



Λόγος

LOGOS



VOLUME 10, NUMBER 1 • September 2015

REFLECTION: *Along for the Journey*



In my family, traveling was never easy. More often than not, my parents would crowd all seven children into the white Ambassador station wagon, tell us to behave, and then shortly become frustrated when we failed to comply. I never understood their frustration — it seemed obvious to me, even when I was five years old, that when you put that many children in a confined space that was less than 10'x12', something terrible was bound to happen.

“Mom, Greg is touching me!” my sister, Cody, would cry. And Greg, pointing his finger directly at her face but stopping just an inch from her skin would retort, “No, I’m not! No, I’m not!” Bill and Mike,

the two oldest, would just look at each other and think to themselves that they would much rather be any place else but sharing the middle seat with these two. But the initial declaration seemed silly — how in the world could you put four adolescents in a station wagon seat and not have them touch each other.

My brother, Patrick, and my sister, Tina, would be crunched together with me in the back seat — in those days the back seat of a station wagon still faced backwards, so you spent most of your time looking at (or making faces to) the people in the car behind you. It was an interesting perspective to have on any journey — you could only discern where you were going by piecing together the places you had been. In those days, I became enamored with reading the

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names of streets on the street signs as the car would whiz past them. I seemed to measure the journey by the signs I recognized.

My parents, for their part, often played a rather delicate game in the front seat. They would fall into some conversation that most of us in the car didn't understand. It was not that they used veiled language, it was simply that they were talking about things that did not concern us, so we weren't interested. Or, they would enter into some sort of navigation mode, bartering back and forth about the best plan of action for the day — where they needed to go and how to get there. The game they played was a highly skilled chess match. You would think that they were both in their own world — moving their own pieces across the board in seeming aloofness to what was happening elsewhere — and then suddenly, one or both of them would vocalize a disciplinary pronouncement from out of nowhere. “Stop your fighting — not one more word out of any of you.” *Check!* No one even thought that they were listening. And then, when someone spoke and the fighting continued, the pronouncement became a question: “Do I need to stop this car right now?” *...and Mate! The chess match was over.* But sometimes the interjection from the front seat was not disciplinary at all. It could be the subtle glance you would catch from my mother as she looked at you through the rear-view mirror as if to say to you, “Is everything ok? Are you alright?” Then, you knew that whatever *game* was being played, you were being watched over with care. I wish I could say that these trips with the family in tow were infrequent and

unusual for our experience, but they weren't. They happened every week for years in the two-mile trip to church on Sunday, to the grocery store, or to school. A long road trip was out of the question — we would never make it.

And yet, in some ways, it was those small outings in the car that actually could prepare us for life's journeys — the lessons are the same. And, the lessons are simple: **We are never alone on this journey.** We are constantly coming in contact with those around us — those other companions on the journey. They can inspire us, console us, challenge us, even frustrate and annoy us, and we know that because we do the same for them. But, even when others are not physically present to us, we still know that our lives are being touched by them, even by God.

Perspective helps us to know where we are going and where we have been. Every journey that we take forces us to choose a perspective — a way in which we view the world or view ourselves. Perhaps even more significant is that our journeying helps us change our perspective. We learn more about the world and who we are in it as one step leads to another, and another, and another. That perspective also helps us to see signs along the way. Signs that can aid us in our discernment, signs that can set us on the right track, signs that can remind us of where we have already been and where we yet need to go. Those signs also help reframe our vision of the journey and help us redirect ourselves when necessary. It is those signs that remind us that we don't necessarily have to go back to the



beginning and start the journey over when we go off-track. We can use the signs to find our way. What is truly remarkable is our own ability to hold multiple perspectives at once. Is it not true that when our journey ends, we can usually tell quite easily that we are not the same person we were when we started? But to do that means that we can hold both perspectives up next to each other and see the difference in how we see ourselves and the world. Perspectives shift.

