

BROTHER JERRY'S STORIES:  
FOLLOWING THE INSPIRATIONS  
OF  
THE HOLY SPIRIT  
by  
Sunnie D. Kidd  
and  
James W. Kidd, Ph.D.



BROTHER JERRY'S STORIES:  
FOLLOWING THE INSPIRATIONS  
OF  
THE HOLY SPIRIT

by

Sunnie D. Kidd  
and  
James W. Kidd, Ph.D.

ISBN 0-910727-00-7  
© Golden Phoenix Press San Francisco, 1982

CHARACTURE  
by  
The Characturess

SITTIN AND A'WAITIN AT THE CROSS ROADS

He's a rugged old soul whose proud straight posture shows his spirit's been strengthened by withstanding many a storm. He's like a rock . . . unshakeable, his Faith sustaining these 84 years now, pushing towards their close. The old Irish monk's spirit, overseeing and overlooking the heart of the steel city on the campus Bluff has been tempered by time like steel forged by fires in Pittsburgh's mills scattered along the river below. Up there . . . where landscapes of time have carved out a modern day university's life from soil which brick by brick and hand by hand established this Spiritan outpost some 100 years ago . . . up there roams the strong spirit of a wise old man in the person of Brother Jerry, the most unforgettable character I have ever known.

"Sleep, eat, work and pray" . . . that's been life each day for the 64 years of his service. And now there the old man sits . . . under the three flagpoles a little past noon, the first rays of springlight warming him in the new summer's sun. Waiting for another with a moment to come along. Hands idled by time with a heart still yearning to give. He's a walking, talking storybook full of life, wit and wisdom. "Do you like stories?" he asked. "Oh yes, I love them" and quickly then, like so many others before me, he knew he held me . . . right in the palm of his hand.

There he sits now a'waitin, telling story after story, handing down the wisdom. Go ahead, ask him a question . . . you'll get your answer . . . but probably not the one you expected! Because talking with him is like seeing your own image reflected in the mirror. He shows you yourself by helping you find your own answer. And each who comes finds what he needs. Time and again we've found it true . . . going to him to ask a question. The answer comes in the story he tells . . . and it sets you to thinking. Later it hits you . . . "Oh yes, I see what he means." Back you go to show him what you've learned and there you find him . . . sittin and a'waitin.

Swapping stories with those who visit, singing little songs to me over the phone, growling like a gorilla in the middle of his story, sharing funny moments bringing comfort . . . sittin there on the edge of his bed in familiar holy repose . . . thinken', thinken'and thinken.' Pipe in hand, smoke swirling up and round the room while a tired old man "figures" . . . looking for answers to the eternal questions nobody else knows.

Any fair day when the sun comes shining you will find him . . . coming straight down the middle of the university's walk, standing tall and

straight as an arrow. With cane in hand helping to support the age he pauses for the moment, easing back into the breeze, hat pulled down tight a little to one side shading damp blue eyes with bespeckled faded vision. But one kind of sight has given way to another . . . a quick peep over the tops of his glasses and his soul sees many a wonder missed by others. On he moves . . . a many-seasoned man like weathered leather, steps now being guided by memories and pulled onward to meet new friends. And still he goes on giving. Always quick with a good word for others, ah yes, Brother Jerry's a very holy man.

And now there he sits a'waitin, summing up for his final scenes. Greatest gifts yet to come, sharing with others too the path his soul now travels . . . full of question with yet the wisdom to prepare for his final acceptance and surrender. The old monk's vision shows you things you've never seen. Like what he recently shared with a classful of young nurses who spent quite some time with him in his room . . . talking and laughing they wanted to know just what it's like . . . to be sittin and a'waitin.

Telling stories and handing down wisdom, chuckling at himself and your reactions . . . a little crook at the side of his mouth giving his secret joys away. Making you laugh, letting you see, showing you just where to look for the peace of mind you seek . . . going to him and paying a visit you find the door's already been opened . . . knowing you're expected. And each person who comes discovers something he seeks and each who asks hears from the old monk what he needs. It's funny it seems, there are as many faces to Brother Jerry as there are people who've met him.

"You got to treat everybody the same" that's one of his rules and one he struggles to follow to the letter. Never really knowing what he's thinking but full well knowing he's still giving you something. His years have been a series of coming and goings young friends moving on and he's still staying . . . a stronghold of hope telling you each time you fall . . . "just get up and go on." Up you get and on your way . . . never again to be the same. He's the strongest, toughest, gentlest man I've ever met. And make no mistake about it . . . he'll sit back and wait, full knowing just where you're headed. While off you go on your mission thinking sure this time you know what you're doing . . . "I knew you'd be back" . . . he quips as you return a little later, wiser from your lesson and a little more willing to listen, there you find him . . . sittin and a'waitin.

And there in his room open to full view hangs his own personal story, framed moments of history attesting to his victory. An award stands out which puts the old Brother's name in the Duquesne Sports Hall of Fame . . . hanging right next to his honorary degree, a Doctor of Humanitarian Services . . . the old wise man is pretty hard for anyone to top. Each day you'll find him there in his room, in the same spot now 20 years. Sitting

in his chair in the morning with sun streaming in on him through the windowpane, listening to the radio and taking a short snooze. Still getting up at 5 and down to the kitchen for coffee. Then into the chapel singing and praying, still helping all of us while he's sittin and a'waitin. With soul nourished and spirit refreshed back he moves towards his room looking forward to whoever will visit.

“How does he know that?” so often we've found ourselves thinking. “Why is it . . . each story he tells . . . so much of what you've wondered appears right before your eyes?” It's probably something you've been asking . . . and then up pops Brother Jerry, right out of the blue acting all the time as if he was the one who had been looking and waiting for you. Yep! That's the way he does it . . . keeping one step ahead no matter how quick you think you are. Each time you approach a turn in the road . . . there you'll find him already . . . sittin and a'waitin. Fresh stories in hand. Yes, the ways of this old wise man make a particular kind of sense. He helps you look, he helps you see . . . and then in his gentle favor, he helps you accept what you find.

“Give to God what you promised and to your fellow man what he is entitled.” If you think it's easy . . . well, just try it! And if a man is judged by his deeds, then each act of kindness by his generous heart given is one small treasure laid up in his heaven. The soil of his soul over these many long years has been toiled and enriched, heavenly virtues flowered now ripening to full fruit in the light of the Spirit . . . the fruits of human kindness. “You got to earn your way to heaven” he tells us and it's all a matter of degrees. And for us it's been quite a treat finding such a teacher, the gardener . . . he's helped make sense out of life by showing us something higher, putting the finishing touches on my husband's 10-year education . . . helping to spirit a new work through. So many people he has been, so many parts he has played for so many like ourselves who asked for help in their struggle to be free.

And now, as he sits a'waitin at the “cross roads” he finds lessons of his own being handed down from above: “You can't see, you can't hear, you can't get around . . . so there's not much else to do” . . . but to sit a thinken,' catching up on the past, looking at the life lived for serving others. And when that moment comes when souls are weighed in heaven, Almighty God surely will be pleased to find one's life coming as close as it can to perfection . . . in givin,'givin'and givin.'

10 March 1979

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank Rev. Richard F. Wersing, C.S.Sp., for reviewing the original work and for lending the benefit of both his literary and spiritual expertise. Father also made the valuable contribution of the ending poem: "The Last Leaf."

