



Λόγος

LOGOS



VOLUME 9, NUMBER 1 • September 2014

A MEDITATION: *On Seeing*



In February of 2001, my friends and I departed the cruise ship for the port of Pointe-à-Pitre on the island country of Guadeloupe. We had left from San Juan nearly five days before and up to that point, we had only visited U.S. territories, where nearly everyone spoke English—including the 65 year old former Vegas black jack dealer who was now tending a small bar overlooking the beaches of St. John's. This was not the Caribbean I was hoping to see, but in all honesty, I wasn't entirely ready for what happened next.

Most of the people leaving the ship in Guadeloupe were taking excursion trips to some other part of the island: hikes

through tropical forests, a barbecue on an isolated beach, or para-sailing near the harbor. Apart from their transport ride, they would never actually see the people or places of Guadeloupe. I just wanted to explore. There was a row of shops to which we were directed, the obligatory tourist traps associated with such trips. But none of these interested me. They were all simply the same shops I could see on the Cape, or any beach town in America, now sufficiently veneered in local kitsch so as to make people think they were experiencing the "culture" of the French West Indies. I walked past them all and down onto the Rue Lamartine—we were told that if we followed this one street we could find the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul and eventually the large Place de la Victoire.

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As I walked down the street, I began to walk in and out of the local shops. Part of me just wanted to hear people speak French in something other than the classroom dialogue of “Can you tell me the cost of this ticket?” “Yes, this ticket is 10 euros.” Some of the shops were simple and unassuming, others clearly wanted to attract adventuresome tourists with money. One shop was selling what looked like upscale skincare products—the two clerks in the store were dressed fashionably and smartly—they were ready for the impending heat but they also looked like they could make a run on the cover of *Vogue*. A group of rowdy tourists had popped into their shop and the clerks seemed nothing but annoyed. I inwardly chuckled realizing how some things do not change no matter where you are.

Something, though, began to catch my eye. The further I walked away from the cruise ship and the glossy attractions surrounding the port shops, the more I wondered what the real Guadeloupe was like. As I neared the end of the street, I could see the looming structure of the church. But something was wrong. This was not the grand church in my guide book. This building had been beaten. Graffiti marked one of its walls, windows were shattered. Stars of David had been spray-painted on its outside walls and the side steps leading up to an entrance were crumbling. If this was a “monument of France”, it was one that had been forgotten. I would later discover that the city had been devastated by a hurricane a few years before and had never

entirely recovered. As I walked inside, there were laborers scattered about attempting to put up scaffolding or move lumber and paint. While the outside almost seemed decrepit and abandoned, the inside was a testimony to the vibrancy of the local people. It was awash with color. I was immediately drawn to a crucifix hanging nearby. Carved from wood and lacquered in deep reddish-brown stain, this figure was in complete agony. This was not the serene image of a Christ patiently waiting on the cross to die—this Christ was roiling in pain, his whole body was carved into convulsion. While it was obvious that restoration work was well underway in the rest of the former cathedral, this Christ figure was already well-preserved and featured for all to see. Its writhing, pain-wracked body would linger with me as I walked through the rest of the city.

On the other side of the Place de Victoire sat a small parochial church, Massabielle. It lacked all of the former grandeur of the cathedral, but it was full of life. Women were kneeling in the pews praying the rosary, young men were carrying boxes of donations from the front doors of the church back to a hideaway somewhere behind the sanctuary, and a small gaggle of children was over in an alcove staring up a statue. As I walked around to the alcove where the children were, the gleaming figure of Martin de Porres came into view. “Martin! Martin!” they were whispering, hoping to touch the statue without the wary eye of their teacher catching them. They were pouring

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upon him the same lavish attention that we often see young tweens place upon pop stars or television personalities.

I continued my walk around the inside of the Massabielle until I came to the front vestibule. There on the wall across a wide banner of green paper under five distinct white arches was the life of the parish writ large for everyone to see. Carefully constructed lettering and detailed pictures adorned each sheet of white that made up an arch. Translated, the French headings read like any typical bannerline of an American parish website: Parish of Mallabielle, Parochial Life, Christian Formation, Groups and Associations, Other Information. As I carefully read the French that had been scripted onto this makeshift bulletin, I realized that this parish's initiation program far surpassed most of its American counterparts. I was in awe.

