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The Bread of Angels

Experience anew Isaiah's vision during every Mass

"But you have come to Mount Zion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to innumerable angels in festal gathering, and to the assembly of the first-born who are enrolled in heaven, and to a judge who is God of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the mediator of a new covenant, and to the sprinkled blood that speaks more graciously than the blood of Abel"

— Hebrews 12:22

Tears were running down his cheeks. The prophet was completely and utterly overwhelmed. But why was he crying?

Ah, the drama of life is deeply immersed in mystery, especially the supernatural life. We believe in so much that we simply do not see. We cannot see our soul, yet it is immortal. We cannot see emotions such as love, fear, or joy, and yet we live by them. Indeed, the Saints remind us that all that we can see and touch will one day pass away, and that there will be "a new heaven and a new earth" (Revelation 21:1).

At the same time, God has revealed



"We're 'in Heaven' at the Mass. Do you see it? Do you exhibit the same awe and wonder that Isaiah felt?"

MICHELANGELO'S ISAIAH IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

that there are things that will, in fact, never pass away: "Love never ends" (1 Corinthians 13:8). Ah, the mystery of love is the mystery of God.

Why, then, was Isaiah crying? After all, he was gazing upon Love personified.

Imagine it! What a miraculous grace Isaiah was given before he was sent out to preach. He would speak about the Virgin Birth, the Suffering Servant, and the Consolation of Israel. God prepared him by allowing him a glimpse of Heaven. As he stood before the Throne of God, the prophet was surrounded by myriads of angels and Archangels all chanting with perfect sweetness and power, "Holy, Holy, Holy! Is the Lord of hosts!" (Isaiah 6:3). We enter into that very same chorus at every Mass, although now the Saints are there, too. Imagine the sweet fragrances he was drinking in, incomprehensible to mere human senses.

Isaiah was shaking, his tears increasing as his conscience was laid bare before the Throne. There was little doubt that he was a good man; after

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all, he demonstrated an eager desire to serve the Lord. Yet, his tears revealed the shame of the wounds upon his soul due to sin. Immediately he felt a tremendous urge to run away. He was unworthy to stand in the presence of God, and he knew it in the depth of his heart. His impurity was an offence to God.

And yet, in that moment, the true contrition of the prophet pierced the Heart of Divine Mercy. Instantly, the doomed prophet was healed! God sent an angel to touch the sullied lips of Isaiah with a burning coal taken from the Altar, immediately purging all uncleanness. "Behold," whispered the fiery seraphim, "this has touched your lips. You have been made clean. Your sins are forgiven."

What amazing words of love! What mystery! We hear those very same words in the Sacrament of Confession!

The Vision of Isaiah is real. Truly, we participate in the same scene when we walk through the doors of St. John's to attend Holy Mass. It's true. Countless angels and Archangels fill the sanctuary, praising God and bowing down in adoration in sheer amazement as He confines Himself in the host. They are really there!

We're "in Heaven" at the Mass. Do you see it? Do you exhibit the same awe and wonder that Isaiah felt? Have you made a faithful effort to uncover the mysteries of faith through daily prayer and faithful reception of the graces that come through each personal encounter with Christ, sacramentally?

Indeed, as we penetrate the Mysteries of our faith, we'll begin to understand the beauty of God and the ocean of His love. Bit by bit we'll become ever more docile to the Holy Spirit dwelling within us, and so respond to the invitation to stand in His presence, like Isaiah. We'll be filled with that same Awe and Wonder; we will be made clean.

When we peer behind the veil of the Mystery of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, we'll gain a deeper awareness

of our filial relationship with God. He wipes our sins away with the gentle words of absolution; He touches our lips – not with a burning coal but, rather, with His very Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity – the Bread of Angels! He calls us to walk in His Radiant Light from the very moment of our baptism.

Are there tears running down *your* cheeks?

How easily we are distracted. How fragile our commitment. What does it take for God to get our attention? Do the cares of daily life distract you from the spiritual reality of the Presence of Almighty God? He is truly gazing upon each one of us, not in a general way so that we might anonymously hide behind our neighbor but, rather, He is actually peering into each heart and inspecting the deepest regions of our conscience.

The spiritual life is a journey. Naturally, there is a gradual growth. But conversion of the heart depends on our response to the invitation of grace. In the natural world, a child grows into adolescence and eventually into a mature person. On the other hand, the spiritual life, which is also meant to grow – actually requires a decision. We are not meant to remain in "spiritual adolescence" but, rather, we are meant to hunger for heaven.

Spiritual adolescence might be something like this: Only an hour earlier I was rolling out of my comfortable bed. Barely awake, I hopped into the car to roll into church and, on the way out the door, grabbed a bagel, forgetting about the one hour fast from food before receiving Holy Communion. I rushed up the steps out of breath, yet again, but excusing myself because, after all, Mass hadn't *really* started yet; the altar servers were still filing into the Sanctuary.

Now imagine Isaiah strolling into Heaven late for his vision, nonchalantly picking the sleep out of his eye, wiping the crumbs off his lapel, and yawning, as if the gift before him was "no big deal" – as if it was just one more thing he had to do before getting on with the

important and fun part of his day!

There is more going on at Mass than meets the eye – the spiritual eye, that is – and that's the one that really counts. A lack of tears – of thanksgiving, of joy, of love for our Lord – may actually bring tears to His cheeks.

