think of recent discussions of a return to full or part-time ministry by married priests in a changed Church, of an endowed study of the organizational implications of the use of married priests and the ordination of married men. We can also think of vocation and ministry strategies for the future Church, of planning for change, of notorious scandals and of an apparent 'conspiracy of silence' by the hierarchy burdened with an irresponsibly centralized Vatican bureaucracy. This bureaucracy seems incapable of addressing a worldwide shortage of priests and vocations, and the call to ministry. One senses that the unhappy situation is leading to the wounding of Catholic faith communities and the failure to serve the global community.

On The Lighter Side!

A parable is told of a farmer who owned an old mule. One day the mule fell into the farmer's well. After carefully assessing the situation, the farmer sympathized with the mule, but decided that neither the mule nor the well was worth the trouble of saving. Instead, he called his neighbors together, told them what had happened ... and enlisted them to help haul dirt to bury the old mule in the well and put him out of his misery.

Initially, the old mule was hysterical! But as the farmer and his neighbors continued shoveling and the dirt hit his back ... a thought struck him. It suddenly dawned on him that every time a shovel load of dirt landed on his back ... HE WOULD SHAKE IT OFF AND STEP UP!

This he did blow after blow. "Shake it off and step up ... Shake it off and step up ... Shake it off and step up!", he repeated to encourage himself. No matter how painful the blows, or how distressing the situation seemed the old mule fought "panic" and just kept SHAKING IT OFF AND STEPPING UP!

It wasn't long before the old mule, battered and exhausted, STEPPED TRIUMPHANTLY OVER THE WALL OF THAT WELL! What seemed like it would bury him actually helped him ... all because of the manner in which he handled his adversity.

THAT'S LIFE! If we face our problems, respond to them positively and refuse to give in to panic, bitterness or self-pity....

THE ADVERSITIES THAT COME ALONG TO BURY US USUALLY HAVE WITHIN THEM THE VERY REAL POTENTIAL TO BENEFIT US!

Ministering to God's Gifts

by Phil Little, Toronto, ON

A few years ago I was an active volunteer with OECTA (the Catholic teachers union in Ontario) at the local and provincial level. As a grievance officer I was asked to support a colleague who was experiencing a most grotesque form of harassment - anti-Semitism. This poor fellow had been transferred against his wishes in 1986 under the terms of Bill 30 which extended public funding to separate schools on a number of conditions including the agreement that teachers declared surplus in the public system would be accommodated in the separate system with the protection afforded under the Ontario Human Rights Code.

This teacher found his school painted with a swastika and the words "f...g Jew get out". Being that he was the only Jew in the building,

he had reason to be a bit nervous. I provided to this colleague the best support and advice I could, including accompanying him to the offices of the Human Rights Commission. At the same time, I found myself in trouble with the same school board, and I experienced a disciplinary transfer to the armpit of the school board. Naturally I filed grievances only to experience betrayal by

...further initiatives are often dismissed by claiming that the time is not yet ripe or that we are not ready.... what is the time which one claims is not yet ripe? Are we not ourselves the time, as Augustine says? And will time not consist of what we make of it and of how we shape it.

(Unity of the Churches by K. Rahner and H. Fries p.2)

OECTA and its mandarins. I think I had embarrassed the "Catholic system" by providing too effective support to this Jewish teacher, whose grievances were also lost on technicalities that were suspiciously obvious.

Before I received my "due" from the board, this teacher had told me "when push comes to shove, the Catholics will circle their wagons and make sure that the Jew is on the outside". I naively thought that I would make sure this didn't happen. How wrong I was! When I went to talk to this colleague and now friend, and told him of my own punishment by the board (and the complicity of OECTA) he smiled at me and asked me "how does it feel to be on the outside with the Jew?"

It didn't feel very good. Not then and still not now.

But somehow it was a grace in my life, a grace that I perhaps would prefer not to have received, but in the end one of those defining moments. The proper place to be was outside of the circle and standing out there without protection and without prestige and without power. To be standing out there with the "Jew" was the proper place to be and consistent with my baptism and my ordination. I never knew what it was like to be so much in the minority and so much identified with the rejected and the oppressed.

I got sent to what is perhaps the worst school in the separate school system but I still got paid a top salary with all the benefits that goes with being a teacher in Ontario. My disgrace was more internal, but in terms of what counts in this world - I am still being rewarded. So

what is my point - perhaps.

We "married priests" all left for many varied and diverse reasons - disenchantment, loneliness, burn-out, relationships, alienation, ... probably some other reasons? For me it was probably more about the vow of obedience, certainly something about "chastity," quite certainly nothing to do with poverty (most of us have never had it so good as when we had "the vow of poverty" - right?) Regardless of those original motivating factors, we made a decision that in some ways has cost us dearly. Few of us would want to turn back the clocks, but there is a curious yearning to want to get back into service.

That I think would be a betrayal of what we have learned. My other experience didn't teach me what it was like to be a Jew in a Christian culture. All I learned is what it is like to stand with the Jew. It hurt, it wasn't nice, but it was where I should have been.

When we were still in the saddle many of us were not as sensitized to the situation of those members of our tribe who are forced to stand on the outside of the circle. Many eloquent church women like Chitister and Kolbenslag have spoken of their anguish as women who knew the pain of being kept on the outside and being listed as less-than-male and unable to be other "Christs" because they didn't have the right genitals. We could listen but barely understand.