Coming out of the church, I continued to walk on the Rue Massabielle and up the hill to see if I could catch a vista of the city and the harbor. I was struck by the small plaques that adorned many of the tiny houses and cottages of the neighborhood. All in similar style, they often showed a picture of a saint with some lettering to the right of each picture. Saint Martin seemed to abound on these plaques, but there were also a number of others. I stopped to take a picture of one—"Foyer Saint Dominique"—and as I did so, the occupant of the house, a stout woman named Marie, came out to greet me. I asked her what the plaque by

her door meant and she explained, "My home is under the patronage of Saint Dominic." When I told her that I was a Dominican priest, she grasped my hands in hers, kissed them, and then raised her own hands up in the air as if she were celebrating a victory in the Olympic games. I couldn't help but smile. We attempted to speak in broken French for a few minutes until she excused herself and went back into the house. As I made my way up the hill and then back down to the harbor area, I began to see the significance of what Marie had explained to me. The small plaques were everywhere, not just on the street leading away from the church. House after house had declared its patronage. The city was a living intercession of prayer.

Traveling back to the harbor, I found myself at the entryway of the Place de Victoire. Almost eerily silent in the earlier part of the morning, now it was teeming with life and activity. An open air market had appeared as if from nowhere. Fresh vegetable and fruit stands were dotted from place to place. Fishermen in from the morning catch were attempting to sell what they had just garnered from the sea. There were people selling everything from Caribbean spices to fabric. For a hundred yards all I could see was a cacophony of color and frenetic energy. Surprisingly, in the end, what caught my eye was the one thing that was not moving—a solitary statue amidst all of the confusion and chaos. A man proudly standing with one fist raised to the heavens was sculpted in bronze. Across the base was etched

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one word: FREEDOM. A brief history of Guadeloupe was written on the large sign next to the statue. It spoke of a native population that had been wiped out by the Caribs. They in turn would fight off the Spanish settlers in the 17th century who had come 100 years before, but eventually be enslaved by both the French and the British. Pointe-à-Pitre would be occupied by those two countries for most of its existence. Rebellion after rebellion would free the slaves until the next occupying force came into the country.

Suddenly, the discordant images of my day made sense: the agonizing Christ on the cross, the fascination with St. Martin (who ministered to the slave populations), the saint-plaques of the homes, Marie's triumphant stance, the vibrancy of the open air market, and now this statue. A people who had been beaten down and broken had fought to hold onto their dignity, had prayed for God's intercession, had seen freedom come and go, and now, would never let it leave their grasp again. The hurricane that had hit the island a few years before was a sign and symbol of everything that they had endured over the centuries. While it left destruction in its wake, it would not destroy them. This was Guadeloupe.

When I returned to the cruise ship, I found my friends in complete agreement over the day. Some had never left the tourist shops by the port; the others had gone hiking in the forest. "There's nothing to the place," quipped one of them. "Yeah," another interjected,

"there's nothing to see here." I rolled my eyes in dismay. Looking around at the grandiose dining room in which we were now seated and the decadence of food and drink being served, I couldn't help but be humbled by my day in Guadeloupe. I had seen things differently.

Fr. R. Gabriel Pivarnik, O.P.

Vice President for Mission and Ministry

DARING TO HOPE:

The Transformation of PC's Campus Ministry

The approaching semester has me filled with greater excitement and enthusiasm than I've ever had. The reason is that we here in Campus Ministry at Providence College are about to see the fulfillment of something for which we've long dared to hope. We're developing new approaches to the important work we do and we've secured the services of some remarkable new staff members to join us in carrying out our mission. It's a joy to be able to share those things with you here in this brief space.

While God has blessed us with much apostolic success over the course of the past few years, the Campus Ministry staff and I have recognized that there is still more work to be done. There are a great number of students who have not yet heard the invitation to cultivate their relationship with God. And so we're complementing our approach to evangelization and outreach by inviting and

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training students to share their faith with their fellow students.