The gift of life is a precious mystery of love. But we have to be attentive to it, else we will miss it and mistakenly grab on to fleeting things. Recall the childlike wonder at the beauty of a sunset – one that covered the entire sky with a fiery orange and red tapestry. As soon as you noticed it, you stopped in the middle of whatever it was that was occupying your attention and immediately turned your complete attention to that amazing scene! The mystery spoke directly to your heart and you knew, even as a child, that if you didn't stop whatever you were engaged in at that moment and turn your gaze to that wonder before your eyes,

it would be missed, perhaps gone forever. And in that little peek, your heart and mind were utterly captured by the beauty created by God.

That childlike wonder, with the help of God's grace, is meant to mature into a deep spiritual vision of the truth behind the veil of the natural world; that is, we're meant to see more distinctly with the "eyes of the heart," as St. Paul would say, the deeper mysteries of life that mould our souls and prepare us for eternal beatitude, provided we seek that vision; provided we drink in the Living Waters of Divine Grace, which come to us most abundantly in the Bread of Angels, the Eucharist.

The wonder of life is a faithful contemplation of the mystery and love of the One who made it. Don't miss it!



"There is more going on at Mass than meets the eye – the spiritual eye."

– Rev. Terry Walsh

A reflection as the “Year for Priests” concludes

It’s not just celibacy – it’s about imitating Christ

The Church needs priests. That isn’t a claim made by someone afraid for his job; it’s simply true. The Church needs priests, because that is the way Jesus determined His Church should be established. This isn’t a power thing: it is the constitutional essence of His Church.

In the Book of Revelation, the image of the Heavenly Jerusalem, an image of the Church, tells us that its foundation stones are inscribed with the names of the Twelve Apostles. What is it that those Twelve men had that made them essential to the Church? Neither political power, nor influence, nor native brilliance, nor personal charm. That which made them essential was that given them by Our Lord: “As the Father sent me, so I send you,” Our Lord told the Twelve—not to all His followers or disciples, but only to the Twelve, to whom He gave the fullness of His revelation about God; His promise to remain with them and guide them; His power to forgive sins; and His power to “do this in memory of me” by offering Christ on the Cross in the sacrifice of the Mass. Jesus gave the Twelve a share in His power as God, not as a personal concession to His twelve closest friends, but as a gift to be shared with each generation of the Church for the salvation of the world.

The priesthood is the means Christ established through which He would continue saving souls in every place and age, even though His saving death was nearly 2,000 years earlier.

The Church needs priests because Jesus is truly present, as is the power of His Cross to destroy sin and death, through the hands and ministry of His priests. If the priesthood were not so important, the world would not have been so shocked and shaken by the



“A daily sacrifice of self to imitate Christ is symbolized in the essential daily action of the priest: the offering of the sacrifice of the Mass.”

THE PRIESTHOOD WINDOW IN THE ST. JOHN FISHER SEMINARY CHAPEL IN STAMFORD.

present priests’ scandal.

So, what is the priesthood, and why has the Church’s priesthood failed, as seen in the present crisis?

There are many factors that have led the Church to her present difficulties. The media points to mandatory celibacy as the root of the problem. It is not. There is one reason why the Church is in the midst of this self-inflicted world-wide catastrophe; it is at the heart of the crisis, just as its opposite is at the heart of the priesthood: some Catholic priests refuse to submit their will to that of Christ and His Church. They refuse to hold and teach the faith of the Church, and refuse to live a life in imitation of Christ, as the Church dictates, so they are either not strong enough to be celibate, or are unwilling to be celibate. But first, they are unwilling to submit to Christ and His Church.

It is a matter of the will in most cases, not simply of the libido. At times the priesthood has failed because many priests decided not to do what they said they’d do when they were ordained priests. Let’s look at the solemn, public promises made by those ordained as priests.

Most people think that the promise to remain celibate is at the heart of the priesthood. It is not. In fact, there is no promise of celibacy in the ordination rite of the priesthood. The man being ordained a priest already made that promise when he was ordained a deacon. It is not repeated.

But there is one solemn promise that is repeated: the promise of obedience, the promise to submit one’s personal will to the Church – not as a generalization but, specifically, to one specific bishop and to his successors in one specific diocese. The bishop repeats the same question to the man being ordained a priest that was asked earlier during the man’s ordination to the diaconate: “Do you promise obedience and respect to me and my successors?” The crisis in the Church is a crisis of priests who have

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decided to break that solemn promise of obedience in both lifestyle and in faith.

The other solemn promises regard faithfully celebrating the sacraments and preaching the Catholic faith. The last is, "Are you resolved to consecrate your life to God for the salvation of His people, and to unite yourself more closely every day to Christ the High Priest, who offered Himself for us to the Father as a perfect sacrifice?"

For the essence of the priesthood established by Our Lord is a call to imitate Him, to conform oneself perfectly to Him in all aspects of one's daily life, both public and private, for the salvation of the world. The free will response of someone who wants to be a priest is his willingness to imitate Christ in his life – obedient, celibate, prayerful, and virtuous. That is why the ministry of a priest is exercised *in persona Christi capitis* – priests are to exist, not simply to perform a function or work, but to exist "in the person of Christ the Head of the Church." That implies a willingness to make daily sacrifices, beginning with the sacrifice of one's ego and the natural need for human love and family.

Such a daily sacrifice of self to imitate Christ is symbolized in the essential daily action of the priest: the offering of the sacrifice of the Mass.

After the day of ordination, the most important in the life of a priest is the day of his first Mass. The offering of Mass is the quintessential action of a priest: the offering of a sacrifice, and that sacrifice is Christ on the Cross in an unbloody manner: "Do this in memory of me."