I think our decision to be married priests can also be a decision to stand outside the circle with all those who are forced to stay on the outside. It is true that we have so much to offer, but then so do all those others on the outside of the circle. And they are denied continually and totally by a system that is disconnected from the gospel of Jesus. While we may have chosen to leave the active

ministry for other reasons, this much we have learned. We had become part of something that was - that is - so very wrong. Only in leaving that inner circle were we given the grace to stand with our sisters, and others, who only too well know what it is like to be on the outside.

We shouldn't refuse that grace. We have much to give and we can serve the mystical body of Christ in so many ways outside the circle of the three temptations - which Albert Nolan describes as "power, prestige, and exclusivity over others".

I am convinced that when everyone allows himself or herself to be guided by a conscience rooted in conversion to God, there can be no insoluble difficulties, even though this may not obviate all conflicts. The state of the Church, the state of theology, and the state of the relationship between them will be so much better if all parties act and think starting with God; if each individual can say, with Paul, "I, but no longer I."

Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, St. Michael's College, Toronto, 1986.

The People Call For Community

by Tom McMahon, San Jose, CA

The historical seeds of the *Community of Jesus Our Brother* are first sewn on an Ash Wednesday in an audience with Pope John the 23rd; the young priest who heard this great spiritual leader share personal words of true Christianity had just finished the US Army's chaplains school in New York and had made a pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem, there in Palestine to undergo an anger toward and rejection of the Roman institution; Pope John brought him back to sensibility and an awareness of how pathologically ill was the Roman church. Vatican II would take place soon after. Seven years later, intensely knowing Vatican II, this maturing clergyman would be well into forming communities within traditional parishes; eventually he would form a community of his own, a family of two sons and wife while still a pastor of the Roman Church. The institutional stand on women had turned him into a genuine rebel. In the Archdiocese of San Francisco *The Community Of Christ Our Lord And Brother* was authorized by Archbishop Joseph McGucken in 1975, a rural parish with an old 1898 church and 60 families. We grew and flourished as a democratic community for five years; the Gospel and Vatican II were our guidelines. Our Waterloo arrived with the dismissal of our pastor because he had fathered children. Tom, living close by, encouraged us to carry on with the new pastors. The strongest negative influence within the *Community of Christ Our Lord and Brother* was a resistance to a change to Jesus and His thinking. (This community would dissolve by 1982; the chancery considered it Protestant.) Within four months a delegation (a study group of ten families) came to Tom's home, asking for the continuance of the study of the titles of Jesus; a month into the renewal Ann came forward saying "we have not been to Eucharist for nearly five months; please consider a breaking of the bread for Easter. The *Community Of Jesus Our Brother*, conceived years ago in a pontifical audience, was born in the City of San Jose in the year 1980. The people had called for a recognition of this Body of Christ and literally had reordained (appointed) the angry young - now maturing priest to lead in the way of Jesus and John 23rd. A church/community was born of the hands of faithful people who were inspired by Vatican II; they understood their heritage as people of God and a priestly people. Over the years we would appreciate more deeply how Jesus lives on in ordinary people; Jesus was very alive and resurrected in the heart of the Silicon Valley. A church/community was alive in the modern world; Jesus lives in San Jose. We are entering a new phase of personal responsibility for the community. We have always had outreach, such as supporting Pearl Buck children in a ministry to the homeless and less fortunate in life; Tom has remained faithful community educator. We have no staff or paid personnel. Our shift can be summed up briefly in 1) the community awareness at Eucharist that they are the body that worships the Father and that a presider rightly come from the community on a rotating basis; our liturgy is simple and meaningful. 2) study becomes a duty of each member, e.g. a member reading current books on Jesus and presenting at one of our gatherings. 3) a deeper hands-on involvement in the broader community issues, moving from the theory of love of neighbor to greater practice. We are confronted by aging and physical difficulties. We are adjusting our spirituality to reality; we are moving from an introspective, self-evaluating membership to an active power and

influence in our world. At present we number 17 families, with an active 14 person members; members who have moved, stay in touch by means of our bi-monthly bulletin and by personal visits to the community upon return (we may have a special dinner meeting with our food and conversation as Eucharist). We have recently initiated a book study, focusing on *Reclaiming Spirituality and Religion In Exile* By Diarmuid O'Murchu, whom we will hear in person in April 2001. Catholic Social Services has introduced a program centering on 50 young men, orphaned in Sudan at age 4, who have come to live in San Jose; we hope to be part of their adjustment to American life. Our children have grown and we have grown old together; we have no affiliation with a bishop, having been seen as fringe area to institutional religion. At first we were literally mocked and avoided as "fallen away Catholics with a Judas priest;" over the years we have gained respect and acceptance in matters of justice and service. Our confidence in being followers of Jesus has never been shaken. The closeness of the group and its attendant illnesses seem to be a barrier to new membership. We might say along with Peter "quo vadis, Domine?"; we place our trust in the Holy Spirit and the guidance of Jesus who lives in and among us. We are God's people to be used in service of human-kind. We are people of hope, not fear, and we know our value in life. The community is sponsoring Tom's attendance at *A Gathering Of Intentional Eucharistic Communities*, Chevy Chase, MD, May 18-20. We meet as community three Sundays monthly, breaking bread and remembering Jesus and His Spirit. Our bread is a sacred sign of our unity; we are Christ's body. We have been written about in Peg Bisgrove's book; Peg chose to title our chapter "from anger to community." Tom's parental background is western pioneer and he has led us into uncharted territory, using the story of Emmaus as our base. What was once unfamiliar, a woman's priesthood, a married people of God, tolerance and acceptance of diversity in human sexuality, a non-clerical church without buildings, Godde in nature and our need/duty for ecology, etc. have become our interests; we have become content that we have found and do the will of God in the Spirit of Jesus in a world we call our home. We mourn to leave it; we rejoice with new life. We are confident in Christ; we have meaning and purpose in this gift called life. I paraphrase: and they met Him on the road to Emmaus and they in confusion did not recognize Him. He questioned them on their sorrow and the sorry news that pervaded Jerusalem (San Jose, CA) and He explained to them these things about suffering and death and new life. And they broke bread together and they recognized Him in the breaking of the bread....and they hurried to tell others.....(Luke 24).

