

INDWELLING

Creative Writing Serving Pastors



St. Mary's Seminary & University
Baltimore, Maryland

VOLUME 2, NO 1, SPRING 2021

SPECIAL ISSUE: THE ST. MARY'S CHAPEL

INDWELLING

CREATIVE WRITING SERVING PASTORS

Volume 2, Number 1 (Spring 2021)

SPECIAL ISSUE: THE ST MARY'S CHAPEL

St Mary's Seminary & University

School of Theology

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Printed at Pavsner Press, Baltimore, Maryland

Cover: Pentecost window, St Mary's Main Chapel (Chapel of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary)

Indwelling is published yearly by the students of St Mary's Seminary & University. For additional copies please contact Bill Scalia, Managing Editor, at bscalia@stmarys.edu, or by phone at (410) 864-3603. The Journal is available online at www.stmarys.edu/seminary/indwelling

Contribution to *Indwelling* is reserved for St Mary's School of Theology students. For submission requirements, please contact indwellingjournal@gmail.com. Submissions are accepted year round from any student in formation at St Mary's.

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Indwelling: Creative Writing Serving Pastors

Volume 2, Number 1: Spring 2021

SPECIAL ISSUE: THE ST MARY'S CHAPEL

1 *Editors' Letter*

2 *Mission Statement*

4 *For the Glory of the Father* video series

Invocation

5 FORGIVE A GIFT Thiago Ibiapina

Introduction

6 FORMED TO GO! Ben Daghir

The Chapel

9 NOT THE END, THE BEGINNING Kyle Gorenski
11 SEDES Brooks Jensen
12 VENI VENI SAPIENTIA Brooks Jensen
13 THIS HOUSE OF PRAISE Joseph Tokasz
15 O MIGHTY CHAPEL Joseph Tokasz
16 A PRAYER FOR MAKING Javier Fuentes
18 ON THE ROAD C.J. Wild
20 MANE NOBISCUM DOMINE Andrew McCarroll
22 THE SILENT SONG Michael Schultz

The Windows

23 THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM Kevin Upendran
24 Light Javier Fuentes
25 A WINDOW INTO CANA Scott Kady
26 AT CANA Thiago Ibiapina
27 THE JOY OF ZEBEDEE Tom Dzwonczyk
29 MARTYRDOM Thiago Ibiapina
30 RESUSCITATION C.J. Wild
31 GOLDEN Michael Schultz
32 THE PARADOX Thiago Ibiapina
33 FRIGHT, FLIGHT, OR WORSHIP Luke Daghir
35 THE WEIGHT OF YOUR LOVE Michael Schultz
37 OUR ALTAR, ROOT, AND GRACE Peter Myers
38 CRIMSON & COBALT James Lancelotta
40 NOVA MATUTINA Kevin Upendran
42 THE LOVED ONE Thiago Ibiapina
43 DAWN-BREAK Brooks Jensen
44 I AM WITH YOU C.J. Wild
46 ITE INFLAMMATE OMNIA Javier Fuentes

Altars

48	BEHOLD A FAITHFUL SERVANT	Joseph Tokasz
50	THE LADY CHAPEL	Kevin Upendran

Main Altar

54	THE TREE OF SUPERNATURAL LIFE	Brian Norris
----	-------------------------------	--------------

Praise and Thanksgiving

56	IS IT REALLY YOUR BODY?	Thiago Ibiapina
57	LET IT BE DONE	Thiago Ibiapina
58	MY WOODEN HEART	Thiago Ibiapina
59	HOLY SATURDAY MORN	James Lancelotta
60	THE SPLENDOR OF THE HOLY TRINITY	Thiago Ibiapina

61 Notes on Contributors

From the Editor

St. Mary's is more than a school; it is a multi-dimensional formation community. As Ben Daghir states in his introductory essay, "The chapel at St. Mary's Seminary & University is both the geographic and spiritual center of the community." The center of a community is also its sense of home. John Paul II has called religion the "homeland of the soul"; for St. Mary's seminarians, the chapel is a central marker of that homeland.

This Spring a group of St. Mary's seminarians produced the stunning YouTube video series *For the Glory of the Father* (please see the advertisement on page 4). The series captures beautifully the geography and spirituality of the St. Mary's Chapel. This special issue of *Indwelling* is devoted to poems inspired by the video series and by the Chapel. The poetry in this edition of *Indwelling* represents the process of spiritual formation within the chapel, radiating outward to all of God's people.

