

# Recorder

Vol. 41 ('66-67) No. 2 St. Joseph's Seminary, Grand Rapids, Michigan

## Let Us Now Go Forth

The three days between January 22 and January 25 saw a change in our college community. Fr. Matthew Fedewa made his second visit to the seminary to again help a family of individuals encounter Christ through each other.

In his opening meditation, Father pointed out that any encounter is based upon three items: information, received from the classroom, lecture hall, pulpit, etc.; formation, brought upon by our contemplation and evaluation; and experience, which is gained by living our conclusions. The following days were to be spent dwelling upon the last of these.

The Paschal Mystery, with emphasis on the sacrament of Penance, was the theme of the first day. "Through death to life" exposed the ideas and the meaning behind this mystery. Death for the Christian does not mean extinction, but rather, transformation. Death is the beginning of perfect union with Christ.

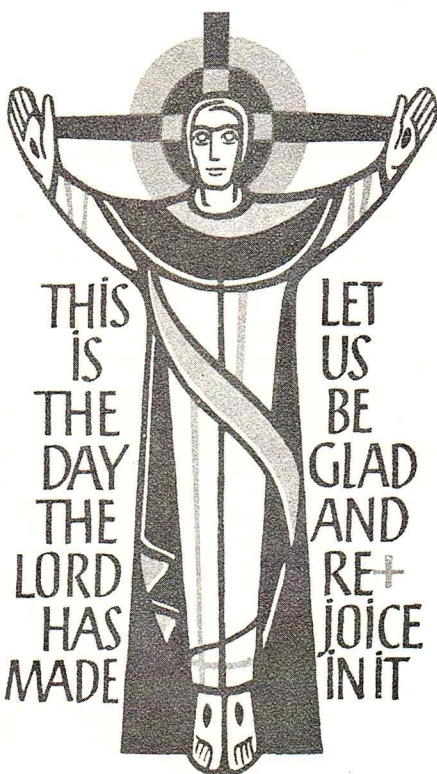
Confirmation was the theme of the second day. We experienced the meaning of "priest", "prophet" and "leader". As a priest we give ourselves as living sacrifices for others, as Christ did. As prophets we bear witness to Christ in the world by word and example. As a leader we direct people to Christ. The grace of Confirmation, then, was truly awakened in our souls.

On the third and final day, the Spirit was encountered, that spirit who gives us the strength and grace we need to live the life of Christ. This was the most important part of the whole exercise.

The retreat was concluded with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, during which each one of us formulated his resolutions and thanked our Brother for the wonders he had worked among us through Fr. Fedewa.

We experienced what it means to live the life of Christ. We know that pain is involved. It is not easy. We have to take risks. We know that dying then rising is the essence of a living Christianity here on earth. What we must do now is live up to our resolution to die to self.

Denis Spitzley



## Would You Believe PAROUSIA?

According to Webster, a band is "a company of musicians forming an orchestra". Well, once again the students of St. Joe's have organized, more or less to the definition, a band. The director, Mr. Warren G. Faulkner, who plays a fine trumpet himself, has been a music teacher training grade school musicians in the Grand Rapids area. Recently, he played for the Shrine Circus held at the Civic Auditorium.

Our own group consists of two clarinets, three saxophones, one coronet and a trombone. This majestic-sounding ensemble has played all kinds of music from the Pennsylvania Polka to the official West Point March. Last December it also played for the students'

## A SHEPHERD VISITS HIS FLOCK

On January 1 we, the residents of St. Henry's Hall, were pleased to have the opportunity for a short, informal talk with our Bishop, Allen J. Babcock. The purpose of the meeting was to give the bishop our views on how things have been going here. We brought to him many of our problems and gave what we thought might be possible solutions.

The bishop was very happy to hear that the Aquinas program was working out so well. He was also pleased about the larger selection of courses offered at Aquinas and the increased contact seminary students have with the people there. We asked the bishop about the availability of a house of studies near Aquinas for the collegiates. The bishop answered that the diocese had been working on this endeavor for some time now. He told us that the zoning regulations in East Grand Rapids are very rigid and that various other difficulties have arisen. It is his hope, as well as that of the students, that dormitory facilities in the Aquinas area may be ready for occupancy soon, perhaps by the beginning of the 1967 Fall term.

We also brought to the bishop's attention some of the problems directly concerned with the seminary; among these was the matter of counselling; some of the seminary professors are a present taking courses to prepare themselves better for this task. The specialization of the seminary professors in their particular courses was also discussed. The bishop said that the ideal situation would be to send a man away for a few years to obtain a degree in his line of study. Perhaps this type of system may be arranged in the future. But as it stands this can only be a pleasant dream due to the shortage of manpower among the clergy.

The students were all very happy to talk to the bishop and asked him to come more often. He agreed to attempt making a monthly visit, and requested that the students remind him by phone or letter. It is our hope that Bishop Babcock may be able to call upon us several more times during the remainder of the year. This is the kind of cooperation that is needed to effect fruitful dialogue and improvement here in the seminary.

Robert Hart

## The Torch Is Passed

In this age of change and renewal, there can be found much room for the implementation of contemporary views in small aspects of seminary life. With this thought in mind, the faculty decided that the former SCAS (Student Catholic Action Service) program had outlived its usefulness. Thus, with a complete "all systems go" from the faculty, the new organization - the Student Council - was launched here at the seminary.

Due to many and varied problems which had to be worked out and rough spots in the road which had to be smoothed, the Council, which was to be initiated in late September, is only now beginning to operate.

The general purpose of this Student Council is to act as a "mediator" between the student body and the faculty and vice-versa. It is also set up to govern and co-ordinate student activities.

Generally the council will achieve its goals through the organization of subsidiary clubs. There will be four such major clubs from which may stem other small groups with more specific purposes.

The Social Club will organize student assemblies and arrange for outside speakers and other such activities. The Drama Club

will have as its purpose the care of the stage and its properties. It will also work to organize dramatic productions during the school year. The Decorations Club will take care of decorating the refectory and the school in general on the occasions when this is done. The purpose of The Arts Club will be the stimulation of student cultural pursuits in the fields of music, painting and the other fine arts. All of these clubs will be related to each other through the work they do together for the benefit of the student body.

Christmas party, giving a "fine rendition" of Silent Night and Deck the Halls.