Among the most dedicated servants of the Kingdom of God that I have ever known are the sisters, brothers, and priests who serve in Canada's north country. Among them are those who have lived and are still living among Canada's aboriginal peoples in Indian villages and schools. The servants of the Gospel in immediate contact with christian people have shown that they live according to gospel

Sophia

by *Connie Kurtenbach, Ladysmith, BC*

May is the merry month according to the Camelot myth. May is the month that holds Mother's Day, a day honoured by even the most recalcitrant offspring. May is Mary's Month: O Mary, we crown thee with blossoms today, Queen of the angels, Queen of the May. These images, myths and prayers lead us to Mother Church, Mother Earth, and dare I say, Mother Goddess. O mother, mother, mother of all things chants a small group of women in a modal tone of long ago. Mother's Day follows quickly after Passover and Easter, the full moon, the light nights and longer days. It is a glorious awakening time on the planet.

It is a time wherein I visit again the memory of my mother's garden (my mother Annie, daughter of Josephine) and the sweet book of poems I hope to birth about that sensuous, worn path garden, well-fenced, full of my mother's presence, the tangy smell of gooseberries, the first crunchy radish, all the breath-taking blossoms, dew drops, and warm, black earth.

Mother Earth, our generous planet, is full of life from sea, land and sky. We can speak lovingly of Mother Earth, swollen with new life, birthing and nurturing all living things. Ah! but her lungs are weakened: so much logging her circulatory system, more and more polluted with toxins, the air she breathes more fetid and poisonous. Undaunted, she struggles on. She is often still the battered woman, suffering in synchronicity with the earth sisters.

Surely, we can turn to Mother Church for safe haven, healing

and hope. Yet, can a patriarchal system that holds power over, really be a healing source? Can the teachers we seek and the rituals we need, nurture the life of the feminine? How is it possible that the present patriarchy can so piously betray Mother Church by depriving it of the energy, wisdom and leadership of women? And yet, paradoxically, despite this culture of death, many good women remain, write so beautifully, inspire one another, and lead us toward a new and revitalizing spirituality. Despite the violence of a feudal papacy, Mother Church will not allow Creation to be crucified: women dream dreams and share those visions generously with all. As Rosemary Radford-Reuther suggests early in *Womanguides*, women do birth; men do battle! I thank the mothers of the church, of the earth faiths, all those spiritual mothers who walked me through the dark passages of patriarchal religion, led me to the womb of wholeness, wherefrom I emerged into the Light, hopefully to share Wisdom.

Wisdom led me to study, nourish and sustain a spiritual life in spite of and ironically, because of my life in Mother Church. The search led far beyond the patriarchal culture, back to Mother Goddess. I found Isis the Redeemer. I learned how the Goddess wove the morning, and saw a whole new mysticism begin to unfold. The Spirit is always there for all; the Breath of Life awaits us; we are all in one Spirit.

O mother, mother, let wisdom be with us!

THIS & THAT

François Brassard, Ladysmith, BC



From May 21-24 the College of Cardinals will be gathering in Rome at the pope's request. This will be followed by a world Synod of bishops in October, also called by the present pope.

Some reform groups are urging us to lobby our cardinals in favour of reform issues.

John Allen Jr. in Rome writes in the *National Catholic Reporter* that the latest additions to the College of Cardinals makes that august body more moderate in tone than would appear at first glance.

Is John Paul II preparing the way for a new pontificate? I really don't know. What I do know is that the Holy Spirit has her own agenda, and it can only be good. Personally, I do not have the spiritual energy

for political maneuvering. However, I do have a great desire to pray: to put myself in sync with whatever the Holy Spirit wants for this beloved Church. And I can pray that the cardinals and bishops will do the same.

How about you?

The Church existing in one place is not formed, in a radical sense, by the persons who come together to establish it. There is a "Jerusalem from on high" which "comes down from God", a communion which is at the foundation of the community itself. The Church comes into being by a free gift, that of the new creation.

Ministry in My Work: In Retrospect, a Series of Surprises

by Virginia Lafond, Ottawa, ON (Corpus-NCR)



For the past 16 years I have worked at the Royal Ottawa Hospital (ROH) and for the most part with people who have schizophrenia and with their family members. Sometimes I still shake my head in wonder at how I came to a position of such privilege. Originally, I went to the ROH only

to do the final practical requirement of my Master of Social Work program. While I was at that, concentrating on learning the practice of family therapy in the children's out-patient department, one day I received a call from the head of the Social Work Department, offering me a job on an adult in-patient service. I hesitated. Raymond and I did need the money (for starters, to get us – my husband, two budding teenagers & me -- to B.C. to visit my ailing father & then to get a new furnace) but I knew I didn't want to work in adult psychiatry. "There's only one problem with you, Virginia. You have no experience in adult psychiatry." "But I think I could learn," I said, surprising myself by my response. In the recess of my conscience I counselled myself: "Just take it for now – God/de help me, for the money – and look for something else later."

