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Five Years Later

In October 2001, when the preface of this book was signed, a month had gone by since 9/11, a day which only the intentionally myopic would not see as a defining moment in American, in European, and indeed in World history. My tangible reaction to that drama was to bring out in a booklet form two earlier essays of mine under the common title, *Jesus, Islam, Science*. The cover showed a mosque and above it the atomic energy symbol and a fish with the acrostic ΙΧΘΥΣ within it. I was not pleased when the publisher of the Spanish translation of four essays of mine, including those two, put on the cover the picture of the Twin Towers forming two huge columns of smoke. He hardly suspected that the terrifying shadow of those towers would soon reach Madrid and trigger there a political turn of which Spain may not be proud in the long run.

I happened to be traveling in a car from Györ, my native town in Hungary, to Budapest at the moment when Muslim terrorists flew into those Towers two of the four passenger jets they had hijacked. Almost at the same time other terrorists flew a third such plane into the Pentagon, and still another group was flying the fourth with the intention of destroying the White House. What I heard then over the car radio, I watched two hours later on the TV in Budapest.

History was turning. The Pax Americana, a relatively peaceful state of affairs, was over or rather became a commodity which only a firm resolve of the citizens of the Free World could secure. By the time this book saw print in the Spring of 2002, American troops were moving across Iraq. The day before their tanks started rolling, I happened to be in Rome. Some friends, knowing my impatience with those who took the Vatican's anti-war stance for an infallible oracle, though took lightly its solemn utterances, rushed to me with the news: during his noonday address John Paul II squarely placed all the responsibility for preserving peace on Saddam Hussein, a merciless tyrant by all counts.

Three and a half years later, or in the late summer of 2005 I was embarking on a study, which on a cursory look may seem to be

about a subject very different from the agonizing question of what the West will do with a crusading Islam. The subject of that study is, however, very relevant to the perplexity of a West, which keeps de-Christianizing itself, as it faces an increasingly militant Muslim world. The West, or at least Catholicism there, first must recover from its religious slumber fueled by a "new" theology. For that purpose the Catholic world would find a powerful means by focusing on Newman's genuine thought, which I have tried to reconstruct with more than half a dozen books, some of them fairly thick, during the last five years.

The study in question, my eighth major investigation of Newman's thought, dealt with a sector of it that has, oddly enough, failed to receive attention. I mean Newman's *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, the first book in his career as a theologian, or rather as a man of the Church. He was busy with writing that book through the better part of 1831 and 1832. On finishing the manuscript he felt exhausted and for that reason too he gladly accepted the invitation of the Froudes to go with them on a journey to the Mediterranean. While the Froudes returned to England in late April, Newman went on to explore Sicily. There he had a brush with death, an experience which defined his life. His search for the apostolic roots of the Church of England led him eventually to Rome, the only Church within which apostolic authority remains alive, because the Eastern Orthodox fail to speak with one voice.

To any careful student of Newman's *Arians* it should be clear that its author struck genuinely Roman chords already in that book on more than one occasion. He did so because he viewed in the highest spiritual perspectives the greatest crisis which the Church faced in all its history. Nothing indeed can "denature" the Church more effectively than efforts to make it appear that the Son of God was not really of the same nature with the Father. In that case there could be no redemption, which has to be a full satisfaction to an infinitely holy God for man's sins before it can restore man to life. Arius, let it be recalled, said little of man's need to be redeemed.

Nor does Muslim theology have room for the redemption of man. Within Christian perspective redemption is tied to the doctrine of Incarnation, which is anathema within Islam. According to Muslims, Christians worship a Trinity which is three Gods, the Father, Jesus, and Mary. It is a chief aim of Islam to make its monotheism victorious. The secular West took no notice when at his

official visit at the Vatican, the Prime Minister of Iran spoke in that vein to John Paul II. By then Iran had been for some time busy with plans to construct atomic bombs, a project which in the late months of 2006 may be a more explosive issue for the West than the visceral hatred between the Shiites and the Sunnis in Iraq. Behind all such tensions there lies the militant monotheism of Islam.

To see the present cultural and ecclesial crisis through the study of the *Arians* has been for me a most instructive experience. Moreover, the study demanded an exploration of an early phase of Newman's life and thought, full of presentiments on his part that Arianism was on its way to making a comeback. For the essence of modernity is to place man on a pedestal where he appears to be totally sufficient unto himself. This self-sufficiency of man, to be achieved partly through scientific progress, was a target of Newman's next major writing after the *Arians*, a set of sermons he delivered on the Antichrist during the Advent of 1834. With his being steeped in biblical perspectives and parlance Newman could not help speaking of the Antichrist as one who in Saint John's words has for his chief purpose to make men disbelieve that the Son of God came in flesh to save them.

In those sermons Newman naturally referred to Arius, the first within the Church to create a major upheaval with his claim that Jesus was not really the Son of God in the sense in which previous generations of the faithful understood the mystery of the Incarnation. Otherwise they would not have prayed to Christ as God, would not have confessed him as God, and would not have died for belief in him. For them Jesus was not a creature but the Creator, not just a real man, however unique, but also the very God.

The faithful from the earliest times gave their existential witness on behalf of the divinity of Jesus. In order to grasp that awesome mystery, they needed no familiarity with arcane theological parlance, but, so Newman noted in the *Arians*, only an instinctive grasp of the unparalleled greatness of their Savior. It was by reflecting on this that Justin Martyr in his larger apologetical work called the attention of its recipient, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, to the fact that nobody had chosen to die for Socrates, by far the noblest figure in all Antiquity, while many chose to die for Christ.

Newman reconstructed the fourth-century Arian crisis not so much as the object of a scholarly essay, though learned it certainly was, but as a spiritual drama, in which saints confronted those who

cared little about being sinners. As such the drama was to be re-enacted again and again. For precisely because Arius' heresy was, to recall a modern expression, the archetypal heresy, all subsequent heresies were to reveal something of its essential nature, which is to exalt the natural so much as to void the supernatural of meaning. Heresies did not begin with Arius, nor did they begin with a denial of the divine status of Christ or continue with that type of denial. But the very purpose of the Incarnation was implicitly denied whenever a heresiarch raised his head. This happened when less than a century after Arius, Pelagius claimed that man could become virtuous through his own efforts and thus achieve his own salvation. A thousand years later the Reformers did not suspect that their emphasis on subjective faith in Jesus would eventually undermine appreciation of what is objectively supernatural through the operation of sacraments, primarily through the rite of baptism which loses its meaning if Jesus was not the Son of God. "Reformed" England was soon in the grip of deism, which claimed such devotees as Newton and Locke. During the eighteenth century concern for the supernatural largely disappeared from Anglican consciousness.

It was from the shallows of naturalism that Newman wanted to rescue the Church of England by starting the Tractarian Movement. He aimed that Movement at those Anglicans, subsequently known as Anglo-Catholics, who felt that basic tenets of Christian faith were still strong enough here and there in the Church of England and thereby capable of a sacramental renewal. Newman thought that by revitalizing Anglo-Catholics the Church of England at large could also be revitalized. His conversion was in large part due to his realization that such a hope lacked foundation. The Church of England was beyond spiritual repair precisely because it had increasingly adopted a naturalist stance in interpreting the message of salvation, a stance basic to Arianism.

Crass signs of a recurrence of Arianism within the Church of England of Newman's day were relatively few. But there were telling signs which Newman took for his target in those Advent sermons. There he chastised preoccupation with worldly progress and pointed at the Antichrist as fomenting it in order to undermine true belief in the Savior. In those sermons Newman referred to Muhammad as the one who resurrected Arius' heresy into a fearsome form of monotheism. Yet he also noted with relief that Islam was, in the early nineteenth century, on its way toward a final

demise. Newman again spoke in 1855 in the same vein of Turkey as the principal Muslim state which had lost its former dynamics. One is prompted to think of the old saying that at times even Aristotle could be caught snoozing.

To Newman's excuse it should be recalled that a generation later the major powers of Europe spoke of Turkey as "the sick man of Europe" as they tried to settle matters in the Balkans. Still a generation later Britain foresaw nothing ominous in Balfour's decision to reward the wartime work of the Jewish chemist, Chaim Weizmann, with a pledge to support Zionist efforts to set up a homeland for Jews in Palestine, provided Zionists respected the rights of all people living there. The rest is recent, indeed present-day history, an unintended, or rather wholly unplanned involvement of the West with the consequences of the claim of Muslim terrorists that what they do is justified because of the West's support of the State of Israel. So much about some of my thoughts as I try to add a dozen or so pages, covering the last five years, to my mind's history, which in this book stopped just before 9/11.

The words "five years" may evoke in some at least what was daily news half a century ago, namely, the sequence of "five-year plans" with which a now defunct Soviet Union tried to catch up with the West and outstrip it. But during these last five years any planning for years ahead has become increasingly impossible for almost everyone, to say nothing of big organizations, States, including the United States of America or the European Union, for that matter. That my thoughts have remained centered on Newman was not so much planned as foreordained after I had delved in 2000 into the study of the many letters he wrote to prospective converts. Researching and writing *Newman to Converts* remains one of the most rewarding experiences of my life.