In Graham Green's 1940 novel *The Power and the Glory*, set during the Mexican government's persecution of the Church, the last priest has been chased, starved, hobbled by fever, imprisoned, stripped of everything, including his pride, yet continues because of the one thing he alone can offer people: Jesus in the Mass. In one scene, the "whiskey priest" (he is nameless, referred to only by his human weakness) grudgingly acquiesces to the

peasants' request for Mass. In a hovel, with no vestments or altar, the priest hurriedly offers Mass for the impoverished gaggle of people, waiting for the government troops to uncover their illegal religious observance and execute the last priest. Greene describes the scene and the priest's thoughts:

"The candles smoked and the people shifted on their knees – an absurd happiness bobbed up in him again before anxiety returned: it was as if he had been permitted to look in from the outside at the population of heaven. Heaven must contain just such scared and dutiful and hunger-lined faces. For a matter of seconds he felt an immense satisfaction that he could talk of suffering to them now without hypocrisy – it is hard for the sleek and well-fed priest to praise poverty. He began the prayer. . .

"The Latin words ran into each other on his hasty tongue; he could feel impatience all round him. He began the Consecration of the Host. . . impatience abruptly died away: everything in time became a routine but this – 'Who the day before He suffered, took Bread into His holy and venerable hands. . . ' Whoever moved outside on the forest path, there was no movement here – 'This is My Body.' He could hear the sigh of breaths released: God was here in the body for the first time in six years. When he raised the Host he could imagine the faces lifted like famished dogs. He began the Consecration of the wine – in a chipped cup."

There is another promise, written and signed by the candidate for the priesthood prior to his ordination. It is a formal profession of faith. In it, the candidate for ordination solemnly professes the Creed which we recite at Sunday Mass, and adds: "I firmly embrace and accept all and everything which has been either defined by the Church's solemn deliberations or affirmed and declared by its ordinary Magisterium concerning the doctrine of faith and morals, especially those things dealing with the mystery of the

Holy Church of Christ, its sacraments and the sacrifice of the Mass, and the primacy of the Roman Pontiff." The candidate must sign this, twice – once before his ordination to the diaconate, and once before his ordination to the priesthood, or he is not ordained.

The crisis of the priesthood and the Church is the result of priests deciding to break these essential promises of obedience and faith. The glory of the priesthood and of the Church is the result of priests deciding to remain faithful.

The essence of the priesthood is to dedicate one's life to imitate Christ, in order to worthily perfect oneself, and to save souls by actually making present Christ and His sacrifice and by teaching the truths of the Church to others. So important are these tasks that the priest

is asked to participate in the very life of Christ. So important a reality that the betrayal of such a trust brings about the devastating catastrophe we see in the Church today around the globe.

But Our Lord promised that the gates of Hell would not prevail against His Church (Matthew 16:19), no matter how weak some priests may be. He calls even now many to come to renew the Church.

The Church and the world need priests, since that is how Our Lord established His Church to be. Now, more than ever, we need good, healthy, heterosexual men, strong enough to live a celibate life, in love with Christ, eager to submit their wills in obedience to God through His Church, for the salvation of souls.

– Msgr. Stephen DiGiovanni

To learn more about becoming a priest, visit www.HearTheCall.org.



"The crisis of the priesthood is the result of priests deciding to break their essential promises of obedience and faith."

Pope Benedict XVI in Fatima

“Help us never to fall short of this sublime vocation”

Arriving in Fatima, Portugal, on May 12, Pope Benedict XVI consecrated all of the world’s priests to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Addressing himself to the Virgin, and speaking on behalf of all the world’s 400,000 priests, the Holy Father delivered the following prayer:

Immaculate Mother,
in this place of grace,
called together by the love of your Son
Jesus, the Eternal High Priest,
we, sons in the Son and His priests,
consecrate ourselves to your maternal
Heart,
in order to carry out faithfully the
Father’s Will.

We are mindful that, without Jesus,
we can do nothing good
(cf. John 15:5)
and that only through Him, with Him,
and in Him,
will we be instruments of salvation
for the world.

Bride of the Holy Spirit,
obtain for us the inestimable gift
of transformation in Christ.
Through the same power of the Spirit
that overshadowed you,
making you the Mother of the Savior,
help us to bring Christ your Son
to birth in ourselves, too.
May the Church be thus renewed
by priests who are holy,
priests transfigured by the grace of Him
who makes all things new.

Mother of Mercy,
it was your Son Jesus who called us
to become like Him:
light of the world and salt of the earth
(cf. Matthew 5:13-14).

Help us,
through your powerful intercession,
never to fall short of this sublime
vocation,
nor to give way to our selfishness,
to the allurements of the world
and to the wiles of the Evil One.



*POPE BENEDICT XVI BLESSES THE FAITHFUL
DURING MASS IN FATIMA, PORTUGAL.
(AP PHOTO/L’OSSERVATORE ROMANO)*

Preserve us with your purity,
guard us with your humility
and enfold us with your maternal love
that is reflected in so many souls
consecrated to you,
who have become for us
true spiritual mothers.

Mother of the Church,
we priests want to be pastors
who do not feed themselves
but rather give themselves to God for
their brethren,
finding their happiness in this.
Not only with words, but with our lives,
we want to repeat humbly,
day after day,
Our “here I am.”

Guided by you,
we want to be Apostles of Divine Mercy,
glad to celebrate every day
the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar

and to offer to those who request it
the Sacrament of Reconciliation.

Advocate and Mediatrix of grace,
you who are fully immersed in the
one universal mediation of Christ,
invoke upon us, from God,
a heart completely renewed
that loves God with all its strength
and serves mankind as you did.