What I didn't say to my future boss was that in fact I did have experience in adult psychiatry. I had been a patient – in fact, twice, on in-patient wards and altogether four and a half years of suffering serious psychiatric symptoms after the birth of our second child. As I was about to make the leap into professional social work, I remember having to go through the mental gymnastics of assuring myself that I would be able to do the basic work adequately enough. I redoubled my self-assurance by reminding myself that the psychiatric work would last just a short while. With that I pretty well put to bed any remaining niggles about being caught out by my past psychiatric history. At that time I certainly had no idea that my own painful experience would come to play a positive role in my work.

I was taken by surprise soon again when early on in my new job I realized that I felt very much at home with and, yes, devoted to, the people I was serving. Other advantages lay in the diversity of the work. Like other social workers at the ROH, any one day can see me involved as a service broker (e.g., for disability pensions or other financial assistance, work opportunity resources, or supportive housing), or as an individual, family, and group counselor, or as an educator. Over the years, the hospital programs I've worked in have changed. For example, that general psychiatric service I first worked on (which served people presenting all sorts of psychiatric problems – e.g., depressions of various types, manic depression, schizophrenia, personality problems, addictions) became in 1990 the Schizophrenia Service. I stayed on, wondering how I could be of service to people with schizophrenia. In the first place, what did I know about the illness of schizophrenia? Did I know enough about the problems of

their family members? Would I ever be able to provide any real help? Again, I was to find myself pleasantly surprised.

I know that as a mental health practitioner I am, in some ways, a rare bird. I quip when giving public lectures that my personal psychiatric history has given me more than a bit of empathy. As well, from Raymond's experience of my struggle with mental illness, I knew from the start the importance of reaching out to family members and letting them know at least two things: (1) that they are, in all likelihood, doing the best they can; (2) that we are present to be of help – to share their burden and to introduce them to others with similar struggles so that they don't feel alone. As well, early on, I realized the importance of teaching people directly affected by psychiatric illness that there are ways of coping – including ways of managing persistent serious symptoms -- so that they feel in charge of their lives, rather than having the sense that their illness has free reign.

In retrospect, the past sixteen years of this work, this ministry of mine, is marked with some professional highlights – still surprising to me. For example, my book *Grieving Mental Illness: A Guide for Patients and Their Caregivers* was published by University of Toronto Press in 1994. The book is based on my work with patients as well as on my own personal psychiatric history. I wrote it because I had concluded that there was a need to assist people with the psychological and emotional consequences of the experience of mental illness. In the book I suggest first the identification of the grieving process attendant on experiences of mental illness, and then the constructive use of this normal process. To my delight, a cord was struck in the professional community, and I was asked to contribute a chapter to another book. I called it "The Grief of Mental Illness: Context for the Cognitive Therapy of Schizophrenia." Believe me, I did live in hope after I submitted this chapter because I felt if the editors accepted this concept, some important progress in the world of psychiatry might well occur. They did and *Cognitive Psychotherapy of Psychotic and Personality Disorders* (Perris, C. & McGorry, P. [eds.], Wiley & Sons) was published in 1998. And, as I've said to my students, "It's one of the best anthologies on cognitive behavioural therapy out there!" And Raymond and I visited Australia last summer because I was invited to give a conference keynote address on the subject of working with the grief of mental illness. (Another surprise: my expenses were all paid!)

Through the years, I've been blessed with the ways and means of fulfilling the professional obligation of keeping abreast of new developments in therapeutic approaches. This has not been a hardship for me. In fact, I've enjoyed the pursuit of life-long learning. Of necessity I've done a lot of this (because mentors are not geographically near) through systematic self-directed study. Through self-directed study, cognitive behavioural therapy for schizophrenia (a therapy which teaches ways and means of controlling voices, paranoia, and other delusions) has become not only a part of my practice but a subject I teach.

At the present time, I am on sabbatical and am writing another book which contains success stories of those who continue to

struggle with serious and persistent symptoms of mental illness. I know their stories well. Sorrow, loss, and desperation are featured big-time, but theirs are also stories of hope and goodness. Sometimes I think the most blessed part of my work lies in being in the position to facilitate the telling of personal stories. A close second would be affirming people in their struggle. On a daily basis I bring the people I try to serve to prayer. I need to give thanks for being there with them. They have given me so much. It's been a long time since I took the job "for the money" but I know that in it I have surely encountered the God/de of Surprises.

There exists only one Church of God. The identity of one eucharistic assembly with another comes from the fact that all with the same faith celebrate the same memorial, that all by eating the same bread and sharing in the same cup become the same unique body of Christ.

(Munich Document)

My Spiritual Journey

by Gayle K. Middleton, Ladysmith, BC



As a child, I think I have always believed in God or a Creator. Being raised on a ranch, it seemed natural to give credit for the creation of all creatures and their natural habitats to a Higher Power whom we called God. My first real experience with the omnipotence of

this Creator I knew as God was when I was 12 years old. I was a very sensitive child. One day I asked my father for .25 cents for an eraser for school. As I watched him pull out of his hip pocket an old flat worn out wallet, I knew intuitively that it was empty and I knew that he knew that too. I felt his anger and frustration at not having even a quarter to give as he said to me, "I thought we just bought an eraser for you at the beginning of school. What do you do with them? Eat them?" I felt so bad for having asked him for something he couldn't give and wished with all my heart that I hadn't asked for anything. I sought refuge out in the back bedroom off the porch where I lay sobbing to the depths of my soul. I talked to God a lot in those days. As I sobbed everything out to Him, suddenly, it was as if I was being wrapped in a warm blanket and cradled like a baby by a Loving Presence who absorbed all the pain and hurt and made me feel that everything was all right." It was the most beautiful, profound and healing experience I have ever had. To this day I can still remember it in detail.