What I found in those letters greatly reconfirmed my long-standing suspicion that whatever the claims liberals may make within the Church, they have no grounds for claiming Newman except perhaps a shred or two of his garments. They must have sensed this as they showed blatant selectivity in choosing topics for their Newman studies. Time and again they did not refrain from recasting their material in a way that would have provoked spirited protest on Newman's part. The most stunning evidence of this is their handling of Newman's ideas on the development of dogma. Not that I expected something different as I embarked on a re-

edition of the first edition of Newman's *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, which turned out to be, in structure at least, a work very different when Newman brought it out in a second edition in 1876. But as I delved more and more into the study of that first edition, or rather into its origin and reception, my surprise turned into astonishment. Contrary to the cliché about that work of Newman's, he was not so much concerned with the mechanism of doctrinal development as with setting forth the permanence of doctrine through often very troublesome and fluid centuries.

The least esoteric and most massive proof of this are the almost two hundred pages in which Newman portrayed in the *Development* three phases of a parallel between the Church of the Fathers and the Church of Rome of his own day. First he showed that of all Churches, only the Church of Rome of modern days resembled the early Church as it was the object of pagan invective during the first three centuries. Second, only that Church of Rome showed similarity with the Church of the fourth century as it battled Arianism and resisted a newly formed "Christian" State, the empire of Constantine and his successors. Third, only the Church of Rome of Newman's day resembled the Church Catholic as it coped with the flood of heresies that swept all around it and through it during the fifth and sixth centuries. One had to eschew much of the Newman literature and go to Newman's own words to find him state in the *Development* that if the Church of Rome of his day was not identical with the Church of the Fathers, there remained little ground for believing that there was a Church and a Redeemer.

What made me specifically take up Newman's *Development*, I cannot recall. It was unplanned, except for the reason that as one feels one's hourglass run its course, the time still available for scholarly work should be put to the best possible use. By then I had greatly enjoyed the toils of coming forth with a critical edition of Newman's reply to Gladstone's charge that loyalty to Rome meant disloyalty to one's nation. Just as enjoyable did I find the re-editing of Newman's reply to Pusey's attack on Catholics as ones lost in excessive Marian devotions. That I turned to the former work was in a sense a foregone conclusion. Apart from the topic of doctrinal development, liberals most abused Newman's ideas in reference to what he said about the primacy of conscience in that reply to Gladstone. Once more the material showed Newman's liberal champions to be wrong and often acting in bad faith.

My turning to Newman's reply to Pusey was due to a sheer accident. While in Oxford on one occasion, I stumbled on a little paperback, a set of excerpts from Newman's reply to Pusey. The excerpts presented such parts of Newman's reply that showed him at his best as an existential theologian, steeped in the most sublime spiritual realities, which remain tied to the Incarnation of the Son of God. While the Son of God could have become Incarnate by appearing suddenly among men in the form of an adult, He chose to be Incarnate in that fullest sense which is to begin life in flesh in the womb of a mother. The greatness of Newman's reply to Pusey lies precisely in his unfolding in full the implications of this fact insofar as it puts Mary, among all creatures, in a most unique relation with God. Newman did this with a fervor which equals the finest devotional passages of such champions of Mary as Bernard of Clairvaux, Alphonse of Liguori, Louis de Montfort and others. It is indeed very wrong to say that Newman was a "restrained" advocate of devotions to Mary, as was done even by Fr. Herbert Thurston, a usually very reliable historian. More to the point was that future Anglican dignitary who, when taken as a boy into the Oratory Church in Birmingham, heard Newman lead the Litany of Loreto. Years later he vividly recalled the exalted tone in which Newman intoned several of that Litany's invocations of Mary.

Since by 2003 copies of my re-edition of Newman's *Anglican Difficulties* had been exhausted, a reprinting of it was called for, which refocused my attention on what Newman said on the Church of England. Such a topic is vast to say the least, but repays well the effort of presenting it systematically. This I did in *The Church of England as Viewed by Newman*. The material it contains should send a chill down the spine of Catholic members of ARCIC (Anglican Roman-Catholic Interfaith Commission). Whether they wake up to the futility of their enterprise is not likely. Dreams, including their "ecumaniacal" kind, attach to the mind as contagiously as germs of epidemic cling to the body. Well, Newman said, and over a period of forty years, even worse things of the Church of England than that it was a grave from which even the corpse had been stolen. The disgraceful manner in which leaders of the Church of England deal today with basic decencies would call for even stronger denunciations than the ones uttered by Newman. Possibly he would not stop short of applying to the Anglican Church Jesus' words about tombs full of corruption.

Where the liberals did most injustice to Newman's thought relates to his *Grammar of Assent*, Newman's only systematic work on apologetics, a work which deals in its first part with the conceptual foundations of apologetics, such as the notions of belief, assent, inference, and demonstration. As such the *Grammar* has been subjected to a host of studies with which logical positivists could be greatly delighted. For just as they ignore reality in favor of sheer conceptualizations, most students of the *Grammar* ignored its last and by far longest chapter, in which Newman deals with the Church of the Old and especially of the New Testament and with the Church of the early centuries. There Newman applies his method of demonstration based on considering very high probabilities that border on certainties. But he does this not so much by stressing ideas as by marshaling facts.

Apart from this, liberals surely ignored such momentous statements in the *Grammar* as that whereas theology can exist without vivid religion, the latter cannot exist without theology. Newman was not one of those many who in our times championed a "living" theology full of rhetorical flourish plucked from studies of profane literature, but void of strict argumentation. They would be shocked on being confronted with Newman's emphatic assertion that the basis of vivid religion is the sense of sin, which is that religion's only real source. About the "new" theology fully applicable is the phrase, "Whatever became of sin?" the title of a now forgotten book on the psychology of guilt. The notion and reality of sin was always in the focus of the author of the *Grammar*. In fact Newman saw as futile any apologetic aimed at those who do not believe in God, in sin, and in judgment.

These are some of the guiding thoughts in one of my recent books, *Apologetics as Meant by Newman*. It contains a section on Newman's presentation of the four Notes of the Church, a topic which hardly attracted the champions of the "new" theology. They would find equally alien to their thinking what Newman said on culture and Church as well as what he said on the purpose, nature, and task of a truly Catholic University. In decades that witnessed the collapse of the vast system of Catholic higher education in America, while material improvements on Catholic campuses went on unabated, Newman would simply say that the installation of confessionals in large numbers would be the most important part of the refurbishing of Catholic campuses.

None of these books of mine on Newman was the result of a systematic advance planning. No five-year plan here. As to my latest book, *Neo-Arianism as Foreseen by Newman*, it was sparked by a chance remark of a friend of mine, who surely never read Newman's *Arians of the Fourth Century*. The remark prompted me to take that book with me on a transatlantic trip in July 2005. Few other transatlantic flights of mine appeared to be as short as that. Time flies fast when a good book keeps one's mind occupied. The *Arians* once more conveyed the inspiration and instructiveness which Newman's writings exude from almost every page. That the book has been signally neglected by Newmanists was just an added, though secondary, motivation for me to resurrect its message and do this in the framework of a broader study of a recent cavorting with Arianism within Christology. A writer must be alert to any opportunity to notice something startling that went unnoticed beforehand.

A chance glance at a page in Maisie Ward's *Young Mr Newman* gave me the idea that another look at Newman's *Lectures on Justification* may be in order, because, strange as this may seem, it has not been the object of a systematic analysis, discounting some Ph. D. dissertations that were not found worth publishing. Written as it was in 1837, when Newman felt to be at the height of his influence in the English Church, the *Lectures* reflect Newman's myopia about the value of the teaching of the Church of England on a crucial doctrinal point. Actually, what is really good in the *Lectures* is Newman's own doctrine of justification, though it has some serious shortcoming. At any rate, it is of far greater value than his presentation of Anglican ecclesiology in *The Prophetical Office of the Church*, better known as the *Via Media*. The *Lectures* bespeak of Newman's profound grasp of the supernatural. They also reveal Newman's penetrating perception of Luther's fatal mistake. For that reason alone the study of the *Lectures* would have stood in good stead the Roman Catholic experts on the Catholic-Lutheran Committee that came up with the "Joint Declaration," which in some places seems to be out of joint. So much in advance of a study of mine under way, to be published in 2007 as *Justification as Argued by Newman*.

My long-standing interest in the relation of science and religion provided fertile soil for doing something which writers find pressing as they come into the dusk of their lives. By then certain points on a subject about which they had spent much time become

sharply crystallized in their minds and they may feel the urge to summarize their favorite topics again, though in a light that passes through the prism of such crystals. The fourteen chapters of *Questions of Science and Religion* is the result of such an undertaking. When I told the President of the Templeton Foundation, who happened to be in the Vatican for a meeting of the Pontifical Academy of Science, that I was just about to finish that book, he asked me to send the manuscript directly to him. This appeared to me an assurance that the book would be promptly taken by the Templeton Foundation Press. The book or rather its typescript was returned to me on the ground that I did not really say more than what my earlier books contained. In some sense this was true, although no reader of that book has complained to me that it was a rehash of pages from other books of mine. At any rate, I made many a point in a much sharper way, and often in terms of new material, than I had done formerly. Moreover, a single book is always something more than many other books on essentially the same subject.

In *Questions* I was especially emphatic on the point that there is no reason to talk about the relation of science and religion unless one gives a clear definition of both of those subjects. But this is what cannot please a publishing enterprise which pours out books whose main distinction is the indistinctness of the way in which their authors speak of science and especially of religion. As to science they regularly confuse it with sundry philosophies grafted onto it. As to religion they invariably shy away from dogmatic Christianity, which is the only religion that can be brought into a meaningful correlation with science, both historically and conceptually.

