



Mount Saviour Chronicle

NUMBER THIRTY-THREE

• ALL SOUL'S DAY 1968

Dear Friends of Mount Saviour,

Eight years ago, in the *All Souls' Chronicle* of 1960, I shared with you some thoughts and memories of our Brother Christopher Claas. This year I want to commemorate our Brother Laurence Duffy, called into Christ's glory on August 27, 1968. Brother Laurence was killed in an automobile accident in Boulder, Colorado, while on his way to the Monastery of Christ in the Desert, our foundation in Abiquiu, New Mexico.

"August 30, 1954

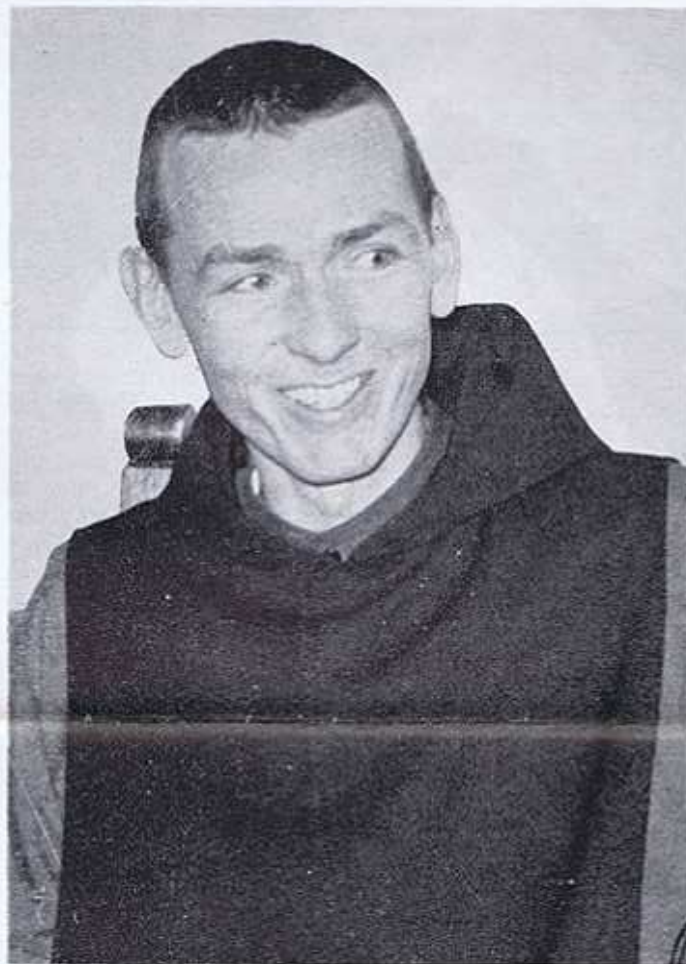
"Left from home at 8:00 A.M. and was driven to Westfield, Mass., by Mary, Ann, John, Michael, and Mother. The plane left from there at 9:00. It was a poor day as there was a low ceiling. The exciting part was the take-off. The ride was good except for airsickness, and nothing could be seen except at landing. Met at the airport by Fr. Joseph. At the Mount I bunked at St. John's with four others."

We discovered this entry in Brother Laurence's diary on August 29, 1968. It was then that we realized that this dear brother of ours was going to be buried on the very day on which he had arrived at Mount Saviour. What had brought Brother Laurence to the monastery was the Spirit of the New Jerusalem of which he had caught a glimpse while at St. Anselm's Abbey where he went to College. While there he got to know the monk who was to become his spiritual guide and lifelong friend, Father Christopher Hagen. Father Christopher had attended the Liturgical Academy at Maria Laach, the Benedictine abbey in the Rhineland, and had seen the vision of the new Jerusalem. Now he handed it on to Ed Duffy, and told him about Mount Saviour, and Ed heard the call. Like Abraham he obeyed, leaving his father's house to seek for the city with firm foundations, whose architect and builder is God. (Cf. Hebrews 11:8-10)

On July 19, 1959, Brother Laurence was put as a living stone in the new Jerusalem through his monastic consecration. It was the 9th Sunday after Pentecost, the day when we read in the Gospel that the Lord wept over Jerusalem, saying: "If you had known in this, your day, the things that are to your peace! But now they are hidden from your eyes . . . Your enemies will not leave in you one stone upon the other, because you have not known the time of your visitation." (Luke 19:41-44) The Lord wept over Jerusalem because she did not know the things that were for her peace. But this was the Old Testament. The Spirit was not yet there, because the Lord had not yet been glorified. Jerusalem thought of the Messiah in terms of glory and not in terms of lowliness; of victory through divine power, not of love conquering through the cross.