Others whose encouragement kept me going along the way are Mary G. Kidd and Nellie D. Crockett. Rudy Bielek, Sara Alston and Tillie Cohen, three angels in disguise at Duquesne University, were instrumental to the work, not only because of their continued support but because of their help in keeping the spirit alive *Inbetween* us all. To each of these people I offer my heartfelt thanks.

Originally, this text was written on December 27, 1978 under the close supervision of Brother Jerry's eye. Each word was given his careful consideration. He said: "No Changes!" On Labor Day, September 7, 1981, Brother went to his long-awaited heaven. Now he helps from the other side.

I am also grateful to the Sisters of the Divine Redeemer at Duquesne who were a mainstay and who helped arrange several essential communications with Brother. And, to Trinity Hall's "angel of mercy," Jeannie, for her unfaltering love and daily care for Brother, goes my special thanks.

Brother Jerry touched our lives as he had done for so many others before us who will never forget. My husband, Jim, received his Ph.D. because of Brother Jerry's direct influence. And, because of "Old Bro," we went to Rome.

As a special tribute to Brother's unique gifts, Jim wrote the poem given below. It was written early in 1981 and thankfully, Brother received many copies along with the word that it was destined for publication in December. Now, it has been published in a special journal edition dedicated to John Paul II. It is presented here by permission of the editor.

As the first publication of the Golden Phoenix Press, Brother Jerry has achieved yet another victory and another first — transcending death's boundary in spirit.

Sunnie D. Kidd  
San Francisco

## THE OLD MONK

Last to receive  
    giv'en giv'en and giv'en  
reading character  
    always already knows  
what we are just finding out  
    wait'en wait'en and wait'en  
repeating a short prayer:  
    Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

The Writing Caruso

Reprinted from:  
*Migrant Echo*, X, no. 3 (September - December 1981), p. 200.

Inspiration is the re-founding  
of the spiritual possibility  
in daily life. Brother Jerry's life  
and stories provide the context  
within which to see  
moments in human experience  
where the Spirit shows itself.

Sunnie



AN EXCERPT FROM  
HOMILY GIVEN AT DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY  
ON OCTOBER 2<sup>ND</sup>  
ON THE OCCASION OF THE CENTENNIAL YEAR

“. . . people . . . like Brother Jerry, who may well be the senior citizen among us here today, and who is an outstanding symbol of what Spiritan dedication was able to give and to invest in this work, with skill, competence, idealism and hope.”

The Very Reverend  
Francis Timmermans, C.S. Sp.  
Superior General  
Congregation of the Holy Spirit  
2 October 1978

CONTENTS

I

THE PROPHECY OF 1894 11

II

SPIRITUAL *INBETWEENNESS* 15

III

MIRACLES HAPPEN EVERY DAY 27

## CHAPTER I

### THE PROPHECY OF 1894

The story of Man is the story of Inspiration. The life infused with the Spirit described below has come full circle. But this image only opens the doors of the soul for a quick glimpse at the worlds which open to the spiritually aspiring person.

Out of the 84 years of life lived as God's servant, Brother Jerry's choice of a life path has found its way into the hearts and souls of countless people who have been touched by the love he feels for others. In the wisdom of his years he now turns to offer another contribution for the enhancement of our lives which will go far beyond his own. The aspiring nature of his being lives on in the stories he gives to us as they have either been given to him or as he has experienced them through time.

Only the aspiring being is inspired. Man is the being which can be inspired. He is the living image of the creative potential of Life which has evolved through time from his beginnings in the Garden of Eden. Today, man no longer lives in the Garden as it was first known. But Man came into being in order to carry out and put to use the knowledge given to him by God. Angels have no physical bodies so they could not receive this knowledge. Man's physical being incarnates. Only Man's being is suited for the tasks which evolution and earning his way back to heaven requires. Evolution of the Earth over time has emerged through Man's following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit. This is each man's creative potential and outlines the contours of history through the nature and quality of his own aspiring being. As aspiring beings we are open to be touched by that which comes from beyond the self of one person. Man's being is by nature ongoing and forward moving, never finished and open for being inspired.

The Prophecy of 1894 gathers up and traces out a lifestream which clearly illustrates the point that following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit leads one into a future outlined by its faith, dedication and love. It tells the story of one man's life and reveals the fruits of his labors. The image that it offers is that of the twofold fidelity of the Holy Spirit, where Life has unfolded through one man's openness to receive, acknowledge and act upon the guiding inspirations offered by the ongoing lessons of Life.

\*\*\*\*  
THE STORY OF WILLIAM J. KEATING  
&  
THE 1894 PROPHECY OF TURKEY RUN

“As the old Polish woman lifted the young baby up with both hands she spoke: ‘This child is going to be a great man. He is going to live a long and happy life. It will be a life of hard work, of strong efforts. But in the end he will receive great rewards.’ The prophecy of 1894 had been spoken.

Brother Marie Gerard Keating’s wall in Trinity Hall on the campus of Duquesne University reflects the fulfillment of that prophecy. Here, 84 years later, one can say that the awards which hang on his wall could be called nothing less than a miracle. On May 4, 1974, Father Henry J. McAnulty, President of Duquesne University, presented to Brother Marie Gerard Keating the degree of Doctor of Humanitarian Services, Honoris Causa. This is the first and only degree of its kind ever to be awarded to anyone by the University. Next to this award hangs yet another miracle, an award presented again to ‘Brother Jerry’ which places his name in the Duquesne Sports Hall of Fame, another first in the history of Duquesne.

The Prophecy of Turkey Run made in 1894 by the old Polish woman over the young infant lifted up before her has come to rest in truth. In addition to the two official documents which verify the prophecy, several other small ‘miracles’ grace Brother Jerry’s special wall.

Indeed, his life has been one just as the old woman had foreseen. It has been a long and happy life, one of hard work and effort as the path he has chosen is that of the hardest possible work in the service of humanity and requires the highest degree of spiritual faith and surrender.

The child born into the world on July 30, 1894 as William J. Keating in Gilberton, Pennsylvania has come 84 years into his future. Losing his mother only one month after his birth he was taken into the Rattigan family by his aunt and raised in Turkey Run. The doctor in the area ordered goat’s milk for him to drink. Each day his cousin, Jim Rattigan, would walk four miles for the fresh goat’s milk for the growing child. All the townspeople came by to see the child who drank goat’s milk. The old Polish woman was one such visitor. It was her beholding of the infant and her prophecy which now stands as reality on the miraculous wall of great rewards. Indeed the fine old gentleman who has become a miracle in his own right stands like weathered leather in the sunset years of his life. The spirit of his 64 years of service in the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary as a Brother, his 54 years of service on the Bluff of Duquesne’s campus, are reflected in the singular beauty and phenomenal history of the University itself. Brother Jerry’s presence on campus has been an inspiration

in a number of ways over the years. For example, one short tribute to Brother Jerry comes from the Address by Father McAnulty written into the Honorary degree of Doctor of Humanitarian Services: ‘You began during World War II with the planning and planting of a different kind of Victory Garden — one dedicated to Our Lady of Victory — whose flowers and shrubs formed a mute but living prayer for the safety of members of the Duquesne family: it blooms today in honor of all who served, and in memory of those who did not return.’ There are a number of such expressions which describe how: ‘. . . unassumingly, you have tended Duquesne’s needs for half a century.’