Those authors fail to note that science and religion have very little to do with one another. A brief account of this fact is my booklet, *Science and Religion: A Primer*. Its cover shows in juxtaposition a telescope, whose tube rises to the right, and the arm, rising to the left, of the cross on which Christ hangs, as portrayed by Saint John of the Cross. Those two lines seem to come almost together at the top. Almost, but not completely. For while both science and religion (as specified above) point toward God, they do so differently. They are two subjects made different by God for the human mind and therefore are not to be joined heedlessly, let alone fused into one. To see this one only needs to take science in its exact form, which one finds in physics, astronomy and chemistry. They all

stand for a quantitative study of the quantitative aspects of things in motion. Exact science is nothing more and nothing less. Science therefore is the ultimate arbiter whenever one deals with the quantitative properties of matter. This is why science cannot deal with questions of purpose, existence, free will and morality, all of which are non-quantitative propositions. While prominent scientists notice time and again that quantities or numbers decide the issue between competing theories, they all too often fail to note that whenever quantities cannot come into play, science falls silent. One can only wish that some such point had been made by Planck's Nobel Prize speech. It is from there that I took the phrase, "numbers decide" for an essay of mine on Planck's tortuous work that led him to his law of black body radiation, and on his reluctance to accept the reality of quanta of energy for well over a decade. It is that essay that begins my sixth collection of essays and provides its general title *Numbers Decide*.

This decisive role of numbers for science turns up in unexpected forms and places. One of these is a long overlooked phrase in Aristotle's *On the Heavens*. The phrase is one of his very few specifications in quantitative terms of the nature of motion. Had Galileo paid attention to that phrase, he could have spared himself and his countless readers from fantasizing about his having thrown balls from this or that tower, let alone from the Tower of Pisa. He could simply have focused on that phrase which states that a body with twice the mass of another would move twice as fast, and put to shame all Aristotelians and indeed the Stagirite himself. To my great surprise Lane Cooper of Cornell, who two generations ago aired the legend of Galileo and the Tower of Pisa, failed to note that passage, which I then traced through the history of commentaries on Aristotle's *On the Heavens*, and the history of its republications since Erasmus' critical edition of Aristotle's works in the 1530s, or well before Galileo.

I cannot recall what prompted me to research that topic. Nor can I recall who called my attention to a paper which Stephen Hawking read under the title "The End of Physics" in Cambridge in July 2002 at the centenary celebrations of Dirac's birth. He made that claim with a reference to Gödel's incompleteness theorem which he certainly misrepresented, by claiming that it meant that very end. Quite the contrary. For as I have kept arguing for over almost four decades, the theorem implies exactly the opposite. Needless to say

Hawking did not refer to any of my publications, although I learned that his attention had been called already in 1990 to my *God and the Cosmologists* in which an entire chapter, "Gödel's Shadow," deals with that problem. I was therefore prompted to set matters straight in two essays. The first had for its title "A Late Awakening to Gödel in Physics," the other "On a Discovery of Gödel's Theorem in Physics," which I read at the Plenary Meeting of the Pontifical Academy of Science in November 2004. I wish I learned earlier of another paper of Hawking, with the same title, he had read at Texas A&M University in April 2003, though now claiming what I have always claimed. At the meeting an admirer of Hawking objected to my paper on the ground that it was unfair to discuss the matter since Hawking was not present. Well, Hawking, who travels widely all over the world in spite of his infirmities, not once showed up at the meetings of the Academy during the fifteen years that I have been associated with it. The title of the former essay is also the title of my seventh collection of essays that saw print as *A Late Awakening and Other Essays* in June 2006.

While I have been unable to recall the specific moment or prompting which led me to the writing of most of the books so far mentioned, it was a three-part article on Intelligent Design in *The New York Times* in August 2005 that made me compose a booklet on that topic. There I come to the defense of Darwin's theory as the only known hope that the process whereby the great chain of living beings has come about could be given a genuinely scientific explanation. For while vital forces and "intelligent design" cannot be measured, the differences between parents and offsprings can, and the same is true of the differential pressure of environment. Apart from its philosophical lacunae, the Intelligent Design theory has served from its inception on as the Trojan horse of biblical fundamentalism, which surely should give concern to a Catholic. About Darwinian theory it would be enough to urge that it should not be taught as something with no major faults, let alone as a proof of rank materialism. This otherwise noble aim cannot be achieved through a recourse to the Courts. Morality, even in a broader sense of intellectual honesty, cannot be legislated. Just as honesty about Darwin's theory cannot be secured via Court decisions, one can hardly expect that academic, let alone popular discourse on Darwin would achieve some tolerable measure of balance. He was a complex figure, and so were his designs with his theory, a topic which I set

forth in an invited lecture during the February 2006 celebration of Darwin in Shrewsbury, his birthplace.

My writing a booklet on Eastern Orthodoxy's witness to Papal Primacy was due to a chance encounter with someone who had happened to take a course which the late James McCord, President of Princeton Theological Seminary, asked me to offer there sometime in the mid-1970s. I had not heard of him for almost thirty years, when suddenly he shouted at me as I entered the Princeton Post Office on a summer afternoon. The chance meeting was followed by a dinner during which I learned that he had left the Presbyterian ministry on finding that Calvinists do not pray. Whether this is true or not is immaterial. Having settled in Silicon Valley as a computer programmer, my former student met a Serbian girl who converted him to Eastern Orthodoxy. He is now zealously promoting the cause of a new exarchate of "the Antiochian persuasion." Trying to enlighten him about the oddity of his zeal for Eastern Orthodoxy I looked for a booklet full of the testimonies of the greatest saints of the East on behalf of the primacy of Peter and his successors. Not finding one, I wrote one for his benefit and also for the purpose of stemming the tide in whatever modest way, of the pastime of "playing church."

Finally, something about the incident which led me to write a commentary on the fifty-one invocations of the Litany of Loreto. When I gave several talks at the University of Navarra in Pamplona in April 2005, I was taken to a chapel in its center, the chapel dedicated to "Mater pulchrae dilectionis." Though the phrase is not one of the invocations in the Litany of Loreto, it became engraved in my mind. The next morning I acquired a little notebook, and wrote on the top of each fourth right-side page one of the invocations. By the time I was back from that transatlantic trip, the notebook was full of jottings. The result is a book, *The Litany of Loreto*. Once more the finding of a proper cover illustration was a special problem. Solution came when by chance I looked into a folder which I had not opened since I returned, five years ago, from a trip to Scotland, where some friends took me to the Isle of Bute. Among the artistic riches displayed in the Mary Stuart House was Sassoferrato's painting, "The Virgin in Prayer," of which a postcard was sold there.

A chance suggestion by a friend led me to write a similar book on the Litany of the Sacred Heart. As was the case with the writing of other books of mine, here too I stumbled on unexpected and most enlightening details about the history of that Litany as well as its

import. Let me recall only a letter which Pope Benedict XVI wrote to the General of the Society of Jesus on the fiftieth anniversary of the Encyclical *Haurietis aquas*. The Holy Father noted nothing less than that neglect of devotion to the Sacred Heart would lead to "self-absorption." It would be difficult to expose more concisely the danger inherent in the "new" theology and spirituality.

So far I have spoken only about a tenth of my publications during the last five years. A glance through their list will reveal my preoccupation with theological topics or rather with questions that have been especially agitating sensible Catholics for the past four decades. Of the ten or so booklets, each about eighty pages along, I would like to recall only two. One deals with the reasons for believing in the Church, in which I emphasize that Catholic religion begins with believing the voice of an actual living authority, that of the hierarchy, and not with biblical, patristic, and literary studies. The other deals with the question of original sin, a dogma for Catholics, though not for those who have grown up on color-it-yourself catechisms. The latter represent a widespread confusion in Catholic ranks the like of which has not been on hand since Reformation times.

Nowadays even those who have adopted "protestation" for a label of their Christianity are worried not so much about their own religion, which they have known to be on shaky grounds for centuries now, but for the Catholic Church which appears to them to be shaking nowadays to its very foundations. Prominent Catholic theologians seem to glory in a role which makes them resemble Samson of old who shook the pillars of the edifice above his head, though, unlike Samson, who knew what would happen, they do not seem to be aware of some disaster in the making. Recently a prominent Protestant in Princeton told me of the great concern he felt when three decades ago he attended a lecture series given there by a Catholic theologian on the "models of the Church." Was he to understand, that Protestant asked me, that anyone was free to choose a Church model to his or her liking? Those lectures could make one go along with C. S. Lewis, who pictured the Church as the lobby of a large apartment house, within which anyone could choose a suite to suit himself or herself.

Such spontaneous utterances on the part of well-meaning Protestants give a prophetic touch to a foreboding which appeared in the early 1950s in the pages of the *Hibbert Journal*, a liberal theological periodical. As J. M. Lloyd Thomas reviewed there Ronald

Knox's *Enthusiasm*, a history of the ups and downs of Protestant revival sects, he could not help seeing for a contrast the endurance of the Catholic Church amidst the welter of changes—emotional, ideological, social, and other. Since I quoted his words in full in all three editions of my *And on This Rock*, it may be sufficient to reproduce it here in a somewhat abbreviated form, focusing on his foreboding that the Church of Rome might "in a world rocking in helpless indecision and revealing ominous cracks of threatened collapse, . . . compromise its sense of divine commission . . . or tremble to impose its own discipline, lose its nerve and snap under breaking strain." What were to become then, he asked, "of our Christian heritage and traditional culture?"