Below certain entries in the journal you will notice an Internet hyperlink. The link connects each entry to its corresponding video or image. By simply clicking on the link you'll gain access to the videos located on YouTube. This will allow you to read the poem in the presence of the window or aspect of the chapel the poem addresses. In that way, this issue of *Indwelling* offers a self-guided tour through the chapel.

In his 2019 essay *The Catholic Writer Today*, poet Dana Gioia states, "If Catholic literature has a central theme, it is the difficult journey of the sinner toward redemption." For all of us, that journey leads us, hopefully, *home*. Every chapel locates the process of that journey in time and space. It is our desire to share the St. Mary's Chapel with all of you.

Indwelling: Our Mission

None can sense more deeply than you artists, ingenious creators of beauty that you are, something of the pathos with which God at the dawn of creation looked upon the work of his hands. A glimmer of that feeling has shone so often in your eyes when – like artists of every age – captivated by the hidden power of sounds and words, colors and shapes, you have admired the work of your inspiration, sensing in it some echo of the mystery of creation with which God, the sole creator of all things, has wished in some way to associate you.

With these words, John Paul II opens his “Letter to Artists” (1999). The Letter qualifies for us the necessary relationship between art and the Church: a relationship dependent upon the equilateral relationship between the beautiful, the good, and the true. The artist, as the Pope elaborates, is most in tune with the sacred music of Creation as it is heard through the world in which we live, pray, rejoice, and suffer. As all of us are “authors of our own acts,” and are called to shape the narratives of our lives in response to God’s invitation to us to know him, we are all, in a sense, artists.

Indwelling is concerned chiefly with language in the life of the pastor. Words are iconic in the sense that, as John Paul II writes, “Christ . . . [became] in the Incarnation the icon of the unseen God” (12). Language effects a similar incarnation: this is the symbolic resonance of the Word made Flesh. But, the Incarnation is far more than a symbol: it is a two-way communication, in truth and in love. *Indwelling* shares the creative work of the students of St. Mary’s Seminary & University to facilitate this conversation with the Creator.

In *Gaudium et Spes*, the Fathers of the Second Vatican Council wrote of artists, “They seek to probe the true nature of man, his problems and experiences, as he strives to know and perfect himself and the world, to discover his place in history and the universe, to portray his miseries and his joys, his needs and strengths, with a view to a better future” (18). *Indwelling* is attentive to the Holy Spirit indwelling the believer who seeks to deepen this communion within the four dimensions of priestly formation set out in *Pastores Dabo Vobis* (1992): human, spiritual, pastoral, intellectual. Not one of these dimensions stands above the others; all are sympathetically engaged in the work of catechesis and evangelization. It is no coincidence that John Paul II made public his Letter to Artists on Easter Sunday. It is the mission

of *Indwelling* to demonstrate how our students are participating in this work of word becoming, *always becoming*, enfleshed and dwelling among us.

THE EDITORS



Come see the chapel that shaped this special *Indwelling* issue through the YouTube video series

For the Glory of the Father

This series reveals the St. Mary's Seminary Chapel, built in 1954, through seventeen videos built on high resolution images, HD video, and drone footage.

Click on this link to see the *For the Glory of the Father* video series on YouTube. These videos showcase the Chapel including the sanctuary, stained-glass, and seminary life.

<https://qrco.de/bc4A1Y>

Click on this link to see a special behind-the-scenes documentary about the making of the *For the Glory of the Father* video series.

[https:// www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZL4IBbBhq_0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZL4IBbBhq_0)

Forgive a Gift

The Father Forgives

For *Give*

For

Give

Giving

A

Gift

To

You

For Gift.

Formed to Go!

Ben Daghir

The chapel at St. Mary's Seminary & University is both the geographic and spiritual center of the community. Each day, the seminary celebrates Mass as the clock passes noon. The chapel with Mass anchors not only the seminary's schedule but also the seminarian around the High Priest – Jesus Christ.

The Crucifix

Each of the four wooden beams of the crucifix have one name written on them: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

In other words, the Good News radiates out from the Crucified Christ.

Following St. Thomas Aquinas, the seminarian can look upon the crucifix and discern, "Whoever wishes to live perfectly should do nothing but disdain what Christ disdained on the cross and desire what he desired, for the cross exemplifies every virtue." The seminarian gazes at this crucifix while he prays and discerns how to detach himself from worldly allurements and, instead, hold firm to the Gospel message.

