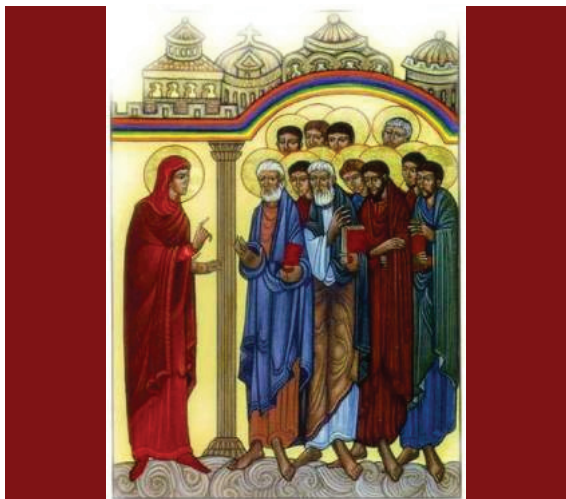


# spiritual life/Online

Online continuation of **spiritual life** magazine

Published 4 Times a Year

Volume 2 Number 1 • Spring 2016



**Mary Magdalene went and said to the disciples,  
“I have seen the Lord”**

## Editor

Edward O'Donnell, OCD  
EdODonnell@aol.com

## Publisher

Washington Province of  
Discalced Carmelite Friars,

## Changing Your E-mail Address or Adding a

**New Address:** Please go  
to our website and enter  
your new e-mail address at:  
**www.spiritual-life.org.**

## 2 Editorial

## 3 Encryption, Presence, and Parable

*By Patrick J. McDonald, LSW, LMFT*

## 10 The Smiling Angel

*By John J. Sullivan, OCD, STD*

## 15 Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

*By Susan Garthwaite, PhD*

## 25 Book Notice

## 26 Back Issues of **spiritual life**

## 27 Books from **ICS Publications**

**spiritual life/Online** is the continuation of the print edition of **spiritual life** (1955–2014) (ISSN 0038-7630). **spiritual life/Online** is a Catholic four-times-a-year electronic publication: Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter. © 2016 by the Washington Province of Discalced Carmelite Friars, Inc., 2131 Lincoln Road NE, Washington, DC 20002-1199. Tel: 1-888-616-1713.

**I** HAVE SEEN THE LORD!" Mary Magdalene proclaims to the Apostles and to the whole Church the glorious mystery of the Resurrection. Her words have echoed through the centuries in the lives of Christians. Her words of faith in the Risen Lord are still a vibrant call to the Christian community to embrace through faith the presence of the living Son of God. Our challenge is not just to think about the Resurrection of Jesus but to enter into this transforming mystery.

As Christians, we have the certainty of faith that Jesus lives, in the glory of the Father and in our daily lives, transforming us and making us truly "Resurrection people." He has promised to be with us "all days, even to the end of the world" (Mt 28:20), assuring us of his living presence in our lives.

Because Jesus lives, because his promise to be with us always gives us hope, we rejoice in sharing his Risen life. We are children of the Resurrection, alive in the joy of the Risen Christ. Let us rejoice, then, and not be overcome by sadness:

"Do not let your hearts be troubled. You have faith in God; have faith also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If there were not, would I have told you that I am going to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back again and take you to myself." (Jn 14:1-3)

**Edward O'Donnell**

## **Encryption, Presence, and Parable**

“The Kingdom of Heaven is like treasure hidden in a field, which someone found and hid; then in his joy he goes and sells all that he has and buys that field.” (Mt 13:44)

**T**HE GOSPEL PARABLES SUGGEST that the Kingdom of Heaven is in us, all around us, and opens like a treasure as we explore the events of our lives thoughtfully. My thoughtfulness leads me naturally to the foundational presence of my dad—who still fascinates me. He becomes present every time I gaze at one of his photo creations. He carried a camera with him everywhere he went and his unquenchable interest in photography stretched from the dawn of home snapshots, through the thirty-five millimeter era, to the beginning of the digital revolution.