With his solemn profession the day of Brother Laurence's visitation had come. He knew what was for his peace, when he lifted up his arms like a living cross and

raised his voice in pleading: "Take me on, O Lord, according to your word, and I shall live!" He knew what that meant: "Take me on according to your word." He knew that this 'word' was not one of riches, power, success, not the word that says: "I shall not serve." He knew it was the word of the Suffering Servant, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. He offered himself before the altar because it was his own will to do so. On this day Jesus rejoiced. The community, with Brother Laurence, knew the things that were to its peace.



Great peace, indeed, grew out of this consecration of Brother Laurence. He had received the name because St. Laurence was the typical deacon. Although he never received the diaconate in the hierarchical sense, he fulfilled this role throughout his monastic life. The deacon is not the first in command. He serves. He helps. St. Ignatius of Antioch says that, at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the priest (bishop) represents the Father, the congregation the Holy Spirit, the deacon the Son of God made man. Brother Laurence was just this. He was

a true son. He received the teaching of the abbot with the open heart of a child. Monastic doctrine was to him a living word that grew in him as time went on. Especially during the last two years of his life we could see this development to maturity taking place. The community elected him a member of the council because he became more and more independent in his judgment and never hesitated to express what he thought.

While Brother Laurence spent most of his time on the farm, still he did everything to realize the ideal of Mount Saviour that every monk should develop a sound balance between the 'practical' and the 'intellectual' aspects of the monastic life. He took a special interest in our publications and became the editor of the *Chronicle* and the *Newsletter*. He organized the archives of the monastery, spending much time and effort to establish contact with the families who had lived and worked on our present property before the monks came. This made him known and appreciated by many people in the neighborhood. On various trips in the interest of the farm he never missed an opportunity to bring friendliness, happiness and peace to the families he visited. Never chummy but always gracious, always considerate, he won many friends who experienced in his company the humaneness of Christ. His friendships were never a matter of passing moods but of lasting loyalty. Of this his vast correspondence is a beautiful witness.

The test of his deep sincerity as a 'deacon' was the fact that he showed the same attitude of concern and care and service to the members of his own monastic family. He always worked for unity and peace. He used every opportunity to encourage the brothers by showing his interest and love.

For this function as a 'deacon' he was well prepared by his home background. He was the oldest of seven children who in the course of a blessed married life were born to John and Catherine Duffy. When he left his father and mother and brothers and sisters on August 30, 1954, he did not for a moment cut himself off from them. On the contrary, in Christ he became closer to them. He realized more and more the debt of gratitude he owed to his parents who had implanted in his heart a deep sense of stability as only parental love is able to inspire it. Parental love is a love sealed by an eternal covenant. It is faithful. It is lasting, and therefore gives to the child that feeling of security and continuity which is indispensable for organic growth.

Dear Brother in Christ, we let our voice ring out to you beyond the seeming barrier of the grave. Before our heavenly Father, as his children and as your brothers, we proclaim before heaven and earth, before angels and men, before the whole communion of saints, that you have faithfully followed your calling to live as a true mankind. You have listened and obeyed like a son. You have been a loyal, self-effacing brother in your monastic family, in the family of your blood, among the companions (*domestici fidei*) of the same faith, in the family of mankind. You have listened and obeyed like a son. You have announced the glad tidings of our redemption in the congregation of the brothers. You have suffered for us. You have carried the chastisement of our peace. The Father has been with you in your tribulation. Now that you have died in Christ we believe you live with him.

F. O'Rourke Wynne, O.S.B.

BROTHER LAURENCE

In speaking about our monastic way of life we cannot say "monastic perfection" as if this differed in its essentials from something called Christian perfection. In Christianity there is only one standard of perfection: conformity to the only Son of God who came into this world and by his death and resurrection atoned for our sins.

When St. Benedict gives the injunction to "make more and more progress in the Lord," I understand this to mean a growing conformity between the subject and his Lord through a union of will and desire. It does not matter that St. Benedict used this expression apropos of the priests of the monastery; it applies to all who have through their monastic consecration offered themselves in a special way to the Lord and to his service.

