Saint Thomas More Chapel & Center serves the Catholic community at Yale by:

- Creating a vibrant and welcoming community through worship and service
- Cultivating informed faith and spirituality
- Engaging in reflective discourse on faith and culture
- Advancing the Church’s mission of promoting social justice
- Participating in the global Church’s life and witness

About the Cover
New copy

Features
5 THREE QUESTIONS
19 POP! CULTURE
27 OPEN BOOK
28 SNAP SHOT

STM Magazine is published twice a year for our alumni, parents and friends. Opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the entire STM community.

The light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it.
—John 1:5

Saint Thomas More
The Catholic Chapel & Center at Yale University
268 Park Street, New Haven, CT 06511-4714
Phone: 203-777-5537     Fax: 203-777-0144
stmchapel@yale.edu
Follow us online: stm.yale.edu
Dear Friends,

New callout

FROM THE Chaplain’s Desk

New copy

Photograph by Carlene Demiany

Dear Friends,

New copy

Chaplain

Gratefully Yours in Christ,

Fr. Ryan M. Lerner

Chaplain

New callout

“Today salvation has come to this house because this man too is a descendant of Abraham.

For the Son of Man has come to seek and to save what was lost” (Luke 19:10).

So concludes this Tuesday’s moving gospel passage in which the tax-collector Zacchaeus repents of his sins and gives himself over to God at last. As I immerse myself in these words, the sun is setting on another short November day outside my window. COVID-19 cases are continuing to surge around the country. My (remote) sophomore fall is drawing nearer to its end and I feel my former life on campus receding deeper into the folds of my memory. And yet, despite these sorrows, the gospel invites a flame of hope into my cloistered, lamp-lit bedroom tonight.

We live in a sick, hurting and broken world. Once again at this moment within the ebb and flow of time, we face a swell of human suffering. We might find it easy to distance ourselves from God as we come to terms with the darkness in our midst. Overwhelmed by the uncertainty that lies ahead, we might be all the more tempted to stray from Christ’s path. As people of faith, however, we must engage with the voice of conscience. We must confront ourselves with all we have done and failed to do, as we look upon a world that needs our help.

As some say St. Augustine once proclaimed, “The Church is not a hotel for saints, it is a hospital for sinners.” These words have breathed life into my thoughts over the past few weeks, as I have grappled with the flaws that I see both in myself and in the world I inhabit. I hope that our Christian family will cherish the wisdom of Augustine and Zacchaeus as we move forward into the newest chapter of the Church’s history. Let us keep our faith grounded in the promise of healing, redemption and renewal for all.
Fr. Bob’s Final Project: Realizing the Frederick Shrady Statue of St. Thomas More

Carlene Joan Demiany, ’12 M.Div., ’14 S.T.M.

Fr. Bob sat directly across from me, hands folded, inquisitive eyes alive with purpose. I sat in my desk chair, notepad in hand, pen at the ready. It was fall 2017. He wanted to meet and discuss projects he hoped to complete before ending his tenure as Chaplain.

Our conversation turned to his last, unfinished project: the realization of a Frederick Shrady statue of St. Thomas More. I scribbled down notes, as he shared the intriguing history. It was 1999. He and Kerry Robinson M.A.R. ’94 had just begun their capital campaign to build what would become the Golden Center. One of the first gifts received came from Daniel McKeon of Ridgefield, CT, who happened to be a neighbor and friend of Frederick Shrady, arguably the preeminent Catholic sculptor of recent history. He holds this distinction primarily because he is the only American artist ever commissioned by a Pope. His twelve-foot statue of Our Lady of Fatima requested by then Pope John Paul II still resides in the Vatican Gardens.

After receiving Mr. McKeon’s pledge, Fr. Bob and Kerry met with Frederick Shrady’s widow, Maria Shrady, who showed them her late-husband’s maquette of St. Thomas More. Famous for an artistic technique called “bronze in motion,” Shrady’s statues are purposefully abstract in order to focus the viewer’s attention on the movement of the figure. This technique invites the viewer to look past physical attributes and ask what the movement reveals about the internal disposition of the figure. This artistic technique had a memorable impact on Fr. Bob.