Half a century later this question has taken on a timeliness which should frighten all but the professionally naive or those who take an ill-concealed delight in the rapid de-Christianization of the West, while they view its militant opponents not as terrorists but as insurgents. Until recent times it was customary to refer to the Church of Rome as the only vessel which, having for its helmsman the successors of the Prince of the Apostles, would alone weather any storm. Today it may be more appropriate to say that the Church of Rome is the only airplane that would not crash even when it appears to be caught in a tailspin of hesitations. A hundred fifty years ago Newman found a powerful argument against the Church of England in its inability or reluctance to enforce its rules and rulings. The hesitation with which Rome has seemed to act for some decades now is hardly a reassuring sign about a springtime of Christian culture around the corner.

In such a situation the least one can do is to march on while taking encouragement in signs of appreciation. One of them led to my involvement in the publication of a meticulous study about notable converts in England and Ireland during the twentieth century. Just as encouraging was the translation into Spanish of ten essays of mine on bioethics. Such and similar results greatly helped me during the last five years to be led by the words, "ambulate dum lucem habetis" or "walk while you have light." In themselves those words are a form of ordinary wisdom. Coming as they do (John 12:35) from the Wisdom Incarnate, they are the superior guide in a life which for any and all is a stretch of chiaroscuro. It is, however, very wise to focus not so much on what is obscure all around, but on the streaks of light that flash through again and again.

In itself there is nothing extraordinary when one travels, say from Newark to Minneapolis, and find a seat or two ahead an airline pilot traveling the same route. It was not really extraordinary that he asked me, a priest, whether I could help him, a Lutheran, to see the pope. Chances were astronomically small that a year later the same pilot should sit in front of me on the same flight and ask me the same question again. This was in June 2005. I heard nothing from him until this last February when his wife called me, asking whether I could help her husband see the pope. Two days later she called me again, asking whether I could get four tickets for a papal audience, because she and their twin girls would also travel to Rome. Still a day later she asked me to find for all of them an accommodation in Rome.

We met in Rome at the end of March. In June I flew again, contrary to my plans, to Minneapolis to the annual Chesterton conference. There I met a Norwegian, the foremost Chesterton bibliographer, who on seeing the printout of a new booklet of mine, Sigrid Undset's "Reply to a Parish Priest" urged me to go to Oslo. I went in early September 2006 and visited even the famous home Undset built, in 1919, near Lillehammer, well known to skiers, and also her grave a few miles away in a little Catholic cemetery.

All this is to be traced back to that telephone conversation in February. For the wife of that pilot told me that she, a Norwegian by background, was a graduate of Saint Olaf. When I heard that a flash ran through my memory. Suddenly I remembered my copy of Undset's *Stages on the Road* in which that Reply is the last chapter. If my future, hardly of much promise as I am now heading into my mid-eighties, has room for any worthwhile project, it will be a presentation of a dozen or so extraordinary pleas on behalf of Catholic faith and morality, which Undset published mostly during the 1920s. Her conversion to Catholicism on All Saints Day in 1924 prompted an officially Lutheran but practically de-Christianized Norway to disown her world-famous novelist as a traitor to the national cause. Norway had to make amends when four years later she received the Nobel Prize for Literature. Far more important is to note that twenty years later she willed that the iron cross marking her grave have written on it: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," words worthy of a profoundly believing and practicing Catholic.

The Feast of All Saints, 2006. S. L. J.

Another additional chapter to *A Mind's Matter* Stanley L. Jaki

Three more years[1]

Time is God's most precious gift to man, a thoroughly time-conditioned creature. Humans feel this the more keenly the older they get. One then ever more eagerly looks back to the past, without becoming one of those whom Horace called "laudator temporis acti" or a dreamer about the good old days. No one whose life consisted to a large extent in writing books necessarily enjoys re-reading them. Such a great master of thought and style as Augustine of Hippo said this in reference to his writing, as I found to my no small surprise as I read his homilies on the Sermon on the Mount, while writing my commentaries on the Eight Beatitudes. Every piece of writing is the product of the moment, so to speak, while man lives through single moments to ever new ones. This is not to endorse Heraclitus' words that one cannot step twice into the same river. The flow of time as man experiences it goes together with an awareness of one's identity as transient moments follow one another.

So much for a philosophical reflection on what I must have felt in October 2006, when I finished an additional chapter, "Five years later," to my intellectual autobiography. By then I had completed three months of my eighty-second year. At that stage one does best to take each additional month, every new week, indeed every other day, for a special favor from on high. The favor has for its purpose to make one serve a cause that far transcends one's own self which is possibly the most miserable of all causes. The best cause is to promote the Kingdom of God which cannot be of this world, though it should be implemented here and now.

In serving that cause one experiences sadness as well as joy. The sadness derives from one's realization that for all the efforts of such giants of our times as John Paul II and a few others, the human situation not only failed to improve noticeably, but has become more dispiriting. In some undeniable sense this is true even of the Kingdom of God which is the Church. This is the point of one of my recently published small books, *Archipelago Church.* During the twentieth century the Church ceased to set the tone of two continents, Europe and Latin America. Even in

traditionally Catholic lands Catholics form islands connected with one another in a way that resembles an archipelago. They are the peaks of grounds now submerged in a sea which represents the past. Instead of dominating in such parts Catholics are reduced there to the evangelical role of being the salt of an earth bent on becoming more and more earthly, as it busily sheds hallowed vestiges of Christianity.

So much in broad strokes about a sadness one cannot help feel as that sea change has become one's life experience. As for the joy, I certainly derived great intellectual and spiritual satisfaction from writing half a dozen smaller and two larger books during the little more than the three years under consideration here. One of the larger books was already in the works in October 2006 and brought to completion a year later. This would not have happened without the unsparing help I received from Mrs Marianne Aga, of Drammen, Norway, a convert, like her husband Samuel. Had it not been for her interest in that fully Catholic light in which Sigrid Undset wanted her work and herself to be remembered, I would have felt deeply frustrated at almost every step. Unless one is a linguistic genius, one tries in vain to master another language in old age. Norwegian is a difficult idiom, except for the Danes, the Swedes, the Icelandic, and problematic at times even for the Norse themselves.

The fact that almost all novels and many essays of Sigrid Undset are available in English translation does not change the fact that about ten percent of the material needed to shed full light on her visceral Catholicism remains in Norwegian and in some cases unpublished. Without Marianne's help that material, which, as it turned out, is indispensable to gain a correct idea of what really happened as Sigrid Undset slowly inched toward her conversion, then made that momentous step, and lived up to it at times with total disregard to her personal interests, I would have been left to do guesswork where only factual data can really speak.

In writing *Sigrid Undset's Quest for Truth*, I hit upon a theological topic wrapped in a literary garb, which non-Catholic authors of books and major articles on Sigrid Undset tried to keep under cover as much as possible. Catholics, who wrote on her during the last two decades of her life, spotted on occasion the ideological gold mine in the subject, but failed to exploit it. A book worthy of Sigrid Undset, the staunch and enormously articulated

Catholic, was not produced while this could have been done with her collaboration prior to her death in 1949. This was very painful to register, but even more so was the fact that ten or so years after her death a new atmosphere began to develop within which her literary and religious achievement could appear ominous to the big and small promoters of that atmosphere.

Outside the Church secularism began to gain ground in a West increasingly unaware of what World War II was really about. This trend was greatly fueled by previously undreamed of scientific and technological breakthroughs. These in turn made possible an enormous rise of living standards, which fueled preoccupation with the good things of life that came as it were from a magic cornucopia. The Church in turn became enveloped in the so-called spirit of Vatican II, of which an early and signal victim was the Latin Mass codified by Pope Saint Pius V, a Mass at the center of a liturgy and sacramental practice most dear to Sigrid Undset as well as to countless other Catholics all over the globe.

Had she lived another twenty years (she died at the "young" age of sixty-seven), she would have risen in fury against a "spirit" which inspired so many "shepherds" to ignore brazenly the ruling of the Documents of Vatican II. There it is explicitly stated that if in a parish three masses are celebrated on Sunday, one of them should be in Latin.[2] If Sigrid Undset had lived to a hundred and twenty, she would have rejoiced on seeing Pope Benedict XVI restore the legitimacy of the Latin Mass, which his illustrious predecessor often recommended but never imposed on his fellow bishops.

This vacillation of a pope, very great in many respects, would have filled Sigrid Undset with no small perplexity. She entered a Church which taught and ruled with authority and not a Church that operated with endless committees that felt themselves entitled to re-examine on the "grassroots level" even the very roots. She would have found comfort in thinking that a "Church of committees" ought to be divine insofar as it fails to be destroyed by a multitude of episcopal, diocesan, and parochial conferences. Their deliberations give the impression that nothing has been firmly established in the Church in two thousand years. Sigrid Undset would find, therefore, a great comfort in the ruling, of June 29, 2007, of the Congregation for the Doctrine of Faith, that only the Roman Catholic Church is entitled to call itself a Church.