In its own time and in its own place the 1894 Prophecy of Turkey Run came to pass through the heart, head and hands of Father Henry J. McAnulty. It was almost as if the moment arrived during the hour of darkness which appeared to be close at hand for Brother Jerry. During these times the light and life of the Spirit made itself known and could be seen between the lives of these two men. Only Father McAnulty during the time of Brother Jerry’s grave illness could call into being the truth which had been prophesied in 1894. The degree of Doctor of Humanitarian Services, the highest possible honor and award ever to be presented by the University came to one who had chosen at the age of 9 to enter the life of service. It was only after fulfilling the first requirement of remaining with the family until the age of 21 that Brother Jerry set out on the path which would offer the toughest spiritual quest, that of always being last. At the age of 23 he made his profession.

Now as Brother Jerry quietly moves about his room he silently gazes upon that miraculous wall. For many on campus the meaning of his life goes beyond his person. He has come to be known affectionately about campus as our ‘Reluctant Saint.’ The gifts that he has so freely given are reflected in the ‘miracles’ which now hang on his wall. They have uplifted the meaning of his origin and his personally chosen path just as the old Polish woman who first lifted him up through her spoken words, the ones she uttered over the infant of Turkey Run in 1894.”

\*\*\*\*

The old monk’s personal story demonstrates that it is Man’s unique potential to be an active participant in the creation of his own life and world. The life path chosen and followed gives expression to the intertwining qualities of our physical and spiritual existence. Seeing the life of the Spirit in action is shown by the ongoing, forward-moving and creative potential of each human being. Only Man’s physical existence permits him to make creative, progressive transformations in the quality and direction of his own living situation. Only Man makes changes. Only Man can be inspired. It is through each man's ability for following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit which open up the way before him and which come to him as signposts

along his way which prompts action in a way that alters the face of the world in which he lives.

The old monk's story is one which provides a context within which to gather up fragments of time and experience as it etches its own meaning as images of the Spirit in action. No religion can sustain its people without these images and stories which reaffirm and make explicit for each of us that indeed, miracles happen every day. The little miracles that happen in our lives and to which each of us continues to refer himself in our aspiring desire to return to our source also gives voice to the fact that our attunement to the Word and world of the Spirit is still a possibility for each of us in daily life. The stories of the Spirit handed down through time are those which sustain the possibility of a purity and perfection which lives as a potential within the heart of each man. The old monk's life tells the story of the inspirations he has and still is following for over 84 years now. His attunement to the world of the Spirit is the essence of his personal existence. The life intended as one of personal sacrifice in the name of the Spirit and in the service of others has been, by all present human standards, a 'success.' "The 1894 Prophecy of Turkey Run" tells a spiritual success story in the midst of a time which seems to offer little credence to the miraculous stories which seems to gather up and support the meaning of our daily existence.

## CHAPTER II

### SPIRITUAL *INBETWEENNESS*

The stories about to be told have come from the living ground of one man's being. They etch life images through time. Each brings a gift of the Spirit forward for those whose willingness to listen opens them to that voice in the silence which takes one into the future far beyond the meaning of one man's life. The old monk's stories tell the revelation of the Spirit as it shows itself in everyday life. They point out places in human experience which take us by surprise. They seem to call us back to them for further reflection and discovery as to their possible meaning. It is only through becoming attuned to that voice which rings out as light that one begins to hear the promptings of his own soul. The old monk's stories capture and conserve the essence of these moments. They gather together fragments of time and human experience in a way which when followed, takes one onto the path which his own footsteps in awareness have traveled. Each has touched his life as he has touched others. Each tells the story of spiritual *Inbetweenness*.

Going back for a moment in time and human history to our beginnings, God first breathed life into each man. It was His breathing which animated the natural rhythm of man's own being. Man was formed out of the Earth, the dust of the ground, he has grown out of the Earth. But God inspired Man, he infused him with the Life of the Spirit which summons him into a future unknown. It is this first act of breathing Life into man which reveals the fundamental and essential field of mutual being between God and man. This first breath of Life was inspired in love. It expresses God's gift to man.

As one reflects upon this original act of inspiring, one discovers that his openness to this spiritual *Inbetweenness* is an ongoing possibility. It remains an active influence in the direction and quality of our personal growth. It is within that original field of spiritual *Inbetweenness* called love that the Spirit first announced that Man is not a solitary being unto himself. He remains open to that which comes from beyond him. But he is also open to those with whom he shares his daily existence. Each man who lives thrives within that field of *Inbetweenness* which opens up between himself, God and the others in his daily life. It is the loving spirit *Inbetween* which lets one find his own way. Each of us is a being which grows, which develops and which matures in the light of God. But where may one re-discover this original sense of Spirit?

It is the essence of the old monk's stories to reflect these moments. They reveal the true meanings of the spiritual quest of a religiously lived life. The old monk himself is a messenger of the Holy Spirit. He is a servant of the Holy Ghost. As a member of the Spiritan Community, he is an

expression in his daily activities of his own message. His life speaks a story which captures the essence of the Holy Spirit in action. He shows each of us how to actually “see” the Holy Spirit in a way which we can all readily understand. Not through elaborate philosophical pondering but in the simplicity of direct truths. Each story which follows speaks and thus reveals the nature and quality of the loving Spirit, each reveals a quality of the Soul of our soul. Each shows us a way of following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit which light up the path before us and *Inbetween* us all.

\*\*\*\*

## OUR IMAGE

“Well, this story is taken from one of our quiz classes in the seminary.

The quiz master was Bishop Byrne. Bishop Byrne was educated in Rome with some of the finest members of the Church. Cardinals now. And in the quiz class we asked him to explain the best he could to us what we could understand of the Holy Spirit. We wanted to know about the Holy Spirit. We asked him to explain it to us as best we could understand.

He told us: ‘This is what I got from Rome.’ Then he said it this way: A father looks at his child. He sees in that child his own flesh and blood. And he will do anything . . . as a father will do anything at all for that child. And where the Holy Spirit comes in is the spirit which is *Inbetween* the father and his child, right there in the center. That is the love. The love the father feels for that child means that he will do anything for it. Therefore that brings the Holy Spirit right in there, right *Inbetween* the father and the child. The same is true with Almighty God and his Son, Jesus. The Spirit is right in there *Inbetween* them. Because everything that the Son does is done so well that Almighty God is pleased. Therefore it forms the love *Inbetween* them, it is the loving Spirit. That is one way we can see the Holy Spirit.

But there is a second way. This is it: Go and look in the mirror. When you see your own image in the mirror . . . no matter how good looking you are or how bad . . . you love your own image. And *Inbetween* your own image and you is where the Spirit of love comes in. That is where you see the Holy Spirit, the loving Spirit between you and your own image.

And that finishes that part of it. No matter what in life, you’ll always try to improve that image and be satisfied with what it does.”

\*\*\*\*

The old monk’s story gives us a concrete illustration of where we can see the Holy Spirit working in our lives each day.



And his story shows us that the loving Spirit is the ground of our being. We have been made from the dust of the Earth, inspired by the Spirit, infusing us with Life. And that which goes *Inbetween* God and man gives rise to the possibility for the ground of love between man and man. This is the kind of love which comes *Inbetween* people who care. Caring persons, being with others in caring ways shows the loving spirit of which the old monk has spoken. The image which reflects our own being in the mirror and that which rushes out towards its own reflection fills the *Inbetween* with the loving quality described. It is this same loving quality which rises up *Inbetween* persons as they face one another in care. The loving spirit grounds those possibilities where people meet in genuine ways. It describes the quality of the spirit which lets each find and be himself with the other. Here persons meet with others as who they are at the time and as who they may become in their futures. This ground is the loving spirit that flows *Inbetween* persons who open themselves to that possibility. This also describes the potential for growth each person discovers as himself through being with others. This is the field of spiritual *Inbetweenness* which opens up and lets each person find expression within that space *Inbetween* them.