Weekly sessions are held either in the auditorium or in the 4th floor dormitory, depending on varied circumstances. If one would like to make a little more progress on his instrument, optional lessons are offered by the band leader after each group session has terminated.

Who knows? If the band gets any better, look out, Herb Alpert! Xave Teliczan

The clubs are now being organized and some good has already been realized, particularly during the Christmas Season.

In the words of the late John F. Kennedy, "The Torch is passed to a new generation," and in this case the torch is the torch of student organization and action. It's for us to keep it burning.

Jerry Greiner



## A Student Views the Liturgy

In the present age all we seem to hear about Church doctrine is doctrine concerning everything but liturgy.

Think for a moment what we do in the liturgy. Immediately you thought of the Mass. And what is the Mass? A sacrifice of praise offered by Christ and His Church to God. This Church is not just the priest - it consists of all the members of the community who offer the Mass. Such worship belongs squarely in the middle of the traffic to God from us.

What about the Sacraments? What is their function? "Channels of grace" we learned from the past. And what is grace but our entry into and our growth in the life of Christ? Isn't this what we try to perfect in our Christian lives?

Liturgy, then, is a "transaction" between God and man. In liturgical action, it is an encounter of man with God and with his fellow men. The divine and human meet and pass into one another. They accomplish this in Christ who is the middleman, the Mediator of this liturgical commerce.

Christ is the junction of two worlds - heaven and earth; the possessor of two lives - the divine and the human; and the conduit through which all traffic between the two must pass. But we must not get the idea that He is merely a sort of mechanical connection - a coupling entirely distinct from what passes through it. It would be better though to think of Christ's activity as similar to the action of an artery in the human body - a living organ that pumps living energy through the body of which it is a part. Like the human artery, Christ is a living pump whose actions are themselves a vital part of traffic. His life, His death, His resurrection and glory - in fact everything He did - all form the artery and make up the majority of traffic through it.

The rest of the arterial traffic consists of our activities in the life of Christ. In Him, these are our interchange with God. For to be a Christian means to engage in two-way commerce with God. How? In the only way possible: through Christ, the God-man. Therefore to be a Christian means to enter somehow into Christ or, in that fine phrase of St. Paul, "to put on Christ".

Phil Witkowski

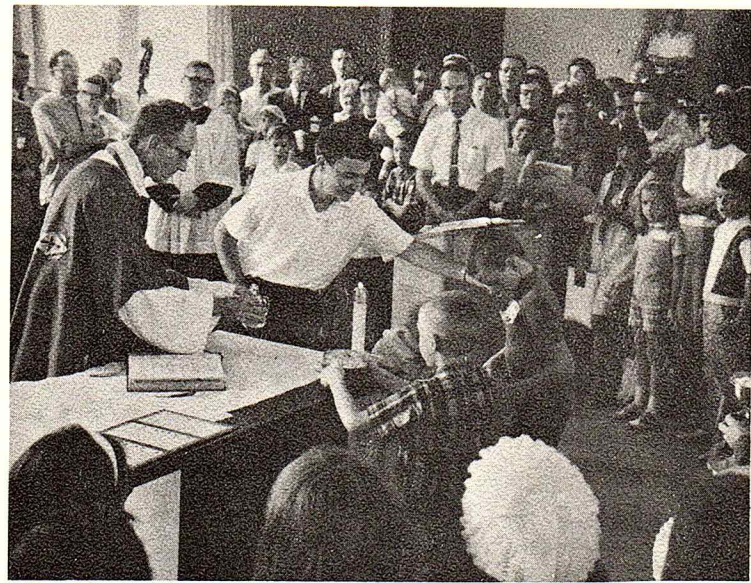
## Cine-maturity

**THE PROFESSIONALS.** Take one better than average western story, add seven excellent actors, plus a snappy dialogue and beautiful camera work and you have this movie. This was one of the best movies that I have seen this year. It was a pleasure to watch truly professional actors like Lee Marvin, Burt Lancaster, Jack Palance and Robert Ryan along with little known Woody Strode work together on such a grand film. The basic storyline is that four men, each a professional in his own work, are hired by a millionaire to rescue his wife from a Mexican bandit who kidnapped her. From here the movie takes a few interesting twists. This excellent picture I highly recommend for teen-agers and adults.

**GAMBIT.** In this era of spy movies, it is rare indeed when a good satire on espionage or "crime doesn't pay" makes its way to the screen. However, this movie, Gambit, is both satirical and wildly amusing. There are two stories to the movie, one in which the hero dreams how the plan should work out and the other how it really does work out. This film is an

excellent one for the whole family.

**GEORGY GIRL.** This movie is another English mod movie having comic overtones in a tragic life situation. Some people aren't going to like this movie because they won't understand it. Other people won't like it because they will understand it. Whether I understood it or not, I find hard to say, but I did like it, especially the way certain symbols were added to parallel certain characters. For example, while walking down the street the roommate of Georgy encounters a woman dumping garbage. The wealthy employer asking Georgy to become his mistress is standing near a picture of horses, the symbol of lust. As the same man's dead wife is being taken to the cemetery, the cortege passes a dog sitting placidly in the middle of the road - a symbol of her leaving the "old dog" who really never cared for her. At the end everything falls in place. This movie brought out better than anything else the total ridiculousness of pre-marital sex and its consequences. Recommended for mature audiences. Rick Weronko



## THERE'S LOVE HERE

It is the wish of every pastor that his congregation fully experience the beauty and relevance of the liturgical functions of the parish. Recently this wish has become a reality in the hearts of an ever-increasing number of young people and those who feel young.

The result of this dream has been the acceptance of communal participation in the "folk Mass", a highly efficacious and inspiring musical form of worship which, through the use of guitars, sounds to a troubled world the melodies of love, the harmonies of friendship, and the full chords of brotherhood. Thus, each Saturday at 11:30 A.M., the chapel doors at Aquinas College are thrown open to anyone and everyone who wishes to participate.

The form itself has scored somewhat of a first for Masses. It has succeeded in drawing all of God's children around their father's table to lift up their hearts and minds in a unified gesture of genuine brotherhood and love. The music employed epitomizes the joy of this happy community in prayer. It unites the voices of each member from the smallest child to the eldest and expresses through earnest texts and stirring melodies the prayers, hopes and supplications of modern Christians everywhere.