This ruling pulled by one stroke the ground from under the so-called ecumenical ecclesiology which came up with models of the Church, without first specifying the Church as being antecedent to all its real and imaginary models. This "scholarly" fantasizing found early spokesmen everywhere. In Africa some young priests even reconsidered the dogma of Trinity in terms of their cultural "heritage" in which patriarchal families set the pattern. In Norway some Dominicans began to dream about a corporate union of the small minority of Catholics there with a Protestant but no longer Christian Norway. Two of them, both native Norwegians but educated in Congar's Le Saulchoir, where even French Protestantism was known more by imagination than by first-hand experience, found a stumbling block in Sigrid Undset's monumental intellectual and artistic heritage as they exposed the twenty thousand Norwegian Catholics to the *aggiornamento*. Actually they undermined in some of them the very foundations of their Catholic faith and in some cases of their morals. Some of the Dominicans became so "progressive" as to find some saving grace in homosexuality. Happily, they were quietly removed from a land which had, in Sigrid Undset's words, Saint Olaf for its eternal king.

Such and similar facts drifted to within my ken already during my first visit in Oslo in the Fall of 2006. It was then that I journeyed for the first time to Lillehammer and visited Bjerkebaek, the old Norwegian farm house bought and rebuilt by Sigrid Undset. The house and the ten or so thousand books she collected there form today a national monument. The prints displayed on the walls and even the furniture, which includes several prie-dieux and some large rosaries, testify to her profound faith. Of this an even more touching evidence is the inscription, "behold the handmaid of the Lord," she chose for the cross over her grave in the nearby cemetery in Mesnalien. The immortal creator of Kristin Lavransdatter did not pursue feminist ideals, whatever her total commitment to the best in women, whether spiritually or intellectually.

The extent to which tourists, flocking to the newly re-opened Bjerkebaek as national monument, would be touched by the Catholic atmosphere there, is a matter with ties to the supernatural, where God's grace works often unnoticed. An exception to this was to some extent Sigrid Undset's conversion which should have appeared a foregone conclusion five years before it happened on the Feast of all

Saints, 1924. For already in 1919 it should have been clear to anyone that the author of a long *Efterskrift* (Postscript), appended to a collection of her essays dealing with womanhood, thought and felt as a Catholic even on points that cut most deeply in the flesh. The flesh was that of a woman with three children, who had to force her man to marry her in a civil ceremony when their first child was already well on his way. Some men, talented as they could be in many other ways, as was Svarstad, a painter of some merit, can be signally blind to what really drives women in their interest in them. Women have a more visceral interest in the child which they feel grow inside them than in the man who gave it to them, even if he is willing to turn from a lover into a true soul-mate. Svarstad failed to realize that he played an indirect but powerful role in turning his wife's gaze toward the Catholic Church which gave medieval Norway its nationhood and Christian faith.

Nothing of this is on display either in Bjerkebaek or in the new spurt of publications which began in 2007, the centenary of the appearance of Sigrid Undset's first major novel *Fru Marta Oulie*. It is a safe bet that Norway will be no more ready to see the Catholic Sigrid Undset when in ten more years will come the centenary of *Efterskrift*, the first of her literary manifestos on behalf of a morality which has to be Catholic in order to be called moral. Most visitors to Bjerkebaek will keep carrying an armor which shields them from the influence of Catholicism. The shield is modern comfort which makes man especially satisfied with natural life on earth. It is energized in Norway not only by a State-run Lutheran Church, void of dogmas, but also by Norway's vast revenues that accrue from drilling oil from the North Sea.

Within that naturalist atmosphere only a few chosen souls awaken to deeper perspectives of human existence. This happens usually under the impact of the harsh realities of life, which was surely the case with Sigrid Undset who well into her thirties approved cohabitation, trial marriage, and divorce, and also abortion. Then her maternal instincts came into play, especially after the birth of her second child, Charlotte, who turned out to be mentally retarded. By 1919 she had realized for some years that the Lutheran Church of Norway was at best "a broken omelet," a phrase of hers that still sticks in the throat of Lutherans who fail to grasp what they have really inherited from Martin Luther.

That Sigrid Undset tracked down medical monographs written by non-Catholic psychiatrists who found in Luther a depressive maniac and a schizophrenic to boot, would not sit well with latter-day "Catholic" admirers of a Luther who surely excelled as a deformer. I was at that time also engaged, on the side so to speak, in writing a book-length study of the still Anglican Newman's *Lectures on Justification*, when I spotted two of those monographs on the shelves in Bjerkebaek. They came as a "God-send" for the concluding chapter of my *Justification as Argued by Newman*, to expose the bad faith, or the ignorance, or both, of some Catholic "scholars" who wanted to reshape the Catholic doctrine on justification, riveted in the notion of sanctifying grace, along "reformed" lines.

They could have also learned a great deal of ecclesiology from Sigrid Undset who took up the cudgels against some leading Norwegian clerics and Nathan Soderblom, the Lutheran archbishop of Uppsala. She did so after they questioned the sincerity and soundness of the conversion of the author of *Kristin Lavransdatter*, easily the greatest novel published in the twentieth century, although she held her *The Master of Hestviken* an even better novel.

In that debate with Soderblom and the others, which could have jeopardized her chances of receiving the Nobel Prize for literature on 1928, she made it crystal clear that there was only one Church. Tellingly, in an age which saw prominent Catholic theologians use modern literature as a "locus theologicus," those two novels of Sigrid Undset were not used for gaining theological inspiration. They surely fly in the face of the claim that instead of one Church there are only models of the Church, although the latter idea could eventually earn to one of them the title of "model theologian." Equally ignored by them were Kristin Undset's two great conversion novels, *The Wild Orchid* and *The Burning Bush*, set in the early twentieth century. Those theologians would not have touched with a ten-foot pole Sigrid Undset's last book, a biography of Saint Catherine of Siena. Its author, a Third Order Dominican, who took the name Olava (after Saint Olaf), held saints to be the only real beings and felt revitalized when near their tombs.

Undsetists, or "standard" experts on her, who traced a number of insignificant details about her in her correspondence with the American medievalist, Hope Emily Allen, a New England agnostic,

did not focus on the last letter Sigrid Undset wrote to her before returning to Norway in July 1945. In that letter she recounted her visit from Brooklyn to the Cloisters, and to the adjacent shrine of the soon to be beatified Frances Xavier Cabrini. Her account of her feelings in the presence of that heroic woman's body could have come from the pen of an Italian woman specializing in devotional writings. What electrified Sigrid Undset on that occasion was not the social worker, let alone the activist, in Mother Cabrini, but the one in whom the supernatural has become a daily, almost natural reality. The same perception sets the tone of her biography on Catherine of Siena, a fact which could not make that book a favorite with the leaders of the "new" theology, whose principal aim was to distill some droplets of the supernatural from the natural. Thirty years earlier it was the same openness to the reality of the supernatural which governed Sigrid Undset's inching toward the Catholic Church.

It has become another cliché about her the claim that her growing familiarity with medieval Catholic Norway steered her toward Rome. The factor that propelled her most powerfully was not the history of long gone times, but her own history as she lived it. It began to dawn on her that only the supernatural as represented and delivered by the Catholic Church gives answer to the great puzzles of life of which personal tragedies and sufferings are most palpable parts. There is much more in her separation from her husband than meets the eye, a point swept under the rug in standard accounts of Sigrid Undset's life, where the cliché is repeated that "amicable" was that separation. Amicable it may have been for the sake of children, but with a steely resolve on Sigrid Undset's part to live alone with her children.

To find this and many other cases of willful oversight of Sigrid Undset' trajectory toward Catholicism was a bittersweet experience. It was bitter to see the evidence of Catholicism once more underplayed, though this could not come as a surprise. The sweet part of the experience consisted in noting a great opportunity to rise in defense of the Church insofar as it can also generate an outstanding literary achievement. But the opportunity had to be seized and exploited. This meant the resolve to leave no stone unturned. It meant three flights to Norway, and friendly insistence with germane souls there to help track down sources about which one could only suspect that they contained something most valuable that deserved to be brought to light.

Different was the background to my other major book from the last three years, the text of eight lectures given in the Fall 2007 at the Pontifical Athenaeum Regina Apostolorum (Rome). They had for common title, *Impassable Divide or the Separation between Science and Religion*. The cover of the book shows a photo of the first balloon flight (July 1978) over the Sawatch Range of the Colorado Rockies. It illustrates the thesis that while the human mind can hover over two very different conceptual domains, quantities and qualities, and grasp both, it cannot proceed conceptually from one to the other and reduce one to the other. The two domains are also spoken of as the domain of the sciences and of the humanities. The Lectures probed into that impossibility by recalling and analyzing what has been said from the early Greeks on to the latest decades on the relation of those two domains. The record is a chain of confusion and of false syntheses even before science arose in its genuine form since the seventeenth century. Since then, but especially for the last hundred years, the record illustrates a confusion compounded in which science is not defined and religion is left unspecified.