Sheltered safely with him under the subdued red lighting of a basement darkroom, he showed me how to take large sheets of photo paper, gently slide them into rectangular pans filled with chemicals that made my six year old nose twitch, then wait patiently as familiar faces and forms come into

## Encryption, Presence, and Parable

view and look up at us. The presence of loved ones in image and background, invited my dad to nurture and instruct, and I remember him as the best teacher I ever knew.

He told stories about Grandma Rose, who crossed the ocean from Ireland to settle in the USA when only 18 years-of-age. She tamed Grandpa John when he was forty-two, after railroading with the westward expansion, working the gold mines in Leadville, Colorado, and exploring other unknown adventures appropriate for an Irish bachelor. He talked about Uncle Mike—now in the Marines and fighting on some island somewhere in another ocean called the Pacific. Uncle Frank owns a grocery store near the Indian reservation in South Dakota and Uncle Vince is a cowboy and runs a dude ranch in Arizona, and on and on through images and stories that define family.

**I remember  
him as the  
best teacher  
I ever knew**

The prints dried, found their way to interested family members, then over time were lost to downsizing, age, neglect and other priorities. The large assortment of negatives, however, were lovingly collected and stored in surplus World War Two ammo cans. “Somebody might appreciate these some day,” my dad repeated as he locked down the steel ammo

## **Encryption, Presence, and Parable**

can lids with an aggressive snap and clunk and created treasure caches in my childhood home. The caches gathered dust until my dad died in 1986 and my mom died in 1993. I sold the family home, closed her estate, and the ammo cans were claimed by my younger brother and sister, with a promise to finally do something with them.

I looked over their shoulders as they tried to bring faded negatives back to life while our conversations revolved around words like “encryption” and “treasures.” Our quasi-optimistic journey of recovery and reconstruction ended abruptly when a computer virus ate every scanned image, then trashed the hard drive. All encrypted efforts were lost, but the treasure chest of negatives survived.

Now the ammo cans ended up in two diverse locations, patiently waiting for a new discovery, while my brother was murdered at a shopping mall in Omaha in 2007 during the Christmas season and my sister died from breast cancer five years later.

### **Rediscovery**

Just before the ammo cans of negatives were consigned to a landfill by default, my brother and I (the only two survivors from our family) rescued them. When we reopened the lid of each treasure chest, we faced layer upon layer of cracked, wrinkled, and aged negatives in many sizes and lengths, some of

## Encryption, Presence, and Parable

them still in the photo shop envelopes from seventy years ago. A cursory examination of a few negatives on a light table yielded only shared puzzlement while we squinted at vague backgrounds and unidentifiable figures.

Better technology came to our rescue, however, and for less than two hundred dollars, we purchased a digital photo processor. Our new age wonder, about the size of a bread box, scans the negative, creates a digital copy, brings up contrast, adds depth, gets rid of cracks and dust marks and presents a high resolution photo image in a wide screen format. We both lit up when our first efforts came to life and I immediately recognized some of the same faces I saw emerge from under the chemical baths in my dad's dark room.

Eager to share the depths of the treasure chest we opened, we began to e-mail fresh-looking photos to cousins and friends in locations near and far away. The network came to life quickly and opened up an almost daily dialogue about images, memories, events, history and stories. Our conversations naturally clustered around two significant words: encryption and treasure.

### Encryption

*Encryption* is an old word, and it is now familiar to those living in an electronic world. It refers to re-

## Encryption, Presence, and Parable

alities hidden beneath visible symbols and words. It seems that each day I'm assured through a computer screen that my message to someone else is encrypted, so that my personal matters will remain undisturbed.

In our photo project, shared histories embedded in faded celluloid are electronically encrypted into a high resolution, large screen format. The clarity and the largeness of it all literally jolts us to look deeply into the image—to see what was not even visible to an earlier generation.

Vivid details invite our observers to identify time and place, event and significance. Clear image compresses faded history into a real connection with the person in the image. I call this powerful phenomenon *presence in image* and the science of encryption makes this possible.

Almost automatically, clarity of image invites a deeper sense of presence: *presence in memory*. The deceased come back to life as their stories are told, memories are recalled and we are invited to understand that the deceased are very much a part of us—in values retained, mannerisms echoed, and a vision of what life means.