The unity which emerges and flows from each into this shared field of *Inbetweenness* gives personal expression to the initial act which institutes the rhythm of that life. The unity which first enlivens his being comes again to each man as he finds himself in unity with others in his daily life. These are the moments where community emerges from the spirit shared between persons. They seem to release the potential of each to be there with the other in self-forgetful ways which characterize the quality of the loving spirit. But in this forgetfulness comes the fulfillment of one's sense of belongingness. The Holy Spirit finds expression in daily life within the community shared with others in the name of that Spirit. Being together in this way provides a space for unity to find expression, for harmony to come into being between individual rhythms, for the loving spirit to provide the creative space *Inbetween* people. In these moments each lights up for the other his own potential for going forward. It is this potential for movement, for growth and maturation of our own being which leaves us open to experiences of being inspired in a way which invites action upon what has been revealed as our own.

The old monk points out that the *Inbetweenness* is the ground for love. This means that the Spirit shows itself *Inbetween*. This means it is possible *Inbetween* the person and something other, even his own image reflected in the mirror. There is always that openness towards something which comes from beyond the self which describes the beginning direction and the living qualities of that spiritual *Inbetweenness*. This is a dynamic field. It is in this field of *Inbetweenness* that things "happen" that people meet and find themselves shifted in their understanding through authentic

meetings with another. That loving reveals one's own potential, one's own being through the life of his child. This is the fundamental ground of our shared human existence. Care. "Our Image" tells a story of the Spirit. It tells the story of how each person today can "see" the Holy Spirit at work, in a way that each of us can suddenly grasp the essence of its meaning. That is in all probability the only way one is able to catch a glimpse of that which finds expression in such moments of unity and integration. We can realize through this image the essential nature of the spiritual *Inbetweenness* with which each began and continues his own life. How else can one "see" that which is itself invisible yet makes its presence known as it flows through being as the wind rustles through the pines? The presence of the Holy Spirit is announced only through its effect upon that which it touches and between which it flows. It is only in the field of the *Inbetween* that the Spirit shows itself and makes its effect known and available. That quality of life which springs from the touch of its presence between persons brings to light another way of looking at God's expression through the acts of men. Actions which arise from the spirit shared *Inbetween* persons make a difference in life. These moments give rise to actions spontaneously and shift the flow of one's personal expression. They describe the atmosphere of spiritual *Inbetweenness* shared between persons who care. Here decisions emerge and light up the pathway towards a future to which one aspires. These quick images light up one's direction, affirming, reaffirming or deepening that which is expressed as one's aspirations. That aspiring nature reveals a part of one's potential to be affected by the loving spirit. The old monk reminds us in his story that no matter how "good" the image reflected in the mirror or how "bad" one always wants to improve that image and try to be satisfied with what it does. This is in the center of existence, the heart.

What you see when you look in the mirror is not the same as the looking. The evaluation of the 'good' or the 'bad' comes from the world of meaning shared with others. Even when the reflected image in the mirror is perceived as "bad" it is still perceived as *my* life. Feelings arise from the ground of one's own ability to be the loving spirit as himself. In these moments one finds himself able to be that which is in the field of spiritual *Inbetweenness*. This also means that it is a matter of being open to and for that which flows through one's own being towards others and unites each with the other. The love which is right in the center, right there *Inbetween* them is an expression of both persons. Each lives his own life, each is going his own way and direction. But they meet here and those moments shared *Inbetween* them go on into distant futures apart. But what has been shared *Inbetween* people lives on in a multiplied expression through each person's actions. This is the quality of the spirit which lights up each's being as he most genuinely can be. It is as if the light strikes each according to the nature of his own being much in the same way that the light strikes water in the air and creates the rainbow according each to its own color. That which

finds expression is united by the light which shines through it but each is identifiable according to its own nature and being. This also seems a good example of the ephemeral nature of the Spirit which quickly shows itself and shifts and changes with the movements of nature. It is as if love goes through being like it flows through the air, unseen yet filling the spaces *Inbetween* with its touch as it flows on towards the future. But love is sent too . . . it is sent through the air to others. Be it in our prayers, through our hopes, wishes, dreams, ideals and all forms of loving human expression. As it is received and touches the one intended it lights up life as one's own being and potential. Each person is touched individually according to the nature and quality of one's own being and aspiring direction, one's futures dreamed of. In daily life we find these experiences of shared spirit through being with another person whose own nature seems to light up our own without imposing his own. Here one finds another's presence open for and responsive to his own natural expression. This seems to let one feel free to say, see and express himself spontaneously within the loving spirit intended towards one another. And this describes attitudes lived in the loving spirit.

The old monk's story of "Our Image" reveals in crystal clarity the essential foundation of human existence, the meanings of life which arise *Inbetween* persons who live together in harmony, in the name of shared Spirit. The attitude which reveals the loving spirit is one which calls upon and is open to something held as higher than the individual and personal world. This calls one to bring his own life expression into harmony with something higher than himself.

Each person's aspiring way of being, when told, helps others who quest for the same spiritual surrender and his ability to align himself and the expression of his life with that of the Spirit which animates his own being.

It is within the field of spiritual *Inbetweenness* which one seeks that which lies beyond himself in order to help institute the most treasured moments of human existence. The religiously lived attitude is available for each of us in moments which ask for clarity and understanding which life has not been able to show us. This means that we each seek personal ways to bring the life of our highest values and ideals into the concrete actions of our daily life. This gives our spiritual nature form. Each of us questions how we may give life to these values, aspirations and ideals. The old monk gives another concrete example of how this attitude of surrender to that which is higher than oneself supports and gives form to his actions.

\*\*\*\*

### JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH

"This is the story of the holy names of 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph' taken from the old monks.

In their travels together, back and forth across the land from house to house, this one young monk seemed to always meet with the others as they entered a narrow pathway at the 'Y.' Each time he would find himself trying to get ahead of the others and he would bump into one of them. He felt so ashamed of himself that he tried to find a way to stop himself from doing this. This is what he did.

First he got the idea that as soon as he'd hit that spot in the path he'd stop and say to himself: 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' Then he'd let the others go ahead of him and he'd follow in the back . . . still repeating those names: 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' He did this because they were older and he was young.

So the story goes. Then one day it hit him: Why shouldn't he be doing this in other things? So he started. With every step that he'd take it would be: 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' That kept him down to a nice triad. He couldn't go too fast or too slow. Kept him just right.

When he had to go out and work in the gardens that's what kept him up . . . repeating those names. Pulling weeds he used the same means: 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' He even forgot he was working . . . even on the hottest of days.

Every time you repeat the names of 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph' there's at least 300 days Indulgence. It's a possibility that you get 300 days for each name, that is if it is pronounced and said with a very good intention. But our Church people tell us that it would be 300 days for sure that they allow for that."

\*\*\*\*

The old monk's story again re-emphasizes each person's search for a way to make himself available to the Spirit which acts through him.