“I’ll never forget that maquette,” Fr. Bob said to me in our meeting. “St. Thomas More is leaning back. This is the moment when King Henry VIII is yelling at him. He is bending under the pressure and looking up to heaven for strength. The question is: will he break, will he recant or will he stand firm?”

Unfortunately, Mr. McKeon died in 2001, shortly followed by Maria Shrady’s death in 2002. Attention turned to the ambitious construction of the Golden Center with the intent of realizing the statue at the conclusion of construction. Yet by the time this occurred, the project stalled due to the deaths of the statue’s biggest advocates: Mr. McKeon and Mrs. Shrady. When Mrs. Shrady died, the whereabouts of her late-husband’s maquette became unknown.

“We need to find that maquette,” Fr. Bob said, giving me one of his famous winks. “I want to get this done. It is important.”

Despite my initial attempts to find the maquette, I was unsuccessful. But when Fr. Bob was diagnosed with brain cancer in January 2018, the project became an obsession. I wanted him to know his final unfinished task would be completed. Fortunately, at that time we welcomed Margaret Lukaszyk as Director of Development. She joined in the quest with a new perspective and began following new leads. A series of phone calls eventually connected Margaret with the artist’s daughter Maily Smith. Once in contact with Mrs. Smith, Margaret explained the history and need to find the maquette. After searching through her father’s estate, Mrs. Smith believed she had located the long-lost maquette in her brother’s Northern Virginia home.

I took the photos Mrs. Smith’s brother sent to Fr. Bob so he could verify it was the maquette he had seen with Kerry in 1999. I went into the residence and found Fr. Bob in his wheel chair, covered in his Yale blanket. At this point, talking and smiling were difficult, as the aggressive brain cancer progressed. I sat down and shared the good news that Margaret might have located the lost Shrady maquette of St. Thomas More. I held up the photos directly in front of him.

“You…found…it?” he managed to say, lips curving, wanting to smile. “I…am…happy.”

This spring, Fr. Bob’s final wish will now be fulfilled, when a life-size Shrady statue of St. Thomas More is installed in the Residence Garden.

When Daniel McKeon made his gift, he pledged half to the building campaign and half to the realization of a Frederick Shrady statue of St. Thomas More. Prior to his death in 1990, Shrady had produced a sixteen-inch maquette (a preliminary model) of a possible St. Thomas More statue. Never before cast as a life-size sculpture, Mr. McKeon wanted this dramatic maquette realized and on display at what would become the Catholic Center at Yale.

When Daniel McKeon made his gift, he pledged half to the building campaign and half to the realization of a Frederick Shrady statue of St. Thomas More. Prior to his death in 1990, Shrady had produced a sixteen-inch maquette (a preliminary model) of a possible St. Thomas More statue. Never before cast as a life-size sculpture, Mr. McKeon wanted this dramatic maquette realized and on display at what would become the Catholic Center at Yale.

Despite my initial attempts to find the maquette, I was unsuccessful. But when Fr. Bob was diagnosed with brain cancer in January 2018, the project became an obsession. I wanted him to know his final unfinished task would be completed. Fortunately, at that time we welcomed Margaret Lukaszyk as Director of Development. She joined in the quest with a new perspective and began following new leads. A series of phone calls eventually connected Margaret with the artist’s daughter Maily Smith. Once in contact with Mrs. Smith, Margaret explained the history and need to find the maquette. After searching through her father’s estate, Mrs. Smith believed she had located the long-lost maquette in her brother’s Northern Virginia home.

I took the photos Mrs. Smith’s brother sent to Fr. Bob so he could verify it was the maquette he had seen with Kerry in 1999. I went into the residence and found Fr. Bob in his wheel chair, covered in his Yale blanket. At this point, talking and smiling were difficult, as the aggressive brain cancer progressed. I sat down and shared the good news that Margaret might have located the lost Shrady maquette of St. Thomas More. I held up the photos directly in front of him.