Both encryption and memory have their limits, so I added a new phrase to explore a more expansive and less time-bound mode of presence. I call it *presence in parable*. The parable of a treasure

## **Encryption, Presence, and Parable**

hidden in a field opens the doorway to understanding what I mean.

### **Parable and Presence**

Parable presents a truth by starting with the known—a treasure hidden in a field and rediscovered—and invites the imagination to soar, to find out what's beneath the visible layers of treasure. Jesus took the rabbinic art of teaching in parables and invited his listeners to immerse themselves through imagination in the truths hidden in the story and image. The image of opening a treasure chest is easily understood. The presence of the Kingdom of God, and how that is buried deep within, invites our imagination to soar.

A parable is engaging because it can never be completely understood—just savored, explored in its multiple layers, held close to the heart or shared with those of like mind. The parable easily leads to a blurring of the borderlands between time and eternity. God's domain is bigger than life and death. People encrypted in images become a living presence because we are still a family under the guidance of God's creative love. The Kingdom of God is our history, in time and in eternity.

Thus, while pondering renewed images, I become aware of my dad's presence—a living presence. He is there, either at my shoulder or just on the oth-



## Encryption, Presence, and Parable

er side of the high resolution image, enjoying the new technology as much as I am. I become aware of other visitors as well—family members who have transitioned to eternal life and are still invested in our time and place in history.

I anchor myself in their living presence by recalling some of the liturgy from the day of burial—that the bonds of love forged during our lifetime are not dissolved through death. They are simply transformed. Although transformed in ways that are beyond understanding, their bonds of love with us, as described in the liturgy, haunt them as well. They long to be reunited with those they left behind, and they won't find complete rest until they are reunited with their loved ones. They welcome the moments of reconnection that sifting through lost treasures brings with it.

Indeed, like a treasure chest with no bottom to it, there's no limit to the treasures in God's Kingdom.

**P**atrick J. McDonald, LISW, LMFT, is a licensed social worker and licensed marital and family therapist. He maintains a private practice of individual, marital, and family therapy in Des Moines and is a frequent contributor to *Spiritual Life*.

\* \* \* \* \*

## The Smiling Angel

**T**O CONTEMPLATE THE “Smiling Angel” of Rheims Cathedral is to look into the very soul of the Gothic genius handed on to us by the Middle Ages. The angel is a statue in the main portal of the cathedral where so many French kings were crowned.

The serene benevolence shining on the face of the heaven-sent messenger sculpted in stone shows forth the quintessential warm humanity that Gothic art tried to embody by going beyond the static, staid forms projected by the canons of classical art. No wonder the angel is often referred to as “the spirit of the cathedral.”

It is not surprising that the artisans of Rheims cathedral chose an angel to transmit to the entire world this famous smile. As Blandine Berger reminds us in her scholarly work *The Liturgical Drama of Easter, Theater and Liturgy* (Beauchesne, 1976), the angel of the Resurrection, herald of the joyful news that Christ had risen, stood at the center of the popular plays of the Middle Ages. It held a central role in the development of modern drama.

## The Smiling Angel

In *Homily 21* of Pope St. Gregory the Great, read at the Office of Readings for Easter (when the “Visit to the Sepulchre” was enacted), the angel “announced the joys of our celebration”—*festivitatis nostrae gaudia nuntiavit* (see the Roman Breviary, 1964 ed.).

The builders of cathedrals, who worked in a joyful collaboration, did not have to overdo their creative instincts to set up at the very entrance to a cathedral the figure of an angel proclaiming to the people, assembled on the esplanade before it, the hope and the joy of the Resurrection. Such statues, especially the one at Rheims cathedral, captured distinctly the well-meaning kindness of most of the angels we know from Holy Scripture: they proclaimed the *eu-angelion* or the Good News of God’s love for creation and creatures (see Jean Danielou, *The Angels and Their Mission*, Chevetogne, 1953).