The story is also a clear illustration of how one uses his spiritual nature to give form to his daily actions. Being with others in ways which characterize the attitude of being disposable to the Spirit and ready to respond to its touch shows how each person follows the inspirations which light up the pathway before him. This is an attitude which is prayerful in nature and which guides one's actions within its context. This gives expression to one's loving intentions toward the Holy Spirit while letting that prayer be an active part of his daily life according to his own beliefs. The use of the holy names of "Jesus, Mary and Joseph" helps the young monk overcome and bring to stillness a part of his own being. Repeating these names called to the young monk and brought forward for him the values which upheld his existence. Living and being that attitude of reverence was a choice which he affirmed and lived each day in a variety of

activities. The prayer lived in his actions. Each piece of work, each step taken within the light of this reverence must reflect the quality of that which brought it into being.

The loving spirit of prayerful disposability does not preclude acting in the world with others. It is the foundation for action. It encourages such action inspired by the values which support the vitality of the soul. Each time the young monk approached the 'Y' on the path it also opened onto a choice of pathways for his own actions. He learned to use this choice point to recognize a quality of his own being and to utilize that option to break through that human boundary of undesirable actions.

It must also be remembered that one could stand and repeat the holy names of "Jesus, Mary and Joseph" all day without effect. If the names are repeated only as words, coming from the mind rather than the heart, their effect will surely reflect the lack of a lovingly intended use of Spirit. The Spirit responds to and fills that person who leaves himself open to it, not to those who try to use it for personal glorification. The authentic humility which the spiritually aspiring being surrenders himself to indicates that this is also a very real possibility to be found by each of us in our daily lives. Each person "surrenders" himself to that which comes from beyond his own personal meaning. Making oneself disposable to and ready to respond to the touch of the Holy Spirit is at the same time saying that one must be open and empty in order for that Spirit to find expression through his actions. Prayerful action brings change.

As one develops a prayerful attitude towards existence, towards others and towards his own tasks and responsibilities the integration of that quality is naturally forthcoming through his actions. Each person finds ways by which he illumines his own aspiring nature. He is open towards that which he values and holds up before himself as his own possible way of being. The person welcomes that which approaches him within the spiritual *Inbetweenness*. This brings action. People like the old monk who has lived his life to the letter of his faith and belief, who has given to those who surround him the gift of Faith, show us that reality. Looking at the old monk and listening to his stories reveal treasures of the Spirit which will remain with us and never be forgotten. The simplicity of the Spirit is shown in pristine images, quick glimpses by the soul of our being. These living images illumine our possibilities for unity, unity between persons and unity within ourselves.

Unity which emerges from the field of spiritual *Inbetweenness* is a fundamental fact of human existence. It is only through being with others in shared spirit that we find possibilities for the Holy Spirit to manifest in human action. That which lets this happen is the spirit which lives *Inbetween* persons who share faith, who share trust, who are intended towards one

another in loving spirit. This does not mean that each person must be identical to others or that each may not take up the common bond in his own way. For what is shared *Inbetween* transcends them all only to reach back and include them all. The individual expressions which live within this shared spirit only enhance and multiply the creative potential of each. Each strengthens the quality of life which animates him and to which he gives life through his own expression. What becomes available for the person who surrenders to that which has given him existence colors each of his acts with its own quality.

The old monk who has given the benefit of his vision has enhanced that possibility for each of us. As a messenger of the Holy Spirit he has taken on the task of bringing his life and its meaning into line with the meaning of that which calls him into each new day. The story of the holy names of “Jesus, Mary and Joseph” crystallizes the vision where a prayerful attitude, disposability and readiness to respond to the Spirit give form, quality and meaning to daily actions. Repeating those names is a calling which brings into the heart of the one who calls a spiritual essence which sustains being. Sustaining characteristics of the loving spirit lets each person find his own way. Each person has talents. Each person has the ability to do things that others may not. But together, within a shared spirit, they can do more than either could ever do alone. Assuming the prayerful attitude invites one to align the expression of his own being with the Spirit which animates its rhythm. The story of the holy names of “Jesus, Mary and Joseph” shows that it is possible for each person to find opportunity after opportunity in his daily life to carry out the work required of him in the name of that which sustains his being.

Repeating the holy names of “Jesus, Mary and Joseph” not only helps incarnate spiritually inspired ideals in a person’s daily work through his actions but also fills the person who repeats them with a sense of the loving Spirit. Calling to the Spirit which was originally infused as being also crystallizes the quality of the person’s prayerful intentions. The person who opts for this quality of life finds treasures never dreamed of. Actions which transpire while intending oneself towards and calling upon the holy names of “Jesus, Mary and Joseph” carry with them the tone, quality and coloring of the Spirit which finds expression through the actions of men who live together in its name. The unity which arises from the spiritual *Inbetweenness* provides opportunities for one to follow the inspirations of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is the Soul not only of our own soul but the soul of the community shared. The quality of the spirit which flows *Inbetween* persons includes and reveals the individual qualities of each person as well. When the spirit is weak or lacking between persons there lacks the unity which grows from a common ground. The spirited atmosphere shared between persons indicates that the strength of the spirit is strong, dynamic and active. The light and Life of the Spirit which fills and flows through being

when one turns towards that light also lets the Spirit find multiplied expression through shared actions of men. Community names a spirit. When this spirited being is present *Inbetween* persons the potential for creative expression is magnified and multiplied. Multiplication of spiritual possibilities through being with others who share in this spirit vitalizes being.

The old monk's story again returns to the power of the Spirit to animate being. That which flows *Inbetween* persons who are together in shared spirit breathes new life in the ongoing and evolving meaning of not only each person but of humanity. Each person finds himself through his ability to be open towards and receive from that which approaches him from beyond his own being. The aspiring being is turned towards that which calls him and that to which he is ready to respond. This happens within the structures of human existence, within the context of our daily actions, tasks and responsibilities. And as the old monk reminds us in the story of the holy names of "Jesus, Mary and Joseph" repeating these names also brings its own gifts to the person who repeats them. As one earns his way to Heaven each repetition of these names with the purest of intentions brings him one step closer to being with God. Each repetition of the names affects the soul of his own being, bringing the person's expression closer in attunement to that which calls him.

As a messenger of the Holy Spirit the old monk's stories provide moments in our experience which light up the way before us. We begin to comprehend what following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit means. These images provide the vision prompted by the soul of one's own being. In one's own development the spirit in action opens up our potential for unity to emerge between diverse forms of human expression, each providing the context for the other's discovery. It is this unity which springs from *Inbetween* spirited persons which provides opportunities to incarnate the Spirit in expression. It is within this field of spiritual *Inbetweenness* that the touch and dynamism of the Spirit lays out life before us. A life lived in tune with the Holy Spirit such as the old monk's enhances and vitalizes the quality of our own aspiring nature. He provides us with a living example of what is humanly possible in relation to the spiritual possibilities each of us carries within our hearts and souls as the tree within the seed. The meaning of his life as it has touched those who have come to return the love he so freely offers as a natural part of his own expression illumines soul qualities of human existence. Man discovers within his own being that which he also sees and finds through being with others. These possibilities for unity within a diversity of individual expression arise from the ground of love. This has always been called one of our fundamental possibilities, to live within the brotherhood of Man. The mission the old monk's life as lived has been to bring into being and strengthen the presence of the Holy Spirit. The meaning of his life tells the story of a spiritual quest. His own quest has

brought with it authentic gifts of the Spirit. But the treasures gathered over 84 years of life are visible only within the context of our shared human existence. The message he carries comes clear within the Light and Life of the Spirit which sustains his own being. The Holy Spirit has flowered through his being, growing right out of the ground provided by his own experience. This is a ground which has been constantly nourished and refreshed through time by the touch of the Holy Spirit. The truths which summon us to respond to their meaning are offered from the heart of his own being, from the very center of his own existence. That which lays itself out before us calls each of us forward into the truest sense of brotherhood, the brotherhood of soul.