This confusion could have been prevented or at least diminished, had a phrase of Aristotle, of which more shortly, been in focus. Since this devastating conclusion comes from one who earned some renown by writing extensively on that relation, there arises the question of why had not I set forth all this much earlier. As I noted in the *Five Years Later* chapter, I can no longer recall when and where I came across Aristotle's dictum about the special status of the category of quantities among the ten categories. The status is rooted in the fact that only about quantities (numbers) it is not possible to predicate the phrase "more or less," whereas it is possible to do this about the meaning of any word in any of the other nine categories. The weight of this difference is imponderable. One may anchor in that difference the doctrine of the analogy of being, a doctrine so Catholic that Karl Barth, so thoroughly "reformed" had to characterize it as the invention of the Antichrist. While Catholics may take satisfaction in the fact that a chief Calvinist theologian shocked them to see what is their true strength, they may find in that phrase of Aristotle the reason why physics can be cultivated in a positivist spirit, which is formally positivist but not substantially or ideologically.

Guided by that spirit they would not find it surprising that physics does not give the slightest information about what is

gravitation, what is electricity, and other physical properties, although this does not justify the positivist contention that these are mere words. Much less can physics give any information on the sense of purpose, this most vital requisite for a dignified human living. While I have argued these points with various measure of emphasis from the start of my literary career, I did not see the fundamental issue in which they are anchored. But on seeing, about ten years ago, that dictum of Aristotle quoted somewhere, it hit me as a spark which produces a conflagration in a growing pile of some combustible material. All of a sudden all my intellectual concerns could be traced to one single consideration which is the difference between quantities or numbers and all other words.

The perusal of my major publications in connection with writing my intellectual autobiography made it clear to me that attention to the special status of quantities has been discernible already in *The Relevance* and it gained in emphasis in my Gifford Lectures, then in *Cosmos and Creator*, afterwards in *God and the Cosmologists*, and later in the various essays of mine on the relation of the sciences and the humanities, especially the ones collected in *The Limits of a Limitless Science*.

Then came my spotting of that phrase of Aristotle, which shed a sharp light on the factor that really made the humanities (including religion) so different from the sciences insofar as these are far more restricted than being mere *Wissenschaften*, or forms of reasoned discourse. In the exact sciences quantities or numbers count ultimately, in the humanities they often count for little. But to exploit this difference in a systematic way and in its historical development, which always had a special appeal to my mind, was still to be done. The task was carried out at the first opportunity, an invitation from the director, Fr Rafael Pascual, of the Master's program in "Science and Faith" at the Pontifical Athenaeum Regina Apostolorum in Rome. The eight lectures delivered there in the fall of 2007 form the eight chapters of *Impassable Divide*.

The gist of those lectures was presented at the Angelicum, the Pontifical University of Saint Thomas Aquinas, in Rome on March 13, 2008, as part of their program on the relation of science and religion. Although the title of the lecture, "The demarcation line between science and religion," could seem a sufficiently strong warning against mixing, fusing, or even "integrating" the two, it can

make no dent whatsoever on the mind of those who speculate on some esoteric, if not outright mystical, union of those two. If there is such a union one may perhaps speculate on the traces of the Trinity in the created realm, but only at a disregard of the tenet that whenever the Trinity works "ad externum," such as in performing the act of creation, this witnesses the unity of the three divine persons. Moreover the three persons are not distinct in that numerical fashion which stands for real distinction whenever small and large bits of matter are counted, measured, and correlated as the work of science is implemented.

Apparently no such reflections came alive in the mind of a graduate student at the foregoing venerable institution, as he approached me after the lecture. He obviously hoped that he would impress me with the thesis of his research, the traces of Trinity in the work of creation. I wonder whether he was overly impressed by fields of three-leaf clover, though not by the much less frequent specimens of ones with four-leaves, of which I personally failed to find a single one in more than eighty years. He obviously was not impressed by what I tried to hammer home in that lecture about the unique status of numbers, which count for everything in science, but very little in philosophy and nothing in theology. In reply I told him to give up the subject, though in a tone that could mean: "Would you, please, drop dead."

Although I am one of the few theologians who still take very seriously the dogma of original sin, with its four secondary consequences, I am still taken aback by noticing the extent to which the first of them, the darkening of the intellect, remains very pronounced even in matters that should be crystal clear. The fervent expectation so much alive in young people, and in some older ones who never grow up, that somehow the world can be straightened out, shadows one even in older years, though only to cause a rude awakening now and then. What is the point, I asked myself, to work hard on a topic, though only to see in the end that what one tried to transmit on the basis of decades of hard work runs like water off a duck's back.

Such an experience, of which the foregoing is just a small and partly hilarious case, can very effectively propel one's thought to subjects tied to eternal life, although circumstances may redirect it now and then to one which is transient. The upcoming anniversary

of the bicentenary of Darwin's birth turned my attention to the evolution versus faith debate, partly because it was the subject of the 2008 Plenary Meeting of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences. To what is contained in my booklets "Evolution for Believers," "Intelligent Design?" and "Darwin's Designs" (this last being the text of my talk at the annual celebration of Darwin in Shrewsbury, his birthplace), I did add an important consideration in the context of that Meeting. I deal there with the lopsided imbalance between what Darwin, or all evolutionary biologists for that matter, proved with his mechanism of evolution and the at times inordinate desire to take hopeful vistas for proofs. (My paper will be also published in my *Lectures in the Vatican Gardens,* a collection of all my papers given in that Academy). The vistas are either a matter of sheer materialism or, more recently, of the misguided wish that Catholic religion should appear "evolutionary" though, if I may add, not in the sense provided by the author of the *Development of Christian Doctrine,* who always saw things *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Eternal life, the entry into which keeps approaching with every passing moment, is best viewed not as a subject of abstract arguments, tied to the immortality of the soul, but to prayers one learned as a child. Surely the Our Father is one such prayer as well as the Hail Mary. From the reflections that occurred to me as I paged through many fine commentaries on it, such are worth recalling here that were "discoveries" to me, though I should have known them if my attention had been, during the past decades, riveted more on spiritual than on academic topics. The "father" meant by Jesus was close to our "papa," that is a dear father. Hence the title: *Ours a dearest Father: Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer*. As for the trendy contention that the Our Father is an eminently Jewish prayer I would merely say that in that case it is even more curious that Judaism failed to adopt it. Of course, there are deep reasons for this of which the deepest is taken up in my *The Perennial Novelty of Jesus*, to be discussed shortly.

Readers of *Hail Mary: A Commentary* would rightly ask why it contains a special reflection on the word "now" which is part of the petition, "pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death." The answer is that a number of my recent publications contain reflections on that apparently trivial word. Actually, it is the most pivotal of all words, next to the words "is" and "are." In that word is anchored the

man's realization that he is a most special being, who lives in a continuous presence, the reality of his self-awareness. My most thematic confrontation of this came also in a unique context, a lecture I was invited to deliver in a symposium held in October 2007 in Monterrey, Mexico. The lecture, "From a chain of instant *now*s to an eternal NOW," was delivered in Spanish and also printed in that idiom, which, to my lasting regret, I failed to learn properly in my younger years. After the lecture I was surrounded by well-wishers, begging for my autograph. One of them regaled me with a little note written in capitals on the back of a white envelope: "P. JAKI: QUE LA SANTISIMA VIRGEN MARIA DE GUADALUPE LO CUBRA CON SU SAGRADO MANTO.—USTED TOCO NUESTRAS FIBRAS MAS SENSIBLE AL HABLAR NOS DE ELLA. A TE CON CARINO, CLEMENTINA.

Clementina appeared in my life as quickly as she disappeared from it. She was one of the many living proofs of the kindness of Mexicans. What prompted her was that toward the end of my talk I spoke of the specially powerful manner in which the factuality of saints, whose perennial queen is the mother of Jesus, activate belief in the immortality of the individual human soul. The day before the lecture my hosts flew me down with an expert Mexican-American guide to Mexico City, so that I could make a pilgrimage to the Sanctuary of Guadalupe. For some time I had toyed with the idea of writing a book on that humanly unexplainable image, but had to come to the conclusion that a full command of Spanish would be indispensable for carrying out that project in some modestly original fashion. The originality would consist in presenting paintings of Mary produced in Spain between 1480 and 1536. Such a display would make it absolutely clear that the image of the Virgin of Guadalupe stands out with an originality the like of which cannot be found in the entire history of painting.

The image surely deserved a reaction no less sublime than the words, "non fecit taliter omni nationi" (a verse from Psalm 147) which Pope Benedict XIV, whose learnedness even a Voltaire felt impelled to hold high, possibly uttered on being shown a copy of the image. The verse may be paraphrased as "no human could have painted anything similar, partly because there is nothing even remotely similar to it among paintings made by human hands, however skilled." This impression of mine was further confirmed on

paging through *Cien rostros de María para la contemplación* (Madrid 1998). My visit during the last year in the Prado, in the Thyssen-Bornemissza, and in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, further confirmed that lack of similarity. In that respect too, the Virgin Mary remains alone in her sex.

In writing and publishing a book few things are as important as finding an appropriate cover illustration. The chances were well nigh-zero that an exquisitely printed guidebook on La Sagrada Familia, the famed cathedral in Barcelona, should come in my way, just when my commentary on the Hail Mary was being completed. It is in that guidebook that I found what may perhaps be the finest representation of the Annunciation. As for the Hail Mary, I presented it as the most christological of all prayers which rightly conquered the Catholic world between the eleventh and the fourteenth centuries and functioned as a shield for a goodly part of Christendom against the aberrations of Luther. He may have kept a tender love for the mother of Jesus, but about her Son he failed to keep the full Catholic faith, which states that we are really justified by faith in Jesus and not merely by imputation.

