Chapter 5

My "Friendship" with Women Saints as a Source of Spirituality

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In the course of a life full of dramatic change and uncertainty, two strands have remained constant, shaping the backdrop against which I have made decisions and into which I have woven other strands of my life. One is the guiding force of faith and spirituality; the other is the sustaining force of feminism, present in my life even before I had a word for it. Recently, reflecting about the women saints[1] of my childhood, I have woven these two strands together for the first time.

Why have the lives of women saints created this peculiar point of convergence of two main strands of my life? Because I have seen how, in the lives of these women, faith and heroism have worked together. I have been captivated by the intricacies of these women's lives, their courage as well as their weaknesses, their childishness as well as their maturity, their loves and fears, and, above all, their focus on doing what they believed was right or what God wanted from them regardless of the opinions of others, including the male authorities of church and family. And, even though they could not fully subtract themselves from the influence of their cultural milieu—as no one fully can—they used the tools of their culture to implement their own will in the name of God. In rather contradictory ways, they used negative cultural and religious gender norms to challenge what was expected of them as women.

It must have been the paradox at the center of the saints' lives that attracted me. I remember having an inkling that even the most apparently submissive among them had challenged authority. Most of the stories and narratives about saints, particularly those presented to little

girls as role models, portray them as compliant, obedient, self-sacrificing masochists, faithful to the dictates of authority. Most of these stories completely neglect or deny the fact that the saints' behavior frequently challenged the norms and expectations placed on them as women. But once I grasped that they understood their lives through the lenses of their historical and cultural contexts, these women's stories had the opposite effect on me. They were examples of the effects a "passionate spirituality"[2] could have on the development of a "radical wisdom"[3] unique to women's spirituality. Reflecting on their capacity to alternatively accept and rebel against patriarchal dictates of the Roman Catholic Church, I found that their experiences, despite the differences in historical circumstances, were frequently close to mine. Their femaleness, like mine, presented specific limitations and provided distinct avenues to spiritual achievement. They became models of self-assertion and rebellion against arbitrary dictates of authority.

The central focus of my spirituality, based in large part on my "friendship" with some women saints, who have been my role models, has grown against the grain of traditional beliefs and has helped me develop a relational perspective on "the life of the spirit" that, in turn, has brought me closer to God and to my fellow human beings. True spirituality is, by definition, relational, since it is fundamentally about a relationship with whatever we understand God to be. And this, in turn, determines our relationships with other people. Spirituality is "embodied in ways that activate memory, deeply felt emotion, social connectedness, and meaning."[4] In other words, there is a profound "materiality" to spirituality. My personal and professional choices have been guided by this relational spiritual perspective, perhaps not always consciously. In these pages, I make my own memories available as a tool to better understand the transactions between these women's stories and my own, as well as their possible significance for the spirituality of everyday human life.

When I was a girl of eight or nine, *los Tres Reyes Magos*—the Three Kings, or the Wise Men who bring presents to children on January 6, the feast of the Epiphany, in many Catholic countries—brought me a small book: *Niños Santos*. It was bound in red velvet, fuzzy to touch, and small enough to fit in my hands. I was already an avid reader; *Niños Santos* became my constant companion. I read its stories so often that I could recite from memory the lives of the young people it contained. Around the same time, a film on the life of Rose of Lima, the first canonized saint of the Americas, became a theatrical success in Latin America. *Rosa de América*, a Black-and-White feature film, further triggered my fantasies about sainthood. Watching Rosa on the screen after reading about her in *Niños Santos* made saints even more real to me. I was mesmerized by Argentinean actress Delia Garcés playing the role of Rose of Lima. Garcés was a beautiful woman, as Rosa was

supposed to have been. She played many other glamorous parts in Argentinean cinema but none made her as famous to the Latin American public as her role as Rosa. Her beauty made sainthood seem like an attractive possibility. Her long dark curly hair, so much like mine, made me think I could be like her if I tried. Maybe if I behaved like her I could become as beautiful and as good as she was. Rosa was particularly attractive to many others because she was Latin American, not European like the other saints I was hearing or reading about.[5]

