

St. Charles Retreat Centre, Winnipeg

A Net for God: Chemin Neuf By Nancy Wood

Over the last fifty years many new religious communities (the "new movements") have sprung up, especially in France, Italy, and Spain – Focolare, Neo-Catechumenal Way, Regnum Christi, Emmanuel, L'Arche. These often are made up of priests, religious, and lay people committed to a deep spirituality, gospel lifestyle, and particular mission.

Chemin Neuf (French for "new way") is one of these communities. It was founded in Lyons, France in 1973 by a small charismatic prayer group of seven young single people led by a Jesuit priest named Laurent Fabre. From its beginnings, the Chemin Neuf Community was marked by the presence

of members from several Christian denominations. It can now be found in 30 countries, with 2000 members that include priests, consecrated sisters, single people, married couples and families who have chosen the adventure of community life to follow Christ and serve others. They come from the Roman Catholic Church, Orthodox Churches, Anglican Communion, Reformed Churches, Lutheran, Evangelical and Pentecostal Churches, and choose to live, pray and evangelize together while remaining in communion with their respective Churches. Members serve in retreat centres, parishes, student residences and various formation programs run by Chemin Neuf. The spirituality of the Community is rooted in the Ignatian tradition and in the experience of the Charismatic Renewal.

Its mission is evangelization, Christian formation and unity of all kinds between Christians, countries, families, and within the individual.

Members live either in "common life fraternities," (together in large houses which are often former monasteries) or in "neighbourhood fraternities" (where they remain in their own homes, are gainfully employed, but live the spirituality of the community and help with its mission.) The life of every community member is moulded by Ignation spirituality, through simplification of lifestyle, daily Bible reading and meditation, and the practice of the Ignatian Spiritual Exercises.

The Net for God Network was established in 2000 to further Chemin Neuf's mission of Christian unity. The Network has been

The Language of the Lens

producing thirty minute documentary films every month since that time. These engaging films paint a portrait of an inspiring individual or group, or delve into a particular topic regarding spiritual growth. Each of these films are translated into 26 languages and distributed in 80 countries to over 1000 "Net for God" small groups. These groups, with well over 25,000 members worldwide from Catholic, Orthodox and Protestant Churches, meet monthly to watch and discuss the latest film, and pray for peace and unity. The members of this Network form the International Ecumenical Fraternity. The documentaries can also be seen on www.netforgod.tv

In 2005 my husband, Ted, and I were lay pastoral workers in the Archdiocese of St. Boniface, Winnipeg.

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The Language of the Lens: An Interview with Ken Fast, Photo Essayist and Video Producer

1. How did your early experiences shape who you are today?

The most powerful influence on my life has been my parents. They were beautiful people who lived their entire life for others. They grew up in Mennonite communities in western Canada, left as newlyweds and spent over thirty years in South America working with indigenous people. They

were with the first group of original Wycliffe Bible Translators who went to Peru in 1946. I was born two years later in a hotel in the foothills of the Andes. In hindsight, it seems to me that a hotel is a good place to be born – after all, a hospital is for sick people while a hotel is for



Though we liked our work, something was missing. We felt that our work in a parish was only touching people on the surface, and that we needed a new paradigm for our lives. One day a friend, who knew the Chemin Neuf Community in France, invited us to a "Net for God" meeting. The documentary film we watched touched us very much and we felt drawn to this new community. It seemed like a paradigm designed for us! We wrote and asked to visit the fraternity house in England. That summer we spent a month there, helping in the community's missions and attending a retreat for married couples (called "Cana") which changed our lives. About twelve

months later we decided to return and spend a year with the community. That year stretched on to almost four years, which included nine months in France and a 30-day Ignatian retreat. In 2009 we joined the Chemin Neuf Community.

Chemin Neuf, like most religious communities, only goes where it is invited by a bishop. The Archbishop of St. Boniface at the time, Emilius Goulet, invited the Community to establish a foundation in his archdiocese. We returned to Winnipeg in 2010 to explore this possibility. Our efforts were greatly blessed by the gift from the Missionary Oblate Sisters of the 21-bedroom St. Charles Retreat Centre, located on the

banks of the Assiniboine River. Though there is a francophone foundation in Quebec, this is the first Chemin Neuf Community in English-speaking North

So here we are, only two of us, but well-supported by brothers and sisters in Quebec, England, and France – a lot happens by Skype and email! Ted is working for the Archdiocese of Winnipeg to help make ends meet. We rent out space in our retreat centre for outside groups and individual retreatants. I do the cooking, cleaning, and managing, with the help of volunteers. We offered our first week of Spiritual Exercises this past spring and a week-long Cana

session this summer for couples, as well as other weekend retreats.

The past three years have been a time of planting seeds and of learning to pray and trust. We don't know how and when the community will grow. We are waiting to see what God will do.

Ted and Nancy Wood are members of the Chemin Neuf Community in Winnipeg. Nancy serves fulltime for the Community, while Ted is Director of Pastoral Services for the Archdiocese of Winnipeg. Contact them at StCharlesRetreat@hotmail.com or 204-885-2260

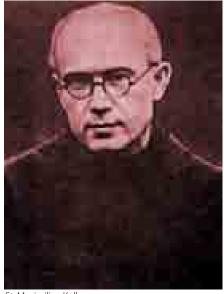
Kolbe Times: Faith, Arts & Justice



Kolbe Times is a Christian media ministry that offers print and online content focused on faith, arts and justice. As a forum to both inspire and challenge, Kolbe Times supplies fuel to connect the Church and the modern world, drawing on the rich history and living culture of our faith.

Kolbe Times was founded in 2010 by a small group of Secular Franciscans committed to living out the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the footsteps of St. Francis of Assisi, celebrating beauty and compassion in a spirit of joy. Our goal is to give voice to the arts and social action as a catalyst for transformation, with a vision of spiritual renewal. Our hope is to create a meeting place for artists and social innovators to share their ideas and spur collaborative action.