“You…found…it?” he managed to say, lips curving, wanting to smile. “I…am…happy.”

This spring, Fr. Bob’s final wish will now be fulfilled, when a life-size Shrady statue of St. Thomas More is installed in the Residence Garden. With its realization and installation, we are adding to the art historical record of Frederick Shrady, expanding the repertoire of a prominent, deceased Catholic artist. We also join a prestigious list of other museums and institutions that have a Frederick Shrady statue in their collections, a list that includes, but is not limited to the Vatican Gardens, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Stanford University, the J. Edgar Hoover Building and St. Patrick’s Cathedral.

When the statue of St. Thomas More is installed, viewers may find it imposing and haunting. The hollow eyes of the saint stare towards heaven, as he leans back, grasping his crucifix. This is the moment when King Henry VIII is forcing him to choose between family, prestige, his very life or the dictates of conscience. Shrady is inviting us into that haunting, terrible choice. Would we, the viewer, have the same strength not to bend under the pressure or would we break and compromise? As we contemplate the statue, Shrady invites each of us to question our own courage.

“...You...found...it...” he managed to say, lips curving, wanting to smile. “...I...am...happy.”

This spring, Fr. Bob’s final wish will now be fulfilled, when a life-size Shrady statue of St. Thomas More is installed in the Residence Garden.”

With special thanks to Cristina Demiany, M.A. Art Business, for her artistic contributions and commentary on this article; Margaret Lukaszyk, for spearheading the project; and Kerry Robinson, for her historical knowledge, passion and support.
n more ordinary times, in the before-times when the word “COVID-19” had not yet entered our lexicon, I found inspiration and motivation for my work in this reading from Isaiah:

“On this mountain he will destroy
The veil that veils all people,
The web that is woven over all nations;
He will destroy death forever.
The Lord GOD will wipe away the tears from every face.”

This vision has been the cornerstone of my image for the Kingdom of God. And while I acknowledged that death could never be fully destroyed, I chose a career in public health with the hope that my work could bring the world closer to the Kingdom – a place with fewer tears and a less-tightly woven web.

Enter 2020.

I should clarify further: I am an infectious disease epidemiologist. Almost every day this year, I have been working with COVID-19 data, evaluating how bad the pandemic has been and computing what is likely to happen next. With this work, I have been in the position of seeing the near future with striking clarity but having almost no power to change it. It is a position that easily breeds despair. Why work so hard? asks a cynical inner voice.

You cannot beat this thing. Let the world take care of itself. Death always wins, it’s just winning a little faster now. What does it matter?

For me, the only response is through the hard Truth at the center of Christianity: that Jesus Christ died and rose from the dead. If we believe this, we also believe the corollary that there are things more powerful than death, that death is not the full story, that we are indeed called to transcend death.

In Christ, there is no room for cynicism.

I remember, too, that even Christ did not heal all those who were sick when he lived on Earth. He healed those in front of him, and it was counted a miracle.

And so for one more day, I turn back to my computer. Death is here – the data shows that clearly – but it does not have to win. Little by little, we work to loosen its web.

Dr. Fitzpatrick is an infectious disease transmission modeler at the University of Maryland School of Medicine. She lives in Maryland with her husband and her two sons.
Challenge and Hope in a Pandemic: Virtual Brunch with Cardinal Tagle

Last November, members of the STM community gathered from around the world for a virtual brunch with Cardinal Luis Antonio Gokim Tagle. The former Archbishop of Manila, Cardinal Tagle is the current prefect of the Vatican’s Congregation for the Evangelization of Peoples, which oversees the Catholic Church’s work in Africa, Asia and Oceania. He also serves as President of Caritas International, a global confederation of over 160 grassroots Catholic charities and organisations, and as President of the Catholic Biblical Federation.

Cardinal Tagle reflected on the pandemic as a mirror on the state of humanity, as it confirms the deep inequities and cracks in society. Not everyone has experienced the pandemic equally. He exclaimed that “it feels like an insult” to tell those without access to water to wash their hands, or those without homes to stay at home. He challenged those of us who dream of going back to “normal.” He asked: “You call that normal?”