Repeat to the Lord
your efficacious word:
“They have no wine” (John 2:3),
so that the Father and the Son will
send upon us
a new outpouring of the Holy Spirit.
Full of wonder and gratitude
at your continuing presence in our
midst,
in the name of all priests
I, too, want to cry out:
“Why is this granted me,
that the mother of my Lord should
come to me?” (Luke 1:43)

Our Mother for all time,
do not tire of “visiting us,”
consoling us, sustaining us.
Come to our aid
and deliver us from every danger
that threatens us.
With this act of entrustment and
consecration,
we wish to welcome you
more deeply, more radically,
forever and totally
into our human and priestly lives.

Let your presence cause new blooms
to burst forth
in the desert of our loneliness,
let it cause the sun to shine on our
darkness,
let it restore calm after the tempest,
so that all mankind shall see the
salvation of the Lord,
who has the name and the face of
Jesus,
who is reflected in our hearts,
forever united to yours!

Amen!

Sexuality as it fulfills an individual – and a marriage

“**T**he best part of our vacation? Gracie is definitely a Paris baby!” the beaming young couple said. And another: “The doctors said we could not have children, so we went home and proved them wrong. Father, when can we baptize Filipe Angelino?”

There is, perhaps, no greater moment of supreme ecstasy than when a man and a woman attempt to conceive *their* child, for God designed humanity both physically and emotionally for those moments. The unity that makes lovers one attains to their human essence in that the children who are wrought by their same flesh, is the absolute, and almost human-divine cry of Genesis: “*At last, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bones*” (2:23). Only the most intimate-friend-lovers can begin to fathom the unfathomable depth of these words.

Of all the human instincts there are two that prevail universally: the primordial demand of self-preservation, and the primordial demand to procreate. Two happenstances lessen the power of these sacred and demand-ridden drives: low self-esteem, and the ravages of substance abuse. The lower the self-esteem, the less the drive to survive; suicide and its ideation result from the lowest of self-esteem. Substance abuse may, in few cases, heighten these drives, but its affect on the psyche of loving is devastating.

Just as one is constantly aware of self-survival, so the awareness of procreation is as prominent. These instincts in their purest form perform a vital role both to the survival of the individual and to the survival of human kind. In order to live in freedom, one must be cognitively secure that destruction and damage do not threaten; in order to be fulfilled in freedom one must be free to choose the leverages that secure the goods and fruits of survival and procreation!

Human love is both physical and

spiritual; it is not, therefore, a simple transport of instinct and the pursuit of sensation but, actually, and principally, an act of the free will, destined to “endure and grow by means of the joys and sorrows of daily life, in such a way that husband and wife become *one heart and one soul, and together attain their human perfection*” (*Humanae Vitae*, Pope Paul VI, 1968).

The Creator has decreed that one must love his neighbor as himself. Having commanded this, He has given every human the power to love and to be loved. To extend and fulfill this, He has drawn human friendship into the very roots of our human sexuality to whitt that the ultimate expressions of friendship, companionship, communication, and personal unity are ultimately combined. God has arranged everything.

Our human sexuality always responds to the nature of procreation – how do we know and explain this? Aside from the biological and physiological, one doesn’t have to explain because we simply feel it in its naturalness and thence *allow it to happen!* Simply put, men and women are designed to complement the other in every conceivably way so that the act of love is complete. It is interesting to note that God works even through the unconscious; for example, where animals scent readiness to mate, humans, too, have an innate signal. During ovulation, a woman’s temperature will rise one-half of one degree, resulting in symptomatic brightening of the eyes and gentle facial flush tones. An attentive spouse wonders why he is more attracted than usual; his unconscious has signaled the time of procreation, his disregard is stored in his cognition’s depths.

But another element lurks in the hidden recesses of the unconscious and conscious that defines every individual’s carnal appetite – the idolatry we call *sexual fantasy!*

Fantasy is a universal phenomenon; for example, Interstate 95 was at a standstill, traffic crept forward until the cause was obvious – rubbernecking! Disappointed, yet relieved, drivers resumed speed. A fender-bender is no match for witnessing the “ultimate tragedy.”

Defined, fantasy is any of a range of mental experiences and processes marked by vivid imagery, intensity of emotion, and relaxation or absence of logic (*APA Dictionary of Psychology*). Fantasy is always the root of desire, drive, and urge: Just one more drink; just one more roll of the dice; a secretive visit to a... Children fantasize in their games, in their daydreams, and in their fears. Near the age of puberty, peer talk and curiosity evoke sexual fantasies that eventually become the fixed illusions that never go away and become the foundation of

an individual’s fantasy. The most common fantasies for men and women are imagining sex with one’s spouse, reliving exciting sexual experiences, and imagining sex with a different partner. Fantasies that are socially acceptable would involve curiosity about the opposite sex. Fantasies shared and enjoyed **between spouses** can seal their fidelity; fantasies that are unshared can lead to infidelity and an endless quest for secretive fulfillment.

Sexuality finds its completion in marriage. It is the ultimate communication for spouses as it bonds and powerfully finds its end in human integral fulfillment, in enrichment of self-image, and in its co-authority to co-create within the Plan of a gloriously meticulous God.



“Fantasies shared and enjoyed between spouses can seal their fidelity.”

– Rev. Al Audette

Where does the fault lie in the 2008 financial collapse?

A systemic failure of the markets – and of values

If an individual takes on risks beyond his abilities to satisfy the consequences of his actions, we view him as irresponsible. When these actions do others harm, we call these actions immoral.

So, it was with keen interest that I read the *Wall Street Journal* on May 6, 2010, to find that, in the shadows of the 2008 financial crisis, our top business schools are going to re-introduce ethics courses in their graduate level curricula. The article goes on to report that graduate business schools had once taught students how to “look for cracks in the economy” and “how to exploit those cracks.” Graduate business schools had initially introduced ethics classes, in response to how people like Jeffery Skilling, the Harvard M.B.A. and CEO of the once-great Enron, exploited the financial markets until its collapse in 2001. The focus on corporate responsibility waned over the years, until now. The recently appointed Dean of Harvard’s Graduate Business School is pushing for M.B.A.’s to take an oath compelling social responsibility, as do doctors and lawyers.