Stained-Glass Windows

The chapel houses twelve stained-glass windows that depict the life of Christ. From the Incarnation to Pentecost, the seminarian is drawn into the mission of Jesus. He notices, too, that the priest's actions are at the bottom of each window and find their roots in the life and ministry of Christ. Old Testament figures bookend these images, and they are clothed in red. The purpose couldn't be clearer, and reminds us of St. Augustine's interpretation, "the New Testament lies hidden in the Old and the Old Testament is unveiled in the New." It's the blood of the High Priest which orients and connects the Biblical narrative with the vocation of every seminarian.

The color red is impossible to miss. In fact, it creates an artistic artery pouring out Christ's blood into each of the twelve windows. The prominence of red helps to orient one's perspective and to properly interpret the words and actions of Jesus Christ throughout the Gospels. Just as the red enhances the windows so too the blood of Christ enriches and properly aligns the human being. The excess of red also seems to speak to this fundamental, Christian truth: "It's not about you. It's about Christ." The windows also provide a masterclass in seminary formation. They receive light from the sun and have been reshaped and formed by the hands of an artist. They are *malleable*. Quite similarly, the seminarian must be illumined by the divine light and freely submit to being crafted by the hands of the Master.

The windows also have two prominent colors gently meeting in the person of Christ. Blue from above, and red from below: *Divinity and humanity*.

The exchange of these colors is natural, beautiful and fitting. The study of philosophy and theology is no different – what the seminarian sees in these windows he continues to learn in his mind and experience in his heart. Even better, he grows in seeing this encounter through the lives of those around him.

Right Relationship

The chapel is designed in layers of relationships. The tabernacle with the Crucified Christ above the altar in the sanctuary is the center. The life of Christ surrounds the seminarian in the pew through the twelve windows. Outside this layer are twelve side chapels: each containing two stained-glass windows of saints whose watchful gazes fall on the seminarian. Beyond this layer is the seminary community of the faculty, staff, and seminarians who form one another. Even wider is the city of Baltimore which the seminarian encounters through pastoral ministry. Layers and layers of relationships radiate outward to the world. The blueprint of the chapel tells us another important spiritual lesson: the seminarian must be in right relationship with Christ, the Saints, the seminary and the world.

Formed to Go!

Only then can the seminarian be prepared to live out *The Great Commission* of Christ which is depicted in the front of St. Mary's Seminary & University. Christ points outward as he commissions his apostles to "Go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

The image builds upon everything that the chapel seeks to foster – to form young men to go and be priests.

Such is the chapel at Saint Mary's Seminary & University.

Formed to Go!

Not the End, the Beginning

Kyle Gorenski

When I pray in the St. Mary's Chapel often I like to reflect on salvation and where we are ultimately heading. I always think about the Second Coming of Christ and the New Creation. I think it's important to remember we are not made for this world. This world is passing away and lies waiting for the return of God to make all things new. Sometimes it's easy to lose focus on this, there's so much brokenness and pain in our world. Sin resulted in the coming of pain, sorrow, and death into the world. But the chapel reminds me of the paschal mystery of Christ, in which sin and death were defeated. The old creation, full of sin and death, is slowly passing away so the New Creation can emerge. I believe it is important to remember this even on the darkest and hardest days.

We all experience difficult times in our life. There is so much brokenness and hurt in the world. Some of the greatest pain I have ever experienced is from losing a relationship with the people I love. Sometimes this occurs because of death, other times from broken relationships that we failed to mend. I imagine that many people feel these same feelings. At these times, we pray for God to save our loved ones or to help us reconcile and heal broken relationships. And yet many times these prayers seem to go unanswered. Often we wonder why life has to be so painful at times. Why those we love die, many times far too young. Why loved ones we have become estranged from refuse to reconcile. Sometimes we even wonder where Jesus is at these times. I am sure we can all relate with this feeling.

But, we have hope because we know that the sin and death that ruled this world for so long are slowly fading away and God is making all things new. Also, we can find comfort in knowing that we are not alone in our suffering. God suffers with us. God's sympathy is so immense that when we cry, he cries with us. God enters into our pain and suffering and goes through it with us. He feels all we feel, magnified, because he loves us more than we are capable of loving ourselves, and because he loves us more, the pain he feels is greater than that which we feel.