When I was ten or eleven, I watched the now-legendary film in which Ingrid Bergman played the role of Joan of Arc. For days after I passed the time jumping on furniture while carrying my banner, a broomstick with a rag tied on one end, pretending to be Joan of Arc conquering fortresses. While Joan of Arc evoked fantasies of achievement in my childish mind, Rosa had built her sanctity through acts of self-mutilation. Many decades later I learned that because women's bodies were seen as sinful, impure, and imperfect, many women equated sanctity with controlling and reducing their bodies. Such control was the best demonstration of the strength of their souls. Therefore, women who aspired to sainthood showed the power of their spirit through the mutilation or even annihilation of their bodies.[6]

In addition, for centuries, Catholic Church authorities claimed the Apostle Paul's injunctions denied Christian women the right to teach others. Learning and teaching became dangerous activities for women. Deprived of their ability to serve God and the church via their words, many women expressed their faith through that which they could (to some degree) control, namely their bodies. Rosa, who is reputed to have been a beautiful young woman, actively struggled against the dangers of her own beauty by cutting her hair, burning her hands, putting garlic in her eyes, and other similar activities. Yet, taking into account that our knowledge of Rosa comes from interpretations of men writing about her, it is next to impossible to determine what her real motivations were for her extreme self-destruction. But what is certain is that she took it upon herself to control the destiny of her body, including inviting death, rather than leave that power in the hands of others. She did so in the only and rather "contorted" way available to her in her specific cultural and religious context. In this endeavor, no matter how submissive to authority she appeared to have been, she presumed to have a life, a body, and an identity apart from male authority and cultural definitions of what should constitute femininity. Her efforts at "fooling" parents and confessors alike into allowing her to perform ever more extreme penances, although baffling to us, show her self-determination to pursue her own goals, perceived by her and presented to others as God's will.

Rosa engaged in forms of accommodation and resistance characteristic of women saints. She appeared as virtuous and obedient while

actively disobeying the authority of parents and confessors and acting as an independent agent. Considering the limited options available to her, she created relatively independent strategies in her self-styled search for sanctity. Rosa was what Kathleen Norris calls a "fierce holy little girl"[7] intent on reaching God in her own way, even in the face of the opposition of her family and the norms for women in her own society. In doing so, she challenged authority and became a role model for other women. At the same time, through her extreme behaviors, she reinscribed the all-encompassing equation of women with the body. Because she focused on her body as the instrument of her sanctification, she underscored the importance and problematic nature of women's bodies. As was to be expected, she shared her contemporaries' constructions of women's bodies and sanctity. To some extent, her predicament is similar to conflicts women face today concerning their bodies and their desires for self-realization.

During my childhood, imitating Rosa could mean hurting my body. Feminist awareness and gender analyses of women's relationships to their bodies were decades in my future. I was lucky enough not to wear a veil that could hide a crown of nails or clothes that might conceal a locked iron chain around my waist as Rosa did. Instead I filled my school shoes with beans, knelt on pebbles to pray whenever possible, and ate foods I strongly disliked. I even went long hours without drinking water in the Cuban heat, while dreaming about founding a religious order named after St. Rose of Lima. I spent hours designing the habit my nuns would wear, making it as beautiful as possible: white pleated chiffon, trimmed with black velvet at the neckline, the sleeves, and the waist. I guess I wanted to be a fashionable saint!

All through my childhood, I read other stories and fairy tales and saw films about young female heroines. Indeed, Disney's *Snow White* was the first movie I saw. But the stories of young women so deeply devoted to God that they reached the Catholic Church's pinnacle of sanctity captivated my imagination with a stronger force than fairy-tale heroines. Transforming the world or the lives of others looked a lot more attractive than marrying an unknown prince. What I wanted most in the world was to be a saint. I fantasized about being some self-sacrificing martyr or heroic holy person, playacting the roles on a daily basis.