The systemic failure in the credit markets of 2008 does not rest on the shoulders of a single bank, government, regulator, or investor. It was as much a systemic failure of the markets as it was a systemic failure of values. Our ability to analyze and solve problems can exceed our ability to understand the consequences. We are so focused on drilling into the detail that we lose sight of who we are, and the big picture. From time to time, we become “too smart for our own good.”

One leg of the financial crisis belongs with our Congressional representatives who, though well-intentioned, saw the opportunity to expand the American dream of owning a home to many more families, if credit standards in the secondary mortgage markets were relaxed. In 2004, the lowering of H.U.D.

conventional loan requirements expanded sub-prime debt through purchases by two Government Sponsored Enterprises (GSE), Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac. Credit markets expanded, housing prices rose, and we all became a little richer, at least on paper.

H.U.D. policies created a financial opportunity for those who could take advantage of the growing credit bubble. Using rooms of data banks, mathematicians broke down mortgages by zip code, local economic trends, and historical default rates. Financial products were created to represent these risky loans. Some investors bought these products hoping they would not default, while others bet that these loans would default. The fundamental risk diversity for which the original mortgage pools were created was negated, for the sake of making a profit by exploiting cracks.

The upside for these investments were calculated with great precision. Not so well understood was the impact to the financial system for making these highly mathematical engineered financial bets.

For the credit bubble and the financially engineered-products to cause the near collapse of both our domestic and international economies, they had to have broad cooperation from governments, direct and indirect market participants. What we thought couldn’t happen did, and what we hoped was happening, wasn’t. Specifically:

- We expected Government Sponsored Enterprises Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac to operate with low risk, since as a G.S.E., we trust our government to protect the common good, and the overall health of our economy;
- We expected rating agencies to be

accurate and trustworthy with their evaluation of securities, providing an unbiased assessment of risk;

- We assumed that large annuity institutions like insurance companies would take on only that risk which it could afford, in products they understood;



- We expected regulatory agencies to understand new financial products, cash and asset flows and their impact on the financial system, both domestic and global;

profitable in the short term, can contaminate the whole financial system;

- We expected the brokerage industry to understand that “toxic trades,” although individually

And so, as we work out of the recession, what are our take-aways?

Yes, more regulation is needed, and so are better regulators. More financial transaction transparency is required too, but a new emphasis should be placed on how we evaluate, interpret, and act on this data. Both financial and social accountability needs to be discussed by business executives with equal vigor.

All are strong tactical options, but they miss the heart of this crisis. From Washington Blvd. to Washington, DC, we need to value our businesses in a

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“O fragrant rose, lily chaste”

What’s in a name? Mary, the “Mother of God”

“What’s in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.” Ah, but as the young Romeo and Juliet discovered, sometimes names do matter. Names can capture our heritage, our personality, our very being.

In the case of my name, Patrick, I was named after my father. I am sure I come from a long line of Patrick’s, named after St. Patrick, of course. The name Patrick comes from the Latin *Patricius*, which means “nobleman.” Although the name Patrick was popular in medieval Europe, it did not become popular in Ireland until the 17th century because it was thought to be too sacred for everyday use.

Sometimes we give people names that represent their personality. After watching my two sons play when they were young, my father-in-law fittingly named them “Crash” and “Smash.”

If you were to pick a nickname for yourself, what would it be? Would you follow the tradition of ancient times and pick a name that you thought would bring good fortune or represents your present life circumstances? One woman in antiquity, apparently tired of giving birth, named her fourth daughter Zaoulé, which means “nuisance,” and her eighth daughter Taman, which means “that is enough.”

Names can also have spiritual significance. As an example, when the Greeks and Romans prayed to their gods, out of fear, they would list a whole string of names for a particular god or goddess. Access to a god’s name was to have access to his power, to make the god present.

When God reveled His Name, Yahweh – I AM WHO AM – to Moses, it was significant. By giving His Name, God became present in a special way. For the Israelites,

the name of the Lord was holy and rested in the Temple. The name of God was so sacred that it was uttered only once a year by the high priest as he stood within the Holy of Holies in the Temple.

With the birth of Jesus, God’s Name became accessible to everyone. It is the beginning of the saving act of God. Jesus’ Name means “God saves.” St. Paul tells us that the Name of Jesus is high above every other name, yet it is interesting that Jesus chose to call himself “Son of Man” more than any other name. Jesus calls himself “Son of Man” 81 times in the Gospels. It is a name grounded in humility. A name that calls our attention to His human nature. A name that opens the possibility for familiarity and an intimate relationship. Jesus is our first-born brother, His Father is our Father, His mother is our mother. “Son of Man” is the name that He inherits from His mother, Mary.

Mary’s name has an interesting etymology. Mary is derived from the Hebrew Miriam, which means “the beloved of God.” In addition to this beautiful name, we add the name “Mother of God.” When we call Mary the Mother of God, we are making an important statement about who we believe Mary is and who we believe Jesus is. Even though this title for Mary was given in the early centuries of the Church, it was difficult for some to accept. It is still difficult for some to accept today.