I went to church on and off...usually when an inner need for spiritual feeding became strong enough to push me to go. It wasn't until I was in my early 30's that I experienced the fullness of God, His Son, Jesus and the Holy Spirit. As each understanding is received, it is like passing through one more veil hanging in front of the window of Light. God knows that being

the practical down to earth person I am that I would need practical proof of His Greatness. I remember one day after just starting a receptionist job in a very busy medical clinic, I prayed "DEAR GOD, PLEASE DON'T LET THAT PHONE RING FOR JUST 5 MINUTES." It took me probably 10 minutes before I realized that the phone hadn't rung once. I tested Him many times before I came to accept that He can and does answer prayer requests in very normal everyday situations. He tested me as well. I couldn't for the life of me see why I should be baptized by immersion (a Baptist belief) when I already had been baptized as a baby. It took months of God's gentle but persistent prodding...(nagging)...to bring me to the realization that it wasn't the being baptized that was important. It was being willing to be obedient because He asked me to.

I remember clearly the day it dawned on me. It was a Friday and I was at work. It was noon when it suddenly hit me. I felt as if some great weight had been lifted off me and so another great lesson was learned – to trust and obey. I immediately picked up the phone and called my pastor and asked if I could be baptized that Sunday.

To this day, I cannot imagine living my life today without my faith in Jesus Christ and his promise "I am with you always."

Through participation in various Healing Prayer Groups, Christian Cell Groups and a Women's Sacred Healing Circle, I have observed and participated personally in prayers of healing directly and indirectly.

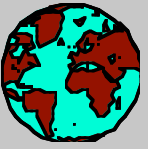
I have witnessed answers to those prayers. It has been through the faithfulness and support of my Women's Sacred Circle sisters and my Christian friends that I have been able to grow steadily in spirit, love, grace and wisdom. I will keep on learning, studying, and practicing various different means of accessing healing power and willing to be used to channel healing energy from God, the Creator of the Universe through meditation and prayer- singly and collectively. "Where one or two are gathered together in my name, it shall be done."

Everyday is another opportunity to be healed and to heal.

Everyday is to be lived well in all aspects of self... mind, heart and soul.

Everyday is a gift from God.

Surely Goodness & Kindness Shall Follow Me All The Days Of My Life: Bob Duryea, RIP
by Tom McMahon, San Jose, CA



The ceremony was simple and profoundly human; older brother John, now 83, spoke from the heart as he recalled the life of Robert Francis Duryea, just coming on 80 years of age when he died of heart failure on March 11, 2001 at his home in the Redwood Estates of Los Gatos. Bob, as one would expect of a Duryea, was well traveled, a man of the mountains and nature, a people person, gentle and kind. As John so beautifully spoke of his brother I entertained thoughts of the scripture/psalm that simply says "surely goodness and kindness shall follow me all the days of my life". Bob was one of my hero priests in yesteryear and I can not recall ever seeing him without a gentle smile and soft and gentle words. I got the impression that Bob was genuinely interested in me as we dialogued. Yes, goodness and kindness followed Bob all the days of his life; it is obvious that both John and Bob inherited these parental gifts.

John spoke of the sacredness of the cemetery, a place filled with his family, mother and father, grandparents; he addressed the mystery of a lifeless body and the presence of a person in the midst of those who knew and loved him; Bob had a resurrection in the minds of each present. John, today so few priests, at funerals especially, take up the notion of this mystery that ends our physical life; you handled it well and I was glad to listen as you allowed the mystery to exist. Mystery is a pivotal point in spirituality today; patriarchal institutional religion has virtually abandoned the idea of mystery.

Only the immediate family was graveside, along with a few old time friends. I had to chuckle as they seemed to relate well as John recalled Bob's time in priesthood with troubled pastors; I share well that experience and the need of a woman's love and understanding during difficult times. When Bob first told us at a cursillo that he was married, this then- single-priest's hopes soared; here I had the ideal priest, so human and loving, so kind and action orientated. Surely the church was changing and just as surely in later years it didn't; it was foolish enough to forfeit such talented men as the Duryea boys. We had hopes that Vatican Two would save the institution. At Bob's funeral I reflected on the grief I hold for the church that it prohibited this beautiful person from continuing a sound and meaningful ministry simply because he had united his love with a woman and children. How badly the institution has erred. Father Church is an old European

patriarch that does not want his sons to grow up and leave home; sons must do Papa's work (not Christ's in fields far from home) and must serve the master parent in his dying years. Marriage and enjoyment of God's created gifts are forbidden. I'm sad!

I have long reconciled myself to the reality that concern for people is far from the Roman mind; Bob and I talked years ago about the possibility of reforming the ancient institution and agreed that as long as they hold woman as outsiders there is little chance of change. Sociologically, with such middle organizers - the parish priest becoming historical memories, there is little hope for the continuance of the Roman institution; top CEO's, the bishops, are blind to the reality that organizations that lack the middle level personnel soon come to an end. In 16 hundred years 95% of the organizations of the Roman Church that once flourished have ceased to exist; religious communities that world wide once numbered in the tens of thousands have now in total a handful of members. The Roman Catholic institution is dying; a sure sign is found in its dying clerical priesthood. My thoughts at Bob's graveside were how foolish the power brokers are who forced him from ministry. I am also aware that so many priests who married continued their Christ work in social service to human kind. This morning on my health walk I met a man and woman recently arrived from Vietnam; she spoke no English, whereas he would not let me go. I imaged Jesus at the well with the Samaritan woman; my time was well spent and I need no one to tell me I am a priest. Who needs titles and robes to do the work of Jesus our Christ? Are not we all priests, if we serve one another in a Jesus Spirit? Bob and Lu surely did! Both are co-creators of the divine in their children.