### Divine Kindness

Two characteristics of divine kindness emanate from the smile of Rheims’ Angel, and they were traits that medieval people sought after ardently: *lenitas* and *ludus*, or sweetness and playfulness.

*Lenitas* is that feature or rather the spiritual attitude the monks strove to attain. Saint Benedict’s counsel in chapter 7 of his *Rule* (in the twelve degrees of humility) is this:

## The Smiling Angel

“When a monk speaks, let him speak gently (*leniter*) and without laughter, humbly and with gravity, with few and sensible words, and let him be not loud of voice.”

Monasticism sought after and incarnated that sweetness in a medieval society that needed it so much in order to outweigh their age’s tendency to settle matters by force of arms.

*Ludus* or playfulness is the second spiritual attitude we can detect in the smile of the Angel of Rheims cathedral that evokes confidence and serenity. This mindset reflects gratuitous respect for all reality taken to be a gift from God.

**That smile tells us  
to be at peace,  
assured that God  
takes good care  
of all creation**

That smile tells us to be at peace, assured that God takes good care of all creation.

Life itself is *ludus* or play. We are called to join in, to live in the spirit of that wonderful expression once applied by Jean Guilton to Saint Thérèse: “to live in an effortless effort” (*The Spiritual Genius of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux*, Triumph Books, 1997). This is possible because our faith allows us to acknowledge that, above and beyond the confused state of our human condition, there is a higher order of things that has God as its overseer. This kind of trusting calmness is implied in the smiling vis-

## The Smiling Angel

age of the Angel of Rheims cathedral. We would do well to let ourselves be invited to share its beauty as we invest in *lenitas* and in the trust of *ludus* in our own ongoing lives.

### Final Consideration

One final consideration to conclude: Physiologists claim that to produce a frown, one has to activate twice as many muscles as for a smile—an encouraging confirmation of the basic wisdom of the Angel of Rheims and its smile. Its sculptors must have intuited this and thus recognized the physical disproportion between a frown and a smile. That is why they chose to create a smile that has so enriched those familiar with it.

**J**ohn Sullivan. OCD, STD, is Chairman of the Institute of Carmelite Studies and resides at the Carmelite Monastery in Washington, DC.

\*\*\*\*\*

**M**ichel André in his encyclopedic work is particularly interested in the quality of the smile of the angel of Rheims: “His hands are open in a gesture of protection and hospitality. His smile, at once radiant and mysterious, invites to optimism and its expression reflects the freshness and candor peculiar to Gothic art.”

## The Smiling Angel of Rheims Cathedral



**T**he Smiling Angel (French: *L'Ange au Sourire*), also known as the Smile of Rheims (*Le Sourire de Rheims*), is a stone sculpture of the cathedral of Rheims which was carved between 1236 and 1245. This figure is in the north portal of the west facade of the cathedral.

The Angel statue was beheaded following a fire caused by a German shell on the cathedral of Rheims during World War I, on 19 September 1914, and the head broke into several pieces after falling from a height of four meters.

The head was collected by the abbot Thinot the day after the fire and stored in the cellars of the Archbishop of Rheims' home, to be discovered by the architect Max Sainsaulieu on the 30 November 1915. It became an icon for the French wartime propaganda as a symbol of "French culture destroyed by German barbarity."

After the war, the original fragments were molded and preserved in the Musée national des Monuments Français,. The already famous sculpture was restored and put back in place 13 February 1926.

## **Signs of Friendly Souls Close By**

### **“I Will Be Love”**

**S**T. THÉRÈSE OF THE CHILD JESUS and of the Holy Face, or St. Thérèse of Lisieux, or The Little Flower, or Marie-Francoise-Thérèse Martin, was born in 1873 in Alençon, France. She entered a Carmelite convent in Lisieux at age 15. At age 24 she died of tuberculosis.