\*\*\*\*

### NONE WILL EVER BE LEFT OUT

“This story is on the benefit of the Masses taken from the old monks. At every Mass that one hears he may make the intention: ‘This Mass, I hear, for all my intentions . . . the ones that have been said before and the ones that will be said for the rest of the day . . . I recommend all my intentions. To all these Masses . . . and to all the Masses that will be read from now until the end of time . . . I recommend all my intentions again to all of those Masses.’

So even though it's a possibility . . . it'd pay just to be recommended and that all your intentions be recommended. And if nothing happens, well it doesn't.

But according to our teachings . . . what we ask will be put down in the Book of Life. Now, we'll have all our own intentions as well as all of the others, no matter who they are. None will be ever left out. Rich or poor.

So nobody needs to worry about it if he can't go to the Mass. But he can recommend himself to all of the Masses that will be read from now until the end of time. He can also add the ‘good works’ to it if he wants. It all goes before God . . . and in that the sharing of them all. None will be ever left out.

\*\*\*\*

The old monk's story brings to full meaning the truest actions of the loving Spirit and the highest level. Here one is included in the brotherhood of soul through another's sharing of his own intentions. As the old monk points out: “It all goes before God . . . and in that the sharing of them all. None will be ever left out.”

The old monk's stories have shown the Spirit at work *Inbetween* God and man, providing the ground of love for the spirit between man and man. Each is included, each is an expression of the other's potential. The quality of existence which arises from sharing in the brotherhood of soul



clearly shows us that the loving Spirit makes its way into human existence through those persons who act within its light. As the Holy Spirit lights up the pathway before us, as we follow the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, its influence lives in each step taken in its light. As the old monk points out, this happens within the unity shared in the intending of one's link up with his fellow souls, each being included in the presence of God, each earning his way back home according to his works. It is this one gesture by human beings which reaches out to include all others in his own meaning before God. The spiritual *Inbetweenness* which rises up out of the ground of love lets the Holy Spirit speak into the world of men. This allows us the only security for which the soul of man yearns. Experience teaches us that human life is transitory, that Life moves on in its spiraling evolution. Each person's discovery takes one step forward into a collectively shared future. Unexpectedly, one discovery leads to another not yet imagined. So works the presence of the Holy Spirit in the world of man, lighting up before him a pathway to be followed. So it has been through time as each person struggles towards fulfillment and completion. Each person's life witnesses its own possibility to improve its own image, to intend itself towards the unity from which it sprang and towards which it flows on its journey homeward.

Inclusiveness, as described by the old monk's story is a soul quality of human existence and amplifies the meaning of community. Being together with others in the loving Spirit invites that which lies beyond each person to manifest through his actions and calls us back to our ability to be inspired. Being inspired brings action, brings change as man moves forward on the path of humanity's evolution. Spiritual *Inbetweenness* is the soul quality of community. It is a quality which includes us each in the realm of what is beyond us all. Each of us participates in the creation of that possibility, each according to his own talents and each according to his own intentions. This means that each person who participates in this community of spirit is growing out of the ground of the loving spirit shared between them. Each flowers according to his own nature, each yielding the fruits of his soul. This lets unity find expression only through the diversity which allows each unique person's nature to flower in common soil. Each grows towards the light in his own way. Yet each includes the other and so includes himself in the light of God.

The old monk's stories describe in the simplest of images some of the most profound meanings sought to be understood by men. He describes how each of us can see how the Holy Spirit is present in our daily actions. To be able to find this action of the Holy Spirit, like when one looks into the mirror at his own image is a startling revelation of truth. The even more fundamental understanding that the old monk brings before our eyes shows us so simply with our own reflection that the Holy Spirit is present in each of our lives on each and every single day. All that one must do is be willing to take a look. But the closeness of its being to our own sends us into worlds of

abstraction about its profundity. While in actuality, in truth, its reality looks right back at us through our own eyes.

## CHAPTER III

### MIRACLES HAPPEN EVERY DAY

Each story which follows is a little gem of Life which catches and reflects in a moment the wisdom, power and glory of the Spirit which enlivens and vitalizes the soul of our being. These stories have been mined from the ground of human experience, being brought to light by the one who has lived them.

As a gardener who has tended the flame of Life which flowers under the hand guided by a vision of the heart, the old monk's stories are moments of truth. Each brings to light the unique nature and quality of each man's spiritual treasures which lie deeply engrained in his soul. His life story provides the living context for the Spirit to work as a part of his daily life. Only through these concrete illustrations of the impelling nature of the Spirit's presence can one glimpse for a moment the vision which calls each of us to follow the inspirations of the Holy Spirit.

The visions handed down to us here have come from one man's willingness to listen for that voice which comes to him silently as a messenger in the night. He helps each of us grasp the true meaning of our own spiritual essence in a new light as something which is real, actual and authentic. In that there is the sharing of them all. And as the gardener who has worked each day in tune with the silent voice of the Spirit, he listened for those moments in experience which called him to enact its own vision and image. The actions which transpired reflect the Spirit's presence in providential action, changes which alter the flow and future of human existence. Each act makes a difference. The Spirit in action makes a real difference in human existence: "Miracles happen every day, people just don't take the time to notice." Those are the words of the old monk given as the theme for the five stories which follow . . . and which give witness to their truth. Each shows in reality that following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit lets each step taken incarnate that which has inspired it.

\*\*\*\*

### THE LOST LETTER

"This is the story of the lost letter found by accident.

Father Hehir was here at Duquesne for years and years. One day he got a letter with no return address. He never could find the one to whom the letter was addressed. So, he put it aside and forgot about it.

After years and years Father Hehir was transferred. After he left the house his assistant had to clean his room. In so doing they were taking out

baskets of papers. We in the house here saved all of the papers down below in the basement. Then we disposed of them.

So this day I was cutting meat on the table in the kitchen. A boy came in with a bag. Something said to me then: 'Follow him down.' I dropped my work and went right down stairs after him and stood there as the boy was shaking the papers out of the bag. This letter slid out of the bag and right down to my feet. It came right down to my feet. I thought that was strange. I picked it up and then I saw that it was still sealed. I brought the letter upstairs and opened it. There was a dollar bill in there. The letter read: 'Have a Mass read for the souls in purgatory.' I don't remember if they ever said that the Mass was for one or for all. But they meant it for the souls in purgatory. That's what they wanted. So I took it up and gave it to Father Danner. He said that he would say the Mass."

\*\*\*\*

This is a story which shows how one man's actions affected and influenced the souls of others. It was only through his acting upon what approached him in a moment which carried an intended offering to its destiny. Through time and at a moment where the Spirit passed his daily table of work did the message come to the old monk as he worked.