In the case of Brother Laurence we all felt that his early death at 34 years of age signified that he had run his long course in short time: he was ready to go to meet the Lord, prepared as he was by his years of dedicated and loving service to God and his brothers in Christ. Not a little of the spiritual growth of the last years of his life was related to sorrows and disappointments which in their own way crucified and purified his generous heart. Brother Laurence was in essence a man of desires; he could not help but be that. Graced with a sincere and secure personality, he could use his spiritual energy positively. It is no surprise that he found it easy to praise people and their efforts; but more than that, he encouraged the first signs of life and good will where others might criticize or see only imperfection. Gratitude and praise were a large part of his outlook, and were deepened and purified by the faith and generosity that inspired them.

Along with his sincerity and generosity went a frankness which, though disconcerting to some of us, proceeded from his singleness of purpose and his awareness of the seriousness of the monastic commitment. The mutual aid which the brothers extend to one another, which can take the form of patiently enduring someone's character, gave place more and more to concrete suggestions how one could, with the help of God, confront and counteract one's failings. This is the stuff that conversion is made of; and the mutual aid is part of our heritage as cenobites, that is, monks who live the common life.

When we started our farm here at the monastery Brother Laurence became one of the key people in the operation. He had come from a farming family background, but equally important was his dedication to the monastic life, and his willingness to do the humble, quiet tasks and give the constant services that cows require.

The responsibility for the herd which he shouldered for more than ten years was a constant source of dying to his own self-will and personal preferences. Brother Laurence gave up so much of his free time to look after the cows. While others were engaged in reading or study he frequently had to run out to the barn to treat mastitis or some other herd sickness. I'm sure he never enjoyed coming over to the barn like that, at all hours of the day and night, but you would never know it for he never complained.

I remember one day when Brother Laurence and Brother Francis and I were taking pictures of twin calves

on the lawn by St. James. How happy we all were, and Brother Laurence especially, who loved such pictures just because he loved to see new life on the farm. Whenever a cow had difficulty in calving he would take it all very hard, and he was so happy when the calf finally came that one day I said to him: "You seem to suffer more than the cow!"

In the spring semester of 1958 Brother Laurence went to study animal husbandry at Cornell University. As in so many other fields, he felt that a more informed outlook was necessary to do the job right, and each year he went back to visit his old professors and friends to inquire whether what he had learned was being correctly applied. He would constantly weigh the advice given him against what he himself was doing in breeding, feeding and management. It was easy to say to him, "Don't you think you could do it better this way?" He always took things in the best light, and was grateful for any help he might get from others.

Brother Laurence's readiness to seek advice from others in all fields was behind the effort he made as archivist to collect and organize the official and unofficial records of the monastery. Practically everything that was written here was preserved so that future generations could profit from the experience of those who founded the monastery.

There was a surprisingly deep stratum of love for art and literature in Brother Laurence. I have a quote on my desk now from William James which he copied out and gave me: "Real culture lives by sympathies and admirations, not by dislikes and disdains." It was this gift of his, being able to go to the essence of things, which gave to his search for truth and beauty the aspect of wisdom rather than knowledge. His humble intellectual bearing concealed richness and intensity.

His desire for the studies offered in the monastery was the main thing which determined Brother Laurence's leaving for Abiquiu when he did. He had intended to be back in October when the winter studies program gets under way. He believed that by working together on various projects in theology, monastic history and Scripture the community would grow into an organic society.

Often in our community meetings he stressed the importance of developing a common mind. On this he says in a paper he wrote in October, 1967, "We wish to grow in the common mind which is an identification and mutual openness to each other, so that individual opinions are enlarged and deepened and come to real fruition, not by force of argument but by common enlightenment."

He wanted our studies and publications to be a bridge between monasteries, a means of one monastery sharing its communal talents with another. If we wanted to build a bridge between monasteries, then we had to start at home with a communal effort and a communal experience. His great desire was to learn from others.

Brother Francis & Brother John

THE FUNERAL

Brother Laurence died in an accident, a sudden death, all alone. What a tremendous consolation it is to be able to take this sudden and lonely death, this fragment, into our hearts and hands and place it, through the celebration of Holy Mass, into the death of Christ, who died for us that we may live for Him. This we did

on August 30, a sunny and windless day, filled with clarity and serenity. A big crowd had assembled in the chapel: the members of the Duffy family, two fathers from St. Anselm's Abbey, Manchester, N. H., Brother Matthew Regan, and many of Brother Laurence's friends from our neighborhood. The whole community of Weston Priory, in a unique gesture of brotherliness, had driven all the way from Vermont to share our sorrow and our joy. It was a real feast: the concelebrating priests in white vestments, the songs of the congregation ringing out in triumphant Alleluias, the paschal candle burning brightly over our brother's body and accompanying it in the short procession of all to the monks' cemetery. A buffet luncheon, prepared by our friends, was the right conclusion of a celebration which filled all those who participated in it with the assurance that in Christ death has been swallowed up by life.