St. Thérèse’s autobiography, *The Story of a Soul*, was published by the thousands within a year after her death. She was canonized in 1925 by Pope Pius XI and declared a Doctor of the Church by Pope John Paul II in 1997. Despite St. Thérèse’s erudite status, her writing reflects a religiosity of her place and time that for some of us coats her wonderful realism with an excessively sweet style. Yet, St. Thérèse has made an important promise to us that is very clear. She said, “Yes, there in the heart of Mother Church I will be love,”<sup>1</sup> and, “Love proves itself by deed.”<sup>2</sup> In her *Little Way*, she does not overlook opportunities to prove this. That is my experience.

The fourth time I tried to read *The Story of a Soul*, my sister was dying. The first three times I’d given

## Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

up. I thought the book was very sentimental and didn't speak to my life. I couldn't understand the Little Flower's popularity. Clearly it was my loss not to have read on. Fortunately, St. Thérèse loved me and did not give up on me.

### Writings Found

I found St. Thérèse's writings in the last part of her journey to be deep and wise. As I finished reading them in their entirety it was late July. My sister, Judy, was slurring her speech, losing her balance, and struggling with her handwriting. She was battling breast cancer for the third time. Now she had an inoperable brain tumor and was entering the last part of her journey, too. She was hospitalized to get a port in her head for direct chemotherapy. She hoped for a few extra months of life.

I offered to come. Judy said, "I would love that, Sue." Judy's immediate family and her six sisters all had different roles in supporting her journey. I usually had the deeply honest medical and spiritual conversations with her whenever she signaled her readiness. On the plane I prayed fervently. A deep peace and strength filled my broken heart. I was ready, too.

We had the day to ourselves—sort of. Often St. Thérèse's words echoed in the room. Judy was



## Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

immediately very honest: “I’m not afraid to die. I figured the third time around I probably wouldn’t make it.” As St. Thérèse was dying, she wrote, “I am free. I am not afraid of anything.”<sup>3</sup> “I am ill, and I shall never get better, but my soul always remains at peace. For a long time now I have not belonged to myself.”<sup>4</sup> Judy said, “It’s actually a relief to know where I stand, like the other shoe finally dropped.” St. Thérèse said, “[Souls] soon realize that a little bitterness is better than sweetness.”<sup>5</sup>

Judy and I worked our way through forms detailing her wishes. She spoke of her worries, beliefs, and desires. Judy said, “I think about Mom a lot and how she handled things.” Our mother had died a few years before. St. Thérèse said, “I already seem to enjoy that family life which lasts for all eternity.”<sup>6</sup> Judy spoke of her confidence in the afterlife and, in a grand understatement, said, “I’ve tried to be good. I think I’ve been good enough.”

**No one can  
make me fright-  
ened any more,  
because I know  
what to believe  
about His mercy  
and His love**

St. Thérèse said, “What a joy to remember that Our Lord is just, that He makes allowances for our shortcomings and knows full well how weak we are. What have I to fear then?”<sup>7</sup> She also said, “No one can make me frightened any more, because I know

## Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

what to believe about His mercy and His love.”<sup>8</sup> Judy said, “I’ve been praying. I tell God everything. I think He hears me.” St. Thérèse said:

“I tell God, quite simply, all that I want to say, and He always understands. Prayer, for me, is simply a raising of the heart, a simple glance towards heaven.”<sup>9</sup>

### Final Days

At Judy’s request our vast family gathered for Labor Day weekend. Friday night Judy and I sat on the deck chatting. Monday she needed ice packs around her head to make it home. On Tuesday, tests showed the cancer had advanced significantly. Futile treatments stopped; hospice began. Judy was anointed. St. Thérèse’s *Little Way* spoke to me of how little we are in the face of a powerful disease and how much we need to be held, comforted, and made strong by God. I saw my sister, in whose babyhood I had delighted, as my leader and scout on the journey we all must take. My scout, like St. Thérèse, had courage, honesty, faith, acceptance, and trust in God’s mercy and love. I understood St. Thérèse’s message of “littleness” as the call to be the little sister instead of the big sister on this way.

Saturday night after Labor Day, Judy became unresponsive. I begged God she not have to suffer any longer. St. Thérèse said, “He knows that the suffer-

## Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

ing of those who are dear to you adds to your own suffering.”<sup>10</sup> Judy began the ultimate Christian journey, obedient to the process of death. I began to do her praying for her. On Wednesday I sat on a bench by Lake Michigan. I beseeched St. Thérèse to help Judy.