Yet, the saints weren't the only catalysts in my life. My childhood memories are also full of "snapshots" of my budding feminism. One anecdote remains vivid. I was five; my sister and I were playing with my two cousins on the porch of my paternal grandmother's house, and being watched closely by one of my father's sisters. The four of us were about the same age, three girls and one boy. In the course of our play talk, I referred to the four of us as "*nosotras.*" My aunt corrected me, saying the right form to use was the masculine "*nosotros*" because

my male cousin was part of the "we." Although at the time I had no idea of what sexism was, I quickly responded to her that it did not make any sense: Manoly was only one boy and we were three girls, so we were the majority; the feminine form should prevail! How my aunt responded, I cannot remember, but I imagine she probably said the rule was the rule regardless of what I thought.

Indeed, as far as I can remember, the problems created by rules and rule-makers were major themes in my life. Since my early childhood, my family had lived in genteel poverty, no less harsh because it was hidden beneath the trappings of the middle-class life that my parents had known in their youths and wanted to believe they still enjoyed. Before I was born, my father had been a lawyer in the Cuban navy, a position he had earned after years of study and days of written examinations. Armed with his shiny white uniform and newly acquired credentials, he had married my mother shortly before the beginning of World War II and had had two daughters, thinking himself securely employed.

As a toddler, I lived half a block away from my mother's family in Santiago, in a house with a central courtyard full of trees around a gurgling fountain. I vaguely remember being placed in a big tin bowl that served as my boat as I floated around the fountain. I have a picture of myself—two years old, perhaps—sitting very properly at the fountain's edge.

Then, in December 1941, Fulgencio Batista—who had been elected president for the first time the previous year after several attempts at seizing power—"reorganized" the Cuban armed forces, and that was the end of my family's middle-class life. Batista fired my father and all other officers in the military known to be unsympathetic to his government. My father was left without a job and with a young wife and two daughters to feed—in Santiago, a city where the chances of employment were next to zero.

He had a teaching credential, and, with more hope than understanding, my father decided to start his own elementary school and commercial academy. Barely six months after Batista's action, we moved to Havana, to a flat above a house-painting store in a commercial district. There my father started his school. The patio with its trees and its fountain disappeared from my life, and I found myself, not knowing how, in a cramped space amid the bustling traffic of Havana.

The rest of my childhood unfolded there. My two brothers were born there. My sister and I had our first periods there. And there I built a world of fantasy in my head to compensate for the dreary and limiting surroundings in which I felt imprisoned. I spent my childhood surrounded by desks and blackboards, eating lunch and dinner quickly because our dining room had to be turned into a classroom for afternoon and evening classes. I spent hours staying as quiet as possible

behind forbidden doors so that my father's classes wouldn't be disrupted by any sense of our presence. And during vacations and on weekends, when all the students were gone, I played at being Joan of Arc, conquering castles for France or another saint engaged in some other heroic activity.

From the distance and vision provided by five decades, I believe I do not exaggerate when I think Joan of Arc not only saved France but also saved me. Being Joan of Arc, flying over desks and chairs with my broomstick banner and ruler sword, trying to imitate her or some other heroic saint in one way or another, gave me a taste for personal power and helped me recognize that I could do anything and go anywhere without a chaperone. It also taught me graphically that sometimes women pay dearly for daring to be all they can be.

Fantasy and spirituality nurtured my childhood soul. Sharing what I know and understand about women saints has become my passion in adulthood. I want my own appreciation of women saints to open doors for others as it has for me, enabling others to recover, as I have, some of the meaning and spirituality I had lost because of the rigidities of church positions about women. I want to share my struggle against the indoctrination in sanctimony and docility I received through the distortions of these women's stories. And I want to share my struggle to develop strength from the presence of these women in my childhood imagination and the ways in which they led me to believe that many things were possible. In other words, I want to share my personal quest with other women.