This type of peer-to-peer ministry makes perfect sense when you think about it. If a Dominican or lay campus minister tells students that going to Church and keeping the Commandments will help them to live a life of happiness and fulfillment, those students might roll their eyes and say, “Of course, you’re saying that. That’s your job!” But when the same encouragement and invitation comes from the mouth of a peer, it’s a whole other ballgame.

Enlisting students to join in this missionary work is a bold move, but the staff and I have reason to hope for its success. This optimism is rooted in the recognition that this kind of peer ministry was instituted by the Lord himself when he began his own public ministry. And so when students share their faith with one another and invite others to consider the role of faith in their lives, their words will echo those of the apostle Saint Andrew. Among the first to encounter the goodness of the Lord, Andrew went out to share this experience with his brother and encourage him to return with him into Jesus’ presence (cf. John 1: 35-42). (By the way, Andrew’s brother happened to be Simon Peter, who turned out to be a pretty big deal in the early Church. That’s the power of an invitation!)

This work – both the traditional and emerging expressions of evangelization – is more than

we could have done on our own. But in his goodness, the Lord has sent three tremendously talented new campus ministers to join our already outstanding staff. I’ll introduce them briefly here, and hope that readers will soon have a chance to meet them in person. To make their acquaintance is to understand why I’m so enthusiastic for the year to come.

The first is Ms. Kelly Hughes, a member of the Providence College Class of 2011 who has a degree in Psychology and minor in Music. Her formative experience of retreats, service, and community life as a student involved in Campus Ministry inspired her post-graduate service in youth ministry as a member of the Capuchin Franciscan Volunteer Corps in New York. Kelly went on to earn her Master’s degree in Theology and Ministry at Boston College. While there, she was heavily involved with peer ministry among freshmen, an experience that has prepared her to help design and implement our new peer ministry program at Providence College.

Our second new campus minister is Mr. Robert Pfunder. Bob is an alumnus of Providence College, as well, having graduated in 2009 with a degree in Political Science and minor in Theology. Bob’s time on campus was marked by his involvement with the retreats program and participation at the 10:30 p.m. Mass at St. Dominic Chapel, singing alongside the young woman who would one day become his wife. From there, Bob earned his Master of Theological Studies degree from the

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University of Notre Dame and did so well that the school hired him to direct a community-based learning program called the Common Good Initiative. Through this program, Bob provided students with opportunities for service immersions and internships in both national and international settings. Returning to his alma mater, his responsibilities will include the coordination of Campus Ministry's domestic and international service immersion opportunities.

The final new member of our Campus Ministry staff is Sister Anne Frances, O.P., from the Dominican Sisters of St. Cecilia in Nashville, TN. Sister began her religious life fourteen years ago and has taught the faith to a variety of individuals from the elementary school level to adult catechists. Sister was a nurse before entering the convent, and she continues to use those skills by caring for the elderly sisters in her community when she returns home for the summer. In her role at Providence College, Sister will contribute substantially to Campus Ministry's faith formation programs, prayer initiatives, and ministry to women.

May the Lord who has given us so many gifts, inspired us to set about our ministry in new and creative ways, and called new members to our Campus Ministry staff bless us in every way during the year to come.

Fr. M. James Cuddy, O.P.
Chaplain / Director of Campus Ministry

ABROAD FOR CHRIST IN THE COMPANY OF ST. DOMINIC:

Summer 2014 Smith Fellows

Beginning in the summer of 2009, the Fr. Philip A. Smith Student Fellowship Program for Study and Service Abroad has been sending students to Catholic and Dominican venues around the world. During the summer just ended, eleven Smith Fellows fanned out to eight countries for personal study (one) in Ireland and service (ten) in Peru, Ecuador, Argentina, South Africa, the Philippines, Australia, and the Solomon Islands.

Dedicated to the memory of Fr. Philip A. Smith, O.P. '63, eleventh President of Providence College (1995-2005), who died suddenly in November 2007, the Smith Fellowships are awarded on a competitive basis to rising juniors and seniors. The Fellowships enable students to undertake summer study or service at Catholic and Dominican sites outside the United States and cover all travel, living, and incidental expenses through the ongoing generosity of several College Trustees, one former Trustee, and a handful of other donors. The Fellowships are designed to encourage highly motivated students to deepen their acquaintance with the Catholic and Dominican intellectual tradition and the ethos of Christian service, and to introduce them to the breadth and richness of the Universal Church. Upon their return to

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campus, they are also intended to act as leaven within the College community.

