



**Pastor with Visionary**

Monsignor Joseph Cirincione, pastor of St. Francis of Assisi Church, Rochester, attended 50th anniversary rites at Fatima, Portugal, this past May, and chanced to stand where Lucy dos Santos, now a Carmelite nun, one of three children who had visions of Blessed Virgin Mary in 1917, chose also to stand for the papal Mass.

**God's World**

**The New Image Of A Bishop**

By DENNIS J. GEANEY, O.S.A.

Shortly after I received the news that a priest friend had been named a bishop, I wrote him this note:

"Dear Pete, I thank you for accepting the office of servant. I am very demanding on my servants. I expect them to think like me and implement all my decisions promptly. If they do not understand them, I expect them to consult me at once."

What else could I have written if I take the Vatican II documents seriously? A bishop is no longer to be regarded as a medieval monarch or an oriental potentate, but a servant.

If Pete does not choose me as his confessor, I will be his conscience. I know what Our Lord wants of his servants. It is very clear in the gospel: "That is not the way with you; among you, whoever wants to be great must be your servant, and whoever wants to be first must be the willing slave of all. For even the son of man did not come to be served but to serve, and to surrender his life as a ransom for many." 43-45.

"They were silent, because on the way they had been discussing who was the greatest. He sat down, called the twelve, and said to them: 'If anyone wants to be first, he must make himself last of all and servant of all.'" Mark 9:33-34.

Somehow the servant image does not come through when you see a bishop paraded in his robes. It is neither modeled after the gospel nor modern man. It reflects a particular age of history.

This criticism is by no means new. The most severe critic is Archbishop Heider Camery of Recife, Brazil. He has told his fellow bishops at the Council in the plain language and in a lengthy document that they must get rid of their honorific titles and garb that prevent them from portraying themselves to the world as its servants.

**The Isolation Problem**

When another priest friend had been made a bishop, I asked him a few years later what it was like. He said that one of the most difficult things is being separated from the clergy. He said his opinions become edicts and the mind of the diocese. He was a delightful person as a priest, but now I find him a captive of his office.

I am resolved not to allow this to happen to Pete. At least I will make a try. I am not calling him, His Excellency. It is going to be Pete, and if he does not like it, our friendship will never be the same. If he wants to live a lonely life and live in splendid isolation apart from his fellow-priests, it will be his choice, not mine.

It is said that when a priest is consecrated a bishop, he has had his last poor meal and will never hear the truth again. I have had lunch with Pete in a restaurant near his office, one of the "Greasy Spoon" type. If I am going to the Greasy Spoon because he has a big ring on his finger, I am going to make life unpleasant for him.

I do not think any of Pete's friends will stop telling him the truth. Each day I think we are less intimidated and more willing to tell bishops the truth we imagined they did not want to hear.

It may seem that I am hell-bent on putting an apron on every bishop and a mop and pail

in his hands. The office is changing, maybe not rapidly enough, but it is. The kissing of rings is out, but I wish the bishops would wear less conspicuous ones, a simple band that a husband would wear should suffice.

**Willing to Listen**

I was at a Christian Family movement convention at Notre Dame a few years ago and found two bishops ahead of me in the cafeteria line without their coats and collars. They were not trying to conceal their identity; it was August and uncomfortable with coats and collars. They came to Notre Dame to listen to lay people. It was a relief they said from the evening before when they sat through an interminably long ceremony and banquet at the installation of an archbishop. They were happy to be closer to real life.

I have vivid memories of being at a week-end meeting in Rome of lay, priests, Protestant observers and a few bishops. We were studying the implications of some of the council themes. In the small discussion group to which I had been assigned, there was a Canadian bishop, probably younger than myself. He had come to learn, especially from the laity. He had a notebook and pen and occasionally made jottings. He said little except that he was on an episcopal commission that dealt with laity and he was eager to learn.

Then there is Bishop De Roo, a young Canadian bishop from Vancouver, who was featured in SIGN. He speaks on marriage with the frankness and enthusiasm of priests who are skilled at giving pre-Cana conferences. He calls people together to listen to them. He does not allow episcopal garb and ceremony interfere with his knowing his people and their needs.

We should not let the rite of the consecration of a bishop and his ceremonial garb hang us up. More significant role changes are already under way. We expect the Chief Shepherd to be the Big Listener. We expect him to listen, not to everyone, that is impossible, but to the representatives of the clergy and laity who are democratically elected and who come to him, not with demands, but with well thought out suggestions.

We do not expect or want our bishops to dress in T-shirts, even in the hot weather, but we would like them to be more comfortable and relaxed. We would like to see whatever prevents honest conversation swept aside.

They should not be afraid to be afraid to be human. When Cardinal Cushing tries on the hats of the elderly women or does an Irish jig for the old folks, his dignity as bishop is not lost, but re-won. It fits his personality and compensates for episcopal ceremonial aloofness.

**How to Read Laundry Ticket**

South Orange — (NC) — The first Chinese dictionary specifically geared to high school students in the United States has been published by the Seton Hall University press. The pocket-size dictionary was compiled by Fred Fangyu Wang of the university's department of Asian studies.



THE SEA OF GALILEE, left, is seen from the Church of the Mount of the Beatitudes, where Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount.



CHILDREN FIND time to amuse themselves as they water their cattle at one of the ancient wells of Nazareth, home of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

**Galilee: Holy Family's home**

By the REV. C. J. McNASPY, S.J.