Needless to say, my understanding of both spirituality and feminism has changed dramatically over the years. Both could have developed very differently or not at all were it not for the jarring changes and transformations of my life. In 1961, I left Cuba and started a life as an immigrant in Spain, Panama, and Costa Rica. Later circumstances brought me to Belgium and Canada at different points in my life. Finally, I came to reside in the United States. Although I have been a citizen of the United States for almost thirty years, I feel deeply that my life has been marked by the experience of migration: I possess the vague certainty that I could have been another person were it not for the particular circumstances that immigration brought into my life. I do not know and will never know the person I could have been had I not left my birth country. The only me I know is the one who incorporates the consequences of migration. Even though my life has been rich in experiences that may not have been possible otherwise, and I have never felt particularly deprived, I know that whatever I have succeeded in creating and living has been developed at the expense of some significant losses. Migration for me, as for most immigrants, has provided a dual and contradictory legacy. It has given me safety and success, and opened new doors I did not know even existed, but it also

has brought losses and silence about them. Talking about these losses is easily confused with ungratefulness to the new country. Life being what it is, most immigrants prefer to focus on what they have gained and forget what they have lost ... as do their hosts.

In my previously published work, I have written about immigrants/refugees and Latina women from psychological and gendered perspectives.[8] Working as a professor at state and private universities, I have lived most of my adult life in the world of the secular academy, researching women's lives and studying the psychology of women of ethnocultural backgrounds less frequently considered as subjects by psychology. My teaching positions have been supported by public funds or by student tuition at private institutions for the training of psychologists. The professional institutions to which I have belonged have been committed to the nonsectarian study of psychology and women's studies. Therefore, when I have taught courses about women saints and presented this material at professional conferences, it has not always felt acceptable in those settings to speak of the significance of this material in my own life. But there is no denying that my professional activities have been influenced by reflection on the spirituality and life experiences of these women.

For the first time, I have given myself permission to write as a spiritual person, even as I also write as a scholar. Thus I speak in several voices. I speak directly and unabashedly about some of the implications that this material has for my spiritual life. The seemingly small stories of my childhood and my encounters with these women saints create the thread that ties all these stories together. But I also speak as a women's studies scholar recovering the rich and complex legacy of our foremothers; as a woman, I am interested in what these experiences might have meant to them and might mean to us.

As a psychologist, while I am interested in the developmental vicissitudes and experiences that shaped these women's lives, I am also aware that the field of psychology has usually not been particularly friendly to conceptualizations of spirituality as part of healthy development. The association between pathology or immaturity and religious beliefs has been paramount in the field of psychology. However, this trend is being progressively reversed, as the findings of recent studies "seem to indicate that among those with spiritual beliefs, maturity of personality goes with an attitude to religion which is undogmatic and nonrestrictive."[9] Indeed, it is becoming more evident that "maturity of personality goes with a desire to answer fundamental questions rather than with the need to use religion as some form of psychological crutch."[10] By the same token, "it is only recently that the old style of hagiography has been modified and we begin to see presentations of holy persons, warts and all—something that reflects a whole new idea of what holiness may mean, and how grace and nature are intertwined

in spiritual growth,"[11] thus helping us understand these historical role models as true human beings immersed in their specific psychological and cultural contexts like the rest of us.

As I write in my multiple voices, I try to reach others like me who have been searching for ways to weave together their feminism and spiritual beliefs. Many women mistrust and reject traditional religion because its patriarchal positions have been a powerful source of women's oppression. Alternative forms of spirituality, such as goddess worship and nature-oriented rituals, have been developed or rediscovered in the context of the women's movement. Yet, many women—feminists included—do not find adequate spiritual fulfillment in these approaches. For some, more traditional religious beliefs continue to serve as a source of inspiration in their struggles for liberation. For them, as for me, such traditions remain a source of strength. The question of what to do with spirituality in a secularized world, of how to preserve spirituality without falling into the trap of fundamentalism that denies and suppresses the insights of feminism, remains alive for many women. The need to recover, revitalize, and breathe life into faith traditions continues to be felt by many women, myself included, as this writing demonstrates.