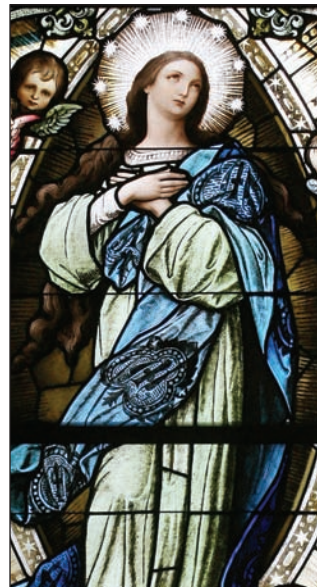
A few years ago, I heard a woman talk about her journey to the Catholic Church. She had issues with several Church doctrines, especially Mary’s title Mother of God. One day, while her baby was playing on the floor, her husband called out, “Come to Daddy!” Their son began to crawl toward him, but was struggling to make headway on the

slippery floor. Out of love, she scooped up the child, raced him over to her husband, and dropped him in his lap. As she and her husband began to laugh, they suddenly looked at each other and said, “Mary.”

Mary propels the divine in us toward the Trinity. Through Mary, it is easier to come

to her Son. Mary’s title Mother of God affirms that she conceived and bore the Second Person of the Trinity. Mary is truly a mother. She contributed everything to the formation of the human nature of Christ just as all mothers contribute to the formation of their children.

If we could choose our own name, what name would we choose? A community of Carmelite monks in Wyoming have all added the name Mary to their given names, out of devotion and as a reminder of Mary’s humility and discipleship.



“Through Mary’s ‘yes,’ we all share in her name as the ‘beloved of God.’”

Through Mary’s “yes,” we all share in her name as the “beloved of God.” We pray to Our Mother to help us recognize that Jesus is still with us. May we be united with her in bringing Christ to the world. Whatever our given name, may we truly embrace our name as Christians.

What’s in a name? “O fragrant rose, lily chaste. O violet of purity, Thine eye of grace upon us cast. Mary, Our Mother.”

– Patrick Toole, Jr.

Patrick Toole, Jr., is studying to be a Permanent Deacon for the Diocese of Bridgeport. He and his wife, Lyndy, and their five children live in Westport.

The Liturgy of the Hours: St. Augustine

“You called, shouted – broke through my deafness”

Perhaps the most popular part of the *Liturgy of the Hours* is the Office of Readings, especially the Daily Reading from Sacred Scripture, followed by a reading taken from the writings of the Saints which offers insightful commentary on Divine Revelation. One such selection this month was written by St. Augustine of Hippo. The *Catechism of the Catholic Church* states, “God is present to our inmost being: ‘In Him we live and move and have our being’ (Acts 17:28). In the words of St. Augustine, God is ‘higher than my highest and more inward than my innermost self’” (CCC, 300). Truly, the path to Christian Perfection is a journey unto spiritual perfection that begins at the very moment of our Baptism and is paved with our active and sacrificial love.

St. Augustine (d. 430) traveled a very bumpy road for many years until at last he came to understand the love God had for him. His profound conversion of heart is recorded in the spiritual classic, *The Confessions*. No longer would he travel the road of self-indulgence. He opened his heart to the truth and God flooded his soul with grace and peace. There was no turning back. He lived now for Christ. He confesses:

“Urged to reflect upon myself, I entered under your guidance into the inmost depth of my soul. I was able to do so because *you were my helper*.

“On entering into myself I saw, as it were with the eye of the soul, what was beyond the eye of the soul, beyond my spirit: *your immutable light*. It was not the ordinary light perceptible to all flesh, nor was it merely something of greater magnitude but still essentially akin, shining more clearly and diffusing itself everywhere by its intensity.

“No, it was something entirely distinct, something all together different from

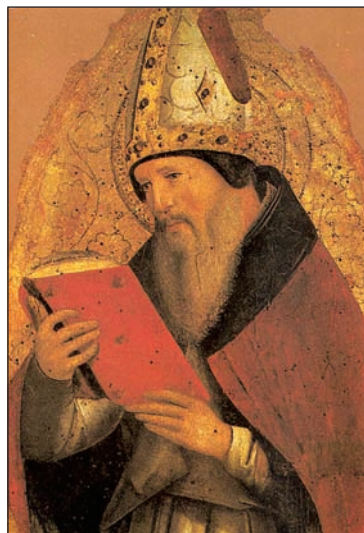
all these things; and it did not rest above my mind as oil on the surface of water, nor was it above me as heaven is above earth. This light was above me because it had made me; I was below it because I was created by it. He who has come to know the truth knows this light.

“O eternal truth, true love and beloved eternity. You are my God. To you do I sigh day and night. When I first came to know you, you drew me to yourself so that I might see that there were things for me to see, but that I myself was not yet ready to see them.

“Meanwhile, you overcame the weakness of my vision, sending forth most strongly the beams of your light, and I trembled at once with love and dread. I learned that I was in a region unlike yours and far distant from you, and I thought I heard your voice from on high: ‘I am the food of grown men; grow then, and you will feed on me. Nor will you change me into yourself like bodily food, but you will be changed into me.’

“I sought a way to gain the strength which I needed to enjoy you. But I did not find it until I embraced *the mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who is above all, God blessed for ever*. He was calling me and saying: ‘I am the way of truth, I am the life.’ He was offering the food which I lacked the strength to take, the food he had mingled with our flesh. *For the Word became flesh*, that your wisdom, by which you created all things, might provide milk for us children.

“Late have I loved you, O Beauty ever ancient, ever new, late have I loved you! You were within me, but I was outside, and it was there that I searched for you.



“This light was above me because it had made me. He who has come to know the truth knows this light.”

In my unloveliness I plunged into the lovely things which you created. You were with me, but I was not with you. Created things kept me from you; yet if they had not been in you they would not have been at all.