Before the book on the Hail Mary there came the books on the Benedictus of Zechariah and the Magnificat of Mary which the clergy and the religious, and more recently many lay people, recite daily in the Office of Hours. The point I tried to make in *Zechariah's Canticle and Ours* was that it is no less an imperfect prayer than the most perfect ones among the psalms, all of them rather imperfect prayers. They are all tainted with the hope that the Kingdom of God would come on this earth. Hope is the finest of commodities and most needed by humans, but it would be a huge mistake to make the faithful expect that things would turn considerably better in this world. To foment such an expectation is a deplorable game in politics. To engage, however unwittingly, in such a game within an ecclesiastical context bespeaks obliviousness to obvious statements of Jesus and the Apostles.

The writing of short books on a topic fixed in its verbal form is satisfying also because it can be carried out relatively quickly. This is a very important facet when one's span of attention is shortening, and at times to an alarming degree, which makes one feel increasingly impatient. To see the result of one's writing quickly in print is especially rewarding when one's allotted life-span looms

ever smaller. This sense of reward turned my attention to three other topics, each dealt with within less then a hundred smallish pages. One of them, *The Perennial Novelty of Jesus,* has just come out, another, *The Apostles' Creed: A Commentary,* is being typeset, and the manuscript of still another, *The Eight Beatitudes: A Commentary*,[3] has just been sent to the printer, Mr Dennis Musk, a Third-Order Lay Dominican in charge of the New Hope Publications in Kentucky, who deserves a special word of gratitude. He never showed resentment as I sent him ever new typescripts for speedy printing. But he revealed enough of the burden I have imposed on him by gently remarking to a friend of mine that Fr Jaki can ask much when he asks something apparently little.[4] A year ago[5] he even assumed the burden of managing Real View Books, a strictly non-profit venture, whose continued existence owes a great deal to his zeal.

Among his rewards was the experience he had on reading the typescript of my booklet "To Rebuild or not to Try" about various old and recent plans to rebuild the Second Temple. Mr Musk said that he would not have given credit to the testimony of prominent pagan contemporaries, had it not been presented by Fr Jaki. The testimony was about the failure of Julian the Apostate to rebuild the Temple in 363 A.D., in order to discredit the Galilean and his disciples once and for all. The testimony includes references to strange volcanic activities (not evidenced as a rule around Jerusalem) that made shambles of the work of laying the foundations of the reconstruction to which, incidentally, Jews all over the Empire eagerly contributed.

My writing of those smaller books certainly proved the truth of Augustine's remark about his own work, namely that he progressed by writing and wrote in order to progress. This was especially true of *The Perennial Novelty of Jesus*. Jesus of Nazareth was surely a novelty from the viewpoint of the Old Testament, though it was full of Messianic prophecies. Yet on a close look at those prophecies one has to admit that none of them contains a clear reference to the divinity of the Messiah, although some of them forecast him as a superhuman being, necessary to bring about the defeat of all those who opposed the establishment of the Messianic kingdom, and under a strictly Jewish leadership at that. But in the context of a Testament, one of whose principal precepts was to forbid graphic representations of God, it was inconceivable that God should appear in a human body.

This is what brought about the ultimate confrontation between Jesus and the Jews, against whom Jesus had to use his miracles as his final card. He urged those who did not believe what he said about himself, to believe miracles performed in their sight.

This appeal of Jesus to deeds, obvious to the eyes as the ultimate forum of appeal, appeals to me also as an encouragement to work out a topic, which would tentatively be entitled as "the epistemology of Jesus" or perhaps "Jesus' realism." I have, of course no wish to turn Jesus into a philosopher, though he excelled infinitely all those who tried to make men love wisdom. But those who have any respect for him, let alone the respect called worship, would do well to take most seriously the fact that he wanted to be worshipped in body. An Incarnate God, that is a God who chose to become flesh, cannot be approached by a priori notions about the manner in which He should have gone about the work of redemption. Efforts to reshape Catholic theology, which is an eminently philosophical venture, along the lines of idealism, should seem *prima facie* mistaken. Indeed, if the last fifty years teach anything, those efforts did not fail to be breeding places of mistakes, indeed of dangerous vagaries.

Catholic faith and its credal systematizations have always carried the stamp of a realism, which, in addition, was authoritative, a point firmly made in my *The Apostles' Creed: A Commentary*. Contrary to the claim made in trendy commentaries on that Creed, so fundamental in the life of the Church now for two thousand years, that Creed was not the fruit of communal deliberations, but of authoritative teaching as it came from the apostles who were sent by the Incarnate God to teach with authority. He did not instruct them in the crafty art of poll taking, which muddies nowadays the waters of everything under the sun and soils much even within the Church.

Now a few words about my latest book, *The Eight Beatitudes*,[6] also a commentary, and possibly the last of such books to be written by me. As I noted above, it was in writing that book that I came across Augustine's remark about learning while writing. This is not to suggest that I have not known beforehand the otherworldly nature of those beatitudes. But in writing about them it was not possible not to feel in a sharp way that Jesus' list of the Eight Beatitudes nowhere breathes the wisdom of this world. It is not even the wisdom of the Old Testament, let alone a Talmudic wisdom as

advanced "scholarship" would have it, or the wisdom of Catholic theologians who in recent decades tried to reduce the Gospel message to mere humanism.

The "Weltethik," as the ever restless Hans Küng presents it in another massive volume, is not the ethos of the Eight Beatitudes, which will stand out when all the latest infatuation with the "sin" of leaving behind carbon footprints has run its sad course as do all epidemics. Meanwhile Jesus' emphatic call for joy on account of his forms of blessedness will be echoed in countless hearts who want more joy than what blares forth from Schiller's "Ode to Joy" even though embellished by Beethoven's orchestration of it in the final movement of the Ninth Symphony.

One should go with no trace of glorification of the self in that and similar pieces of humanism to the Sanctuary of the Beatitudes that overlooks Lake Gennesaret at the spot where Jesus declared blessed the poor, the mourners, the meek, the pure of heart, and those who are persecuted for his name. He never softened those statements of his. They are ours for the taking, but we are not free to modify them, however slightly. They are perennial mirrors in which to see our true selves, so that we may always wish to improve on our miserable features.

Vast archives would not contain all the reflections of pilgrims to that hallowed place had they formulated them also in writing. And hardly any of them would be trivial. Far from trivial is the one painted on the wall of the Sanctuary, which became engraved in my mind during my visit there in 1973. Not that I could remember word for word the plain two strophes which a German pilgrim left behind there in 1959. Vague memories are not, however, to be put in books. So it seemed a sort of approval from above when a friendly surfer on the Internet found for me the exact words also in English:

Who makes as happy, JESUS, as You?
Therefore my heart rejoices in You,
    JESUS, O Joy Eternal!
Kingdom of heaven shall truly begin
When we love poverty, grieve for our sin,
    JESUS, O Joy Eternal!

To savor that joy one at least has to comply with his precept that one must go forth and bear fruit. Not being able to do something better, such as nursing the sick, than writing books and

essays, an activity which a long deceased teacher of mine, who taught me philosophy sixty-five years ago, called a "criminal consumption of paper," I have to continue to bear fruit along these lines. Not that I would not get grateful words from readers totally unknown, and hardly known as my readers. One of these, Pope Benedict XVI, greatly surprised me when in receiving the members of the Pontifical Academy of Science in November 2006, said to me: "Fr Jaki, I thank you for the books you write on science, religion, and creation." These words at least prove that the greater is an individual, the greater his kindness can be. Only a day before, I surprised my confrères there with a paper in which I argued that while prediction is a hallmark of exact science, the course of even that science is not predictable.

Books have a way of spreading that cannot be foreseen. But it is wise to keep in mind what John Henry Newman wrote on a piece of paper, a copy of which has for years been kept between the monitor of my computer and its keyboard to serve as a salutary admonishment. While he hoped that his writings might do much good, he did not wish that any praise on that account should come to him while still alive. So much for the resolve to continue to work as one keeps in mind the words, "Ambulate dum lucem habetis," of the One who called himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

With slight modifications, the foregoing pages were dated as October 2008. Only three months later my statement that my Commentary on the Beatitudes might be the last of similar books of mine proved to be wrong. In early January 2009 the manager of Real View Books forwarded to me an e-mail from a priest in Canada. He wanted to know whether the author of *The Litany of Saint Joseph* would consider writing a similar book on the Litany of the Precious Blood. This was the first time I heard that there was such a Litany, although I knew full well of the Feast, indeed a Solemnity, of the Most Precious Blood celebrated on the first day of each July. First I thought that this was one of the dozens of litanies which popped up during post-Tridentine times. Actually its origins go back to the thirteenth century and has since taken on many forms, of which one, thoroughly revised in 1960, became the latest addition to litanies approved by the Holy See for public use in the Church. The priest in Canada received within a day or two my assurance that I would give a serious thought to his suggestion.

The writing of a commentary on each of the Litany's twenty-four invocations presented little problem and indeed offered most welcome opportunities as it immersed my mind in topics most spiritual. More problematic was to find sufficient material about the history of the Litany to be dealt with in the introduction. Fortunately I had to be in Rome in March 2009 for delivering a series of lectures (more about them later), so I could plan on getting proper information from the central offices of the Missionaries of the Most Precious Blood. In that expectation of mine I was not disappointed. They provided me with the best published material on the history of the Litany and also on the life and work of their founder, Saint Caspar del Bufalo, a most zealous promoter of the devotion to the Most Precious Blood. He was also a chief missionary in the Pontifical States during the 1820s and 1830s, a mission land in those years.