In the early nineties, when I started teaching women's studies full time, my interest in women's stories and their lives crystallized in more expansive ways that took me beyond psychology or purely psychological interpretations of lives. Not coincidentally, as I started using women's stories more actively in my teaching, I started remembering the saints' stories of my childhood and wondering about the meaning of my favorite saints' life stories. As women's studies scholarship recovered the stories of women's lives in history, literature, anthropology, and as psychologists understood women's emotional experiences and psychological conflicts to be healthy reactions to oppression rather than pathological responses to individual mental health challenges, I began reading Teresa of Avila again.

Although it would be anachronistic to say that Teresa was a "feminist," her sharp understanding and critical interpretation of the constraints of women's circumstances remain relevant today. I began to see that Teresa was not the obedient nun described to me as a child, and rediscovered in Teresa the story of a woman of stature in early modern Europe tenaciously struggling against church authorities to fulfill what she believed to be God's will. Her efforts at providing spaces where women could gather and feel valuable still impact communities of women today. The importance she attributed to women's togetherness and their spiritual strengths is as relevant today as in the sixteenth century.

Reading Teresa's writings with this new understanding made me want to explore the stories of the other women saints of my childhood.

My interest in these tales was further fueled by the importance of narrative and storytelling evident in the last few decades of research and writing in many academic fields. My understanding of who some of these women were and my "relationship" with each one of them started developing in a new light, not only spiritual but also feminist. In addition, my psychology training helped me understand them from a developmental perspective that helped explain some of their decisions and the twists in their lives which might have looked rather puzzling without the lens provided by psychology.

I realized that some of the apparent renunciation of human comforts was, in fact, a strategy for self-preservation. For example, sexuality of the sort encountered in marriage gave most of their women contemporaries very little fulfillment. It had to do more with the husband's desires than with the woman's. Moreover, the consequence of sexuality was one pregnancy after another in rapid succession, often leading to death from childbirth at a very early age. Catherine of Siena made her vow of virginity in childhood, immediately after one of her older sisters died in childbirth. Teresa of Avila makes explicit comments on the topic in some of her writings. Rosa of Lima and many others who chose not to marry were not this explicit about their fears of the consequences of sexuality, but there is no doubt this concern was present in their minds. Indeed, the struggle to integrate sexuality and spirituality continues to be present in many women's lives.[12]

As I searched women's lives and writings, I found multiple examples of their indomitable resolve to achieve what they believed was important: Little, quiet, unassuming Thérèse of Lisieux—the most popular female saint in the Catholic church—had spoken to the Pope in public after a specific injunction to remain silent in his presence; she never hid her ardent desire to become a priest even though she was female. Rosa of Lima played her confessors against each other and pitted them against her own mother to get what she wanted. It didn't seem to matter that women saints had rebelled against authority figures because they wanted to become cloistered nuns or self-mutilating fiends. Their rebellion was a way to get what they wanted rather than what others dictated, no matter how misguided I now might perceive them to be. I also discovered that what I had gathered from their example during my childhood reading was focused on the positive qualities they embodied. What I learned from Joan of Arc was not martyrdom but her feisty attitude and her strong belief that she had a mission to accomplish that, indeed, changed the course of European history. She taught me defiance and courage to risk all for well-defined ideals. What I learned from Rosa of Lima was not to punish my body but to get in touch with my right to be visible and known and respected by peers and others. Together, Joan of Arc and Catherine of Siena showed me that it is possible for women to have political influence despite the