But the suffering and death is just a passing experience. A new day will come when Christ arrives. All sin, pain, and death will be wiped away; the old order will pass away, giving birth to a New Heaven and a New Earth. A world infinitely great and beautiful. All pain and suffering gone, all people remade with new and perfect bodies that perfectly reflect the image of God. All people reunited with lost loved ones, all broken relationships repaired and perfect so that all the people whom you ever knew are now your truest and greatest friends, only infinitely greater than any relationship we currently have on earth. A world where the relationship that God the Father and God the Son have with each other will be the relationship we all have with God and with all people who ever lived. A world of perfect love and friendship with all beings that last eternally. This is the world God always intended. God became man to restore creation, and he created the Church to help bring humanity to the New Creation.

As a seminarian training to be a priest, this always gives me hope and reminds me of the Church's true mission to help guide humanity to perfect love and friendship with God and each other.

Sedes

Brooks Jensen

In this household of men,
You are the one who keeps us chaste,
You are each priest's necessary woman,
Humanity's exemplar of grace.

No longer rags you stand our princess royal,
The unavoidable object of each passerby's gaze,
So beautiful that even the sun and moon stay loyal,
Shining down on your skin in competing rays of praise.

You watch the chapel in endless vigil,
As boys and men are pressed by grace into priests.
Under your gentle tutelage we learn to kindle
That which will be bread born of heavenly yeast.

Click on this link to see this video on the statue of Our Lady Seat of Wisdom or *Sedes Sapientiae* in the atrium leading to the Chapel and her role in our daily lives.

<https://qrco.de/bc4AYb>

Veni Veni Sapientia

Brooks Jensen

Oh Lord send me Wisdom, the attendant at your throne.

Word of God you came forth from an illiterate.
The scandal of scandals
Those who are wise are not who we deign legitimate.

Jews search for signs, Greeks hunger for knowledge,
We are buried in facts
Yet no wiser after four years of college.

The scribes sat in Jerusalem debating the Law,
While in Nazareth sat one,
A peasant girl far wiser than all.

Tell me, what are you Wisdom?
You attend to the humble,
Yet the most learned among us, you shun.

What hope is there then for one such as I,
When far nobler men,
You have chosen without doubt to deny.

I snatch at your coattails, you leave me bereft,
Lord, please send me someone,
To teach me how by Wisdom I can be blessed.

This House of Praise

Joseph W. Tokasz

Cross from above
Symbol of greatest love

Basilican aisles
Modern in style

Arches of Rome
Columns of Stone

Rock, cut from the land
Wood of the Oak, so grand

Altars surround
Sacramental abound

Mighty and Bold
Both new and old

Via Crucis in relief
We reflect in our belief

Glass blown bright
With colors of light

Scenes of salvation's dawn
Glancing up, reflecting on

And priests in sacramental act
For those below to extract

The meaning of vocation's call
Which in their hearts is installed

Pantocrator on celestial throne
We remember our heavenly home

With saints looking down
As we kneel on holy ground

Chaired side by side
In this place where God abides

Organ playing out
Notes bouncing all around

Songs ringing clear
Pleasure to the ear

Praising our Lord
We gather to adore

Here in this house
The people of his spouse

As they have for many years
Both in happiness and tears

Congregate to pray
Still to this day

Oh, Mighty Chapel

Joseph W. Tokasz

Oh, Mighty Chapel
Here you stand,
The center of our life.

We eat and relax to your left,
We read and study to your right.

And every day
Morning, noon, and night
We gather in your midst,

To lift our voices in songs of praise
Within your walls upright.

They built you so
To gather us in
As we lift our hearts in prayer,

To God who has graciously given himself
That we may be redeemed,

And comes to us,
In bread and wine,
To nourish, give life, and feed.

A Prayer for Making

Javier Fuentes

A call to prayer is rung,
a beckoning that cannot be ignored,
pulling on the heartstrings of men.

This desire is precious for many,
to be close to you, our Lord,
near your sacred presence.

Yet something is different about this call,
for you call us in a special way,
to become your eyes and ears, hands and feet.

I approach your dwelling place,
I see your image in glass,
And you, O Lord, gaze back at me.

I'm drawn to the light of your face,
full of tenderness and love for all,
eager to gift your very self.

This gift you share, so meek and humble,
coming as unleavened bread,
as simple wine to quench our souls.

You share this out of love for us,
a love grounded in the truth,
the truth of who we are.

Your feet reveal this truth,
a truth rooted in your Divine Image,
grounded firmly in our lowliness.

You deemed us worthy for your presence,
we lowly creatures,
taking on our flesh – dwelling here among us.

The true High Priest,
offering yourself as sacrifice,
the precious Lamb of God.