At the right moment he turned from the call of his daily labors to follow that which called him to a higher mission. His actions brought to life those intentions which had laid awaiting for so many years. But the voice was to be heard by one who acted upon it. This story is a concrete example of just one of the many in his life which show that as a messenger of the Holy Spirit he acts upon its appeal in the instant of its presence. Only his actions brought back into existence for fulfillment the originating spirit carried within the letter. He followed that which called him. The letter slid right down to his feet as if waiting for his arrival and presence. The old monk's availability to that moment carries a religious significance and story of its own. And why, he asks, of all of those bags of paper . . . and at that particular time did he follow the boy down with that particular batch of paper to be discarded? How was he there to be the one to ensure that the spiritual intention for the easing of other souls came through his hands as he saved it from being lost forever in time? It was not only that the old monk was available to that which called him but acted upon that which impelled his movements to follow its call to the basement to receive the letter at his feet. Again the love which comes through the air touches one whose being is responsive to its own nature. These moments gather in time the intention of the one who had sent that loving intention for the saving of other souls. Without the saving grace of the one who assisted in bringing that loving intention to actuality, it would be lost today. Indeed, miracles happen every day.

\*\*\*\*

## THE BASKET OF FRUIT

“This is the story about helping bring an old man back by getting him to eat.

Our provincial was sick. And it was on the third day, he couldn't eat. The doctors there couldn't make him eat. So the boy that was taking care of him come down to me in the kitchen and said: ‘What are we going to do, he won't eat?’

That was in the afternoon. The doctors tried everything with him. So did everyone else. Then I said: ‘I'll make him eat.’ I said: ‘Tonight we'll fix up a nice big bowl or basket of fruit. Shine it all up. Make it look great! And then when he goes to sleep,’ I told the boy, ‘put this fruit on top of the old wardrobe that stands right a distance away from the bed at the end of the room. When he wakes up he will see it.’ And he did that.

In the morning, the poor old man ... he woke up. He started roaming his eyes around . . . eyes around. Finally, he spied the fruit and he kept his eyes on that fruit. When the boy came in he said: ‘Get me that fruit right away.’

From then on he started to eat the fruit. And then he picked up and had his meals regularly after that.”

\*\*\*\*

As one who had worked with the spirit of nature, the old monk reflected back to how the young birds in the nest must jump up to get the food from the mother's beak. In telling this story he gave this one which he observed in the world of nature to show how his actions let the poor old man discover the appeal of the bright and shiny fruit. The wisdom of this story shows too that each must make his own effort in whatever way required to help himself. The old monk's way of being present at that moment went unseen like the Spirit which had shown itself to him through the laws of nature. It was through the understanding of that world which lives according each to its own that one man was able to bring another back to life in a time which was growing dark for the old provincial. The act of one renews the life of another. Each of us must make the effort to take the steps on the pathway which following the inspirations opens up before us. Each earns his way to Heaven. Knowing how to act in accordance with this guiding intention allows the touch of the Spirit to flow between the lives of the two. Bringing the old man back to life is a miracle in its own right, one which shows both sides of the human action intended. The vision which sees the nature of another person's life gives expression to that moment which is decisive in altering the future which appears immediate and demands right

action. Again the answer to the question arrives through the actions of the man who steeped his life in the world of the Spirit. Again a life has changed.

\*\*\*\*

### THE DROWNING MAN

“This is the story about when I pulled the gardener out of the lake.

The gardener was down by the lake. He had been getting ice in the dump cart. But he made the mistake of letting the horse get down on its knees to get a drink out of the lake. As he did this all the ice rushed forward in the cart. That drove the horse and the cart into the lake with the gardener. He tried to hold it back but it went into the lake and pulled him right in with it. He couldn't swim.

At the time I was up on the hill about 100 or 150 yards away working with the old monk. He said that he was going to go down and get a piece of pipe. But then he changed his mind after walking a few steps, turned to me and said: ‘You go down.’

So I started out. And all of a sudden I could hear the poor old Brother hollering: ‘AVE MARIA, AVE MARIA, HELP!’ And I saw what was happening. I could see the other old fellow who was with the gardener looking for a stick.

He was running around looking for a stick to hand him because he was an old man and couldn't help any other way.

I really don't know how quickly I got down there by the lake. But I was in time enough just to reach in, to grab him by the hand. He was up to his waist in water while standing on the dump cart. He was in the deepest part of the lake. I grabbed ahold of him and pulled him out. I let the horse and cart go. The horse would go around and his head would come up . . . go down again and come up.

After I pulled the gardener out of the lake then I went to get the neighbor people, the farmer and his Helper. They went in and got the horse and cart out.”

\*\*\*\*

Again, the providential moment came at the moment where one man's change of mind was the beginning point of saving another man's life. If the younger man had not been the one to go after the piece of pipe at that moment, it appears that another's life would have been lost.

These moments which flash out in experience, where one shifts the flow and future outcome of an event, seem to be speaking of the miraculous in human experiencing. Following the inspirations of the Holy Spirit lets the little miracles happen in human existence. At these moments it seems that the shift made brings with it a new ending in a story. The act which transpires as one attunes himself to that which touches him in a moment helps to create a new reality. These moments show the Holy Spirit at work in the everyday actions of men. As the story above shows, the outcome of the action which is undertaken at the moment of change is not foreseen. It seems to “happen” as a totality for our comprehension only upon reflection of what might have been.

But each of these moments in time return to the story as a whole. Each event tells a story of the Holy Spirit as it enlivens the human world. But gathered together into the story of one man’s life, they also begin to etch another image of the Spirit in our own minds. Seeing the Spirit as itself is that impossible task of men who seek its essence in the invisible world of unknowns. While true to its nature it comes and goes, oft times without anyone who takes the time to notice. But for those who do, the rewards are great. Saving souls, saving lives and witnessing a miracle are all a part of recognizing, acknowledging and accepting the Holy Spirit’s presence in the words, works and life outlined by the prophecy with which this work began.

Returning to that for a moment we re-discover some of the subtle meanings of that original uplifting of the infant by the old Polish woman. The work would be hard but the rewards would be great. In fulfilling that original prophecy the life which unfolds through the stories being told begins to take on its own tone of the Spirit which has revealed itself through time. The life which holds these messages lives their meanings each and every day. And, in line with the teachings of those guiding images which enliven his being, as he works, so he moves most naturally towards the rewards he has earned. Each footstep brings him one step closer towards the Light on his journey back to God.

\*\*\*\*

### GOING STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN

“The one I tell now is the story about one of the teachings of our Church. That is if a person dies and makes his profession on the death bed, well his soul will go straight to Heaven.

Well this one young fellow was an ‘agrege.’ He couldn’t become a Brother, he couldn’t take the vows or anything. So he stayed an ‘agrege.’ This one day he came into the kitchen. He said to me: ‘I’m sick.’ I said: ‘Pretty bad?’ He said: ‘Yes.’ I said: ‘You go up. Go up to the doctor up in

the room and get something for it . . . and tell him how bad you are.’ He did that and they put him to bed right away. They saw he was bad and they called the doctor.

The doctor came up. He tried all that night but he couldn’t do anything for him. Couldn’t get the fever down. They picked him up and took him to the hospital in Bridgeport. Well, they got him in there and they examined him. They didn’t know what was wrong with him, they couldn’t determine . . . they thought maybe it was some kind of black fever. They just didn’t know what to do. So that evening they called for Father Stucka. He was the Director of the Brothers. They called him to come up, to be prepared because the young fellow was dying.