This Saturday Mass has been known by many names, some of them not so enthusiastic. Among these are: "The Guitar Mass", "The Folk Mass Mess", "The Holy Hootenanny", "Swing Along With Sharkey", "The First Mass of Participation That I Have Been Able to Dig Musically" and "The Aquinas Love Song".

The movement toward the adoption of a truly satisfying form of liturgical music at Aquinas was begun through an encounter by the chaplain, Fr. Robert Sharkey, with the folk style compositions of such liturgical composers as Fr. Rivers and Mr. Ray Repp. (The latter reached a small peak

of notoriety recently when the artistic worth of his "Mass for Young Americans" became a topic for unofficial yet serious debate.) Under the influence of a concentrated program of Rivers-Repp exposure, carried out by this dedicated padre, a few of the skeptical began to realize the same beauty, simplicity and sincerity that Father had seen in the texts and melodies of the so-called folk hymns.

Thus half the proverbial battle was won. With the basic foundation of these parishioners, serving as an apostolate for the good news of their discovery, a new religious attitude has taken hold in the minds of many heretofore unenthused participators. And they who began the movement are continuing to work to see that even more people experience the folk Mass. There are many laymen who do not want to experience it, but nevertheless, we are heartily grateful that such a personal means of worship has at last been made available to us.

Truly the sentiments expressed by the text of a Repp hymn are indicative of Christian man's desire to "Shout from the highest mountain the glory of the Lord." We have finally been afforded the opportunity to bombard the gates of heaven with these wishes on the wings of pure and simple song.





# HIS CUP RUNS OVER!

(Special to the S.J.R. from Greg Lyon, former seminarian and editor of the RECORDER, in response to a request from a present staff member for a "short" article about his experiences in the Peace Corps.)

I'm a Peace Corps Volunteer. Eight o'clock in the morning finds me hard at work - in coat and tie. Midnight brings the finishing touches on a letter, a hot shower and bed - not forgetting to turn off the radio, set my electric alarm clock, and, with a flip of the switch, plunge my room into darkness. In between, I cover a lot of ground - some on foot, but most on city buses. I've seen Dr. Zhivago twice - and there's rarely a month that goes by without my inhaling one of Franco's pepperoni pizzas. From my front door I can look out on a neon sign urging me to become a member of the Pepsi generation. Billboards clamor for my attention: "Be his best Santa Claus. Give him Ice Blue Williams"; "This Christmas, give a Triumph"; "For the man of distinction, McGregor".

This is my atmosphere, the world I move in as a Peace Corps Volunteer - Guatemala City, capital of the Republic of Guatemala.

It's a far cry from the Peace Corps folklore, often called the "Peace Corps Image", which says that happiness is a volunteer roughing it in a rural isolated village where untapped human potential springs to fulfill its promise under the guiding hands of a Peace Corps Volunteer.

In many ways, I've been very fortunate as a Volunteer. I was able to live in the "Peace Corps Ideal" for seven months - and I enjoyed it very much. There was no running water, electric light, nor any of the modern conveniences in this area, one hour byhorse from the nearest town. Then in June, I was transferred to the Capital to carry on where returning volunteers were forced to leave projects in mid-stride. The change was for me very sudden and forceful. Without the prop of pioneering living conditions, I was suddenly faced with the bare question, "What does it really mean to be a Peace Corps Volunteer?"

When I joined PC and when I came to Guatemala, I really didn't know. But I had an idea. A PCV was one who brought about change - a peaceful revolution. I still believe this basic precept is true. But fourteen months in Guatemala have made me realize that this change can not always be measured in brick and cement. It can often be seen only in a smile where there was indifference, in a faint gleam of hope where there was only despair. The changes that the PCV can bring about are often so minute in the face of what needs to be done, that it is very easy to become discouraged. When one is thinking in terms of raising the standards of living of a country of three million people, it is very hard to be satisfied with a successful community meeting - especially when successful means that ten people showed up on the third consecutive try.

But I feel that the key to a full, enjoyable experience as a PCV lies in accepting the fact that PC is based on a unique person-to-person basis, and that change must often come only on this same, person-to-person level. The volunteer is not dealing with millions of dollars and sweeping authority. He is working with a practically non-existent budget and the power of suggestion and example. In the long run it is to be hoped that this latter approach will have more lasting results, but it's little consolation to the volunteer, who can have only faith that his work will have an effect.

My own job right now is an illustration of this. I teach English at San Carlos University in the morning. In the early afternoon, I teach another English class at the Guatemalan Bureau of Mines and Mining. I spend the late afternoon and all evening until 10 or 10:30 running a Social Center in one of the poorer areas of the city. The Social Center is a rented house of four rooms, one of which I occupy, plus a kitchen and bath. It serves as a meeting place for members of the immediate community. There are classes for women in sewing, cooking and beauty, taught by Guatemalan teachers, all of whom give their time voluntarily.

The Center boasts a ping-pong table and games for young and old alike. I am working primarily with a group of teen-age boys who come to the Center every night. Loud, effervescent, always hard to figure out, they're like teen-age boys anywhere.

In this situation, changes of a material kind are very hard to visualize. My successes and failures are measured by attendance at a dance, by participation in projects initiated through the Center, such as a community library. They are measured by the turn-out for the girls' basketball team's big game. And ultimately, the final measure of success will be whether the Center continues to function without outside help after I leave in June.

My successes and failures as a PCV are on a very personal level. But this is, I think, what I am most enthusiastic about when I look back over the last 15 months. That time has provided me with an opportunity to try to be of help in a person-to-person way. But more, it has given me tremendously rich experiences, an insight into another people. It has helped me to become familiar with another language and through that language another way of thinking. And, mainly, it has given me an opportunity of making many friends.

When my time here is up, when my work is done, I will naturally ask myself what, if anything, have I accomplished. Because of the nature of my work, the answer will probably be much harder to find than if I had been engaged in a type of work which yields physical, visible results. I won't be able to say with exactness what the effect of my work has been. More than anything else, I will merely have to hope that I will leave things better than when I came.

## HOPE and FRUSTRATION

And this is at once the hope and frustration of Peace Corps service. It is frustrating at times to know that you can never see the effects of two year's work. But the hope lies in the fact that, if you have really given of yourself in this work, if you have really tried to be a person-to-person emissary of change, the results will not become fully known until some future date, some time when the people with whom you worked will be in a position to stand on their own two feet and make a decision about the course their lives will take. It is, in the final analysis, a question of attitudes.