discriminatory practices that may still be prevalent. To this day, Teresa of Avila and Edith Stein[13] show me the value and power of intellectual pursuit. Rosa of Lima, Mariana Paredes of Quito, and Teresa of Los Andes demonstrate alternative ways to be Latin American despite racial tensions, social injustice, and political upheaval. Their experiences point out the pitfalls of relying on individual, personal spiritual development in the face of our unique mixture of historical circumstances.[14] Rosa's and Mariana's influences on the development of a beginning Latin American identity in their respective cities in early colonial Latin America persists to this day; through their behaviors we can see the social construction of women's bodies and roles in early colonial Latin America and its implications for the development of popular culture and national identity. In particular, Rosa's role in the creation of Peruvian national identity is a demonstration of the importance of saints. Her canonization was the first successful attempt at acknowledging the possibility of holiness in the New World.[15]

Because I am a psychologist, I see human behavior through the lens provided by developmental, social, and clinical psychologies. Because I am a feminist, I read all historical information about these women with a certain "hermeneutical suspicion" (interpreting these women's lives through a feminist lens and not simply accepting others' interpretations) that helps me see important information in the interstices, in what is not said by them as well as by other writing about them. Because I live in the modern era, I have access to knowledge of gender and women's lives that was not prevalent before. Although the human developmental journey is widely different in different historical and cultural settings, I believe that in many ways, saints are like us—down to earth. Their gritty resistance to authority and sometimes-stubborn conformity can illuminate our own lives' struggles. I have learned my spirituality from their engagement with their embodiment, their cultures, and their personal limitations and successes.

I have not saved any countries from invaders. And I am still here so, clearly, I have not had to pay for my challenging of societal norms by being burned at the stake. I'm far from being a saint. Yet both the triumph and the pain of many of these women's struggles have been present throughout my life. Even though I don't climb desks and chairs anymore, I continue to reach for the possibilities of personal power that some of these saints introduced to me. And I am committed to sharing with other women whatever insights I may have gathered in the process. This is how I understand true spirituality. I see it as a commitment to live one's professional and personal life in light of the depth of dimensions and hunger for transformation that we experience as human beings.[16] I see it as a conscious process of sharing with others what we have been able to gather through our personal search and professional learning. Indeed, spirituality is nothing more and nothing less than "the

life project of self-integration through self-transcendence."[17] From these saints' lives have I intuited that "a defining characteristic of Christian mysticism is that it impels a person towards an active rather than purely passive inward life."[18] Indeed, true Christian mysticism "is founded on the practice of common human everyday life rather than on private experiences or on purely devotional or ascetical excercises"[19] and it has nothing to do with political domination or right-wing perspectives that seem to be associated with the word "Christian" these days. In fact, as Michel de Certeau[20] asserts, saints, like the mad, stand for a kind of otherness and live on the social and even religious margins. Their otherness gives them the ability to defy conventional sources of power and privilege. Women saints are, in their own unique ways, culturally and politically subversive. They may have "mouthed" and believed in culturally approved norms, but they lived their lives acting against those norms. For them, as for us, spirituality is a center from which to challenge structures of power and privilege, particularly as they affect women.

That is why I believe that a fuller understanding of women's lives that includes a spiritual dimension could enrich the study of the psychology of women. A mature spirituality can be a source of liberation and freedom as has been the case for women saints. Spiritual beliefs have provided forms and outlets of expression for people who were otherwise excluded from the mainstream. Latin American liberation theology, the Black church in the United States, and the medieval European women mystics have much in common, regardless of differences in centuries, geography, and social context. For me, as for many other people, a relationship with the divine—whatever it is and however it is interpreted—is a source of life and freedom, not a constricting force that stifles my inner being. It is not belief in God (or whatever name we have for whatever that might be) that damages people psychologically or creates useless destructive guilt. The damage comes from "half-baked" and limited religious education interpreted by sexist, racist, and/or heterosexist authority figures. Further understanding of the psychology of women could benefit from appreciation of the self-reliance provided by healthy spirituality and its attendant encouragement of women's personal development. Observing the lives of women for whom spirituality has been a creative force should be a means to achieve this goal.