Prayer suddenly felt deep. I sensed St. Thérèse right there, loving and involved. I walked home feeling mystified. I returned to my balcony to resume work on an imminent presentation. There on my chair cushion was a little pile of red flower petals. My immediate thought was, “St. Thérèse! She did this!” I was amazed, delighted, and greatly comforted all at once. There was something exhilarating and liberating about how I felt. I sensed myself being drawn closer to God. A few hours later, Judy died. I pondered the finality of death and the wonder of the petals.

### “I Will Let Fall a Shower of Roses”

St. Thérèse said, “After my death I will let fall a shower of roses.”<sup>11</sup> Should one take this literally? After all, these were not rose petals; they were geranium petals from my planter boxes. It was simply odd they were piled in one little spot, and only the red ones, excluding the pinks and whites of the boxes. St. Thérèse said:

## Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

“I saw that every flower He has created has a beauty of its own..., as it is in the world of souls, the living garden of the Lord.... What delights Him is the simplicity of these flowers of the field.”<sup>12</sup>

Somehow geraniums fit. Judy was a person of simple, delightful, little ways of her own.

I did not know what to make of the little pile of red petals. I couldn't just sit on them, so I scooped them up and tucked them in my journal. I felt so spoken to by them. The scientist in me declared, “Coincidence!” The spiritual director in me said, “Not so fast; the grace is in how you received this.” Both the scientist and the spiritual director in me acknowledged that we sometimes are invited to a realm of possibilities we have not previously imagined. Sometimes our cherished ideas and approaches are inadequate and we must be open to God's unusual ways of involvement in human experience.

**There are so few people who do not make their own limited understanding the measure of God's power**

St. Thérèse, Doctor of the Universal Church, weighed in on the matter: “There are so few people who do not make their own limited understanding the measure of God's power.”<sup>13</sup> That is a difficult statement to refute. Are we ever not guilty of this? Sometimes we do experience God's power in signs. Scripture speaks of signs and wonders. Signs are

## Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

events that make God's love manifest, strengthen belief, and give us a sense of God's nearness. To me, the red petals had all the symptoms of a sign. I decided to be open to that possibility.

### **"I Not Only Advance, I Fly"**

Late afternoon the next day I was back on the lakefront bench, praying my gratitude to God and St. Thérèse for the peaceful end of Judy's suffering. Abruptly, waves and waves of gulls flew up the shore. The setting sun shown so brightly on their breasts that they looked like flying stars. The incredible, beautiful, wondrous flight of hundreds upon hundreds of gulls went on for minutes. I was filled with joy and peace. I was witnessing another sign. I thought, "Yes, Judy is in God's arms, in eternal light." Signs stir hope and convey new life. An event that fills one with wonder is indeed a wonder. Again I felt invited to embrace such possibility. For me, the greater the wonder, the more present God seemed to be. St. Thérèse said, "Under the sway of love, I not only advance, I fly."<sup>14</sup>

We made it through the wake. The next day the old church in Judy's little town was packed. We processed in behind her casket. Four of her sisters unfolded an ornate white pall over it, the sign of her baptism into new life. I watched the pallbearers

## Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

place her casket between statues of St. Thérèse and St. Teresa of Avila. Judy's Carmelite connections continued. In the midst of grief I rejoiced for her.

Life brings one face to face with Church tradition. St. Thérèse and Judy helped me appreciate the Feasts of All Saints and of All Souls. I couldn't help noticing that one feast echoes the other. The Communion of Saints isn't just an intellectual concept. The union we have with each other is not broken by death. The holiness of others helps us on our own paths. The saints themselves are signs of God's mercy and love. Yet, one must get to know them and be prayerful and open to recognizing signs of their nearness. One must be willing to be "little" in the face of Mystery and possibility.