Our world is one where refugees flee from war, poverty and natural disasters. As Christians, Cardinal Tagle believed that we could envision a new post-pandemic future through a “humble, honest and even painful examination” of our consciousness and lifestyles done in prayer and in light of the Word of God.

In many ways, Cardinal Tagle’s talk reflected on the themes of Pope Francis’s third encyclical, Fratelli Tutti, which called for human fraternity and solidarity. Cardinal Tagle reminded us not to be blind to the “closed worlds” – the divisions in our societies, families and communities – in a reference to the encyclical’s first chapter, “Dark Clouds Over a Closed World.”

Cardinal Tagle also highlighted the specks of hope that emerged out of the pandemic. We find hope in the “good, heroic and Christ-like” work of doctors, nurses and volunteers. The Catholic Church remains resilient as its missionaries find new ways to continue their work. The pandemic might have even offered opportunities to rediscover family life and to review lifestyles and priorities.

Moved to tears at one point, Cardinal Tagle reminded attendees that they all still possess the power to spread hope. Even a few sincere words or a telephone call to the sick and dying are “expressions of communion and expressions of nearness” that can let them know that they are remembered.

The pandemic continues to rage on, and stories of loss, division and injustice arise daily. But Cardinal Tagle’s reflections offered hope. He ended his talk with a call to continue in our deep communion with the whole of humanity and creation. As Cardinal Tagle emphasized, “every sincere act of love and communion makes a difference.”

Headline: Subhead

Paul Meosky GRD ’22

Every time a TV episode opens in a church, you know it’s going to be a good one. If the CW Network is anything to go by, your chances of being ritually murdered skyrocket when under the watchful eyes of stained-glass saints and sculpted cherubim. You know you’re really in trouble when you start hearing carols and sleigh bells. Don’t call “hello,” don’t investigate the fourth pew on the left and don’t go anywhere near the altar. Just. Run.

The new Netflix show EVIL puts this trope front and center as an atheist psychologist teams up with a buff seminarian to investigate possessions, prophets and the like. Faced by the inexplicable, both must confront cracks in his faith and her science. The twenty-first-century viewer knows those cracks are easily filled with the magic of CGI and imaginative scriptwriting, but as we look past the special effects, we see the show’s namesake isn’t so much hell’s fury as earth’s pettiness.

The real demons aren’t Lucifer and Beelzebub but the vanity, prejudice and suspicion that unleash our own worst instincts.

At this point, you’re probably scanning the magazine dateline and wondering where a horror TV show fits into the Advent issue. A little blood and gore is all very well, but we have rules for this sort of thing. No carols before Halloween, no monsters thereafter. Mixing the two, as TV producers know, is jarring – but also enlightening.

The Christmas episodes are the best because they remind us that peace on earth, goodwill to men isn’t a given but a mission, something we must fight for year-round. We see our dynamic duo solve the mystery, slay the monster, set the world right – but only for a few and only for a moment. Tomorrow will bring new atrocities, and meanwhile, just a little off-screen, families mourn and slowly, slowly heal.

We all deserve a little comfort and joy in the coming weeks. However, I also wish you the discomfort you need to grow and the dissatisfaction you need to make a lasting change this Advent and beyond. Don’t let the Christmas lights blind you and don’t let the carols lull you into thinking all is right with the world. The monsters are still here, and it’s up to us to magic some miracles. ‘Tis the season.
11. America only works, she added, if very different people are able to live, work, and vote together. But the seemingly prevailing “us versus them” mentality can block these efforts and usher in a chaotic wavering of the line between civic duty and the search for the good life.

On November 26, 2020, a plea for unity and repair appeared in the New York Times, written by Pope Francis as part of his new book. “This is a moment to dream big, to rethink our priorities — what we value, what we want, what we seek — and to commit to act in our daily life on what we have dreamed of,” Pope Francis wrote.