Maximilian Kolbe (1894-1941) is the patron saint of journalists. A Polish Franciscan priest, he shared his faith and spoke out on behalf of the oppressed through the use of the modern media of his time. He and his fellow Franciscans also provided shelter for refugees and



St. Maximilian Kolbe

Jews in their friary at the beginning of WWII Fr Kolbe was later arrested and imprisoned in Auschwitz where, in July 1941, he volunteered to die in the place of another man. Locked in a cell with other condemned prisoners abandoned to die a slow death of starvation, he led the men in song and prayer. Maximilian Kolbe was canonized by Pope John Paul Il on October 10, 1982 in the presence of the man whose life was spared due to his sacrifice.

Maximilian Kolbe's faith, courage and use of communications media to promote God's love are the inspiration that shapes Kolbe Times.

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The Language of the Lens continued

travellers, and my whole life has been spent travelling and moving. Most of my childhood was spent in Peru and Ecuador, running barefoot in the Amazon, hiking in the Andes, riding buses through the big South American cities, and living in the midst of many different cultures. As a very blonde boy in the middle of Latinos and indigenous people, I was often a curiosity. And so it was in that setting that I apprenticed in photography, learning it from scratch. We built a photo lab, mixed our photo chemicals, and loaded our own bulk black and white film. I often think it was quite similar to 1960s technology for NASA, where pencil and paper and calculators took men to the moon.

After high school, a major spiritual crisis shook up my interior world and so I left Ecuador, moving to Miami and later Montreal, with my Leica camera stowed away in my bag. Life in North America was so different from what I had known. I found myself amidst the lost generation of the 60s and 70s, and we talked into the night about the aimlessness of life. This new world seemed driven almost entirely by material ends, especially when compared with the world I had grown up in, which was built around purpose, simplicity and community.

Beginning in 1978, I had opportunities to return to Latin America. The personal question for me was: "I was blessed with artistic gifts, developed now over many years. How can I reconcile the artistic calling with the needs of the poor, of social justice?"

2. You've spoken about the "concerned photographer" tradition. Can you tell us more about it, and why it seems to resonate with you?

The tradition of "the concerned photographer" goes back to the early 1900s, with the documentation of social issues such as urban housing in New York City. It continued during WWII and the plight of the Jewish people, and then throughout the wars of Southeast Asia, as photojournalists immersed themselves in the horrors of violence and poverty in the slums. To follow in this tradition seemed a very natural outgrowth of my own journey, and my exposure to many cultures.

But questions remained. Could photography bring hope and foster change? Or is it simply another self-centred tool on a journey of personal discovery? These questions pointedly reminded me of the necessity to draw closer to the heart of God, the merciful One who is on the side of the poor.

Many photojournalists who themselves are on the edges – or even beyond the edges – of the Christian tradition have seen this. W. Eugene Smith, Gordon Parks and Sebastiao Salgado are only a few of the photojournalists who have sought to right wrongs. But I would add that it's important for any photojournalist who wishes to label himself as "a concerned photographer" to also seek beauty, goodness and human dignity. As well, it's important to act with compassion and gentleness, being wise to the whole situation around the theme, and to respect and honour the viewers as well.

3. Tell us about the vision of Northern Rain Studio, and some of your projects.

Northern Rain is our small studio on our acreage. We rebuilt it from an old barn, and in this spot we've produced CDs,



Musings from the Editor's Desk

Musings from the Editor's Desk By Laura Locke lauralocke@shaw.ca

To see more of Ken's photos, go to

www.kolbetimes.com

Before I expound on the treats in store for you in this issue of Kolbe Times, I'd first like to say a big thank you to all of our readers who took the time to call or send us an email after reading our last issue. All that encouragement and positive feedback has been like music for our ears and fuel for our tank! Keep the emails and phone calls coming – we hope to begin a "Letters to the Editor" section in our next issue, so please consider contributing to the conversation.

But let's get back to this issue, in which our theme is "Patterns". Within these pages you're going to meet some patternmakers and pattern-breakers, such as Nancy and Ted Wood from our cover story, who found a fresh paradigm of ecumenical spirituality through their involvement with the Chemin Neuf Community. Father Ron Rolheiser, well-known author and

speaker, offers a hopeful discussion about breaking the increasing pattern of violence we see in society today. We're excited to spread the news about two remarkable groups, Harmony through Harmony and Theatre of the Beat, who are both courageously taking their art down brand new paths of commitment and engagement with the world around them. In the haunting images of photo-essayist and filmmaker Ken Fast, we see the recurring motif of the twin realities of beauty and suffering. Writer and photographer Warren Harbeck takes us on a tour that reveals patterns of the sacred in the architecture and design of a new church in Cochrane. A fascinating article about the ancient tradition of iconography explains how through patterns and symbols iconographers give us a pictorial history of salvation, using artistic techniques handed down through generations. In the review of a new documentary film, we journey through the life of that Canadian musical icon, Bruce Cockburn. Through Scripture and metaphor, Bishop Frederick Henry

shares with us his growing appreciation of a new pattern of leadership. Plus, this issue marks the launch of a series called "Featured Artist", in which we will present the work of a talented individual in our midst – in this case, Cindy Bouwers, a Calgary painter whose background in graphic design has given her an instinctive understanding of the elements of good composition, especially as she renders the patterns of light in nature. And don't miss our new "Poetry" section!

I hope you enjoy reading this issue as much as we have enjoyed putting it together. We are so blessed to have such rich expressions of faith through the arts in our community!



Laura Locke

Creativity as One Answer to Violence

Creativity as One Answer to Violence By Fr. Ron Rolheiser, OMI

artificer [är-'ti-fə-sər] noun

1. a skilled craftsman2. a clever or inventive designer

In his novel, Anil's Ghost, Michael Ondaatje creates a character named Ananda. Ananda's wife had been murdered in the civil war in Sri Lanka and Ananda is trying to save himself from insanity and suicide in the face of this. How does he retain his sanity? Through art, creativity, by creating something.