There is always someone watching over the *game* for us. It is tempting sometimes in the *game* we call life to think that we are autonomous or, at the very least, self-sufficient. The German Dominican mystic, Johannes Tauler, once asserted that we do not begin to mature in the spiritual life until after forty years of trying. He said this primarily because he felt that it takes us that long to “get out of ourselves”. Tauler thought that we spent far too much time deluding ourselves into thinking that we are in control of every aspect of our lives or that we spent most of our energy protecting our own self-interest. It was only when we began to “die to ourselves” that we could recognize that a providential God was with us all along the way. There is always someone in the front seat — navigating, driving, and checking on us. The wonderful thing about such a recognition is that it frees up the person to enjoy the ride. This doesn’t mean that life’s journey is filled with nonchalant passengers or disinterested sojourners. Rather, when we can see that God’s providence helps us along the way, then we can let go of those preoccupations that sometimes

cloud our vision or hinder us from progressing in our relationship with God.

In the coming year, the Center for Catholic and Dominican Studies will be focusing on this concept of “Journey — Pilgrimage.” In part, we chose this theme because it is central to the path that all of us take in this life — we spend our earthly lives in pilgrimage to our heavenly home. But we also chose this theme to highlight the journey of the Dominican Order over the past 800 years. In November of this year, the Order will kick off its 800th anniversary celebration — over the course of the next ten months, we hope to show you some of the journeys that we at Providence College have made in connection with the Order over the last century. This fall, we will exhibit the travels of our Smith Fellows, highlighting all of the places that they have impacted (and which have impacted them). But we will also look at journeys, pilgrimages, travels and migrations from as many angles as possible. Later this year, we will be welcoming Dr. George Greenia, Coordinator of the Institute for Pilgrimage Studies at the College of William and Mary, and Dr. Gemma Cruz, National Coordinator for Graduate Degrees in Theology at the Australian Catholic University. Both should bring exciting, creative perspectives to our understanding of “Journey — Pilgrimage”. *Come along for the journey.*

Fr. R. Gabriel Pivarnik, O.P.
Vice President for Mission & Ministry
Director, Center for Catholic & Dominican Studies

MAY 2015 CAMPUS
MINISTRY IMMERSION
TRIP TO GUATEMALA:

*Pilgrimage to a
Place of Martyrdom*

This past June, a commission at the Vatican's Congregation of the Causes of Saints announced that the death of American priest Fr. Stanley Rother was fit to be declared a martyrdom. He was an American missionary priest in rural Guatemala who was killed by paramilitary forces in 1981. It is possible that within a few months, a final commission of bishops and cardinals will vote on his martyrdom based upon the due diligence done by the supporters of Fr. Stanley's cause and the Congregation's commission. As the first American-born priest martyr, if formally approved, Fr. Stanley will be on his way to possibly becoming the first American priest to be canonized.

This past May, Providence College students were able to encounter Fr. Stanley's work while participating in the Campus Ministry Guatemala International Immersion Program. Led by Fr. James Cuddy, OP '98, Chaplain, and Bob Pfunder '09, Campus Minister, ten students traveled to a small town on the shores of Lake Atitlán, Guatemala, named San Lucas Tolimán, to work with San Lucas Mission. Formerly under the direction of an American missionary priest named Fr. Gregory Schaeffer, who passed in 2012, the

mission serves the spiritual and sacramental needs of the community and works numerous projects in the area to further the socio-economic development of the community. Crucial to our story is that Fr. Gregory was friends with Fr. Stanley, who was stationed a few towns over on Lake Atitlán in Santiago Atitlán. On our last day in Guatemala, the mission was generous enough to facilitate a short pilgrimage to Santiago Atitlán to pray at the site of Fr. Stanley's martyrdom.

We took a bus on narrow, winding mountain roads to the small community. The path was lined with breathtaking vistas of dormant volcanoes, as well as chilling cliff drops right off the road. Aldous Huxley called Lake Atitlán the most beautiful place in the world; others have called it the Lake Como of the Western Hemisphere. And they are all right: the beauty is captivating. If you are quiet enough, you can hear the winds hitting the forests creating a soft chorus behind the sounds of street dogs, merchants, and the traffic of life, a chorus that is the natural melody to the psalmist's proclamation that "all creation proclaims the glory of the Lord."