“You called, you shouted, and you broke through my deafness. You flashed, you shone, and you dispelled my blindness. You breathed your fragrance on me; I drew in breath and now I pant for you. I have tasted you, now I hunger and thirst for more. You touched me, and I burned for your peace.”

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

way which creates prosperity and sustainability. We, as individuals, and as members of the Great American Society, need to become mature, honest, and courageous enough to take a long-term perspective. We need to act responsibly to our business partners, our neighbors, so we can be responsible ultimately to our children. The American legacy our grandparents left our parents, and our parents left us, is our moral obligation to leave our children.

– Vince DeMarco

Vince DeMarco is a Chief Financial Officer for a hedge fund in New York City. A graduate of Fordham College and Fordham Graduate School of Business with multiple courses at Harvard’s Graduate School of Business, he resides in Fairfield with his wife, Julie, and their five children.

Investing ten minutes towards a lifetime of silence

My sophomore class at Kolbe Cathedral High School in Bridgeport is currently studying some highlights in the history of the Church. Our study includes merely highlights because we are supposed to be studying theology, not Church history. However, I have discovered that it is hardly possible to grasp how the Church's teachings have developed over the course of the centuries without knowing, if only generally, how the Church has developed in the world through time. Of course, the students also study Western Civilization, but there is often a compartmentalization in their thinking that closes off what they learn in that class from what they hear in Theology class. It's also difficult for them to see how Western Civilization and Theology have anything to do with the world in which they live. These are some of our challenges as teachers.

Last week, my class discussed the monastic reforms of the 11th century which took place primarily in France. With the help of our textbook and a recent DVD, we peered in the window of the Carthusian monastery of Chartreuse, founded around 1080 by St. Bruno near Grenoble in the French Alps. St. Bruno was a brilliant scholar who held the prestigious position of chancellor at Rheims. He remained a model priest despite the intense political pressure placed on the clergy of that time by kings, lords, landowners, corrupt churchmen, and anyone else who could benefit from having "the Church" in his pocket. When offered the chance to become bishop of Rheims, St. Bruno declined. Instead, motivated by a desire to know God more perfectly, he set off with two friends to live as a hermit in the mountains. Like the desert monks of old, they lived most austere and observed perpetual silence.

Eventually the three established what is still the Carthusian monastery at Chartreuse known as La Grande Chartreuse. Unique then and now, the monks do not live "together" as other

monks do. Rather, each has his own "cell" situated around the enclosure of the monastery which allows each to live in solitude. Apart from prayers said in common in the chapel at specified times of the day, the monks spend their days alone (with God) in their cells in prayer and meditation. Once a week they take a brisk walk together during which they converse in a spirit of fraternal



"The reality of what it would mean to live in silence had not occurred to my students."

charity. Apart from their community prayer together, these weekly *convivia* are their only opportunity for conversation.

Within the last few years, a film was made about the lives of the Carthusians. Titled *Into Great Silence*, the film features a soundtrack which captures the ambient noise of life in the Chartreuse such as the monks' movement in their cells, the sounds of wind and rain, and the sounds of animals and birds. Since the monks do not talk, the most noticeable sound on the film is the sound of silence. In the film we watch the monks at prayer and at work alone and together in silence.

Since sometimes a picture is worth a lifetime of words, I decided that it might interest my students to view some of the movie. Although

we had discussed the Carthusian way of life in class, as we began the movie the students immediately began to ask why there was no talking. Apparently the reality of what it would mean to live in silence had not occurred to them.

As minute after minute of silence went by, a nervous giggling ensued. I know these kids. They were not up to mischief. They simply had no idea how to respond. Gradually they settled down. Some fell asleep, but others seemed fascinated by the fact that otherwise perfectly normal looking men living in the 21st century would spend their days in prayer in complete silence.

We took a break for questions. Why would anyone choose to live this way? What happens if you accidentally talk? Do you get in trouble if you talk? [I loved that one. So typically high-school.] What if you want to talk but you're not allowed to? [Ditto].

I explained that the men who choose to live this way would not have done so if they wanted to spend their lives talking and listening to other people. They freely choose to live in silence not because they dislike their fellow man or hate to talk, but because they want to spend their lives in conversation with God; listening and talking to Him alone.

What if you "accidentally" talk? It probably doesn't happen much. Do you get in trouble if you talk? I tried again to convince them that if you wanted to talk you wouldn't have knocked on the door, and if you changed your mind you would probably just leave.

In the end I think it was a successful experience. We saw a bit of the world we had never seen before. My sophomores are a long way from ten minutes of silence. A lifetime is unimaginable for them. Yet, God alone knows how what they saw in that film may change their lives.

— Rev. F. John Ringley, Jr.

Book review

Of dead people he knew, when

“I put the words down and push them a bit,” Evelyn Waugh said of his writing technique.

In his latest work, *Cloud of Witnesses*, (Sceptre Publishers, \$9.99), Fr. George Rutler has pushed his words around as effectively and cleverly as ever. Even the work’s subtitle, *Dead People I Knew When They Were Alive*, features the author’s famous wit.

Cloud of Witnesses consists of short reminiscences of the author’s friendships and/or meaningful encounters with 56 persons, some famous and some not. The former include Blessed Mother Teresa, John Paul II, William F. Buckley, Jr., and Wellington Mara. The latter includes Jesus Vasquez, a sexton at an unnamed parish in New York City. As Fr. Rutler explains of his subjects, “Each gave something to me . . . Some passing influence, some remark or circumstance, was personal enough to have made me something that I would not have been without them.”