We wish to thank those who were with us that day; and also those who have sent notes of sympathy, understanding what the loss of so young and generous a brother means to a small monastic family.

LIFE TOGETHER

The reception of guests, staying at a monastery for varying purposes and periods of time, is carefully legislated for in the Holy Rule of St. Benedict. Indeed the hermits of the Egyptian desert, right at the origin of Christian monasticism, had made hospitality one of their chief obligations. This however presumes a distinction between the guest who passes by and the monk who remains.

The Oriental (Hindu and Buddhist) monastic traditions know another category, that of the man who takes on the monastic life for a time as one of several stages in his development. A few years back, Dr. Krishna Sivaraman, then a visiting professor at Elmira College, spoke to the community on the four stages of life of a religious Hindu: first that of a student of both intellectual and spiritual things; then a house-holder; then, when the duties of that state are fulfilled, a hermit or recluse; and finally a fully spiritual man (Sannyasin).



LIFE TOGETHER — part of the group.

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DEDICATION DAY — September 22, 1968. The liturgical dancers performed their dances around the altar at two times during each of the Offices of Sext and None.

The afternoon work period between None and Vespers was given to what work had to be done, and there was time for recreation or another discussion-class following supper.

The first evening was enlightened by a talk from Brother Frank, superior of the Taize house in Chicago, who was en route to a general meeting of his community in France. Several of our guests were drawn to Life Together by their interest in community living, hence the special value to them of Brother Frank's account of his life in Chicago — the availability of the brothers, the great importance of community prayer, and the means by which they try to remain in touch through 'wasting time together.'

That same evening before Compline, Father Martin announced that we had received word of Brother Laurence's death. As we shared many good and happy things, so we shared also the sorrowing joy of the reception of his body, the funeral and burial.

A few of those attending would have preferred an earlier week in August, which suggests that perhaps two periods of "Life Together" may be practical next summer. Inquiries and reservations are welcome.

Father Bernard Haering, during the community retreat in 1967, explained to us that his experience of the difficulties of religious since the Council (known to him in his capacity of moral theologian) has shown him that many members of the religious orders devoted to social work or teaching need to take time — weeks, months, or years — living in what is called a 'contemplative' community, increasing their knowledge of prayer and the inner life.

Our retreat master last spring, Dr. Raymond Panikkar, is familiar with Christian monasticism, East and West, and also with that of the oriental religions — he lives half the year at Banaras, a pilgrimage city for Hindu monks, on the Ganges. He set to work with us on the topic, "What is a monk?", and developed the subject of the 'monastic dimension,' innate in every man, which is specially lived and developed in prayer, study, and the liturgy.

In our times there are burning issues — peace, racial justice, relief of the poor — of which we are all aware. Monks no less than other Christians have the duty and desire to meet them, but in the way proper to the monastic order. Interior peace precedes world peace, love of neighbors and friends precedes universal love — precedes in a practical sense, that without the one the other will be empty or unavailing.

Thus we have been led to see connections between the basic issues of our time, and the 'monastic dimension' of human life; between the call of the Second Vatican Council to meet the needs of the modern world, and the spirit of St. Benedict and the ideals of the monastic way of life.

In the *Pentecost Chronicle* appeared a short notice that we intended to do something a little different from either the normal reception of guests or retreats for priests. The name "Life Together" expressed our aim pretty well. There was an encouraging response, but this notion of sharing required that we keep the number small. Eleven people were here for the period August 26-September 6 that we had proposed.

We began on Monday evening with a buffet supper, Mount Saviour's form of the *agape*. The day began with conventual Mass, followed by breakfast for the whole group. The first part of the morning was given to a discussion type of class — on the "School of the Heart" by Reverend Father Damasus and Father Martin, on the Bible by Father Basil, on the reading of poetry by Brother Peter — the aim being growth in the ability to listen to God speaking to each man in his own heart, in the pages of Sacred Scripture, and in other men, and in communication about these things with others. Then followed a coffee break (an innovation very pleasing to members of the community who shared it) and a period of one or two hours for quiet and solitary reading.