Near the end of the story, Ondaatje has him refurbishing a smashed statue of a Buddha. Ananda deliberately changes the eyes of the statue to make them look like the eyes of a human being, not of a god: "He looked at the eyes that had once belonged to a god. This is what he felt: as an artificer now he did not celebrate the greatness of a faith. But he knew if he did not remain an artificer he would become a demon. The war around him was to do with demons, specters of retaliation."

We are either creative or we give ourselves over to some kind of brutality. Either we become artists of some kind or we become demons. For Ondaatje, this is our only choice. Is he right?

A good theology of grace, I believe, agrees with him. Why? Because we cannot will ourselves into being good people. We can't

just decide that we will be loving and happy any more so than we can decide never again to be angry, bitter, or jealous. Willpower alone hasn't got that kind of power. Only an influx into our souls of something that is not anger, bitterness, or jealousy can do that for us. We call this grace and it, not willpower, is what ultimately empowers us to live loving lives.

Creativity, both in what it spawns within the artist and the artifact, can be a vital source of that grace.

But is this true? Are artists and creative persons less violent than others? Do we see any special grace operative there? Generally speaking, yes. Whatever their other faults, rarely are artists war-makers. Why? Because violence despoils the very aesthetic order which artists value so much and, more importantly, because creating beauty of any sort helps mellow the spirit inside of the person who is creating it. Simply put, when we are creative, we get to feel a bit of what God must have felt at the original creation and at the baptism of Jesus, when, looking at the young earth spinning itself out of chaos and the head of Jesus emerging from the waters, there was the spontaneous utterance: "It is good, very good!" "This is my beloved child in whom I am well-pleased."

Being creative can give us that same feeling. The experience of being creative can help instill in us the gaze of admiration, appreciative consciousness, divine satisfaction.

Obviously too there is a real danger in this. Feeling like God is also the greatest narcotic there is, as many artists and performers and athletes, tragically, have learned. In the experience of creativity, it is all too easy to identify with the energy, to feel that we are God or that art and creativity are themselves divine and an end in themselves. The greater the achievement, the harder it is to properly disassociate ourselves, to not identify ourselves or the artifact with God. Creativity comes fraught with danger. But, that risk notwithstanding, we need, every one of us, to be creative or else we will, as Ondaatje warns, grow bitter and violent in some way.

Moreover we need to understand creativity correctly. We tend to be intimidated by the concept and to see ourselves as not having what it takes to be creative. Why? Because we tend to identify creativity only with outstanding achievement and public recognition. Whom do we judge to be creative? Only those who have had their songs recorded, their poems published, their dances performed on Broadway, their achievements publicly noted, and their talents talked about on the TV talk shows.

But 99% of creativity hasn't anything to do with that. Creativity is not ultimately about public recognition or outstanding achievement. It's about self-expression, about nurturing something into life, and about the satisfaction this brings with it.

Creativity can be as simple (and as wonderful) as gardening, growing flowers,

sewing, raising children, baking bread, collecting stamps, keeping a journal, writing secret poems, being a teacher, being cub-scout leader, coaching a team, collecting baseball cards, doing secret dances in the privacy of your own room, fixing old cars, or building a deck off the porch. It doesn't have to be recognized and you don't need to get published. You only have to love doing it.

William Stafford, the American poet, suggests that we should all write a poem every morning. How is that possible, someone once asked him, when we don't feel creative? His reply: "Lower your standards!"

"Publish or perish!" God never gave us that dictum. The academic world did. God's rules for creativity are different. Jesus expressed them in the parable of the talents: "Be an artificer of some sort or you will surely become a demon!"

Used with permission of the author, Oblate Father Ron Rolheiser. Currently, Father Rolheiser is serving as President of the Oblate School of Theology in San Antonio Texas. He can be contacted through his website, www.ronrolheiser.com



Fr. Ron Rolheiser, OMI



Sacred Art at St. Mary's Church

God Himself became the Artist of history doing something beautiful for humanity – indeed, for all of creation – and invites all future artists to participate in that beauty.

Sacred Art at St. Mary's Church: a journey from the secular to the spiritual By Warren Harbeck

"Let's do something beautiful for God."
These words, attributed to Blessed
Mother Teresa of Calcutta, characterize
the development philosophy of St. Mary's
Parish Centre in Cochrane, Alberta,
dedicated by Calgary Bishop Frederick
Henry in 2007.

The parish's Building Committee worked from the premise that sacred beauty is a window through which we experience more meaningfully the One we worship. In the context of church design, artistic expression is a key component in the pilgrim parishioner's journey from the secular to the spiritual. As Michael Simpson, past-chair of the Building Committee, explains it, that journey was to be "punctuated by significant works of art to facilitate the transition."

Thus it is that pilgrims on that journey to St. Mary's Church are first greeted by a view of the iconic bell tower framed by apple trees that are joyful with the blossoms of spring, vibrant with the leaves of autumn, restful in the hope-filled waiting of winter. To the left, the Sacred Garden provides a quiet place for contemplation and meditation.

Upon entering the welcoming main doors beneath the bell tower, pilgrims face a large seasonal banner on a powerful concrete wall curving left into the Gathering Area. A colonnade of artwork leads to the 600-seat Parish Hall of Phase I, the temporary worship space till the completion, as the population significantly increases, of the formal worship area in Phase II.

Perhaps no finer example of the importance of sacred art for this parish is to be found in the Day Chapel, immediately to the right upon entering the main doors. There, over three metres high, stands *The Tree of Life Crucifix* by renowned American sculptor John Collier, chief artist for the Catholic Memorial at Ground Zero, New York City.

Its distinctive tree-and-branch cross holds an equally distinctive corpus: a tattered, whipped, and fallen Jesus.