So farewell, Bob, as you take this final journey from the abode called earth; I know not where you go and am in awe of the gift we have shared as created humans. On the Ash Wednesday of the year he was to die I heard Pope John the 23rd put a question from the Creator: "John, did you enjoy the gift of life I gave you," and John's reply "I am going to answer: I gave it a great try!" Bob Duryea, you have used your gift of life well! You will be resurrected time and again in the minds of many who knew and loved you.

I grew greatly by your example. Surely goodness and kindness has and will continue to follow you.

*We are sad to announce that Paolo Camellini died unexpectedly on Friay, April 6. He was the first to make the married priests movement really international. So he may rightfully be called one of the founders of the International Federation of Married Catholic Priests. Many of us have met him at synods or congresses of the Federation. Let us pray for Carla, his wife, and Daniele, their son.
Lambert van Gelder, IFMCP.*

Ireland

by Jim & Lila Dempsey

Jim arrived in Canada in March and we were married on the 17th by MP Mike O'Kane. Acceptance of us here in Ireland has been tremendous- the same people who threw the ordination party for Jim 18 years ago welcomed us as a married couple with a party in our pub. The only critical voice has been from the pastor who actually publicly denounced us as a "local scandal". Sadly it means that we cannot join in Sunday worship with the people we live among even though the church is only two doors down the street.

Business in the pub is very good- everyone coming to "gawk" at Jimmy's Canadian wife. I tell them I'm from Canada not Mars. We haven't had much time to think of ourselves as a MP couple with both of us grieving our losses- Jim of his previous life in ministry and me of my family. They are still distant with a few contacts from some of my siblings.

I'd like to tell you a funny story. Since we work in the pub, when we take a night out we have joined the leisure centre in Tullamore so

we can swim and work out. One night while I was in the sauna there were four other men in there too. The conversation among them got a bit racy, and one of them said to me "I hope you are not offended." "Not at all " I said, "I work in a pub and I'm learning to get a thick skin."

"What pub? Here in Tullamore?"

"No, a pub a few miles away in Cadamstown."

"Cadamstown? That's the pub that yer man, the priest, came back to run."

"That's right- he's my husband."

With that, all four guys eyed me in my bathing suit from head to foot.

"But I've been in that pub- you can't be the barmaid" one lad said incredulously.

"Well" I said, "We all look a bit different with our clothes off."

We all laughed, and all four claimed that they should have listened to their mothers and become priests themselves. Mile gra agus siochain "With much love and peace"

Phillipines

by Ed & Minda Kelly

The Family Priests Movement is alive and well and there seems to be a new spirit urging us on. New groups are forming. There is a need to educate the people and clergy. To that end, pamphlets and a manual are being prepared. The Manila and Bulacan groups have held regular gatherings, and the Regional Conference was held at Dumaguete in April with the theme "Strengthening the bond that unites the married priests and their families in the region". The hospitality of the Dumaguete group was overwhelming. We had a solemn Agape. Saturday was spent at the beach where Governor Arnaiz and Congressman Macias joined us. The five year plan adopted aims at mutual co-operation and a Christ-centered family spirit.



*Edith Gvora
(BC) places
Corpus Stole
on
Sis McNeil
(NS)
at Regina*

Visioning Meeting - Sunday April 8, 2001 - Lumsden

by Emil Kutarna, Regina, SK



Nine of us, married priests and wives gathered at Jake and Loretta Kutarna's as a follow up of our meeting March 4th reported in the March/April Journal.

We had a most enjoyable and productive afternoon. No suggestions came forward about a future gathering. Perhaps we accomplished what we set out to do.

It was suggested that we have two lists, one general theoretical stuff, and the other something practical and possible to do at the present time.

GENERAL IDEAS:

Free the people - many Catholics may still be in the old thinking mold (mould?) that "Father knows best" and when asked to think of what might be good for church renewal, still ask "What do you think, Father?" Would it not be wonderful if the priests could mandate the people to be free to think and suggest without fear what they really would like to see changed in the church?

See the Canticle of Zacharias in Luke's Gospel.

Update church view of sexuality - the last word on sexuality was not written by St. Augustine, although the official church position seems to think so. Rahner remarked that the concern about sexuality in the church over the years was woven by women-hating celibates with a masturbation complex.

Balance church representation - the catholic church is clearly dominated by males. There needs to be a better balance in all areas including women and marginalized people. Read "Changing Face of the Priesthood" by Cousins.

Priest or minister - Jesus never called himself a priest, nor did he ever refer to his disciples as priests. Jesus gave the example of ministry, even washing the apostles' feet. "Priest" today suggests a clerical caste set above the people, not one of them. At Eucharist, he represents the community, not the hierarchy. The minister voices the sentiments of the people he serves. Vatican II says the church is the "People of God", not the Pope and hierarchy.

Positive approach - for the future renewal we must capitalize on what is positive that already exists. We are not here to destroy, we are here to build.