You entered the sanctuary to face your Father,
seeking His mercy for our repugnant deeds,
saying, "Father, they know not what they do."

With arms wide open, He receives you,
and salvation pours forth upon the earth,
cleansing us from our sins, clothing us in light.

I know this to be true, O Lord,
and seek to hear your call,
your voice drawing us closer.

Your call is that we love like you,
a love that holds nothing back,
a sacrifice pure and holy.

I hear you say, "Feed my sheep,"
and "Be a good shepherd,"
but momentary doubt troubles my heart.

I hear your soothing voice say,
"Do not fret or worry,
remember I will *make* you a fisher of men."

Be still and know that I am God.

Again I hear the call to prayer,
the beckoning that cannot be ignored,
so, I join my brothers this morn.

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *High Priest* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4Asm>

On the Road

C.J. Wild

On the road to the altar
Humbly we proceed
To sacrifice our offerings
The greatest and the least.

On the road between the pews
How many feet process'd
To honor, praise, and glorify,
Our Lord from Nazareth?

On the road to meet the Christ
We come before Him broken.
Sad or scared, perhaps ashamed,
He's present; we're not abandoned.

On the road we stop to pray
And call to mind the message
Of all the people who met Jesus
On this, their earthly passage.

On the road to Bethlehem
Following the Star so bright,
The Magi traveled earnestly
To behold the Newborn Light.

On the road beside the well
A woman sought a drink.
She met the One who knew her heart,
Who saved her from the brink.

On the road upon the ground
An adult'rous woman lay;
Jesus the Christ condemned her not,
And the crowd went on their way.

On the road to Jericho,
A simple blind man sat.
“Have pity on me,” he feebly cried;
His sight was restored at that.

On the road to Jerusalem,
The disciples laid their palms;
They lauded Him with shouts of joy,
His life would be His alm.

On the road to Golgotha,
Stood the weeping women.
Streams of tears poured down their face
For Him whose Face was crimson.

On the road out to Emmaus,
Christ walked with men depressed.
Their unbelief clouded their sight
But saw Him when the bread He blessed.

On the road terrazzo waves
Drawing us ever nearer
To receive substantially
The One—our Truth and Healer.

On the road back to the world,
The flooring draws us out;
To bring the peace and the Good News,
Hope, faith where there is doubt.

Mane Nobiscum Domine:
Remain with Us, Lord

Andrew McCarroll

At the entrance of life in the joy of early youth,
In the exit that comes with the passing of decay and age:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

At the beginning of day with the brightness of the morning sun,
In the fading darkness of night's dusk and cold void:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

In the blistering heat of long summer days,
Who turns into the brilliant color and withering of the autumn leaf:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

In the new growth of the springtime flower,
Who gives memory to the months of cold bleak winter:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

Who else could show the necessity of Your daily presence,
Yet gives rare moments to know that You are ever near:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

Who else affixes us to the pattern of the ancient past,
Yet calls us to seek You in the unknown future:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

Yet You are in the overwhelming lows,
And the joy-filled highs:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

Yet so unmapped in Your mysteries,
And encountered in the gift of Your indwelling:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

And stay with us when Your call seems so faint,
Forever remain with us when Your call is certain:

Mane nobiscum Domine.

And stay with us, Lord.
Forever remain with us, Lord.

Mane nobiscum Domine.

The Silent Song

Michael L. Schultz

A silent Song is sung late within the dark of night.
Its notes resound upon the walls of my own restless heart.

A Song of sentinels that long for morn,
A Song of hope, dispelling dreams forlorn.

The silent Song is sung late within the quiet of day.
Its notes reveal a Heart's own musings,
to my own trials—distraught, confusing.

A song of Zion's comfort, peaceful pause.
A song of trust, temptation, Heart's surrender.

The silent song now stills to sing:

“Today you'll sing my Song
in Paradise with me.”

Click on this link to see this video and listen to the St. Mary's Seminary & University Schola perform a wonderful concert in the Chapel as well as music history at the Seminary.

<https://qrco.de/bc4AkJ>

The Road to Bethlehem

Kevin Upendran

Joseph and Mary embark on a journey,
With their meager belongings on a donkey!
There is a census in the Land you see,
Israel's sons and daughters are counted like sheep!

Joseph and Mary sojourn with them,
To his ancestral home in Bethlehem.
Of which was prophesied in David's town,
Will be born a King of great renown!