Collier's inspiration for *The Tree of Life Crucifix* is found in the biblical accounts of three trees, he says: (1) the tree of life in the Garden of Eden, from which Adam

and Eve were alienated by sin; (2) the tree on which Jesus, "the second Adam," was crucified to counter the human alienation from God brought about by the first Adam; and (3) the tree of life referred to in the conclusion to the Book of Revelation – the tree in the holy city of the new heaven and earth, on either side of the river of life that flows from the throne of God, whose leaves "are for the healing of the nations."

In these three trees represented in his crucifix, Collier embraces God's grand story of reconciliation. "The healing journey of salvation is complete," he says. "Access to the first tree of life has been restored in the new reality of the third tree. God once again is intimately present with His people."

God Himself became the Artist of history doing something beautiful for humanity – indeed, for all of creation – and invites all future artists to participate in that beauty.

Was it not in that sense that Pope John Paul II famously addressed artists in 1999? Recall his words: "May your art help to affirm that true beauty which, as a glimmer of the Spirit of God, will transfigure matter, opening the human soul to the sense of the eternal."

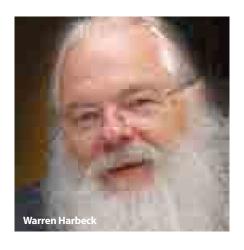
That priority certainly underlies John Collier's commitment to sacred art. "Human beings have always made art about what they think is important," he says. "I think our Lord is important. I make art about Him."

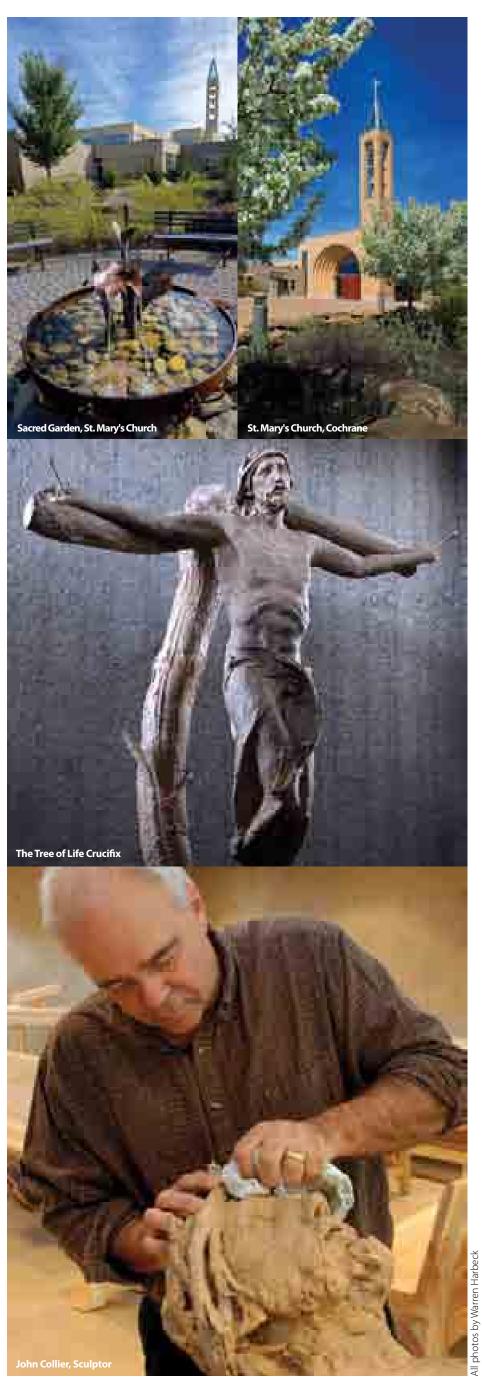
That priority also underlies why St. Mary's Church-Cochrane understands the celebration of sacred beauty to be fundamental to their church development and outreach. Indeed, the pilgrim parishioners, upon their sojourn in this sacred space, are being inspired not only to "do something beautiful for God," but themselves to become something beautiful for God – God's artwork in flesh and blood.

Warren Harbeck is a religious studies scholar, linguist and photographer. He publishes the weekly slice-of-life newspaper column "Coffee With Warren" in the Cochrane Eagle.

www.coffeewithwarren.com He and his

wife, Mary Anna, are members of St. Mary's Parish in Cochrane. He can be reached at warren@harbeck.ca. See www.stmaryscochrane.ca for more information about the parish.





our lives. There is nothing

distracting them from

Connections, Old and New

Harmony through Harmony (HtH), founded in 2009, is a choral organization with a difference. Currently, they have three ensembles with a total of 35 members. They use their collective voice to raise funds and awareness about social justice issues, while also developing the leadership skills of members and building community. HtH members, who are between 18 and 35 years old, meet every week for dinner, book study, discussion and rehearsal.

Harmony through Harmony's vision is to follow Christ's example to discover how each of us can be a voice for the voiceless. Since its inception, the group has helped to raise over \$300,000 for a variety of causes and organizations. Their efforts have frequently been focused on the issue of human trafficking and sexual exploitation.

The group travels to places where "traditional" choirs don't normally go. Last spring they completed a cross-country tour, which took them to Hollow Waters, an Ojibwe-speaking community north of Winnipeg. Executive Director Beth McLean Wiest writes about the choir's experience of spending time with Marcel Hardisty, a community leader at Hollow Waters.

Connections, Old and New By Beth McLean Wiest



Beth Mcl ean Wies

Marcel Hardisty is a wise and humble man, passionate about his people and their healing and a firm believer in restorative justice. He is an Aboriginal Community Sexual Abuse Intervention Specialist, and past president of

comprehensive networking and healing system. Along with our friend Steve Bell, we were eager to spend time learning from Marcel. The first day began with a teaching about the Anishinaabe philosophy.