### **"I Shall Sing Forever, the Mercies of the Lord"**

In the days, weeks, and months after Judy's death I grieved deeply, yet felt accompanied by Judy, St. Thérèse, and God. St. Thérèse had helped me see Judy's own saintliness and to trust in her new life. One morning in dreamy transition to waking, I "heard" Judy's unmistakable, strong alto voice singing several times, "Make you to shine like the sun," as though rehearsing that phrase. I woke fully and connected the phrase with the star-like gulls. Yes, she shines like the sun and sings in her eternal glory. I am sure of that. St. Thérèse said, "So I am

## Signs of Friendly Souls Close By

going to begin singing what I shall sing forever, the mercies of the Lord.”<sup>15</sup> Judy echoes St. Thérèse, who promised, “After my departure for eternal life, I will give you a taste of the happiness that can be found from feeling a friendly soul close by.”<sup>16</sup>

### “I Even Make it My Joy”

I now comprehend the Little Flower’s popularity. I am grateful my initial reaction to her writing didn’t last. As St. Thérèse said, “I am quite resigned now, to seeing myself always imperfect, and I even make it my joy.”<sup>17</sup> Thanks to St. Thérèse and Judy, my “limited understanding” has expanded. God’s love and nearness are very real to me in little piles of petals, star-like gulls, and echoes. Certain “coincidences” caused me to grapple with the concept of “signs” and to expand my limited understanding of how God and the saints communicate their nearness. St. Thérèse helped me to a deeper confidence in ordinary signs of God at work and convinced me of the support we have in the Communion of Saints. I encourage my directees to be open to the myriad of ways God is active in our lives.

We experience a deep longing for consolation in our grieving. The words of St. Thérèse illustrate her profound relevance and wisdom for the painful journey of dying, death, and grieving, and I often recommend her to directees confronting these situations.

## Signs of Friendly Souls

St. Thérèse is true to her promise to be love in the heart of the Church. Because of her, my life has deepened in gratitude, hope, and faith. The experience with St. Thérèse and Judy has been paradoxically life-giving. I sense a call to a fuller life with God and the saints. Often I recall St. Thérèse's advice to trust in God's mercy and love. She says, "Moment by moment, the merciful love of God renews and cleanses me."<sup>18</sup>

St. Thérèse and Judy are "friendly souls close by." There is nothing sentimental about their courage, faith, and witness. I feel more prepared for my own eventual journey to new life, knowing I have these sisters in my "family life which lasts for all eternity."

**Susan M. Garthwaite, PhD**, has a doctorate in medical physiology and a master's degree in spirituality. She retired from heart research and now is a spiritual director and spiritual writer in the Chicago area. Her articles have appeared in *Presence* and *Spiritual Life*.

### NOTES

1. St. Thérèse of Lisieux, *The Autobiography of Thérèse of Lisieux: The Story of a Soul*, trans. Michael Day (Mineola, N.Y.: Dover Publications, Inc., 2008), p.190.
2. Ibid., p.192.
3. Ibid., p.142.
4. Ibid., p.144.
5. Ibid., p.160.
6. Ibid., p.161.
7. Ibid., p.180.
8. Ibid., p.181.
9. Ibid., p.165.
10. Patrick Ahern, *Maurice and Thérèse: The Story of a Love*, (New York, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1998), p.65.
11. *Story of a Soul*, p.203.
12. Ibid., pp.6-7.
13. Ibid., p.137.
14. Ibid., p.120.
15. Ibid., p.5.
16. *Maurice and Thérèse*, p.187.
17. *Story of a Soul*, p.113.
18. Ibid., p.131.