Young people - they seem to be staying away from the church. Maybe they don't feel they belong because it is run by the gray heads. They need to be given responsibility to develop programs suiting their needs. Let them do what they are interested in doing. They are looking for spirituality, but not the way the old church does it.

PRACTICAL IDEAS:

More use of laypeople - have confidence in people to look after their churches. There really is no need to import foreign priests. Such a policy is counterproductive. It suggests that

it is OK to get anyone as long as he is ordained to "do the magic" of Eucharist and absolution. This is a lopsided view of priesthood which is not very inviting for our own young people to consider as a vocation.

Keep churches open - even if no resident priest is available. Experience shows that the local people can do a very good job of running the parish, some in fact doing better than when they had a resident priest. Many ministries can be performed by competent laypeople, such as marriages, baptisms, funerals, communion services.

Co-presiding - it would promote a very good image of equality in the church if it was the norm for lay-presided services to always have both a man and a woman presiding. They may be husband and wife, or not necessarily so.

Community image - the present arrangement of the priest standing at an altar up above the people sitting in the pews below strongly suggests that the people are mere spectators while the priest does the important business. Re-arranging the space so that the altar/communion table is on the same level as the people, and the people in a circle would better express the fact that before God everyone is equal. Already in some parishes the people are invited to stand around the altar at morning Mass.

Lighten the load - for our bishop and priests. There often are competent people who can help for example preparing answers to the bishop's correspondence (like a press secretary), reading and summarizing books, magazines, articles etc. Preparing speeches, preaching, representing the bishop or pastor at meetings etc. and reporting back.

Involve the youth - in this visioning process. For example, school religion classes can write essays on the topic of what they would like to see changed in the church etc.

Support the Arch newsletter - this can be a great means of communication for people in the diocese. We can contribute articles with views for the vision and solicit discussion.

Diocesan website or chatroom - it seems this may be another means of communication and exchange of ideas for promoting the future vision for the diocese.



*Love writes words in sand and
blows the grains into the forgotten*

Community Views

Transformers, Individuals, and Spiritual Communities

by Diane Peck, Sydney, NS

A few members of our spirituality group which is a spin off from Corpus met this past week (May 23) with Dolores Hall.

Corpus Canada was not our topic per se, but future church which means small faith groups. And women's future which means massive transformation for the institution of church. We are slowly and quietly discerning where we are going as transformers, as individuals, and as a spiritual community.

Sis and I have long been concerned for our local Corpus organization which does not fit any mold right now, but we are beginning to see a bigger picture. We are deeply convinced that much is happening for our area in the darkness of this period, and for the Church in the Maritime region. One of the biggest and best things is Dolores herself. It takes what Carolyn Myss calls symbolic light to see this- as the Polish priests recruited by our bishop begin their ministry in our diocese in a few weeks.

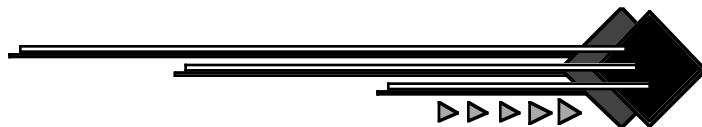
I wrote to the Canadian Cardinals as part of the recent Future Church campaign. This response came from Cardinal Carter of Toronto: "I am sure that you know that the Holy Father has already established that the question of ordination to the priesthood is restricted to males at the present time and he has indicated that the question is closed. As loyal Catholics we can hold another opinion if it is proper, but I do not think that we should take any steps to change the legislation in place." Perhaps some of you received a

similar response.

How strengthening and reinforcing and reviving to read the terrific Married Priests as Pastor Coordinators dialogue in the Mar/Apr Journal. The dialogue does not resolve the topic at hand but it sure helped us get our eyes back on light and hope and fresh air.

Sis and I have also spent some time together studying and reflecting on the minutes of the NCR national meeting last October. We are genuinely trying to discern the local face of Corpus and its place on the national face too. We are hoping to be able to get help at the Bragg Creek conference. That name has a bit of an historical flavour to it somehow- a Camp David kind of sound.

Spring is finding us at last! Do you know that if you shovel four feet of snow off your crocus bed, there they'll be, flattened from the weight of their burden and yellow from no access to light. Wouldn't we? But in a few days, greening and standing tall! Love to all.



A Special Eucharistic Celebration

by Joe Cashen, Mississauga, ON

On March 20, Yvonne and I hosted a special eucharistic celebration at home for Donna who was terminally ill from cancer. About 40 of us, family, friends, neighbours, and visitors from Donna's home in Nova Scotia celebrated with Fr. Pat, Superior General of the Holy Ghost Fathers.

Donna, 43 years old, had been a member of our Bible study group. She is the mother of two young adults and her husband, Lyndon, is recovering from rectal cancer. When Donna joined us four years ago, she had not been a regular church goer. She had come from a strong Nova Scotian Scottish Catholic background but her faith was no longer strong and she wanted to rediscover the God of her youth. During the time we have had with her, we have come to know a wonderful Christian individual. Despite the agony of her suffering and the torment of her treatments and frequent visits to the hospital, Donna grew in her faith and acceptance of the inevitable.

To begin our eucharist, I told the group that we were joined in our prayers by a very special group of priests and their spouses, members of Corpus Canada, part of an international federation of married Catholic priests. An atmosphere of peace, reverence, and mystery filled the evening. Fr. Pat in a homily that continued throughout the eucharist and anointing spoke of the mystery of how our lives entwine and how through "love, forgiveness, and reconciliation" we come to realize our fullness in Christ. I could not resist reflecting on Corpus and the significance of the word and on why so few have accepted the challenge Corpus represents.