Anishinaabe means "First Man" or "Original Peoples". They are a conglomerate of the tribes of Odawa, Ojibwe and Algonquin peoples, who speak closely related languages and live in the area surrounding the Great Lakes. Before the residential schools, the people understood what it meant to be Anishinaabe. Tragically, many no longer know this part of their identity. Those who do, like Marcel, are doing their part to educate others in hope that one day soon their people will all understand what it means to be Anishinaabe once more.

For me, the loss of identity was a sobering thought. What would it be like for me to lose my identity as a Canadian? I am proud to be Canadian and as I travel the world I am proud of how others view my country. The Anishinaabe people have been here longer than any of us. What went so very wrong for them to lose their identity? The answer to that question is one that humbles me and brings me to my knees.

As Marcel explained, to be Anishinaabe means to understand that we are all created and need each other. Creator will always provide all that you need for your life, which all comes from the raw material of Mother Earth. Take only what you need. Creator made the first family: Mother Earth, Grandmother Moon, Grandfather Sun – and then made the first children: plant life, four leggeds, birds and fish. Creator then made his most prized creation: Woman. Sounds a lot like the creation story that I was raised with.

Marcel then went on to enlighten us about the seven laws that the Anishinaabe live by. The seven laws teach how to live with all of creation, especially other human beings: respect, humility, truth, courage, wisdom, honesty and sharing.

death. Whatever happens to the being everything that earth happens to the people. God designed them to be. Anishinaabe philosophy says that you belong to community and Marcel opened our community belongs to you. A key eyes to a new way teaching in the stories that First of looking at Nations tell their children is this: Do Canada, but it was not get ahead of the also a critical community. Why? moment in Because relationship is sacred. Since relationship is sacred, the Anishinaabe perspective is that our ancestors are always with us. Heaven is not far – just over here at arms' reach. Marcel shared an "honour song" with us, to honour the ancestors. He sang with his drum. It was sacred to hear him, watch him and imagine what the words were about.

Learning about honouring ancestors was a big "ah-ha!" moment for many of us. Honouring ancestors is not necessarily ancestral worship; it is recognition of our emotional / mental / spiritual / physical whole self in interaction with creation, with community, with our past, with eternity, with Creator.

sharing with us. And again, it was a sacred

I love how music

moment.

communicates messages at

him as a way to honour him

so many levels. We then

sang one of our songs for

When we don't live by these seven laws,

we are creating chaos, destruction,

It seems to me that as Europeans, we have lost touch with our stories. We have lost the understanding of sacred. We have lost our identity as a whole person. What the aboriginal people refer to as ancestors would be what Christians refer to as saints. Consider this – those who are closer to God are more capable of being active in

Harmony through Harmony journey – a point we look back on and see as a "crucible moment" for us as a community and as individuals. We are thankful for the challenge that he gave us. We appreciate his openness to making a connection and helping us to learn. I hope that we have the heart capacity to do the same for others.

Marcel Hardisty

For more information about Harmony through Harmony, to check out their upcoming schedule or see how you can become involved, visit www.harmonythroughharmony.com

To see videos of Harmony through Harmony in concert, go to www.kolbetimes.com



Theatre

Performing on the Inside

rlee Walker, and Benjamin Wert - Photo by James Croke

Theatre of the Beat, founded in 2011, is a travelling theatre troupe that has gained a reputation for tackling tough topics. Its members create and perform intimate theatrical presentations across Canada, teach drama programs, and host coffee house discussions. Their aim is to foster awareness of important social issues as they travel around the country, with performances and lifestyles founded in the Beatitudes. The troupe consists of Rebecca Steiner, Kimberlee Walker, Benjamin Wert, Leah Harder Wideman and Artistic Director Johnny Wideman.

Forgiven/Forgotten is a thought-provoking play written by Johnny Wideman, which paints the story of a small church community thrown into turmoil upon hearing that an offender will be serving his parole in their midst. The troupe has been performing the play and hosting post-play discussions on their recent nationwide tour. Troupe member Benjamin Wert writes about the unexpected impact of one of their performances.

Performing on the Inside By Benjamin Wert

I've traveled Canada a fair bit, both with the troupe and with others. I've always thought I had a good sense of the scope of the country and its "personality". I know Canada, I thought – even more so, now that I'm a part of Theatre of the Beat. We stay in people's homes, and take part in conversations with communities all across the country. It's a privilege and a gift we don't take for granted.

Recently a friend of mine told about her time living on a reservation in Northern Manitoba. The stories she told me struck deeply, and made me realize that I don't know this country of mine nearly as well as I thought I did. I know a certain strata of Canada very well, but beyond that, and my

A couple of weeks ago, we performed Forgiven/Forgotten in our first jail – the Winnipeg Remand Centre. We had to roll with the punches, as some of our props weren't allowed into the Centre (A casserole dish? No way. A 2×4 with nuts and bolts sticking out? Go ahead!) The room was a bizarre polygonal shape that opened right into the airlock at the entrance, so we didn't see any of the jail except the entrance and our performance

After setting everything up and doing a cue-to-cue rehearsal, we settled in our chairs and waited for the prisoners to be let in. There were fourteen men from two cellblocks. They entered one block at a time. The first group chatted with us as they sat, but guieted down when the men from the second block came in.

As we got up to begin our performance, some of the men were staring at the floor, some were looking expectantly at us, and some were leaning over and whispering to their neighbours. Two guards stood in the back corners of the room with crossed arms and tucked clipboards.

We performed the play. After performing a play dozens of times, you get a feel very early how the audience will respond. Are they laughers? Do they make audible gasps at strong emotional moments? Do they quietly mutter to each other when they notice subtle connections in the script? The Winnipeg Remand Centre audience was silent. No laughter. Almost no mutters. No gasps. But eyes on the floor became eyes on us, and by the time we took our bows, every man in the room was focused on us.