Galilee, while not so rich in the most dramatic events of Our Lord's life as is the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem, is nonetheless the home land of Jesus. Even today it is green and gracious, with fertile valleys, gentle hills and the fresh Sea of Galilee. You may want to start at the sea, making it your home base for pilgrimage; after all, this was where Our Lord Himself based most of His public life.

The Sea of Galilee (also called Lake of Gennesareth or Lake Tiberias) is only half as far below sea level as is the Dead Sea. Its waters are alive with fish, as they were in Christ's day, and whether or not you go fishing, you will certainly want to swim there and take a boat ride, perhaps all the way from Tiberias up to Capernaum. The water may suddenly become choppy, as we read in the Gospels, but on a good day, such a ride is unforgettable.

Capernaum (or Capernaum, in another spelling) is all but destroyed. Little remains except for the synagogue where Christ preached. Even the ruins of this building are largely those of a later structure, though the foundations seem to be the very ones that held up the building He knew. Several stately columns and pilasters still stand.

AS YOU DRIVE back south along the Sea of Galilee, you will want to stop at Magdala (home of Mary Magdalene) and at the traditional spot where Christ told Peter He would build His Church upon him. Nearby, too, is the traditional hill of the Sermon on the Mount (or Mount of the Beatitudes). A shrine is there, but you may want to sit under the trees looking over the sea, and reread the great sermon as recounted in St. Matthew's Gospel. Thousands of birds inhabit these trees, and they will provide an obligato of chirping. No wonder, you think, that Our Lord spoke of them in the Sermon, as well as of the flowers of the fields all around you.

You will want to drive (in car, not bus, since buses cannot reach the top), to the top of Mount Tabor, the traditional spot of Our Lord's Transfiguration, unless the much higher and remote Mount Hermon is the correct location. The view from Mount Tabor is well worth the effort of getting there.

Not far are the Horns of Hattin, famed not so much for Biblical history as for that of the Crusades. It was here that Saladin defeated the Crusaders and ended the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, in 1187.

Can of Galilee, site of Our Lord's first miracle, is in this area, too, as is Naim, where the widow's son was raised from the dead. But the crowning interest of Galilee is, of course, Nazareth. The best view here is from the Salesian academy, the highest spot in this elevated town, from which one may scan the center of Galilee and relive much of the Old Testament.

NAZARETH, HOWEVER, IS especially sacred to Christians as the very home town of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Churches and basilicas are there in some profusion; in fact, the town's population is remarkably Christian, and Sunday is an official day of rest. Yet, there are few spots that can be identified satisfactorily. Pilgrims visit the place known as "Mary's Well" — to which water is piped from the original source where the Holy Family once drew water for daily use.

They also visit the Church of the Annunciation, a vast basilica, in the crypt of which is an inscription stating that here the Word was made Flesh. Whether this is the precise spot or not archaeologists have no sure way of knowing. But it was somewhere in this vicinity, and that is enough for pilgrims retracing the steps of Our Lord.

The chances are you will next go down to Tiberias, and its nearby airport at Lod. If so, there is a fascinating drive you may take up past Mount Carmel to the city of Haifa, on the coast. From a high vantage-point in the city you get a splendid vista of the Mediterranean and its dramatically curved Bay of Haifa.

In the distance, too, you see Acre (mentioned in the Old Testament in connection with Solomon, in the Acts with reference to St. Paul, and in Crusade history as well). Mount Carmel is, of course, famed in sacred history; here the prophet Elijah overcame the prophets of Baal, as fire descended from heaven; here, too, the Carmelite order has its roots.

THE TRIP DOWN the coast carries you past Caesarea, where St. Peter baptized Cornelius and his household, the first Gentile converts (Acts 10). The ruined and somewhat rebuilt Roman amphitheater is full of historical resonances, and you may even be fortunate enough to be present for a symphonic or other concert in a beautiful setting facing the Mediterranean.

For us Christians who are of Gentile origin, Caesarea is a place of special veneration as a sort of spiritual home. We recall, too, that St. Paul was imprisoned here and that it was here that he appealed to Caesar and was sent to Rome (Acts 25).

Israel is a land where the old and new interpenetrate as perhaps nowhere else. On all sides one is surrounded by sacred history, and even pre-history (for some of the oldest findings of human remains are here and in Jordan). The drama of Israel's recent Exodus, too, will impress and move anyone who feels the deep brotherhood uniting Christians and Jews. Here and in the Jerusalem area of Jordan we are most profoundly at home — our spiritual home, where God entered into human history repeatedly, and finally when He became one of us.



AN ARAB CHRISTIAN walks through the market in Nazareth, a city which has changed little since the time when the Holy Family walked its streets. The town has churches and basilicas in profusion.

THIS IS THE SEVENTH in a series on "The Crescent of Christianity" written by the Rev. C. J. McNaspy, S.J., associate editor of AMERICA. Photos by the Rev. Elmo I. Romagosa of the CLARION Herald. Copyright, March, 1967, CLARION Herald.



A CROSS CARVED in marble marks the hallowed spot in the crypt of the Church of the Annunciation where the Archangel Gabriel announced to Mary that she would be the Mother of God.

MOUNT TABOR looms 1843 feet above sea level. The shrine on its summit commemorates the traditional site where Peter, James, and John beheld the transfigured Christ.

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