Faith to lead them, and them to guide.
Joseph and Mary traverse the path with joy in their stride.
For yet a little while and He will be born,
Jesus the Savior, the Shepherd of the forlorn.

The crisp winter air, the chill of frost,
Leaves no mark on Joseph and Mary, lost
In contemplation and in awe,
Of the mercies of God from days of yore!

Joseph and Mary, a chaste heart, an Immaculate heart,
With every beat praising the God of Heaven and Earth!
Ablaze with love, like a welcoming hearth,
Prepare to receive in the flesh the Eternal Word!

Good Christians rejoice! Your waiting will soon end.
The long desired of the nations is sent!
Joyous caroling, silver bells pealing
Heralds the Mass of Christ, closing our Advent!

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Nativity* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc.4Ab6>

Light

Javier Fuentes

Light drawing all from darkness
Light dispelling all shadow

Light revealing all truth
Light casting away all lie

Light claiming all nations
Light freeing all oppressed

Light bearing all hope
Light banishing all despair

Light transforming all sinners
Light healing all wounds

Light walking beside us
Light leading us home

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Epiphany* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4AdO>

A Window into Cana

Scott Kady

As a good mother, her concern was always for others;

As a good mother, when she realized that the
wine was running low, she sought out help;

As a good mother, she would intercede—
With a knowing heart, she turned to the Son—the gift of the Father—
whom she carried;

Although He first balked at the request,
As a good mother, she instructed the servants to obey His command;

One wonders if she remembered the words of the prophet
all those years ago, "*A sword will pierce your heart...*"

As a good mother, she never forgot.

At Cana

Thiago Rodrigues Ibiapina

*I still remember the day she was there,
Yes, she was there,
I still remember she felt the wine was lacking,
Yet, she was there,
I still remember it was a wedding,
Yes, she was there,
I still remember he said it was not the right time,
Yet, she was there,
Yes, the mother was there,
Ask the mother,
The son will do,
Yet, if it is not the right time,
Ask the mother,
And the son will make wine anew.*

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Wedding Feast at Cana* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4AeN>

The Joy of Zebedee

Tom Dzwonczyk

*Who is this man beckoning my sons?
Only one word and the fishing is done
Come, I will make you fishers of men.*

*The boat almost topples; the nets nearly torn
James and John hasten, hasten to the shore!
Come, I will make you fishers of men.*

*This sadness immense beleaguers my heart
Flesh of my flesh, they quickly depart
Come, I will make you fishers of men.*

*He is Prince of Peace; yet He brandishes the sword
Father against son, He sows holy discord
Come, I will make you fishers of men.*

*But what is this teaching; who can accept it?
Man's heart only, as God directs it
Come, I will make you fishers of men.*

*"He who loves his father more, is unworthy of me"
O Jesus the Nazorean, save me—wretched Zebedee!
Come, I will make you fishers of men.*

*You have been found worthy, worthy the call
Lord take my hopes, my fears, and my all
Come, I will make you fishers of men.*

*Who am I to frustrate that which you say?
I know the Scripture: "Your way is not our way"
Come, I will make you fishers of men.*

James and John, run! Run and don't look back
Follow this man Jesus! He fulfills all we lack
Come, I will make you fishers of men.

My heart is now inflamed, on fire with you
He is the Christ, He makes all things new
Come, I will make you fishers of men.

Not as Lot's wife, don't turn back to me
Pray, pray for the sins of wretched Zebedee!
Come, I will make you fishers of men.

Go forth now my sons, set the world ablaze
Lights in the darkness, God's eternal rays
Now, you are fishers of men!

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Calling of the Apostles* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4Afm>

Martyrdom

Calling of the Apostles

Thiago Rodrigues Ibiapina

*Texts about love are called poetry,
love lived and incarnate in life and tested even to death
is called Christianity.*

Resuscitation

C.J. Wild

Notification
Glorification

Procrastination
Determination

Ambiguation
Mummification

Excoriation
Sanctification

Commiseration
Humanization

Denunciation
His Demonstration

His Adoration
Resuscitation

Polarization
Incrimination

Foreordination
Our Salvation

Scan the code to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Raising of Lazarus* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4AhF>

Golden

Michael L. Schultz

Only a single tear, upon His golden Face.
A tarnished cave, lifeless and cold.
Rest peacefully, do not fear.
Come out. Come out!
Unbind him; arise!
Come out! Come out.
Do not fear, rest peacefully.
Lifeless and cold—the tarnished cave.
Upon your golden face—only a single tear.