Because there were only fourteen men in the audience, I can close my eyes and remember each one during our discussion with them after the play. I remember the sad and bitter man who said the play portrayed his experience perfectly. I remember his quiet mumbling comments that I could barely understand, and the hard set of his body language. I remember the older man with grey hair and a big moustache. I remember his gratitude, his poetry when talking about the beauty of churches that welcomed him. I remember a guiet young man talking about being welcomed in a community because of his familiar last name, but being driven away by the gossip that bounced back and forth behind his back. I remember the indigenous man talking about the racism he felt in the church as soon as he walked inside. I remember the young guy in the front row who had a huge smile on his face as he told us that he'd never seen a play before. I remember the affirmation the ex-con in the play, as they told him that

And then I remember them standing up and walking out a door. We walked out a different door. They went back to their cells, and we packéd up and went outside to the parking lot.

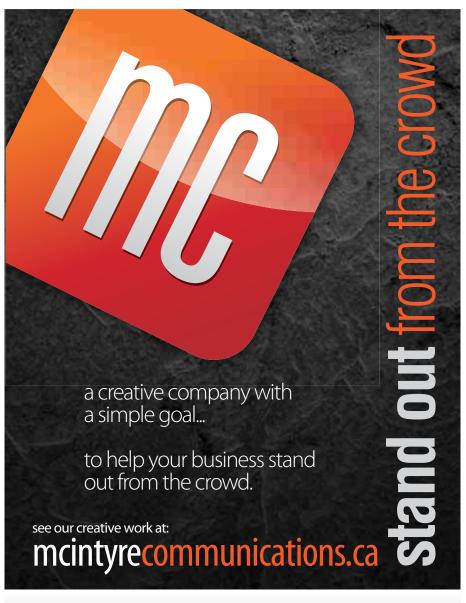
Our image of the country we live in has expanded, and continues to expand with every community and prison we visit.

My Canada includes prisoners now. It includes people who've made mistakes; horrible mistakes that have consequences. But mistakes – criminal or otherwise – don't stop us from being human, with everything that entails.

For more information about Theatre of the Beat, to check out their schedule or to book a performance, visit www.theatreofthebeat.com.



Forgiven-Forgotten, Theatre of the Beat - Photo by James Croke





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Heating gold with breath

Discovering Beauty: The Ancient Tradition of Iconography By Deacon Ken Noster, President, Living Water College of the Arts

Considering all the media and the multiplicity of creative means of expressing yourself artistically, why would someone study Iconography? Whereas most art forms encourage the artist to be creative, iconography does just the opposite. The iconographer strives to reproduce with exactness the icon he is copying. Just as ancient scribes painstakingly strove to copy the Sacred Scriptures without any variation from the original, so also does the iconographer. Why then do people find this work compelling? Is it attractive simply because it has stood the test of time, or has it stood the test of time because it is attractive? In other words, is this just another form of folk art, or is there a greater attraction here?



This past summer, in the Living Water College Iconography Program, Made in His *Likeness,* not only did students learn how to paint an icon of the glorious St. Michael the Archangel, but, through daily readings and seminars, the students entered into a discussion of beauty itself and what it is that makes the icon so attractive.

Frank Turner, actor, iconographer and Director of Fine Arts at the College, instructed the students in proper technique one layer of paint at a t

"When teaching iconography I enter into a special realm of existence," says Frank. "Time becomes elastic and the excitement of passing on this ancient tradition becomes all encompassing."

He also enjoys quiding students' understanding of iconography, and how it differs from religious art or decoration.

"The iconographer is more of a conduit than an initiator," explains Frank. "The forms of the icons have been passed down through generations of iconographers 'quoting' earlier work. The icon itself is a means of opening the conversation with the person represented."

In spite of an initial impression that icons seem stark and unrealistic, the students came to see the profound beauty revealed in the symbolism of these classic images.

After the first seminar session they were hooked, and began to eagerly look forward to pausing for two hours each day and discussing profound ideas central to our humanity.

They examined the relationship between beauty and worship, reflecting on the differences they have experienced praying in a sparse modern church as compared to one with beautiful ancient architecture, images and statues. They read the thoughts of St. Augustine, who spoke of the potential distraction caused by beauty, especially when we desire to have "fair forms" satisfy us completely. This caution led to a discussion on the sincere motivation of ancient iconoclasts, who endeavoured to clear the early church of images, and the iconoclasts of post-Vatican II, bent on simplifying and modernizing the decoration of Catholic churches. Study of the works of St. John Damascene, who eloquently challenged the iconoclasm of



nstructor Frank Turner and students

the 8th century, provided brilliant perspective on the need for beauty in our churches today, with insights such as "Through beauty, the invisible is made visible".

Maria Cecilia Arango, an art teacher originally from Columbia, was a student in the program.

"It was truly a spiritual experience – very wonderful," says Maria Cecilia. "Every

moment was a delight, and Frank, our teacher, not only taught us the technique but was an example to us of love, service and humility. I discovered that we are all "living icons" that reflect the image of God with our lives and our being."



Day after day, the students posed rich ideas and grew closer to an understanding of the place of the icon in the worship of God. Discussions and readings likely provided more questions than answers, but the answers they did arrive at were very rewarding. Ultimately, their ideas were borne out in their practice, painstakingly copying Holy Scripture as it is represented by the image, daily more clearly gazing back at them. They thought deeply and seriously, they carefully fashioned a true representation of the classic icon of St. Michael, and they bent their will to God through the whole process, daily taking their work and their thoughts to their community and private prayer and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and daily bringing back to class the rich fruit of the growth in faith these two weeks provided.

Living Water College will be offering a Film Program in July/August 2014: "Truth in Motion". For more information, visit www.livingwatercollege.com

To watch an interview with Maria Cecilia Arango, check out www.kolbetimes.com



Featured Artist: Cindy Bouwers







Porch Light



Early Snow III



Cindy Bouwers was born in Picture Butte, Alberta. In 1984, she earned a Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree, with Distinction, in Visual Communica-

tion Design from the University of Alberta. She went on to enjoy a successful career as a graphic designer, working first for the University of Alberta and then moving to Calgary in 1989 to work for KARO Design Resources. Cindy started Quest Design in 1998 and also taught second year design classes as a sessional instructor at the Alberta College of Art and Design from 2000 to 2004.