## A WORD ABOUT THE FUTURE

In our contemporary world, perhaps the greatest possible result of anyone's personal service in the Peace Corps, and of Peace Corps as a whole, will be to live up to its name in the future by a personal involvement of thousands of people now. Perhaps it is expecting too much to hope that the Peace Corps can actually help bring about Peace. But there must be some other way, when diplomacy has so often failed, when wars bring not hope, but the threat of other wars - there must be some other way. And even if it can not, I think its existence could still be justified in the tremendous personal experience it provides both to the Volunteer, and, I hope to those he comes in contact with.





## LET'S BE HUMAN!

The book *The Generation of the Third Eye* is an anthology of essays written by young Catholic leaders on the Catholic Church. In these essays an attempt is made by the authors to write of themselves in relation to the Church; to relate their own experiences and those of others, thus trying to show how they personally fit into this ponderous structure of half a billion people.

In most cases the authors discuss areas in which they have had personal experience and those about which they are interested. Fr. Andrew Greeley and Douglas Cole discuss the problem of intellectual freedom and the Catholic intellectual; Donald P. Costello writes about the "ghetto mentality" imbued in the minds of many young Catholics through the present system of Catholic education and upbringing. Rev. Laurence Brett explores the seminary problem.

In the individual essays the writers try to take a hard look at themselves and the Church (using the "third eye", which is always turned inward for a more perceptive view of self.) They express optimism; but they also express pessimism. They were, however, asked simply to examine the situation, not to suggest reforms and the like.

This generation (under 40) is known for its ability to scrutinize and analyze a situation much more deeply than any other generation (a point questioned by older generations). It has been able to obtain a more detached and unbiased view of the Church and it sees many wrongs and abuses which must be corrected if the church is to remain relevant in an age when it means so little to so many. It has to take action and once again become a moving force in the lives of all Catholics. This, in all seriousness, it must do if it wishes to remain alive in the hearts of men.

The idea that was touched upon most often in the essays was the irrelevancy of the Church to the modern world. The writers who expressed this idea felt that their Catholic upbringing had left them out of touch with everyday life. It had tried to act as a shelter to protect them from the evils of life, so in some ways they had failed to mature. What they had been taught was irrelevant to concrete problems experienced in the secular world. When, inevitably, they were exposed to the world, they were surprised. Though it was a thing to be wary of, this wasn't at all the world they had been admonished to stay away from. In many instances, Catholics who experienced this change had genuine difficulty in keeping their faith; they saw so many evils in the Church, so many things wrong that they reasoned that things must be better elsewhere.

What they found in the secular life was that both Catholics and Protestants had problems and made mistakes - both were human. Thus they were able to discard the all too familiar "I'm-right-you're-wrong" attitude. They were able to probe deeper into the world and the beliefs of the "others". They saw in many of their non-Catholic colleagues on secular campuses a real interest in the Catholic. In fact, they often intro-

duced the Catholics to some of their own philosophers (those in the Church's doghouse, but worth studying, nevertheless.)

These non-Catholic scholars had learned to see through the popular misconceptions about the Church. They realized that here was something to learn as much as possible about. Unlike many Catholic scholars, they tried their best to study the Church objectively, putting aside the "cliches that often pass as social science". The intellectuals are definitely ready and eager to listen to the Church; the church must now do its part.

And the essayists who discussed this subject were only too willing to talk with these people and learn from them. Truly they learned quite a bit. From such open dialogue, they agree, will come the true unity that the Church is seeking.

One article by a typical product of the Catholic seminary system (ordained in 1962) criticizes the training received by a seminarian. It states that the seminary is separated from the "mainstream of the Church's life" and life in general. This comes "from the notion of the priest as a man taken from among men without sufficient emphasis upon his return to men as their spiritual guide and servant."

The author had many things to criticize about the system as it is run. Basically, these are a few: "We were treated like boys, not men, and the routine had all the appearances of a military academy for young men - ages eight to fourteen." ... the seminary doesn't prepare them for life in the world; the spiritual life isn't inspiring as much holiness in the students as it should; the curriculum is narrow, and it is placed in isolation from the values and ideas of the world (who's Theillard?); there was little contact with the lay world. Of course the author admits that this is an isolated circumstance. And though he knows of more like it, he admits that there are many effective seminaries.

Perhaps so far this whole anthology appears to be a contest among twenty-two angry young iconoclastic radicals to determine who can do the most verbal destruction. But really all of the writers in this book are extremely optimistic about the future of the Church. They expect to see the Church at long last shed its "minority group mentality" and its "immigrant defensiveness". They look forward to the correction of abuses, and the development of a real spirit of love and brotherhood in the Church in the years to come. But who am I to attempt to discuss this optimism? Michael Novak has expressed it much better in his essay "The Ever-Changing Fallible Church": When I become too discouraged by its inadequacies, I recall that my faith is not in human beings, but in God, and then it seems that I must try to emulate God's patience, with myself, with man and with all things human. When all is said and done, I find no better place for the free, historical human spirit than in the ever-changing fallible, All Too Human Universal Church."

Tim Brandyberry

## I AM A CATHOLIC PRIEST

I never wrote for the Saturday Evening Post. I have never organized a union for discontented priests. I am not aware of ever having had an "identity crisis".

I am happy for the privilege of working full time for God and am quite content to see in my lawful superiors God's representatives.

My life has meaning. Each day I offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Bread of Life is present on the altar through my action. I am not married, but am not for that fact "half a man" - anymore than Christ, also unmarried, was "half a Man".

My years of seminary training were, I thought, a parallel of Christ's thirty years of preparation for His mission, a parallel of the community He established with His apostles. Happily neither my parents nor any well-meaning advisers kept me from entering the seminary when I felt called to the work of priesthood (otherwise there would now be one less priest).

The Church that baptized me is the same one that later ordained me. It is the very same Church that I see today. Oh, the building

is redone a bit - a pleasant coating of English here and there, a new floodlight shining on the (same old) Bible. People seem to be singing more than they once did (though not yet much better). But the essentials remain the same.