Despite the distortions and limitations created by sociocultural and historical contexts in the lives of women saints and in ours, ultimately "spirituality is not about a personal 'inner life' that in any way downplays or denigrates the 'outer life' of embodiment, community, tradition, political [and professional] responsibility and so on. Rather, lived spirituality is what we do with these things as we struggle, alone and with others, to construct meaning."[21] And, I would add, to create a better world.

NOTES

1. I am aware that the word "woman" is a noun, not an adjective. In several languages other than English (for example, Spanish, French, Italian, German, and Slavic languages), the grammatical gender of the noun "saint" provides a feminine form, rendering the qualifier unnecessary. In those languages, the word "female" is usually a term reserved for animals or a derogatory term for sexualized women. Therefore, I am opting consciously to use the word "woman" as a qualifier, rather than "female," a term that sounds pejorative to my ears and perhaps those of others.

2. Dreyer, 2005.

3. Lanzetta, 2005.

4. Schneiders, S. M. "A hermeneutical approach . . .," 49–60.

5. Rosa was the only canonized Latin American woman saint from 1671 until 1950, when Mariana de Jesús Paredes of Quito—almost her contemporary—was canonized. The third Latin American woman to be canonized was Chilean Teresa de Los Andes in 1993.

6. Espín, O. M. "Rosa de Lima and Mariana de Quito: Women, Body, and Sanctity in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," April 1998.

7. Norris, 203.

8. See, for example, Cole, E., O. M. Espín, and E. Rothblum, eds. *Refugee Women and their Mental Health: Shattered Societies, Shattered Lives.* New York: Harrington Park Press, 1993; Espín, O. M. *Latina Healers: Lives of Power and Tradition.* Encino, CA: Floricanto Press, 1996; Espín, O. M. *Latina Realities: Essays on Healing, Migration, and Sexuality.* Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1997; Espín, O. M. *Women Crossing Boundaries: A Psychology of Immigration and the Transformations of Sexuality.* New York: Routledge, 1999; and Kawahara, D. and O. M. Espín, eds. *Feminist Reflections in Growth and Transformations: Asian-American women in Therapy.* New York: Haworth Press, 2007.

9. Fontana, 135.

10. Ibid., 135.

11. Principe, 42–48.

12. Mahoney and Espín, 2008.

13. On Stein, see for example, Espín, O. M. *"The Destiny of this People is my own . . ." Edith Stein's Paradoxical Sainthood.* Lipinsky Institute for Judaic Studies, San Diego State University, San Diego, CA, 1997.

14. Espín, "Saints in the Cuban heat."

15. Espín, O. M. "Rosa de Lima, first saint of the Americas: Women, sainthood, and community in early colonial Latin America." International Hagiography Society Conference on Saints and Communities. Groeningen, The Netherlands, July 2000; Espín, O. M. "Rosa de Lima, first saint of the Americas: Sainthood, women's bodies, and the building of national identity." Association for Religion in Intellectual Life, New York, July 2005; Hampe-Martínez, T. Los testigos de Santa Rosa. (Una aproximación social a la identidad criolla en el Perú colonial) [Santa Rosa's witnesses. (A social approximation to *"criollo"* identity in colonial Peru)]. *Revista Complutense de Historia de América,* 23 (1997): 113–136.

16. The importance of this idea is broadly presented by the contributors of E. A. Dreyer and M. S. Burrows, eds. *Minding the Spirit: The Study of Christian Spirituality.* Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2005.

17. Schneiders, "A Hermeneutical Approach ..." 53.
18. Sheldrake, P. F. "Christian spirituality as way of living publicly," 282–298.
19. Ibid., 283.
20. De Certeau, 21.
21. Frohlich, 65–77.

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