Though she spoke several weeks before Pope Francis, Green’s parting message had a similar message: Perhaps a small gift of this pandemic is that despite our disruptions, we have greater liberty to experiment with new forms of living — and community.

For Emma Green, staff writer at the Atlantic and 2020 laureate of the George W. Hunt, S.J. Prize in Journalism, the COVID-19 pandemic has made life feel “stuck.” But while the virus has crippled the rhythms of everyday life in America and abroad, it has also illuminated deeply-carved divisions and tightly-wound tensions — the cures to which may lead to a better society down the road.

Green’s talk wove all of these characteristics together in a portrait of American life, seen through her personal lens at the intersection of faith and politics. No matter a person’s faith or religious tradition, Green said, the dominant thought in every person’s mind is, simply, how to live a good life. And it is her job as a journalist is to keep a record of how individuals and their communities try to figure out how they wish to live.

Still, Green said, the past months have seen this path to a good life become obscured, as the pandemic has revealed vast wounds that fester across the American social landscape. And as political polarization winds tighter and tighter, many Americans feel increasingly squeezed out from the institutions they once loved and depended upon.

“In many parts of American life, people feel that the institutions that were supposed to guard our lives and guide our lives have failed, and there’s no space for people like them,” Green said. “The result, which I see in my reporting all the time, is a widespread sense of mutual mistrust.”

Watch the 2020 George W. Hunt, S.J. Prize lecture by journalist Emma Green: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X0dG4D7O790
America only works, she added, if very different people are able to live, work, and vote together. But the seemingly prevailing “us versus them” mentality can block these efforts and usher in a chaotic wavering of the line between civic duty and the search for the good life.

On November 26, 2020, a plea for unity and repair appeared in the New York Times, written by Pope Francis as part of his new book. “This is a moment to dream big, to rethink our priorities — what we value, what we want, what we seek — and to commit to act in our daily life on what we have dreamed of,” Pope Francis wrote.

Though she spoke several weeks before Pope Francis, Green’s parting message had a similar message: Perhaps a small gift of this pandemic is that despite our disruptions, we have greater liberty to experiment with new forms of living — and community.

For Emma Green, staff writer at the Atlantic and 2020 laureate of the George W. Hunt, S.J. Prize in Journalism, the COVID-19 pandemic has made life feel “stuck.” But while the virus has crippled the rhythms of everyday life in America and abroad, it has also illuminated deeply-carved divisions and tightly-wound tensions — the cures to which may lead to a better society down the road.
Dr. Katie Walker Grimes, Associate Professor of Christian Ethics at Villanova University, gave The Reverend Robert L. Beloin Lecture on Contemporary Theology at STM in November. In her lecture, she explored the evolution of Catholic thought on slavery, individualism and freedom as seen within the context of the U.S. Catholic position on abolition and the American Civil War. Dr. Grimes contrasted Catholic social teaching with the moral philosophy of Fredrick Douglas, one of the most influential Black abolitionist voices of the Nineteenth Century. Her lecture brought to light not simply the differing positionalities of Catholicism and abolitionism, but the starkly different worlds in which each sough to manifest.

The worldview of nineteenth-century Catholic social teaching sought to sustain a hierarchical social reality of duty and responsibility. This hierarchy stressed a creation of a “social order” in which we are bound to each other and God through a relationship of obligation. Dr. Grimes portrayed this hierarchy of obligation by stating that in this social order: “children [are] responsible to their parents, wives responsible to their husbands, slaves responsible to their masters, and human beings responsible to God.” The world in which Douglas sought to create began not with the creation of hierarchy, but the innate dignity of the individual. Douglas rooted his reconstructive vision of social order in a radical embrace of individualism, that is the elevation of self-ownership and self-determination of all peoples—the rejection of perverse hierarchical obligation. However, paradoxically, the point of unity and contention that bound together these drastically different worlds was the question concerning the role of governance. How is one to live in this life? To whom are we responsible to in this life? What is the governing voice within our lived experience?