The young fellow was unconscious. But when Father Stucka went into the room . . . he put on all necessary things to protect himself, white gloves and all . . . he went into the room with the crucifix and the rule book. Then he spoke to him. Called him by name. The Brother answered him. He said: ‘Brother . . . I want you to make your act of profession.’ He said: ‘Now, I will repeat it for you and then you repeat it after me if you can. But do it to the best of your ability.’ So then he started out and the Brother followed him . . . ‘Very good.’ When he was finished he gave him the crucifix to kiss. He blessed him with it and the boy died . . . right there.

So, according to the teachings of the Catholic Church, the Roman Catholic Church, that the boy’s soul, on that occasion, went straight to Heaven.”

\*\*\*\*

This story carries a special significance. It was at the time of the old monk’s profession as he prayed at that moment of making his own profession that he would, himself, die at that moment. On this occasion his soul too would have gone straight to heaven. But this was not the answer he received as he stepped down from the altar. Back to the words of the old Polish woman and to her prophecy about the future resting within the infant held up before her . . . again he received the same message. He was to live a long and happy life, one of hard work.

As one who had prayed for the opportunity to have his soul go straight to heaven, watching another’s life be so endowed by the grace of the Holy Spirit personally touched his own life. Witnessing a miracle such as this one carries a message to those who witness and bear testimony to its reality. Working out his own return to his own reward, the old monk’s travels have been lived as originally foreseen and pronounced over him 84 years ago. The role he has played in the lives of so many still returns to touch and color the nature of his soul. The rewards earned are naturally forthcoming from the actions and intentions still today. He has earned each



step forward by the right action taken at the right moment on a number of occasions. Over the years the life of this old man has given time and space within the life of one man for the Holy Spirit to fill his being and work within the guidelines required of such a vocation. Being responsive to that which calls him into the common commitment between the Spirit and his own being opens the moment to incarnation of those combined qualities. As in the story, the young boy although unconscious, still responded to the voice which broke through to him as the call of the Spirit to follow the Director's words and to consecrate his soul in one miraculous moment with God.

\*\*\*\*

### THE SAUSAGE

“This is the story of a sausage with a great spice in it.

I was in the hospital fed through the throat by a tube. And after a couple of weeks of that I couldn't eat. They couldn't make me eat. I couldn't get the food in my stomach. After trying everything, our President, Father McAnulty came over. He told me that if I could get out of bed by the end of the week that I could get a degree in Humanitary Services. That's a Doctor's Degree. I could get that along with my niece. She was getting her degree at that time too.

So there I was, sitting on the bed trying to figure something out, how I could get the food into my stomach. And then it hit me right there. I only had 5 days . . . only 5 days before the day I could receive the degree. So I was think'en . . . think'en . . . and think'en. Then it struck me. *Sausage!!* That's the way it struck me.

So I started after them. I went after the nurses and they said: 'In the morning. You can't get nothing now. The place is closed.'

Well, in the morning my two little bits of beany sausages came up. The boy said: 'Here's your sausages.' They were cold and they were cooked for I don't know how long. They sure were shrunk up though . . . very tiny, the smallest, shortest sausages that was ever made.

'Well,' I said, 'I asked for my sausage. I got them.' So I took one and started to eat it. And in that sausage was a spice . . . very pronounced. And as soon as I ate them, that spice, that part of the sausage went right down and into my stomach. It opened it right up and I ate the rest of my breakfast right away. I have been eating ever since.

In the meantime the doctor came in. He said to me: 'What have you got there?' I said: 'That's a sausage.' 'Well,' he said, 'I wouldn't give you that.' I

said: 'I know you wouldn't give it to me. But I got it.' And that's what opened up my stomach."

\*\*\*\*

The touch of the Holy Spirit came in a moment which struck the old monk with a personal answer, carrying with it in that moment a new future. The future promised within that moment's revelation brought into concrete reality the rewards earned through the many years of dedicated service in the name of the Holy Spirit. As the days drew near and time grew short another miracle is given voice through the old monk's life.

Only this time he was touched personally, it was his life which hung in the balance. His opportunity came from the *Inbetweenness* spoken of earlier, through the head, heart and hands of the President, Father Henry J. McAnulty.

It was his actions which called to the old monk to make the effort. It was his bowl of fruit, all shiny and bright which caught the spirited one's eye and heart.

As the old man sat on the edge of his bed, a familiar spot for his holy repose, the answer struck him like a bolt out of the blue.

The call demands the response. Sausage . . . with a great spice, very pronounced, was the answer forthcoming. Again the listening heart hears the voice which rang out as a silent image, lighting up a renewed future prophesied 80 years earlier. The Spirit in action lets miracles happen. And the spirit between these two men involved rose up out of their shared commitment to that common Spirit named *Inbetween* them. The question posed by the fading future of the old monk found him calling to the soul and source of his own being. His efforts ". . . think'en . . . think'en . . . and think'en" turned his attention with full fervor towards the problem at hand. Now, in order to receive a great reward and in the company of one dearly loved, he must get out of the hospital in 5 days. And so the answer came as the future unfolded new possibilities with a strong appeal. Vitalized by new hope the being responds with renewed strength, seeking fulfillment of the answer given in a moment of enlightenment.

With sausage in hand and the Spirit aglow in his eyes . . . the old monk prepared to make true the words spoken over him 80 years before. The other's presence although not to be seen also gloried in that shared moment of victory. Indeed, miracles happen every day, all one must do is take the time to notice. Being united with others lets the Holy Spirit in the soul manifest in moments miraculous which sustain our being.

The 1894 Prophecy of Turkey Run graces the old monk's miraculous wall of great awards. The gifts of his spirit so freely given have returned to

dwell in his own room. They continue to bless each of those who will take the time to listen. The stories handed down through his telling are filled by the essence of the Holy Spirit Who lives in each of us. And as one whose family tree reaches far back into a soil enriched by the tradition of the great monks of Ireland, his life and his stories pull them all forward in time. His forefathers in Spirit, the O'Keatings, came to Ireland from Normandy, the first to educate the Irish people of that time. The Holy Spirit lives deep within the lifeblood of his being, moving through the evolution of humanity and family heritage to flower afresh in his soul. As his story moves ever closer towards its close, it turns back upon itself in time and the end seeks a return to its beginnings. The old wise man's roots have grown out of and deeper into the communal ground of Spirit. He continues to bear the fruits of his own labors. Each story offered here bears a seed for the future as it is nourished and nurtured towards fruition of its unique nature by the vitalizing touch of the Holy Spirit. The old monk's life has grown like a tree in the forest where the light of the Spirit shimmers through the boughs like shafts of sunlight striking each story like a leaf, each according to its own color.

The story of his life is a living image which continues to gather the fullness of meaning as it pulses towards its close. Each story offered is a gift of the Spirit, a seed of our own spiritual possibilities. And these gifts, like the mighty oak tree which drops its acorn upon fertile soil . . . so the tree shall grow.

Excerpt from: THE LAST LEAF, by Oliver Wendell Holmes

. . . And if I should live to be

    The last leaf upon the tree

        In the spring,

Let them smile, as I do now,

    At the old forsaken bough

        Where I cling.

## SPIRITUALITY

“Many thanks for the manuscript about Brother and your own reflections.”  
— Theodore T. Taheny, S.J., S.T.D.  
Director of California Jesuit Missions

“A very pious book.”  
— Andrew N. Woznicki, S.Ch., Ph.D.  
Professor of Philosophy  
University of San Francisco