I don't suppose that I'll ever make the news, because I am like so many thousands of other priests who are happy in God's service. Sometimes people are scandalized at the "drop-outs" from the priesthood that we know about. I recall, however, that the Lord Himself had an 8% record of defection in His first group. It didn't stop the others from being faithful to His gospel and His mission. I have the confident hope that it won't deter me. The odds still seem to be better than 11 out of 12 for success.

I thank you, God, and I am glad that I am your priest!

### if love ...

If love is but the tangled push of  
words against each other,  
If life is only time endured for moments  
after waking and before bed,  
If me is only a self in solitude  
between desserts and dust,  
If children are simply mobile masks grubbing  
for meaning in dirt and  
half-formed words,  
If home is just the space between the  
clothes hangers and the bathroom,  
If work is misery channeled between  
unacceptable alternatives,  
If faith is someone else's luxury - replacing  
hope,  
Then I am dead, and you are in Hell.



As Eric Fromm explained in his book, *The Art of Loving*, man's greatest human desire is to overcome aloneness. He overcomes this aloneness by communication with his fellow man. One of the means man uses to encounter other men is art.

Art has been developed through the ages from a simple primitive state to its modern form. Throughout history man has found that it is possible to portray his religious ideals through art, no matter what the form in vogue at the time.

Christian Art is truly an encounter. A program promoting Christian art was started by Mr. Joseph Paluck and a group of art associates in 1965. They advertised their aims by establishing the **Christian Art** magazine, by starting art guilds and eventually by establishing a gallery in Chicago. In 1966 the organization was officially recognized as a non-profit organization.

In stating their purpose, the Art Associates said that they wished to educate all people in the knowledge and appreciation of artistic works, past and present, which depict Christian beliefs; secondly they wished to organize people who are producing or are interested in appreciating artistic works representing Christian beliefs into a trade association to provide a more appreciative acceptance of Christian art; finally they hoped to establish facilities for the distribution of artistic works.

To help fulfill their purpose the Art Associates plan to establish three new galleries - one in Detroit, a second possibly in St. Louis and a third in Milwaukee to bring their total to five.

The Grand Rapids gallery, a former Knights of Columbus Hall, is located at 3834 S. Division. The main floor of the gallery contains the works of professional artists while the lower floor displays artistic talent produced by local guild members.

Houses near the gallery are being purchased so that artists can "live on the job"; and a huge cortile is being added to the present center so visitors can watch the artists at work. The gallery will also build a new wing for a display room.

Christian Art should interest all Christians in a very special "liturgical way". In keeping with the spirit, Calvin, Aquinas and Hope Colleges have rallied to the cause and are brimming full of art enthusiasts.

We feel that you will find a visit to the gallery a most interesting experience, and one that you will want to repeat.

By Tom Occhipinti and Mark McCreedy



Special to the S.J.R. by Rev. John Allen

## EVENING ENCOUNTER . . .

**W**HEN EVENING FALLS and most Grand Rapids citizens have returned to their homes and families, a community of night people begins to take over the market place. Slow footsteps on the sidewalk and conversations on the street corner mark the beginning of night life in the Grand Rapids area.

The night community is made up mostly of young people who roam restlessly, seemingly always on the edge of trouble. They gather in the silent hours between dusk and daylight, always searching, sometimes defiant, often lost. These young people, male and female alike, form a sub-culture that is generally ignored or condemned by middle class oriented society. In it are to be found abundant examples of every possible situation of need.

The church, perhaps more than any other institution in our society, represents morality, judgment, and in the minds of the night community, condemnation.

Believing it is time for the church to

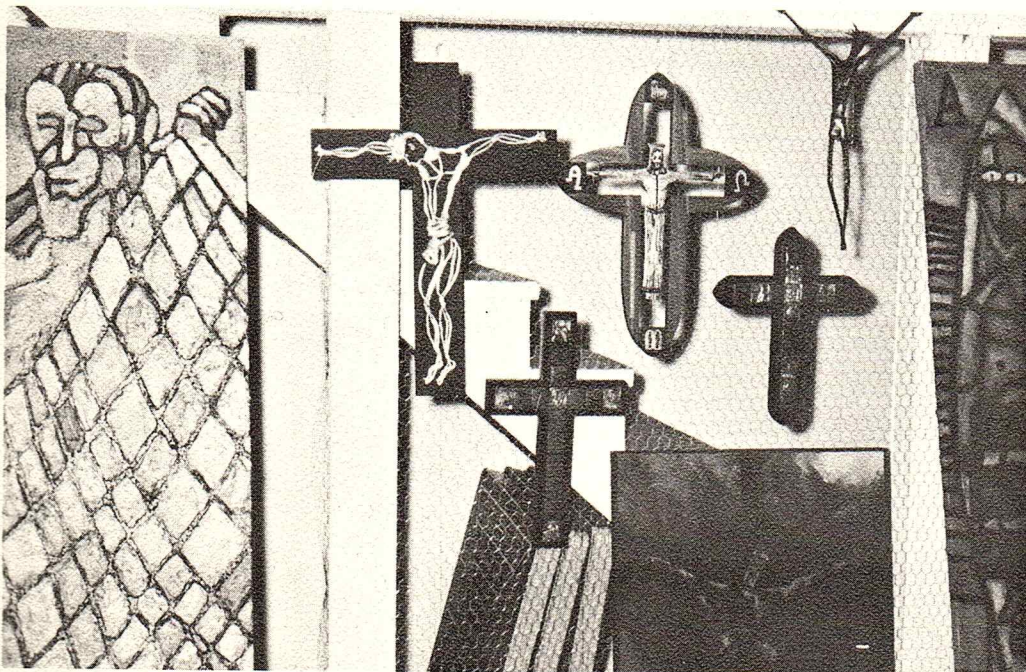
become known for love, concern, forgiveness and acceptance, thirteen churches in our community entered into the lives of the night people through the staff of the Grand Rapids Youth Ministry, Inc.

Since September of 1965 Grand Rapids Youth Ministry, Inc. has employed Reverend John M. Allen as its full time night minister. Four seminary and college students have worked as youth ministers. Several clergymen, Protestant and Roman Catholic, have been involved regularly in the night ministry.

The primary task of this new corporation is to develop a kind of ministry in the night community that has interest, compassion, understanding and a concern for people as persons no matter what their outward behavior or their inner struggle may be.