As contemporary Catholic social thought reflects much more the sentiments of Frederick Douglas, the question provoked of the U.S Catholic Church is: What is Catholicism’s place within the liberation of Black and other marginalized peoples? Like abolition, this question garneres a myriad of responses from white and white ethnic Catholics across the political spectrum. However, as a millennial Black Catholic from the Deep South, I have faith that the radical embrace of the innate dignity of all peoples will prevail. Maybe not in my lifetime, but one day.
This list represents donors who have made gifts to STM between July 1, 2019 and June 30, 2020. Many thanks to all those who contributed to STM last fiscal year. Without your support, we would not be able to fulfill our mission and continue our work. The passion and care of our alumni and friends remains essential to our ministry’s vitality and relevance during these challenging and uncertain times. Each honoree was awarded a $10,000 grant for doing this important work is “icing on the cake.”

Nearly 50% of the gifts to our Giving Tuesday campaign were received during the celebration (safely and socially distanced) on December 2, 2020, and STM was privileged to participate in this important event on December 3. The 2020 celebration marked the 25th anniversary of the annual Myra Kraft Community MVP Award, which celebrates Boston’s most selfless and dedicated volunteers.

Name in memory of Mary Kraft, the late wife of New England Patriots owner Robert Kraft, the Patriots Foundation honors twenty-six local heroes across New England who dedicate their lives to helping others. The annual Mary Kraft Community MVP Award ceremony was hosted virtually on October 30, 2020, and STM was privileged to participate in the celebration (safely and socially distanced) on December 3. The 2020 celebration marked the 25th anniversary of the annual Myra Kraft Community MVP Award, which celebrates Boston’s most selfless and dedicated volunteers.

Because we were able to raise an incredible $133,245 in just 24 hours! That’s over $133,000 of your $1,000,000 goal. The passion and care of our alumni and friends remains essential to our ministry’s vitality and relevance during these challenging and uncertain times. Each honoree was awarded a $10,000 grant for doing this important work is “icing on the cake.”

Every year the Patriots Foundation honors twenty-six local heroes across New England who dedicate their lives to helping others. The annual Mary Kraft Community MVP Award ceremony was hosted virtually on October 30, 2020, and STM was privileged to participate in the celebration (safely and socially distanced) on December 3.
17.

(Add graphic of Yale bulldog with halo and STM sweatshirt – )

18.

Wendy E. Kranitz
Frank J. Krzyzewski
Mary Krueger
Keith Krummenacher
Gary W. Kubek
Dr. Robert A. Lack
Kurtis Kuehn
Agnes Kam
The Crowell & Kunkel Family
Robert E. R. Kunkel
Lars Kunkel
Mr. and Mrs. John Kupper
Eva L. Kuschel
Charlotte Laemmlein
Mr. and Mrs. Fernand Laugarde
Dr. and Mrs. Raoul Laugarde
Michael L. Lalonde and Todd M. Herbert
Allister Lam
Pamela and Robert Lamasca
Susan and Patrick L. Landon
Ellen C. Lang
Dr. Robert A. Lange
Deyon Laughra
Frances and Joseph Latowska a Pierro Lorenz
Luke J. Lauver
Dr. Alina Lavellette
Rev. John A. Lawton
Jim and Mrs. Thad Lawler
Jajoukie and Richard F. Leawler
Paula J. Lawton-Bevington
Jacqueline and Richard F. Lawler,
Mr. and Mrs. Traugott Lawler
Dr. Adria LaViolette
Frances and Joseph Lastowka Jr.
Evelyn Lasaga
Herbert
Dr. and Mrs. Raul Laguarda
Sharon Kugler
Gary W. Kubek
Keith Krummenacher
Mary Kruger
John S. Kruger
Frank J. Krejci

17.

Brent A. Moore and Denise
Frantzer Michel
Lucy and Frank P. Miceli
Cesar A. Mendoza and Angela D.
Altonaga
George Mencio, Jr. and Cecilia
Puopolo
Steven J. Melly and Karen M.

17.