* * *

Fr. Stanley originally came from Oklahoma and was a priest of the Archdiocese of Oklahoma City. By all accounts, he was a man with a grounded sense of purpose and commitment to the mission of his priesthood and his community. He was sent to pastor

the Church of St. James in Santiago Atitlán in 1968. Upon arrival, he attended to the spiritual growth of his new flock with earnest commitment. He learned to speak in the community's Mayan tongue — Tzutuhil — while preaching, a testament itself to the workings of grace given his difficulty with languages. He also attended to dire social and developmental conditions: entrenched, anonymous poverty, underdeveloped schools, disease, and malnourishment. Throughout his work, Fr. Stanley cared for those who fell victim to the violence of the ongoing Guatemalan civil war, especially widows. This service eventually drew the ire of the government. In a letter not long before his death, he wrote that his work of raising funds for widows of the increasing civil war violence *“could very easily be considered subversive by the local government.”**

For such “subversive activities”, Fr. Stanley was put on a government “death list” in 1981. Many advocated that he leave the country. However, he felt he could not abandon his flock and associate pastor, a Guatemalan citizen who didn't have the same freedom to leave but faced the same threat. As he wrote in one of his letters: *“The reality is that we are in danger. This is one of the reasons I have for staying in the face of physical harm. The shepherd cannot run away at the first sign of danger.”**

On the night of July 28, 1981, he was sleeping in his library when three masked men entered the room in an attempt to kidnap and murder

him, a common practice by paramilitary forces at the time. Knowing that his being kidnapped would weigh heavily on the people of Santiago, he demanded that his attackers kill him where they apprehended him. After minor resistance, the invaders shot him twice in the temple there and then fled.

* * *

When we arrived on the scene, the library of his martyrdom had since been converted into a chapel with relics of his priesthood and life in Santiago. The bullet holes were preserved in the floor behind glass, and the marks of Fr. Stanley's blood were encased on the wall right next to them. It was a crime scene preserved as a chapel.

Though Fr. Stanley's body no longer remains in Santiago, his heart does. In the adjacent main church, his heart along with remnants of his blood has been buried according to local custom. While there, we learned that a few years back the community moved them both to a new location and found that the blood had yet to coagulate. Such is a witness to his sanctity and also to the Lord's heart for his people. The prophet Jeremiah proclaimed that Lord promised he would “appoint over you shepherds after my own heart” (Jeremiah 3: 15a). Perhaps in Fr. Stanley's witness, we see the Lord's never-ending faithfulness to this promise made millennia ago. Fr. Stanley had a heart after Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd. He had a heart after the one who “lays down

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his life for the sheep,” who “came so that they might have life and have it more abundantly,” and from whom “no one takes [his life], but [he] lays it down on [his] own” (John 10:18). He had a heart that became, as he wrote in one of his letters, “a sign of the love of Christ for [the] people” of Santiago Atitlán.*

The pilgrimage culminated in Fr. Cuddy celebrating Mass in the library-turned-chapel. He preached on vocation and on the truth that in the workings of Divine Providence each of us is called, like Fr. Stanley, to follow after the Good Shepherd and to love until the end. We are called to be faithful to the Lord’s faithfulness to his people, whether they may be in Santiago Atitlán or Providence or elsewhere. Our prayer for our students on the trip is that they have the courage to be faithful to this truth, a truth more beautiful than picturesque Lake Atitlán, and that they find their own Santiago Atitlán back at Providence College.

For biographical information on Fr. Stanley Rother, please see:

<http://www.archokc.org/cause-for-beatification-of-father-stanley-rother/home>

*Citations taken from Nouwen, Henri J.M. *Love in a Fearful Land: A Guatemalan Story*. Orbis Books (Kindle Edition).

Robert Pfunder
Campus Minister for Global Service
and Fr. M. James Cuddy, O.P.
Chaplain / Director of Campus Ministry

SUMMER 2015

SMITH FELLOWS:

*Journeying for Service
in Foreign Lands*

Inaugurated in the summer of 2009, the Fr. Philip A. Smith, O.P., Student Fellowship Program for Study and Service Abroad has sent a total of fifty-three rising juniors or seniors over seven summers all around the globe, some for personal study and research, but most for service, all at locations where they have meet, lived, and worked with Dominican Friars from other Provinces and Dominican Sisters the world over.

The Program is dedicated to the memory of Fr. Smith, eleventh President of Providence College (1994-2005), who died suddenly in the autumn of 2007, and has been funded fully through the generosity of several former and present members of the Board of Trustees of Providence College, as well as a handful of other benefactors.