Fr. Pat explained that having a personal belief in Jesus and a willingness to share in the banquet of Love in support of Donna was the important thing on this occasion. We sang, shared stories of Donna, held hands as we prayed the Our Father, and with outstretched hands participated in the anointing with blessed olive oil, the symbol of life. We shared in the "Agape" by giving to each other the Body and Blood. This moving moment left not a dry eye in the house. When I read your messages, Donna's eyes filled with tears. She could only reply with "Tell your friends I love them." She radiated a quiet peace. From the others, there were expressions of awe and thanks for the opportunity to participate in this gathering.

Donna fell asleep peacefully in the Lord early on May 9 knowing that her many friends and members of Corpus were storming heaven to assist her on her last journey. Two days before, she had prayed with me: "Jesus, take me. I am ready to come home." It has been a remarkable experience watching and praying with her. She became for all of us a sign of God's presence with us. In our small group, she openly offered the weight of her suffering for many in the community and often she prayed for us married priests that we would not lose our trust and confidence in Jesus.

I thank all of you again on behalf of Donna, Yvonne, and myself for the shared and the silent expressions of support. She is now able to repay your generosity.



Focus On The Arts

Beatific Audition

by Jim Noonan, Stittsville, ON (Corpus-NCR)



I would like to share a religious experience I had recently at the National Gallery of Canada. It was while I was attending the exhibition "Elusive Paradise: The Millennium Prize", and the exhibit which moved me and many others so much was entitled "Forty-Part

head-high tripods to the next one listening as if they were standing in the midst of the choir and experiencing the richness and intonations of each singer in turn.

The effect of this innovation is spellbinding. When I walked into the gallery chapel in the middle of this fourteen-minute piece of music there was silence among the listeners as I have never experienced it in an art gallery before. Some dozen people were there in various locations and positions: some were sitting attentively on the two small backless benches in the chapel; one lady was listening intently from her wheel chair; a young couple was leaning back to back against each other on one of the benches with their eyes raised towards the fan-vaulting in the room; one man was resting on the kneeler of the altar rail; and another was walking slowly from loud speaker to loud speaker like a pilgrim praying the Stations of the Cross. I sat near the man at the altar rail so I could take in the awe in the faces of the others in the chapel before giving myself up to the experience they were all sharing.

Motet". The artist who created this remarkable work is Janet Cardiff, a native of Ontario who now lives and works in Lethbridge, Alberta. In fact, of the many works in the exhibition by ten artists, five Canadian and five non-Canadian, Cardiff's was the winner of the Millennium Prize of \$50,000.

We all felt we were inside the music in a way we had never been before, and that we understood as we never had before the meaning of the text of the motet, "Spem in alium nunquam habui." When the music stopped, no one moved. After several minutes some filed quietly out of the chapel, while others remained for a repetition of the music, which played continuously throughout the exhibition until its close on May 13.

This unusual work is a piece of aural art, a sound sculpture, not a painting. It consists of 40 separate speakers each projecting the voices of sixty different members of the Salisbury Cathedral choir, recorded in December 2000, singing a rendition of Thomas Tallis's motet "Spem in alium nunquam habui" - "I have trusted in no one [but the Lord]", 1575.

Many felt as I did that if this is what paradise is like, we want to be there. If we could experience such enchanting sounds as these we felt that paradise is not so elusive as the title of the exhibition suggests. If "Elusive Paradise" or Janet Cardiff's "Forty-Part Motet" comes anywhere near your home, I urge you not to miss it. It may be the closest you will come this side of the grave to the Beatific Vision. Or should it be called the Beatific Audition?

The central idea in Cardiff's work is to involve the listener in a way they could never be involved in a concert hall or in their living room. As she says in the brochure which accompanies the exhibition, "I wanted to be able to 'climb inside' the music, connecting with the separate voices. I am also interested in how...the audience may choose a path through this physical yet virtual space."

Thus the audience can simply sit inside the elegant Rideau Chapel preserved in the gallery and listen to the magnificent voices as a whole, or they can walk from one of the forty speakers mounted on



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(check out Corpus website links or contact Leonard Schmidt)

Corpus Canada

Who Are We?

We began as a support group for married Catholic priests, their wives and friends, seeking acceptance by the hierarchy of an optional married priesthood.

We have become a faith community of men and women empowered by our baptism in Jesus' Spirit to reach out to others in their need as Jesus did.

Where Are We Going?

This faith community is dedicated to:

- Renewal of ministry (service) in the Church.
- Promotion of a wholesome view of sexuality.
- Justice for all based on Gospel values in matters related to the governance of the Catholic Church.

Our message is a healing one and is directed to everyone, but especially to the marginalized in the Church. It is our hope to reach them through the creation of local faith communities.

How Do We Get There?

Through a collegial approach based on consensus reached through discernment in the Spirit, we share our gifts in small faith communities building Christ's body (CORPUS).

How Can I Join Or Show Support?

If you wish to join or renew your membership in Corpus Canada for the year 2000 (membership is open to all regardless of denominational affiliation), write to Jake Kutarna, Corpus Canada Treasurer, Box 176, Lumsden SK S0G 3C0. Enclose a cheque for \$50 (individual membership) or \$75 (family membership) payable to "Corpus Canada." Corpus Canada will donate \$25 of your membership fee to Xristos Community Society in your name, and Xristos will send you an official tax receipt. At the

request of Corpus Canada, Xristos Community Society distributes The Journal free of charge to the membership of Corpus Canada.

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