In short, the typescript of the commentary on the Litany was essentially ready by the end of March 2009 and joined the list of minor works of mine that had been completed and in part published by then. First to mention is *What is the Mass?* I wrote it to allay the bewilderment of a dear old friend of mine, a radiologist. Like many others he too felt that the celebration of the Mass in the vernacular could readily deprive it of its sacred character. Since I have already written a booklet *Why the Mass?* it took some effort not to repeat what I have already offered there. I was greatly helped by a material which was available online and also in a booklet. The author of the second was Cecil Humphery-Smith, an English convert, who in the early 1950s was miraculously cured by Padre Pio and eventually became one of his close confidants. In fact Padre Pio allowed him to share in the agonizing pains he felt each time as he came to the words of consecration when celebrating the Mass.

The prompting to write a booklet on the tilma that made Guadalupe the most famous Marian shrine in the Church came when I could join two friends of mine from Madrid in the last days of January 2009 at Anahuac University in Mexico City for a conference. I offered the organizers various topics but when I mentioned Darwin, it was immediately resolved that I should speak on what I had already presented in early November 2008 at the Plenary Meeting of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences. My topic was "Evolution as Science and Ideology." As a science, I argued, Darwin's theory is the only scientific approach to the vast sequence

of living beings because its two pillars, the difference between parents and offspring as well as the impact of the environment on that difference, can be measured. But since neither of those pillars have been quantitatively established with sufficient precision, Darwinism as a science remains incomplete, a point which drives Darwinists mad. As for Darwinism as an ideology it is materialism at its worst. Evolutionary theists still should see these points in their true weight.

At that meeting of the Pontifical Academy, Prof. Coppens, director of the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, gave a talk on man's hominid ancestors. His presentation made clear that *homo sapiens sapiens* may be of very recent origin, possibly not older than 20,000 years. If this is the case, it is possible, so that idea came to me, to refocus on the biblical account on the origin of mankind from Adam and Eve as placed, after having been created in full maturity, in the Garden of Eden.

The working out of this perspective appeared in *The Garden of Eden: Why, Where, When, How Long?* In that booklet I elaborated on the biblical story as a creditable position against polygenism. The story, as I insist throughout, is steeped in man's moral destiny, which, and this cannot be emphasized enough, cannot be an object of evolutionary science. Further, I also insist that humanness does not have its first evidence in the paintings of Lascaux and other prehistoric caves. Art is surely a signature of man, as put concisely by Chesterton, but it is another matter, *pace* Chesterton, whether those paintings are truly a form of art which man alone is capable of producing. The indisputable signature of man is language, the very tool abused in the effort to make man appear to be just an animal. The chief practitioners of those efforts should remind themselves that present-day theories about the origin of language beg the question as much as they did when a century and a half ago the Académie des Sciences in Paris decided not to consider any further paper on the subject.

As I reflected on man's creation as given in the Bible, I was struck by a little detail there, which, I believe, has not so far been noticed. As he walks in the Garden of Eden, Adam observes that the trees forming it are surrounded by a steppe. This indicates that the Garden of Eden was small in extension. And if we consider the story's deeply moral perspective, the drama described there did not

have to take up more than the hours that stretch from mid-morning till mid-afternoon. However that may be, writing on that story made me learn a great deal just as in order to learn one does well to write. Augustine of Hippo said this in his Homilies on the Sermon on the Mount.

But back to my going to Anahuac, which gave me the opportunity spend some time in the Archives and Library of the Sanctuary of Guadalupe. For no sooner than I had heard of the conference in Anahuac, I knew that I could gather the material for a booklet I have planned to write for some time since I gave a conference in Monterey, Mexico. My hosts, as I said earlier, gladly acceded to my request that in return they fly me down for a day to Mexico City. I did not suspect then that I would eventually be there again. In a feverish haste I put together a booklet of 32 pp. in defense of the miracle of the tilma. But by the time my second visit there was over I hit upon an aspect of the story which would save my presentation of it from being a rehearsal of other works. The new aspect is the contrast between the frame of mind of the Apparitionists and of the anti-Apparitionists. This difference determines their respective appreciation of facts and documents. The average educated Apparitionist still has to make much of some indisputable facts, such as the stunning survival value of the tilma's textile, made of agave cactus, and the unexpected emergence of Codex 1548. The scholars among the anti-Apparitionists systematically underplay all such evidence and at time shove them under the rug. So much about *The Drama of Guadalupe*. It provides a new chapter to the old story that in reference to miracles there is an ongoing drama on the purely intellectual level as well.

Readers of my books may now think that in these last years my attention has considerably shifted toward the religious or theological side. They should not rush to such a conclusion. I gladly seized on the opportunity to give a series of lectures on markedly scientific subjects. A case in point is the series of eight lectures under the general title, "The Mirage of Conflict between Science and Religion," I am giving at the Pontifical Athenaeum Regina Apostolorum as these lines are written, the second half of March 2009. After its publication I plan to put together a set of eight lectures on "Apologetics in an Age of Science." [7] *Faxit Deus*. [8] [9] [10]

[1] This chapter originally had no notes. Notes have been added, as needed, to clarify dates and references, by Antonio Colombo, in May 2009. The computer modification date of the text itself is March 23, 2009, 5:30 AM, i.e. 11:30 AM, local time in Italy.

[2] While indeed the Vatican II states that "the use of the Latin language is to be preserved in the Latin rites" (*Sacrosanctum Concilium*, § 36), it is likely that Father Jaki had in mind here a statement from Card. Francis Arinze: "It should be just normal that parish churches where there are four or five Masses on Sunday should have one of these Masses sung in Latin." The statement is contained in the speech Card. Arinze gave at the Gateway Liturgical Conference, in St. Louis, Missouri, on November 11, 2006.

[3] All the books mentioned here are by now already in print.

[4] Dennis' remark was: "Be careful, he has a way of absorbing large amounts of time with simple requests :) ".

[5] In November 2007.

[6] Actually, a few other books follow this one.

[7] About "Apologetics in an Age of Science" only the Table of Contents, a quote, and the text to be written on the back cover of the book have been found in the papers of Father Jaki. The quote reads: "Apologetics need no apologies", and is signed "(Stanley L. Jaki)".

[8] May God bring it about.

[9] Father Jaki used to write short notes at the end of a text, to remind him of something more he intended to write later on. There are two such notes at the end of this text, on two different pages. The first one simply reads: "Budapest". As a matter of fact his body went back to Budapest, before being buried in the Pannonhalma Archabbey, but of course I cannot tell what he had in mind when he wrote that word. The second note is more cryptic, it reads: "ida dries" and on a second line "trfd vconr The".

[10] When he last modified the present text, Father Jaki was in Rome, the very day in which he did deliver two lessons to the Pontifical Athenaeum Regina Apostolorum. He could deliver only six of the eight planned lessons, the ones of Monday March 23 being lessons five and six, after which, in the evening, he gave a lecture at the North American College. The following day, after an excursion to the Catacombs of Priscilla, he began to have trouble breathing and had chest pains. He nonetheless went to visit the Generalate House of the Missionaries of the Precious Blood in Albano, just outside of Rome,

on Wednesday March 25. He was too ill to give his final two classes on Thursday March 26. He then flew to Madrid on March 27 (against the advice of friends, both in Rome and in Madrid, who urged him to stay in Rome and receive medical assistance), to visit friends, on his way back to New Jersey, where he was supposed to arrive on March 31. In Madrid his friends immediately realized that he needed medical assistance, and he was quickly brought by ambulance to the local Clinica de la Conception, where he was at once put in the Intensive Care Unit of the hospital. The doctors determined that he had suffered a heart attack while still in Rome. Father Jaki was given the Last Rites by the hospital chaplain on the same day, before a successful surgical intervention to restore the regular blood circulation. The doctors also found that he had a hole between the two ventricles of the heart, as a consequence of the heart attack. His kidneys and his liver turned out to be also damaged. In the first two days in the hospital he was fully conscious, and even asked to get out of the hospital. In the hope that the heart situation could become better, if an operation were carried out to repair his heart, he was given oxygen, and his cardiac pulse and other bodily functions were helped by medical devices. Mainly because of the oxygen tube in his throat, he had to be sedated, and he appeared to be peacefully sleeping from then on. On April 6 the doctors decided that his situation had deteriorated too far to try a surgical operation, and he died on the following day. Four friends were with him, holding his hands and praying, when he died at about 1.15 PM of April 7, 2009, local time. A Mass was said for him on April 8 by Father Lorenzo Maté OSB, in the Monasterio de Montserrat San Bernardo in Madrid. The body of Father Jaki was then sent to Budapest and from there taken to Pannonhalma. His funeral was held on April 29, 2009, at the Pannonhalma Archabbey. The Mass was said by the Archabbot Asztrik Várszegi OSB. One of the concelebrants was the Bishop László Bíró. Attending the rite were the two brothers of Father Jaki, Teodóz and Zénó, both Benedictine monks, his sister Erzsébet, and the President of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, Szilveszter E. Vizi. Father Jaki is buried at the Archabbey, in the crypt of the Chapel of Our Lady.