The Paradox

Thiago Rodrigues Ibiapina

He is God, yet human,

He is man, yet divine,

He is strong, yet weeps,

He is solitude, yet not alone,

He is fortitude, yet compassionate,

A paradoxical reality?

He is my God, yet my friend,

Today, I resuscitate

Tomorrow I will live forever,

With my Risen Lord.

Transfiguration: Fright, Flight, or Worship

Luke Dagher

Jesus led them up the mountain
The heavens they would go
A Calvary-like fountain
Encountering the New, hidden in the Old.

Yet the Old revealed in the New
Dazzling light in shades of truth
Something even greater is here
Than the Manna of the dew.

Fright, Flight, or Worship
What would the disciples do?

Where truth pours forth abundantly
Beyond where the eye can see
Hence they were frightened
Dropping to their knees.

A voice from heaven
Came down to the three,
Saying, "Listen to Him. This is my Son
with whom I am well pleased."

Fright, Flight, or Worship
What would the disciples do?

Jesus said, "Be not afraid."
Knowing their emotions as He gazed.
Jesus said, "Rise, the time has come."
Let us be on our way.

Yet whom did Jesus choose?
Peter, for He loved Christ
James first martyred for Thee
And John, the disciple whom He loved.

Fright, Flight, or Worship
What would the disciples do?

Iconic of the Law and the Prophets
Standing in praise, side by side
Moses, Elijah,
and Jesus, the fulfillment, dazzling undisguised.

“What this sun is
to the eyes of the flesh,
That is the Lord
To the eyes of the heart.”¹

Fright, Flight, or Worship
What would the disciples do?

The mountain they descended freely
Their hearts unhardened
In time the disciples would retreat
And fall to flight in the Garden of Gethsemane.

These three Apostles of Christ
Strengthened by the flames of Pentecost
And rejuvenated by the Resurrection of life
Simply would not count the cost.

Fright, Flight, or Worship
What will we disciples do?

¹ St. Augustine, Commentary on the Gospel of Mark

The three moved to worship
Praising Jesus' name
The three moved to worship
Exiled, martyred, for each it was the same.

The task that is ahead
Is no different than before-
That all praise, honor, and glory
Always be given

...at the Transfiguration of our Lord.

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Transfiguration* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4Aii>

The Weight of Your Love

Michael L. Schultz

The weight of love,
that stirs my soul

The weight of your memory,
that pierces my heart

The weight of your joy,
that cannot be stripped away

The weight of your presence,
that moves my deepest longing

How can I stand?

What can I say?

How can I move?

Where can I rest?

I long to see you –
Just as you are
Just as I am

The weight of your love – a payment deferred,
is the pain you bore
in loving me *first*.

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Giving of the Keys to Peter* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4Alp>

Our Altar, Root, and Grace

Peter Myers

As incense fills the air,
the bells ring clear and loud
Our eyes are drawn with care,
to the Host amidst a cloud.
From long foretold a plan:
great change before our eyes,
What once was bread, now Man—
Our Savior Jesus Christ.

The chalice next ascends,
the bells ring out once more,
Our eyes are raised again,
to the altar of the Lord.
The chalice which once bore fruit,
from an earthly vine
Now bears the Holy Root—
the Source of Life divine.

Take and eat, this is my Body;
Take and drink, my Blood for you.
A Sacred Banquet by Victory,
a Covenant now renewed.
Though human sense may falter;
and unworthy though we be
Come kneel before the Altar—
Our Victim and Our Priest.

A return, how could I make,
for the goodness of the Lord?
Of the Chalice, I will partake,
His Body and Blood outpoured.
A Testament of love,
to redeem a fallen race
The gift of Manna from above,
Christ here—Our Saving Grace.

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Last Supper* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4AnZ>

Crimson & Cobalt

James Lancelotta

From My wooden Perch,
drops of blood and sweat stinging my eyes.
My flayed back adhering to the Crimson-soaked balsa.
Every breath I take, ripping and tearing, ripping and tearing away.
The last precious drops of crimson flowing out of me, staining the
balsa ever richer.
My head descends, my vision blurs,
but what do I spy?
My beloved friend, clad in Crimson, grasping my Mother of sorrow,
clad in Cobalt.
As my sight dims, I can only see Crimson and Cobalt turn to black.
How can I ease their pain?
Can I bring peace to all witnessing this carnage?
As the blackness becomes darker and darker...My parched lips softly
word...
“Why have You forsaken us, Abba, why have You forsaken US!”
One final time my back tries to move away from its adhesive bond; to
no avail...It is FINISHED.
As my bodily eyes fall shut, the eye of my heart opens wide and what
do I spy?
A man clad in Crimson and Cobalt raising a golden spear.
My heart’s eye focuses; excitement builds... as my soul rejoices in this
golden key that will release Crimson and Cobalt over the world.