# Book Notice

*Signs: Seven Words of Hope*

*By Jean Vanier*

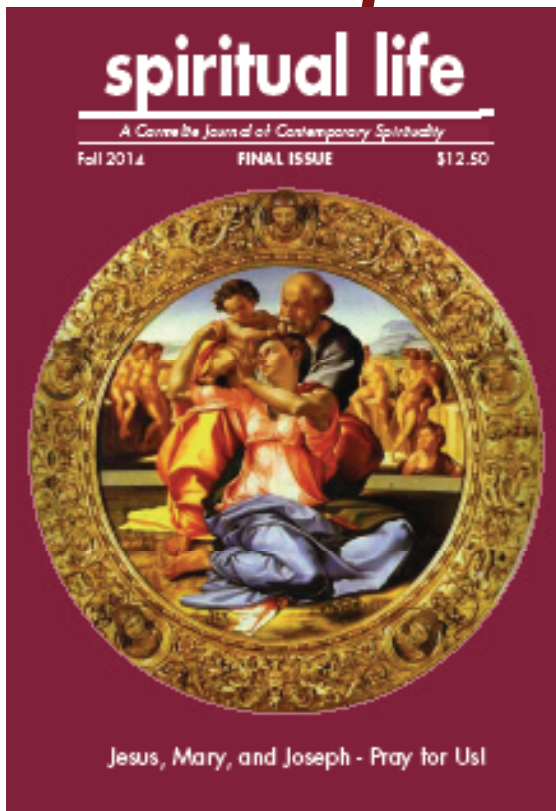
Paulist Press—Paperback \$14.95 eBook \$9.87

Fifty years ago, the Second Vatican Council released its vision of a Church that would put society's weakest and most marginalized members at its heart. At the same time, Jean Vanier founded the l'Arche, a new Christian community in which people with severe learning difficulties would be welcomed to a life of freedom and dignity. In the intervening years, l'Arche has become a world-renowned symbol of compassion and hope.

But what has become of the radical hope for a renewed Church and those who should be its central concern? *Signs* is a major new book from Jean Vanier and essential reading for all in the Church. He identifies the seven paths of transformation at the heart of l'Arche philosophy. The same paths should be heeded by the Church if we are to rediscover that vision of a society that grows outwards from the poor and disadvantaged. The seven paths: From humiliation to humility; from normalization to the awakening conscience; from exclusion to encounter; from power to authority; from isolation to community; from strength to vulnerability; from secret to mystery.

These words of hope from Jean Vanier will guide the Christian community in its commitment to live a life filled with mercy and love.

## Back Issues of *spiritual life*



- 1. Fall 2014:** Witness to Suffering, Teresa of Avila, Evelyn Underhill, John Henry Newman, Thérèse of Lisieux.
  - 2. Spring 2014:** Mother Teresa of Calcutta, Confronting an Experience of Diminishment, To Love as Jesus Loves
  - 3. Fall 2013:** John XXII-Mystic Pope, St. Thérèse of Lisieux, Beauty—The Forgotten Attribute.
  - 4. Spring 2013:** Forgiveness: How Much and What Kind?, Lawrence of the Resurrection, Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.
- AND MANY MORE . . . . .**

\$3.50 per copy includes postage and handling.

5 or more copies, \$3.00 per copy.

Telephone: 1-888-616-1713

## Online Ordering of Back Issues:

**Visit us at [www.spiritual-life.org](http://www.spiritual-life.org)**

**or scan this QR code:**



# ICS PUBLICATIONS



## The Divine Adventure: St. Teresa of Avila's Journeys and Foundations

Tomás Alvarez, OCD and Fernando Domingo, OCD  
With an Introduction by Kieran Kavanaugh, OCD  
Translated by Christopher O'Mahony  
With additional translation and adaptation  
by Patricia Lynn Morrison

With lively details, Teresa recounts her travels and the events and people connected with them in her classic book *The Foundations*. *The Divine Adventure*, produced to celebrate St. Teresa's 500th birthday in 2015, is a fascinating armchair pilgrimage to each of these foundations and more, in full color.

Filled with hundreds of color photographs, maps, charts, and historic artwork, this unique book lets the reader walk with Teresa and see the places touched by her life and holiness. Visit some of Spain's most breathtaking sites and also get a rare glimpse into the cloistered monasteries she founded, still extant today.

**SAVE 30% With Promotional Code SL15: \$24.47\***

**\* OFFER VALID THROUGH May 1, 2016.**

[www.icspublications.org](http://www.icspublications.org)

Scan this QR Code

>>>>>>>>>>



ICS Publications  
2131 Lincoln Road NE  
Washington, DC 20002  
1-800-832-8489

**spring 2016**

**27**

**spiritual life/Online**