In summer 2014, Julia C. Guerette '16, Seattle WA, a Health Policy and Management major, spent over six weeks with the Dominican Sisters of Grand Rapids, MI, at their Centro de Obras Sociales, La Maternidad de Maria Maternity Clinic, in Chimbote, Peru. Kathleen E. McGreal '15, Watertown, MA, a Sociology and English major, spent six weeks with the Dominican Friars of Ecuador, assisting with their family ministries and teaching English as a second language, in Baños de Agua Santa, Ecuador. Margaret L. Schmidt '16, Gates Mills, OH, a Spanish major, spent six weeks with the Dominican Sisters of Tucuman, in Tucuman, Argentina, assisting in their ministries.

Kate E. Jorgensen '15, Bedford, MA, a Biology and English major, spent six weeks with the Dominican Friars of Ireland and the Dominican Sisters of Cabra, Ireland, undertaking personal research on the poets Fr. Pádraigín Haicéad, O.P., Fr. Paul Murray, O.P., and Fr. Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., at the Priory Institute of St. Saviour's, in Dublin, Ireland.

Joseph M. Day '15, Rehoboth, MA, a History major, and Jenna L. Donahue '16, Avon, CT, a Marketing and Finance major, spent six weeks with the Dominican Friars of South Africa, at their St. Martin de Porres Development Centre and Orphanage, in Springs, South Africa. Emily E. Labattaglia '15, Hasbrouck

Heights, NJ, a Pre-Engineering major, spent over six weeks with the Dominican Sisters of St. Joseph, at their Bethany House Santo Niño Orphanage, in Tague Guiginto, Bulacan, Philippines.

Renee J. Altimari '15, Westerly, RI, a Health Policy and Management major, and Elizabeth D. Nako '15, Natick, MA, a History major, spent six weeks with the Dominican Sisters of Eastern Australia and the Solomon Islands, in their healthcare and education ministries, in Sydney, Australia. Alexandra C. Rawson '15, Dudley, MA, a Health Policy and Management major, and Kerry P. O'Donohue '15, Sparkill, NY, a Biology major, spent a total of three weeks with the same Dominican Sisters, in their healthcare and education ministries, in Sydney, and another three weeks with them and Bishop Christopher M. Cardone, O.P. '80, in Auki, Malaita Island, Solomon Islands.

These eleven summer 2014 Smith Fellows maintained blogs describing their experiences and reflections during their weeks away over the summer. In addition, in late September / early October, they will make presentations on their experiences abroad in the Center for Catholic and Dominican Studies, acting as leaven within the College Community.

Those blogs and presentations, as well as those of many previous Smith Fellows, may be found at <http://www.providence.edu/MISSION-MINISTRY/Pages/fellowships.aspx>

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Thanks to the significant generosity of a relatively small number of donors, a total of forty-three Smith Fellows over six summers have received all-expenses-paid Fellowships taking them to Haiti; Nicaragua; Peru; Ecuador; Argentina; Dublin, Ireland; Oxford, England (six); Avila, Spain; Geneva, Switzerland; Kisumu, Kenya (six); Pietermaritzburg, South Africa (two); Springs, outside Johannesburg, South Africa (three); Nagpur, India (two); outside Manila, Philippines (two); Adelaide, Australia; Sydney, Australia (six); and Auki, Malaita Island, Solomon Islands (seven).

Fr. Kevin D. Robb, O.P.

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Sr. Anne Frances Klein, O.P., *Assistant to the Chaplain*

Mr. Robert Pfunder, *Campus Minister*

Mrs. Jane Larson McGuirk, *Administrative Assistant*

Mrs. Patricia Campellone, *Wedding Consultant*

Masses and Confessions

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, during Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament)

3:30 p.m. – 4:30 p.m. (Saturday)

St. Thomas Aquinas Priory Chapel

(when school is in session)

Weekday 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)