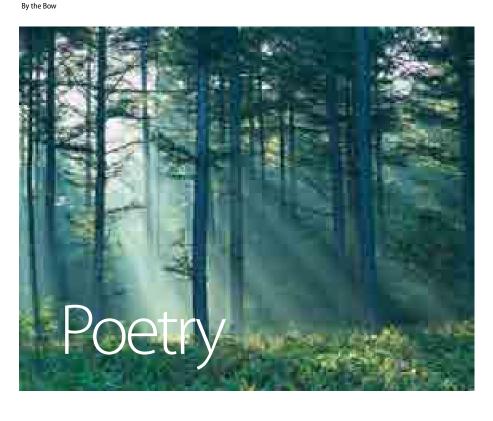
A decision in 2006 to explore a long buried desire to paint and pursue her own artwork has led her along a new creative path and resulted in a rich body of work informed by her design background, strong sense of composition and love of nature.

Cindy has focused primarily on interpreting the natural world while reflecting on the spaces "in between" and working toward conveying a sense of that which is unseen. Inspiration comes in moments of quiet reflection, in watching the play of light, translating the shapes and patterns created in its path. Her desire is to bring viewers into a shared experience, to convey the feeling of a place or the richness of the moment.

Cindy is a member of the Calgary Artists Society and the Riverview Artists Group, and lives in Calgary with her husband and

two children. She and her family attend River Park Church.

To see more of Cindy's artwork, visit her website at www.cindybouwers.com. You can contact her at cindybouwersart@nucleus.com or 403-828-2115.



The Stranger
By Michael Lee Zwiers

A stranger passed this way and left His fingerprints on leaves of trees, On blossoms waving bye the wind, And petals scented on the breeze.

A spider dances to a tune, The stranger hummed, and weaves a web, Its fine and intricate design An echo of that soundless tune.

I ask the plants so dewy green To help me in my quest anon, For footsteps that they might have seen Or heard pass by their watchful eye. I ask the creatures of the wood To tell me whence the stranger came, And voiceless voices twit and chirp And do their best to name a name.

I hear their plaintive, wistful sigh; They dip their heads in soulful show; The trees point branches at the sky, And I glance up and want to know.

How is it that these simple folk Have answers to my boldest dreams, Know truths of which I have no ken, And see the One no eyes have seen?

Michael Lee Zwiers, PhD, is Assistant Professor in the Counselling Psychology Program, Faculty of Education, at the University of Calgary.



During our pilgrimage we will visit the Shrine of the Infant Jesus of Prague. We will also visit the Cathedral of St. Stephen of Budapest, Hungary. We will see the convent of St. Faustina where she lived and died and venerate her relics in the convent chapel, the home of Pope John Paul II, the famous Icon of Our Lady of Czestochowa. We will also travel to Medjugorje. The trip is \$3,500 (CAD) per person (subject to

Medjugorje. The trip is \$3,500 (CAD) per person (subject to change based on Euro exchange), which includes roundtrip airfare from Toronto (including all taxes), room and two meals daily, and all transportation and site seeing.

For more details call Scott Scaria at **860-289-2606** or write to: POLAND-MEDJUGORJE PILGRIMAGE, P.O. Box 281059, East Hartford, CT 06128 or visit us on the web at **www.polandmej.com.**

The deadline for receipt of a deposit of \$200 is November 30, 2013. Balance is due by January 10, 2014.

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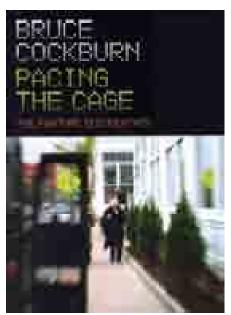
Pilgrimage to Rome for the Canonization of Blessed John Paul II and Blessed Pope John XXIII also, Assisi, Padua, Lanciano and San Giovanni Rotondo. \$3,900 (CAD) per person.

May 10 to May 26

Pilgrimage to Fatima, Lourdes, Garabandal and Santiago Compostela \$3,900 (CAD) per person.



Pacing the Cage: A Portrait of Bruce Cockburn



Pacing the Cage: A Portrait of Bruce Cockburn By Bill Locke

Pacing the Cage (2013) was produced by BB&J Productions and directed by Joel Goldberg.

Some people describe him as honest, visionary and disciplined, while others might call him restless, immature and even arrogant. Most everyone would say he is a brilliant guitarist, poet, singer, activist and showman – Canada's answer to Bob Dylan. He is, of course, Bruce Cockburn. And though hard to pin down or categorize, there is no doubt that he has been a

provocative and shining part of this country's music scene for over four decades. Pacing the Cage, a new documentary profiling Cockburn, does not make it easy to get a handle on him, perhaps deliberately. In the film, he keeps moving, changing, stopping, starting. Alternating between performances by Cockburn, comments from musicians and writers such as Michael Ondaatje, Bono, Sylvia Tyson, Sarah Harmer and Jackson Browne, and interviews with the artist himself, we see glimpses of him through conflicting perspectives, almost like Citizen Kane. Is he a genius or an overrated performer? Is he a trouble-maker or a major prophet for our time? The film seems to ask, 'Which one is the real Cockburn?'

The various segments of the film take a stab at describing him through segments such as "On the Road", "Guitar Player", "The Activist", "The Writer". But as the title suggests, Cockburn does not find it easy to be caged.

He does his thing, his way, on his own terms. And he does it intensely. Cockburn explains how he 'discovered' that he was a Christian and then started expressing it, not so much to convince anyone but to release something that could not be contained. It is as if something deep inside him takes over, whether it is a social issue or a very intimate personal insight, and pours out in word and song. The world disappears in the process.