Specifically, the staff moves out at night on to the street corners, into the restaurants, apartment houses, parking lots and bars. There they establish meaningful relationships with individuals and small groups. At this date more than 1,000 young people have come to feel the concern of responsible adults. At times

(See EVENING ENCOUNTER, Page 6)





## If You're Born A Woman ...?

ON DECEMBER 1, the residents of St. Henry's heard the "Role of Women in Tomorrow's Society" discussed by four intelligent women: Mrs. Elaine Maternowski, Mrs. Sue Jabin, Miss Arlene Giglio and Miss Angie Giglio.

Vatican II and Pope John's encyclical "Pacem in Terris" recognized that women are becoming more and more active in the world. Angie Giglio, however, sees that there are many laws of the land and Church which specifically discriminate against women. "To me," she said, "this is showing inequality to half of the human race who are not responsible for the birth accident 'of being female'. There are many scriptural passages that are misunderstood."

They asked why women could not be priestesses when there is nothing in the priest's basic role of organizing the community that women couldn't do. Angie, quoting Sidney Calahan said, "We want the best priests whether they are male or female." Then Mrs. Maternowski pointed out the brilliant work carried on by organizations such as Grail and ICA.

Many cry that a woman's place is in the home, but Mrs. Maternowski and Mrs. Jabin pointed out that women are now becoming lawyers, doctors and entering the other professions requiring the use of their God given talents.

Then they discussed the woman's role in marriage. They showed how in today's concept, too often the man is a dominant figure while the woman merely follows. The entire purpose of her college education has been to earn a MRS. degree. It is a shame that feminine talent is not better used for work in various community groups. Naturally with children around the home parents can't be free to do all they want, but Elaine suggested that perhaps instead of making a cake from scratch she could use a mix. This and other time saving devices would allow the woman to be out of the house and develop her talents more fully. It's sad that so many are scared by a thinking woman.

Angie declared, "I wish less emphasis would be placed on sex differences. Both sexes have been elevated by God to share His life. We should respect each person as a human being. Each one of us is unique in a different and wonderful way, and we are all called upon to co-operate in making a better world, male and female alike. It seems to me that this should concern us most."

We thank these women for taking the time to talk with us, giving us their views on this issue. We extend an invitation to any clergy and laymen who wish to do the same to come out to the seminary.

Bill Kelly

## Reaction?

I found the discussion with these four women to be extremely idealistic. I agree with their idea that a woman should be able to develop her talents. But in answering God's call to the married state, a woman has another duty more important than developing herself personally. Her family MUST come first in her life. It was stated that perhaps the father could take more of an interest in the family and thus alleviate some of the pressure placed upon the mother. I agree with this wholeheartedly. But it we are to be realistic we must admit that it is the mother who keeps the family together. Because of his psychological make-up, a man will not take the same interest in his family that the mother does.

This particular point raised another question. Our guests seemed to think that psychologically men and women are the same. I completely disagree with this. When I was sick as a child, I never would have expected my father to worry with the same intensity as my mother had. There are several other basic psychological differences between men and women.

As regards the proposal that women be ordained priestesses, I must say I think it's a great idea. I feel that the work of religious women can and should be increased from teaching and administering to the active ministry of the ordained priest. Sex should not be a barrier to this. Further, I firmly believe that the position of the mod-

ern Sister in today's world is increasing.

With that I tip my hat to these delightful creatures of the fair sex and offer my picketing services whenever they are in need of them.

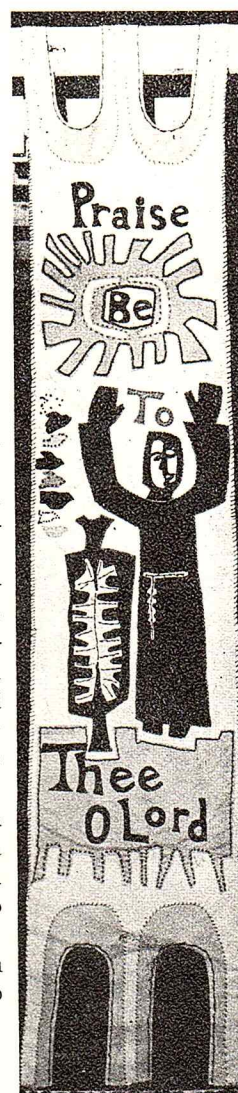
Robert Hart

A number of replies could be written on this article depending upon the person writing them. I will not elaborate on my ideas here in an attempt to refute or commend her argument. I see one statement upon which I would like to comment. She asks why we shouldn't have priestesses if there is nothing in the priest's basic role of organizing the community that women couldn't do. I would agree with her on this is that was all a priest did. But his role is of much greater importance than this. If he were just an organizer or social worker, then we would not need him. He is, however, much more than this. He is one chosen by God to perform in a special way specific actions as a direct representative of Him. Christ chose twelve people to take His place here on earth. Out of twelve not one was a woman, though there were a few women who would probably have served Him just as well, if not better. He had some reason for choosing all men. To use a quote here, "The ways of God are not the ways of men." There are some tasks which certain people are just not chosen for, be they men or women. I think this is one of them.

Michael Zbojnowicz

## ... and a great love fills their hearts

"It's better to pray than to do" was the gist of the sermon that started me thinking. You can't really blame Father for thinking that - perhaps people he had seen being "active" were doing it for all the wrong reasons. Yet, if he'd looked around he'd have seen all those who were "doing things" because they had love in their hearts; people helping their neighbors; befriending those in need without regard to race color or creed; feeding the hungry, paying attention to the lonely, loving the unloved. And these things are being done by children, by teenagers, by fathers and mothers, by business men and women, by Sisters and by priests - every day we see examples of it done - and done so quietly - (see LOVE - page 8)



## EVENING ENCOUNTER

(continued from page 5)

over 160 hours a week are spent by staff members cultivating this grass roots contact.

With the establishment of this rapport the staff can begin to assist the young people in the solution of their problems. 150 hours a month are spent counseling individual young people in the offices of the Grand Rapids Youth Ministry. Many young people are referred to existing social agencies for further specific help. Realizing that counseling and referral do not meet all the needs, the Ministry has begun to encourage the community at large to provide urgently needed programs and services.

