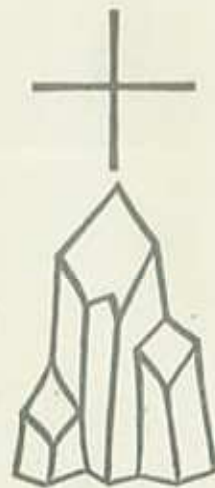




AT THE RISING OF THE SUN
MAN GOES FORTH TO HIS WORK
TO LABOR TILL EVENING FALLS
PSALM 103

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Saint Benedict's rule allots a sizeable portion of the monk's day to work. This work is to be done well; and it is done in relationship with God. "Whatever good work you begin to do, beg of God with most earnest prayer to perfect it." A monk's work is meant to have an enduring quality; not competitively done, but the best one can do. It is purposeful work --- not taken up in the relentless process of work for

purely personal gain, profit for mere pleasure, exploitation of others' needs which so frequently dehumanizes man's best achievements. It means industrious and joyful application of self to the task at hand; work done perseveringly, patiently, honestly, and with a respect for the materials being used, "as if they were the sacred vessels of the altar."

Work is an essential part of our lives, part of our search for God. Certainly there is in it the sweat and toil which originates in man's fall from God; but it is also an integral part of our nature as men, part of our sharing in human history in the creative act of God.

The community aspect of our work is also of fundamental importance. Monastic work is part of a common endeavor even though circumstances require that some works be done alone. We are not all expected to do the same types of work by any means; rather, the unique capacities of each person are respected and cultivated within the limitations and needs of the community.

We know, too, that we must work, as any family must, if we are to sustain our life. And we see in each one's response to the real demands of this life an expression of his gift to the brothers. Over and beyond meeting our own needs, the labors of the community along with the support we receive from our friends makes it possible for us to extend help to others in need of sustenance and encouragement.

This sharing with people outside the monastic community has always been a part of the spirit and tradition of Mount Saviour. We realize that all that our life requires cannot be provided solely within the enclosure of the monastery; our community receives benefit from the good which issues from the life and work of our friends --- and from whatever good is done in society in general.

We are at one with all men, united in fulfilling the common purpose of bringing the earth to its full potential. With all men we share the joys and frustrations, the hopes and sorrows which are part of this endeavor. There is in this work an inherent value which can be used by us all as a means of prayer and service as well as of self-expression. We live a life which has a value much wider than the horizon of merely human pursuits. It is not, then, only the produce of our hands and minds that we hope to share with men, but also the awareness of the value work has in the eyes of God. For it is in this context that we realize that we are true sons of the Father "who works even until now."

One annual event in which we express the value we place on work and our interrelationship with society is our Fall Festival. The good work of the monks and our friends is made available for those who share this day with us; talents and abilities are brought together to create a day of fellowship and enjoyment for all. The income we realize from the Fall Festival enables us to carry on the Work of God and our service to men.



On the 30th of June we were to put Reverend Damasus into a plane which would have taken him back to his beloved monastery of the Rhineland of Germany. Instead we put him into a plane. His spirit had been carried by "the wind", his true Fatherland --- into the arms of Christ where his own heart and treasure were kept in hope.



He died during the night of 25 June in the modeled chicken coop which he had dubbed "Casa". He had told many of his closest friends that his past year was the happiest of his life. At the time of his death he expressed to Father James that this was the most beautiful June he had ever known and he wanted to drink it all in. And so he

did, even to the last day.

Everyone should know the special greatness of soul he evidenced among us since his retirement in 1969. To give up such an active life must have been extremely difficult for a man of his temperament, and he felt very deeply the ills of the world, the Church, and the religious life. Yet, I never talked with him without coming away knowing that there were some options, that there was room to move in a given situation, even though there was no immediate solution to a problem. Rooted in God's love for man, he was able to be led by the Spirit --- even into the desert of retirement and death --- with an infectious joy and enthusiasm that had something about it of the Glory of God.

His burial was a living expression of the Gospel promise: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things will be added to you." (Mt 6:33) He had left all things to follow Christ; he suffered the promised persecutions, not only from Hitler, but all those suffered by a man of vision --- persecutions from within and without. "He kept firm his confidence right to the end" (Heb 3:14), because he knew in faith and in fact the Father's love in which he was sheltered. It was thrilling to experience at his burial the presence of those whom he had helped or inspired, and of those who had helped or inspired him. This would be our last mutual exchange of love --- we to care for his mortal remains, he to teach us that death is a Passover from life to life. He came to America empty-handed, an exile and a monk. He saw America's potential and its need. He lived to create a community in the spirit of the Father's love for man; not a Tower of Babel based on human ambition and arrogance, but a gift of God which comes down from above, where "brothers live as one" (Ps 132).

Many of Father Damasus' friends have asked us to establish a memorial for him. We ask for your suggestions. Since hospitality was so close to his heart, openness to everyone in need, we would like to develop a fund in his name to subsidize those who come to spend time with the community to imbibe its spirit. In this line, we would like to maintain the chicken coop "Casa", which meant so much to him (and to us), as a guest cottage. Also, we would like to publish many of his writings. He truly gave his life to the community, and much of his talent as an author remains buried in manuscripts which are crying for the light of day. These include memoirs, commentaries on the Psalms, and the treatment of a wide variety of themes. We are presently preparing a publication which will explain these desires and tell something of his life, and earnestly seek your suggestions for this memorial.

Among his many gifts, certainly his charisma for inspiring others was the most outstanding. We are proud and joyful that he now exercises it close to the heart of the Risen Lord.

J. Martin
Father Martin

He was a lamp, burning and shining,
and you were willing to rejoice for a while
in his light.