The entertainment quotient of the book is high. We read, for instance, of Fr. Rutler celebrating Mass with Ignatius Cardinal Kung Pin-Mei in French and Latin, noting that had he only been present at the first Pentecost, his Cantonese would have been serviceable. We read of Basil Cardinal Hume thinking better than to write an introduction to Barbara Cartland’s book of spiritual thoughts because of her belief in Martians. And we read of Fr. Richard Neuhaus objecting to being designated as a convert, preferring to think of his entering the Church as an “embracing” of Catholicism. During the same conversation, when Fr. Neuhaus innocently mentions that the heating system in a neighboring building is converting to gas, our

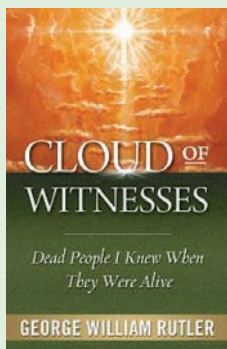
Fr. Rutler cannot resist suggesting the better phrase would be that the building is “embracing” gas.

As fun-filled as are these literary wanderings, they are not without depth. Of Mother Teresa, Fr. Rutler writes of the “utter naturalness of supernaturalness.” Avery Cardinal Dulles is remembered for heroic suffering late in life, and a compelling visit from Benedict XVI: “Muteness became rhetorical elegance when the Pope received him at Dunwoodie seminary,” writes Fr. Rutler. He goes on to quote the great academic’s words from his final lecture: “As I become increasingly paralyzed and unable to speak I can identify with the many paralytics and mute persons in the Gospels, grateful for the loving and skillful care I receive and for the hope of everlasting life in Christ.”

The essay on John Paul II captures the many facets of this wonderful book. First, whimsy. Reflecting on an audience with Queen Elizabeth II, the Holy Father chuckles at the Queen noting their common burden of heading a church. Second, a very personal reminiscence. Fr. Rutler’s then non-Catholic parents (who were later received into the Church by Cardinal Cooke) are able to meet John Paul II in Rome. “Instead of discussing the papal primacy he took their hands and mine and made a kind of sandwich between them and his own.”

Finally, a spiritual exclamation point. Reflecting on all that was the papacy of JP II, Fr. Rutler concludes with the perfect words from Scripture: “Did not our hearts burn within us when he walked with us and opened to us the scriptures along the way?”

— Andrew McAleer



THE VIEW FROM THE BACK PEW

She noticed he was not going to Communion. “I did not fast one hour beforehand,” he explained. She smiled and replied, “That’s an old one.”

It’s not. Canon 919 of the *Code of Canon Law* (still the law of the Church land) states, “One who is to receive the Most Holy Eucharist is to abstain from any food or drink, with the exception of water and medicine, for at least the period of one hour before Holy Communion.” Exceptions are made, of course, for the elderly and infirm. Fasting has an essential preparatory purpose: to focus the communicant’s mind and heart on receiving Our Lord.

Tragically, one sees people at Mass chewing gum, or cradling a can of Coke or a Starbucks latte. What does this say about their seriousness of purpose, or understanding of the Real Presence? And if you think this is bad, what about making certain they’re in a state of grace before receiving Communion?

Until 1964, the Eucharistic fast began at midnight. Is 60 minutes too much to ask? Or in this wild consumer-driven society, do people feel they are entitled to Communion, whenever?

“My passion is to bake for people of every culture,” says Pepe Huyhua, chef-owner of Matthew’s Bakery on Stamford’s diverse West Side. “My customers come for French and Italian pastries and breads, and my Latino neighbors from the Americas love my chicken and beef empanadas.”

Chef Pepe has been baking since his teens. When he came to the U.S. from Peru some 27 years ago, he did what aspiring chefs do: he worked as a baker in national bakeries and local supermarkets. “I learned pastry baking for special clientele and cultures, especially France and Italy,” he explains. “For Latinos, my *Pan Yema* is made exactly to their tastes.” *Pan Yema*? “It’s a sweet bread caressed with just a little anise. I know their special tastes, and that’s why I like to bake for them.”

Everything is made fresh daily at Matthew’s Bakery: pastries, breads, cookies, muffins, pies, tarts, cheese-cakes, fruit cakes, *Quinceañera* for Sweet 16 receptions, and even wedding cakes. Two questions come to mind for Chef Pepe: why the name Matthew’s, and, what do you offer that’s so different from other bakeries?

“Matthew’s? I have three children:

THE SECRET INGREDIENT



CUPCAKES ARE A BIG SELLER AT MATTHEW’S BAKERY ON STAMFORD’S WEST SIDE.

Elizabeth, Christina, and Matthew, and one day, Matthew will have this place! And my wife, Maria, welcomes every customer with her beautiful smile,” Chef Pepe says.

“The difference between us and other bakeries? Children do not need sugar nor do my older customers, so I use as little sugar as necessary for taste. My French rolls are

made with special unsalted butter, fresh flour, and are light on the sugar. Good ingredients and balanced sweeteners define the art in bakery.”

Your cupcakes are terrific! We served them at St. John’s to our First Holy Communion kids, and they were a big hit, especially all the colorful decorations. What makes them so delicious and moist?

Chef Pepe gives credit to his kitchen staff: “My pastry and bread chefs and I develop new tastes and flavorings all the time. They are professional bakers, the best in the business!”

Texans like myself love breakfast empanadas and tamales – yours are unusual, they have a noticeable hint of, ahhh, what is it? Nutmeg?

“They are my big sellers,” Chef Pepe says with a smile that exudes both confidence and pride. “It’s all in my secret spice. It’s a family secret...”

– Charles K. Roast

Matthew’s Bakery is located at 71 West Broad St., Stamford. Open seven days a week from 6 a.m. until 8 p.m. Call (203) 316-9392 or visit www.matthewsbakery.com.

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