Grand Rapids Youth Ministry, Inc. provides the only significant church contact in the lives of many members of the night community. The night ministry seeks to communicate the love of God. It seeks to care for and accept individuals in such a way that they might become free of their fears and hang-ups - free to be themselves as God's children. In the words of the One whom we serve - "I came that they may have life and have it more abundantly."



# LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

You walk in, give your half-dollar to the young man at the door, throw your coat over the rungs of a ladder standing in the entranceway, and go on into the small dark service-station garage. You take a seat on one of the orange crates beside primitive tables supported on empty grease kegs, and begin speaking with the other guys and gals next to you while half listening to the folk singers or poets up on the stage.

This has been your grand entry into the 25th Hour - a coffee house opened on the corner of Wealthy and Sheldon in a former gas station which has been remodeled and adapted by ambitious students from Aquinas and JC.

Trying to find a solution to the problem that there is just no place for a college kid in this town to go - in a city surrounded by four small colleges (J.C., Aquinas, Calvin and Grand Valley) - a few ingenious members of the Aquinas YCS club and J.C.'s Newman Club decided to fix up their own hang-out. Working with a budget of almost nothing, they procured the vacant gas station and went to work. Paint was found and everybody went to work slapping it on the walls, ceiling and floor - black on the walls, purple on the ceiling and red on the floor. The walls of the vestibule, covered

with the hand prints of the patrons, began to look like the sidewalk in front of Groman's Chinese Theatre. The outside of the building is a flashy black. Myriads of pictures were hung behind and beside the stage, and a banner showing that "Together we find happiness" was hung above it. "Tables" and "chairs" were made, tablecloths and atmosphere imported, and the 25th Hour was ready for its first night of action.

In its two and a half months of existence, the 25th Hour has been a tremendous success. It was originally open only on weekends but now it is open from Wednesday through Sunday nights to all young adults from the Grand Rapids area aged 18-25. Entertainment is provided by volunteers, and anyone who wants to can get into the act.

Ed Swart

## RIGHT AROUND HERE

This column is, in effect the RECORDER'S society column. Through it we will attempt to keep you up to date on a few of the more recent happenings. Whereas a good number of the RECORDERS of years gone by devoted themselves almost entirely to seminary news, we would rather continue the recent tradition of limiting the reporting of local news a bit. Here, then, are a few of the more momentous events of late.

This year the Christmas Program was directed by Father McDuffee, and considering what he had to work with, he did an admirable job. Because the program required large choruses of singers, more students than ever before got into the production. For once it was really a community project with a majority of the students participating. From this viewpoint it was the most successful Christmas program yet.

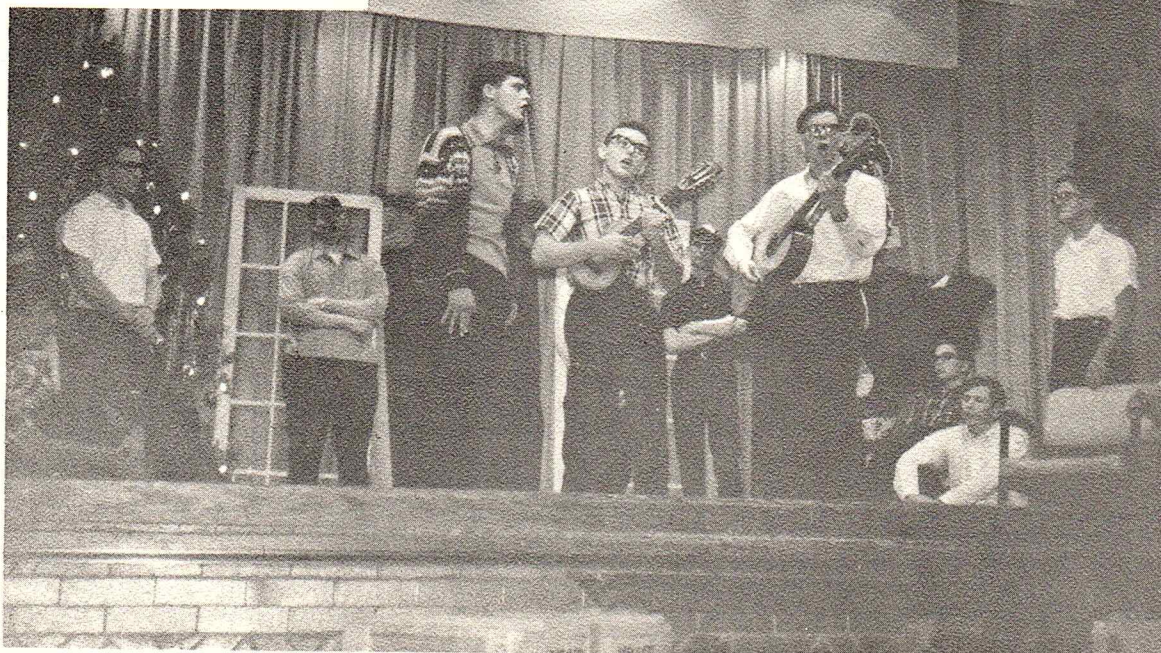
On Wednesday, January 4, our Junior Varsity team had a scrimmage with the freshmen from Grand Rapids West Catholic High. Happily enough, it ended as a decisive victory for our boys. More recently, the JV's played the West Catholic freshmen and again won. This time the score was 41-40. Our team, which consists of twelve men from the freshman and sophomore classes is under the direction of Father Flickinger.

On February 4 the Flames of St. Augustine Seminary in Holland came here for a basketball game. Our JV's won their third in a row by trouncing the other side 45-30.

The game was very close in the first half but our boys literally ran away with the game by using their fast break.

In the varsity game, however, our side had a much tougher time of it, losing 62-57. Giving away three inches per man in height, the team really had to fight to keep even. In the final quarter the team showed its mettle by making a brilliant comeback, outscoring the opponents 20-2 in the period, but it wasn't enough to avert defeat. Hats off, anyway, to both teams for a couple of well-played contests.

Tony Foster



## THE "IN" WORD IS "MONTAGE"

Father McDuffee started more than he knew when he chose to use the word "montage" in introducing his Christmas "production"! Greg Dodge, from the College Department, bravely spoke the word as he explained that our guests this year would see, not a Christmas "play" as tradition recommended, but "... a montage of Christmas dreams..."