Harry G. McNeely, Jr.
Brian T. McGovern
William J. McFarland
Ann and Kevin P. McCullough
Mulder
E. Dennis McCarthy II
Christopher G. Massad
Paul T. Mascia
Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Martinez
Mary Martin
Dr. Richard A. Marottoli
Gretchen E. Markert
Judge Robert M. Mallano

4. Offertory $89,921.36
including Alternative Spring Break, STM Ambassadors and our weekly Soup Kitchen.

Top 4 funds (need graphic)

How to Make a Gift:
Talk to your advisor, your employer, your company benefactor or your favoriteto discuss the best way to make your gift. Please feel free to write or call Margaret Lukaszyk, Director of Development, for advice or additional details.

By Phone or Check:
435-5900
act@stm.yale.edu
Please feel free to write or call Margaret Lukaszyk, Director of Development, for advice or additional details. (STM's Federal Tax ID: 06-0646883)

Online gifts can be made at stm.yale.edu/act

Please feel free to write or call Margaret Lukaszyk, Director of Development, for advice or additional details.

companies also match gifts made by retirees. (STM’s Federal Tax ID: 06-0646883)
The Hermit’s Story
Rick Bass

Liam Callanan ’90

There’s a lovely, long short story by Rick Bass, “The Hermit’s Story,” I often think of this time of year. It makes use of that wonderful wintertime trope of characters telling stories around a fire. Ann, a dog trainer, recounts the time she delivered a set of newly-trained pointers to an old mountain man in Saskatchewan. During a check-out trip, the man, and then the dogs, plummet through a thin sheet of ice into a frozen lake. Yet the water in the lake has drained away, leaving the dogs and humans to explore, with torches, a vast netherworld. Trained as retrievers, the dogs eventually find some snipe who, too old or infirm to have migrated, have taken groggy refuge beneath the ice. The dogs are helpless to not retrieve and carry them gently to the surface, where the humans find the birds tree hollows to go on weathering the winter as best they can. Bass marvels at the snipe, whether they knew that, though it was:

“a stark and severe period...that lushness and bounty was still retained within that landscape. That it was only a phase, that better days would come. That in fact...the austere times were the very thing, the very imbalance, which would summon the resurrection of that frozen richness within the soil—if indeed that richness, that magic, that hope, did still exist beneath the ice and snow. Spring would come like its own green fire, if only the injured ones could hold on.”

Christianity has a long tradition of hermits’ tales, and people worldwide, regardless of faith, have been living their own such tales during the long winter that was 2020. Whom did we discover ourselves to be during this time? I used to think the hermits in Bass’s story were the humans huddled in the cold. But this long season of pandemic has made me think much more of the snipe, each locked in a solitary struggle with a new landscape, not always cognizant of how they’re being helped, or that they are.

As I write this, the days are still growing shorter, darker, colder. But the church has given us a gift in Advent, a season not just to hope, but help, a season where more lights get lit each week. And for my family of hermits, lighting those candles gives us a fierce feeling of communion, community, togetherness, and reminds us of our faith, our belief that hidden somewhere in the ice around us, always, is the promise of spring.

“And what would the snipe think or remember,” Bass continues, “if it were to awaken and find itself still in that desolate place, time, and with hope? Would it seem to them that a thing like grace had passed through as they slept—that a slender winding river of it had passed through and rewarded them for their faith in endurance? Believing, stubborn, that green land beneath them would blossom once more. Maybe not soon: but again.”

Rick Bass’s “The Hermit’s Story” can be found in his story collection of the same name, published by Houghton Mifflin in 2002, paperback: $18.95, 179 pages.
Study Pray Act

Usually a space that is bustling with students studying during the week and energetic children running from sunbeam to sunbeam after Mass, the Golden Center’s Courtyard was quiet this fall semester, closed to the Yale community, just like the other religious centers on campus. And in the place of students and children have sat tables: tables lined with care packages for students, books for virtual reading groups and clothing for Wednesday Soup Kitchen guests. These items are now markers of STM’s ongoing ministry, and reminders of our continued connection to each other.

Photograph by Sr. Jenn Schaaf