John 5:35

THEN YOU WILL
ARE TRULY HIS



Brother Bernard



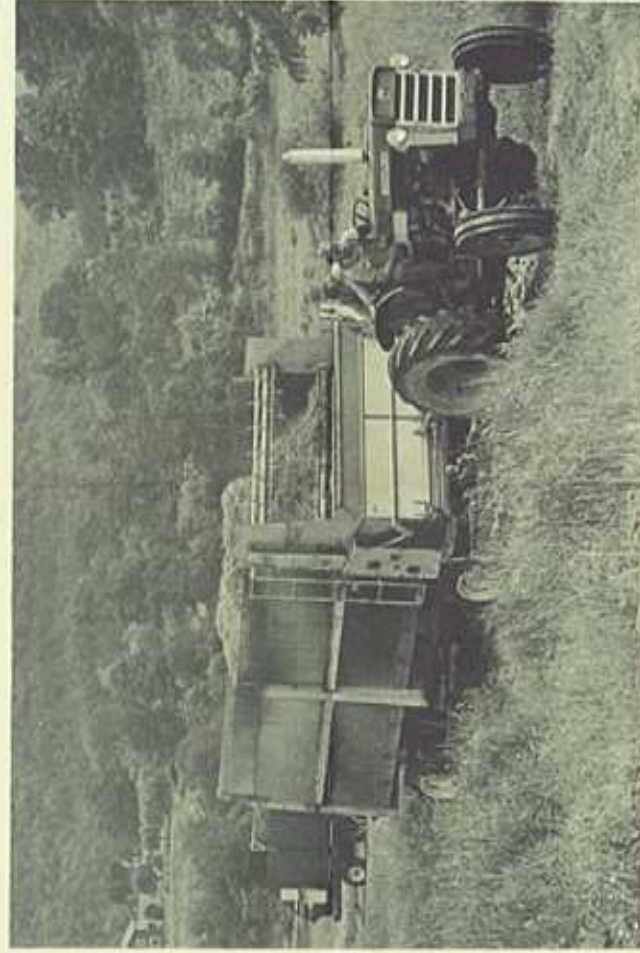
Brother Pacheco



Brother Aveland



Brother Stephen



Brother John and Brother Pierre

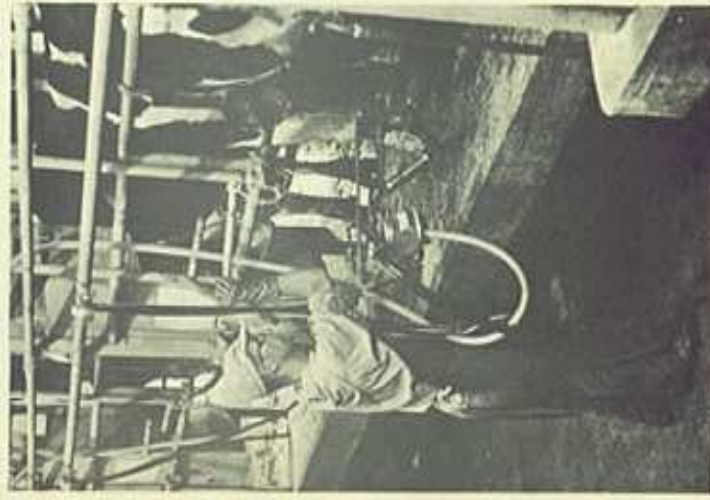


Brother Ryan

Brother Gabriel



Brother Mark



Brother Pierre





Brother August



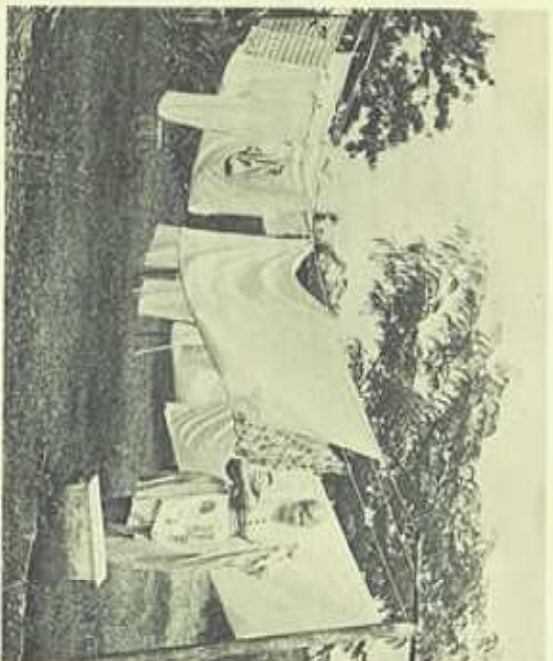
John Cox



Tom Frenzel, Dave Insart, John Insart



Brother Luke



Juliana 'Gle' Solfero, who cares for the 'children', our ladies guest house



Sister John Mary, Sister Mary Louise, Veronica, Sister Mary Joseph

FALL FESTIVAL

Our Fall Festival on Sunday, September 19th, has enlisted the help of many of our friends. The task of organization and preparation is shared by monks and laymen alike. Responsibility for work on the day of the festi-



Sister Elsie, Sister Mary Louise, Sister Mary Joseph

val is taken over by our friends so that the monks can be free to welcome the large numbers of people who come.

The raffle drawing for the trip for two to Bermuda and the Leica M4 camera and other prizes takes place immediately before Vespers, the prayer service which concludes the day's festivities.

You can still help us prepare for this important celebration by sending in any trading stamps, hand-made and other items, new or old, for the Street of Shops. Your help is much appreciated.



Brother Frenzel (Fall Festival 1970)