Ten Fellows journeyed forth for approximately six weeks this past summer, returning with the realization that their journeying was much more than an excursion to a foreign land, traveling from one point to another and back, but rather a singular life experience — their talents and abilities were challenged and developed, they grew in their Christian faith, and they came to comprehend in new ways what it means to be a fellow traveler with St. Dominic de Guzmán (1170 – 1221), the

itinerant founder of the Order of Preachers.

From May 16th until June 27th, Sarah A. Hynes '16, of East Falmouth, MA, a Psychology major, journeyed to Auckland, New Zealand, and served with the Oakford Dominican Sisters in the Kelson Deaf Education Centre, the Carlson School for Cerebral Palsy, and the Auckland Archdiocesan Catholic Deaf Ministry.

From May 18th until June 30th, Taylor P. Gibson '17, of Oswego, IL, a Political Science and Spanish double major, traveled to Tucuman, Argentina, where she assisted the Tucuman Dominican Sisters in their schools and various other ministries.

From May 28th until July 17th, Molly A. O'Leary '17, of New Bedford, MA, a Social Work major, and R. Seth Pinches '16, of Clarks Summit, PA, a Biology major, journeyed to Springs (outside Johannesburg), South Africa, and served with the Dominican Friars in their St. Martin de Porres Development Center.

From June 1st until July 17th, Gabrielle R. Barbera '16, of Montrose, NY, a Biology major, traveled to Tague Guiginto, Bulacan (outside Manila), Philippines, and ministered with Dominican Sisters of St. Joseph in their Bethany House Santo Niño Orphanage. From June 28th until August 12th, Ana Gabriella León '16, of Guaynabo, PR, a Biology and Psychology double major, did the same.

From July 5th until August 18th, Kaitlyn E. Williams '17, of Woonsocket, RI, a Biology

and Psychology double major, journeyed to Chimbote, Peru, and served with the Grand Rapids Dominican Sisters in their El Centro De Obras Sociales/Maternidad de Maria.

From July 5th until August 22nd, Emma N. Beer '16, of Spencer, MA, a Biology and English double major, and Jeanine Justiniano '16, of Providence, RI, a Biology and Italian double major, traveled via Sydney, Australia, to Auki, Malaita Island, Solomon Islands, and participated in the various ministries of Bishop Christopher Cardone, O.P. '80, and the Dominican Sisters of Eastern Australia and the Solomon Islands.

From July 8th until August 22nd, Nicole A. Brennan '16, of Providence, RI, an Economics major, journeyed to Trinidad and served with the Etrepagny Dominican Sisters in their Shalom Dominican Youth Centre.

All ten Summer 2015 Smith Fellows created blogs recounting and reflecting upon their journeys, the links to which may be found at <http://www.providence.edu/MISSION-MINISTRY/Pages/fellowships.aspx>. Also on that webpage may be found additional details about the Smith Fellowship Program. Later in the autumn, links to the on-campus presentations by these Smith Fellows will be posted on the webpage.

Fr. Kevin D. Robb, O.P.

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Masses and Confessions on Campus

St. Dominic Chapel

(when school is in session)

Sunday Masses 11:00 a.m.
4:30 p.m.
7:00 p.m.
10:30 p.m.

Weekday Masses 11:35 a.m.
4:30 p.m.
9:00 p.m. *(Monday – Thursday)*

Confessions 12:00 noon – 12:30 p.m.
(Monday – Friday)
8:00 p.m. – 9:00 p.m.
(Monday – Thursday, with Adoration
of the Blessed Sacrament)
3:30 p.m. – 4:30 p.m. *(Saturday)*

St. Thomas Aquinas Priory Chapel

(when school is in session)

Mass 7:25 a.m. *(Monday – Friday)*
8:00 a.m. *(Saturday, with Morning*
Prayer)

Morning Prayer 7:10 a.m. *(Monday–Friday)*

Office of Readings and Evening Prayer
5:30 p.m. *(Monday–Friday)*

Evening Prayer 4:45 p.m. *(Saturday and Sunday)*

During vacation periods, the following schedule applies:

Mass 7:30 a.m.
(Monday–Friday, with Morning
Prayer)
8:00 a.m.
(Saturday, with Morning Prayer)

Office of Readings and Evening Prayer
5:30 p.m. *(Monday–Friday)*

Evening Prayer 4:45 p.m. *(Saturday and Sunday)*