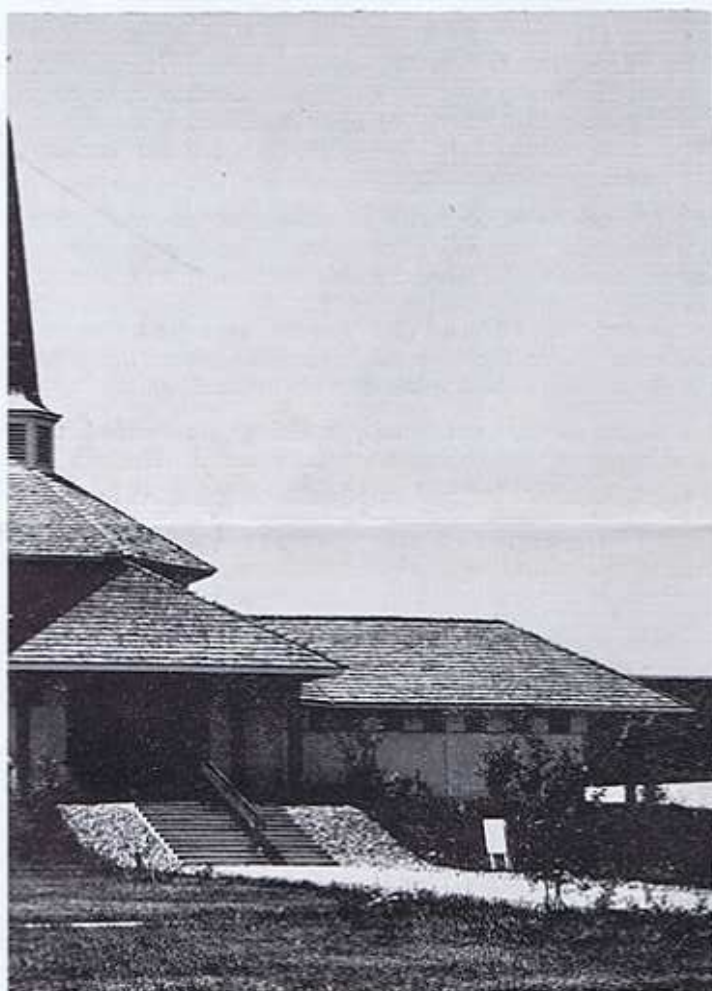
At the day Offices, the men joined the monks in choir, being 'sandwiched' in, and the ladies were in the front row of chairs — in our chapel these are not far from the choir. The men ate dinner and supper in the monastic refectory, while the ladies took those meals in the parlor downstairs, which also served as classroom. All helped in setting up and doing dishes.

deep love for the inner glory of the Church as it is manifested in her worship, and with nearly inexhaustible charity for her needs, as he met them in his own home, or in those who worked for him, or in ecclesiastical institutions of all kinds. To us at Mount Saviour Henry was at all times a gracious host, a wise counselor, a generous benefactor, a loyal friend, a true brother in the spirit of St. Benedict. He loved the beauty of God's house. He had a deep understanding of the solid wisdom contained in the Rule of St. Benedict.

When his earthly days were drawing to a close and the shadows lengthening, Christ took our Brother James with him to Gethsemane. Those who have seen the light in his face when, on his death-bed, he received the Lord of his faith in Holy Communion, know that now Tabor and Gethsemane are for Henry fulfilled in that bliss that no eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has ever dreamed, that God has prepared for those who love Him.

We recommend to your prayers the following friends who have died:

Father Anthony Antinello
Henry Mann (oblate Brother James)
William Raymann
James Shirley
Jacques Gillis
Sister Rose Clare, S.S.J.



MOUNT SAVIOUR, ELMIRA, NEW YORK
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HENRY MANN

On August 25, a Sunday morning "early, when the first day of the week began to dawn" (Mt. 28.1), the battle was over and the victory won for our dear brother in Christ, Henry Mann.

This is not the place to evaluate Henry's achievements in general. He lives in our memory and in our hearts first of all as a Christian gentleman and as an oblate of Mount Saviour. When he joined our New York oblate group, Henry received as his special patron St. James, the Apostle, brother of John the Evangelist. Holy Scripture calls the two brothers "sons of thunder" (Mk. 3.17), to indicate that they were by nature and temperament fighters. Thunder shakes man and earth. It means judgment without compromise. Our Brother James was a fighter. He deeply disliked half-heartedness and ambiguity. One always knew where he stood, and from his position issued defense and attack with equal fierceness. Yet, as is the case with many fighters, within the armor there was a heart throbbing with tenderness, gentleness, graciousness, a heart full of poetry, of music, of love and enthusiasm for all good things in heaven and on earth.

As the Lord called the two "sons of thunder," together with Peter, to become his most intimate companions, to witness his glory on Mount Tabor, and to be with him in the hour of darkness at Gethsemane, so he took possession of Henry's heart. He filled it with a

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