"Truce in Viet Nam" (as the production was entitled) was, if not a montage, at least a representative pot-pourri of what students do to stir up the Christmas spirit.

Four college students, Tom Korson, Mike Muszkiewicz, Ed Swart and Carl Occhipinti, dressed in "combat fatigues" of the U.S. Marine Corps, realistically portrayed a group in Viet Nam reminiscing about "how it was back at school." Their recollections evoked on stage a program which presented a blend of choral numbers with instrumental music, folk-singing and recitations to convince the audience that "happiness is the memory of Christmas."

Bill Dilla and Carl Shangraw combined with Reynold Griffith to do some folk-singing with a Christmas overtone. Bill Rabior and Phil Witkowski livened things up, the one on the accordion, the other by inimitable improvisations in the dance. Dennis Morrow and Mark Radeke delivered Christmas readings. Jim Nowak starred as the "drummer boy" with a choral background. Mike Kaska was soloist for "O Holy Night". Phil Witkowski "doubled" as Santa Claus.

Choral numbers were staged under the able direction of Fathers

Rose and LeBlanc and the whole musical effort was underwritten by the indefatigable Tom Huver at the organ. Father Vainavicz served as special music consultant for the Viet Nam episodes. Steve Frye acted as stage manager, Steve Finch as electrician, both leaning heavily on the assistance of George Wood and Bill Vins.

Did the audience like it? Here's a comment from one of the first year men, Anthony Owens:

"This play (sic) was well constructed. It had beautiful taste in the acts, music and lighting. I would like to act as representative of all who saw the play and say thanks to the students and faculty members who made it possible.

"The live scene was especially beautiful. This play showed a true Christmas spirit in the way everyone sang and acted. This Christmas spirit, I think, could be felt very strongly. Very few will ever forget this play."



Return Requested

## THE NEW PARISH

Friday evening, February 19th, marked another in a series of adult education talks at St. Stephen's parish. The speaker was the very well qualified Rev. John Harmon, an Episcopalian minister from Boston, who dwelt on the topic "The New Parish". This man had the audience in the palms of his hands for three hours until the discussion period was finally broken up at 11:30 p. m.

The one hour talk served as a thought-provoking spring-board for a mildly radical discussion period afterwards. But giving his talk in an outlined fashion, Father Harmon laid a healthy impact on the audience. He was so open minded, enough to be pointing at himself and his Church, that one might have easily mistaken him for one of the progressive priests of this diocese.

This Christian gentleman began the body of his talk by saying that the various churches have a lot in common in the form of deficiencies. Two of those are the autocratic structure at the parish level and the

seminary programs. From there, Father Harmon explained how the changing liturgy and the developing discussion groups, while being good for the parish internally, do nothing for the parish externally. These things don't change the shape of the parish which, in a sense, is the radiating example of Christian life. In short, the whole concept of "parish" is too narrow.

Father Harmon then covered some problems behind the problem. The most significant was his exposé concerning the "seminary ghetto". In doing so, he pointed a finger at the closed seminary life, a seminary life in which the seminarian is shielded from the outside, and a seminary life that very narrowly strives for a "seminary community" and not for a human or world community. Like the parish, the seminary must come out of its shell.

Thanks to St. Stephen's Parish for another fine talk in its adult education program.

Leonard Dezelski

god has shown himself among  
us. God has made the dwelling  
Place in the midst of us. The  
Voice of Peace has spoken ...  
And love has reached  
to every part

## ANYWAY, THE JV's WON

It was the same old story for the St. Joe varsity basketball team. On February 18, the Rogues, as the team is called, travelled to St. Augustine Seminary in Holland for a return match with the Flames, who had defeated them by a score of 62-57 two weeks before. The score this time was 58-48 in favor of the Flames, but the pattern of the game was basically the same. After a poor first half (34-19 in favor of St. Augustine) the Rogues befuddled their opponents with a tight zone press and stormed to within three points. But the Flames, reluctant to take a chance on blowing the game, went into a stall for the last eight minutes and came away with the victory.

As was feared, the Flames, tall and rough, controlled the backboards and in this way dominated the game. They made most of their points under the basket by putting in the shots missed from the outside. Our Elmer Bunek and Dave Currie

tried to offset the opponents' muscle under the backboards with some fine shooting, and everyone who played did his best, so the loss certainly wasn't one to be ashamed of.

The Junior Varsity team made up in part for the loss of the varsity team with a 47-43 victory. As happened in the first meeting of these two teams, our boys trounced their slower opponents - or were on the verge of trouncing them. Unfortunately a rally in the third quarter put the Flames ahead, and only a last ditch rally by our side saved the game.

Though quite short except for one man, the JV team is quick and aggressive. All the fellows work together in a real team effort that has paid off for a so-far undefeated season. The many fine freshman and sophomore prospects on the team show great promise, and their presence makes the next few seasons look very promising indeed.

Tim Brandyberry

## WITNESSES

It is rare today to hear of someone in the United States being mercilessly tortured to death over a period of several years. It is even rarer to say that such a martyr was a personal friend. Yet those of us who knew Father Vincent McKenna have had the privilege of such a rare experience. His torturer: Disease. His prison: a sickbed. His reaction: Joy. Joy that he was chosen to suffer with Christ. Joy in discovering his Father's will. The cup did not pass away. Father McKenna consumed it to the last drop. His coup de grâce came last December 15. He rests in peace.

## LOVE (continued from page 6)

without any idea of reward other than in eternity - and in their consuming love for the "other Christs" they see in other men they have forgotten to think even of that reward. But check out these unselfish "Doers" and you will find their lives full of prayer, liturgy, devotion. They aren't the "new breed" as they are so often labeled. They are merely those who dare to go on loving in spite of a world that thinks they must be a bit insane to love without any apparent reward. They aren't even bitter when they are condemned from the pulpit or in the press - usually they feel sorry for those who do not understand the meaning of it all.

The rack for stretching, cracking the bones  
Of the victim, sat in the middle of the floor.

The fire, heats the brand that  
Makes the flesh sizzle and spit, stood in the hearth.

The crypt, used to bury the prey  
Alive, screaming, lay off to one side.

But on the hill stood the one torture that was  
Worse than the rack,  
Worse than the brand,  
Worse, even, than the crypt.

The Cross.

scott johnston

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