Up on the hillside you can see the cross shine, Out in the alley hear the hungry dog whine, You and I, friend, sit waiting for a sign, See how the sunset makes the lake look like wine. The film is partly a quest. Grabbing hold of themes that we cannot ignore – strident materialism, environmental disasters, political corruption, love - he struggles to express the terrible wrong:

Rain forest; mist and mystery; teeming green, Green brain facing lobotomy, Climate control centre for the world, Ancient cord of coexistence, Hacked by parasitic greedhead scam.

Is he a pessimist? A lot of his songs are bluer than blue at first glance. He's walking the via negativa. But then he'll light up with via positiva, creative, hopeful, even buoyant.

Sun's up, uh huh, looks okay. The world survives into another day, And I'm thinking about eternity. Some kind of ecstasy got a hold on me.

A lot of the film is performance, and it's impossible not to be captivated by his virtuoso guitar playing. Mostly, the film is a tribute. In the end, Cockburn comes across as a brilliant musician, not without flaws and blemishes, but now mellowed and sweet from lessons learned along the way. In fact, he seems like an everyday guy, with a new young wife and child, a working musician with a wry twinkle in his eye, not afraid to laugh at himself, full of affection for life. And watching this film, you're bound to feel affection for the man himself, in spite of – or maybe because of – all his quirks and contradictions.

All the diamonds in this world That mean anything to me Are conjured up by wind and sunlight Sparkling on the sea.

I ran aground in a harbour town, Lost the taste for being free. Thank God He sent some aull-chased ship To carry me to sea.

Two thousand years and half a world away, Dying trees still grow greener when you pray.

Silver scales flash bright and fade In reeds along the shore, Like a pearl in sea of liquid jade, His ship comes shining, Like a crystal swan in a sky of suns, His ship comes shining.

Bill Locke is a former documentary filmmaker. He is now president of Capacity Builders Inc., a consulting company serving community organizations, and is co-author of The Nurturing Leader.

To see the trailer of "Pacing the Cage", visit www.kolbetimes.com



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missionary's prayer? Think again!

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Faith, Arts & Justice



Dr. Kevin Leman and Bill Pentak

By Bishop Frederick Henry

Books

I now find myself moving away from the paradigm of servant leader.

The idea of combining 'servant' and 'leader' is beautiful, and extremely attractive, as we all know from Jesus' words to his disciples in Mark 10:42-43: "You know that among the Gentiles those they call their rulers lord it over them, and their great men make their authority felt. Among you this is not to happen." (New Jerusalem Bible)

And yet, the words 'servant' and 'leader' tend to pull in opposite directions.

An inherent tension in servant leadership can confuse our relationships with those with whom we collaborate. Servants are not usually supposed to lead, like bossy butlers

In the 1993 movie, *The Remains of the Day,* Anthony Hopkins portrays a most unlikely hero named Stevens, butler to Lord Darlington. As butler, Stevens manages every detail of the vast Darlington household in the late 1930s. Through a combination of hard work, long hours, quiet intelligence and denying his own needs, Stevens has become what his peers would acknowledge to be a great butler.

Stevens is a victim of the oppressive, demeaning class system of pre-war Britain – a social structure that permanently consigned people to roles based only on the economic circumstances of their birth. Even Stevens comes to understand how his life has been wasted living in such a system. However, despite his own foibles and frailty and that of the world in which he lives, he serves with dignity and a sense of purpose.

His fulfillment is the smooth and orderly functioning of the household and the accommodation of every member of the family, staff and guests; his satisfaction is in earning the trust and confidence of the master of the house. At the end (or the remains) of the day, we might be inclined to ask, "Is that all there is?"

We see the dramatic lesson of greatness and 'being first' in Jesus' washing of the disciples' feet at the Last Supper. He takes the place of the person at the bottom, the last place, the slave. For Peter, as for most of us, this is impossible.

However, imagine with what tenderness Jesus touches the feet of his disciples, looks into their eyes, calls each one by name and says a special word to each one. When he speaks at the meal, he speaks to them all; he does not have a personal contact with them individually. But as he kneels humbly before each one and washes their feet, he has personal contact with each one. He reveals his love to each one, which is both comforting and challenging. He sees in each one a presence of his Father. The love of Jesus reveals that we are important, that we are a presence of God and are called to stand up and do the work of God: to love others as God loves us, to serve others and to wash their feet.

By washing his disciples' feet, Jesus does not diminish his authority. He is "Lord and Master" who wants to reveal a new way of exercising authority through humility, service and love, through a communion of hearts, in a manner that implies closeness, friendliness, openness, humility and a desire to bridge the gap that so often exists between those "in" leadership and those "under" their leadership.

What Jesus is exercising is real shepherd leadership. There is a wealth of unmined richness in this scriptural, ecclesial and liturgical metaphor, not only for clergy but also for anyone exercising leadership.

"When they had eaten, Jesus said to Simon Peter, 'Simon, son of John, do you love me more than these others do?' He answered, "Yes, Lord, you know I love you." Jesus said to him, "Feed my lambs....look after my sheep... feed my sheep." (New Jerusalem Bible; John 21:15-17)

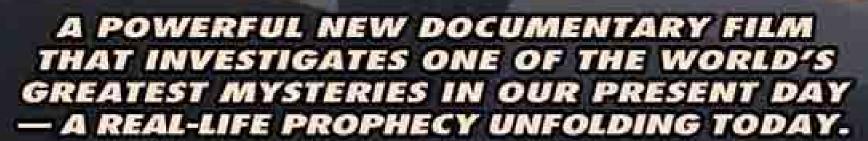
Two books have been very helpful to me in unpacking and applying this metaphor. The first is *Shepherd Leadership: Wisdom For Leaders From*



F.B. Henry is Bishop of the Roman Catholic

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