The Crimson and Cobalt that will shower the world with MERCY!

This lifegiving Crimson and Cobalt that will save the world.

Crimson and Cobalt, which gushed forth from My Heart, a fountain
of MERCY and DELIGHT FOR ALL.

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the
stained-glass window depicting the *Crucifixion* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4Aos>

Nova Matutina [The New Morning]

Kevin Upendran

Daybreak of golden skies
Heralds renewed creation, renewed lives,
Songs of praise, of wonder, of awe,
Unsung since the day of Adam's fall.

Golden light, golden warmth, golden radiance
Dispels the shroud of death and darkness,
Sin and sorrow no longer in dominance
Over a world created in Divine Providence.

Who is this that comes forth
From this fallen world's womb?
The earth shudders with the pangs of rebirth –
Jesus Christ breaks open death's tomb!

Angelic choirs and trumpet blasts,
Unheard by hardened human hearts –
Yet the song of the lowly sparrow, the glory of the Easter Lily,
Immortalized in the Savior's sermon, proclaim the mystery
triumphantly!

Soldiers, where have you fled? What did you see?
Where is your valor? Where is your strength?
Beholders of the glory of the Risen Lord,
Where is the witness of your testimony?

The rising Sun, burning with glorious fury –
Crowns the Savior with blinding majesty.
Forgetting the sorrowful eclipse of the mournful Friday,
Rejoices in the Resurrection of its Creator most Holy!

Walking amid the olive groves on that holy morn,
As in Eden, in days bygone
The Divine Gardener rejoices in His new Creation,
Delights with love at the work of completed Redemption.

Three women approach moaning like doves,
Mary, Mary, and Salome,
Eyes wet with tears, hearts broken with love,
Unbeknownst to them, the great witnesses of the great finale!

There are eight stanzas to reflect that Sunday being the 8th day now symbolizes the new creation after the Resurrection of Our Lord.

CCC: 2174 Jesus rose from the dead "on the first day of the week." Because it is the "first day," the day of Christ's Resurrection recalls the first creation. Because it is the "eighth day" following the sabbath, it symbolizes the new creation ushered in by Christ's Resurrection. For Christians it has become the first of all days, the first of all feasts, the Lord's Day (*he kuriake hemera, dies dominica*) Sunday: Catechism of the Catholic Church.

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Resurrection* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4ApW>

The Loved One

Thiago Rodrigues Ibiapina

A vase is broken,

An oil is poured,

The time is gone,

A call is done,

Death is undone,

By the power of the Loved One.

Dawn-Break

Brooks Jensen

The Dawn from on high shall break upon us.

But the angels no longer sing their lullaby,
Painful memories of distant happy days now gone,
How different it was before He lay decaying in a tomb.

“Vacant! Vacant!” the heavenly chorus cries
The throne where would have sat the Son of Man,
Now a grim memento mori that even God can die.

“Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest!”
Short time ago Jerusalem did proclaim,
before they turned and screamed “Crucify!”

Oh death, how much greater can you sting?
What hope can be afforded fallen Man,
When even the Creator returns to dust?

Yonder Dawn, why bother you to break?
Don’t you know that all is dark;
Your light a cruel reminder of what we’ve made?

Yet, hark! The stone has rolled away!
An angel sitting clad in white intones the hymn
“Alleluia! Alleluia! The stone has rolled away...”

I am with You

To the tune of "Hallelujah" by Leonard Cohen

C.J. Wild

Now we've gathered here in Galilee
Before our eyes, it's Christ we see.
I fall to worship my Lord, but some are doubting.
I know it's Him, He's really here!
There are His wounds, I have no fear.
Out from His sacred lips comes, "*I am with you.*"
I am with you. I am with you.
I am with you. I am with you.

Then John stands up: "Just how can this be?"
"All pow'r in heav'n was given to me;
Came not to do my own will but my Father's."
Upon that Cross, we saw Him die;
Laid in the tomb, now glorified!
He's risen from the dead: "Here, *I am with you.*"
I am with you. I am with you.
I am with you. I am with you.

He raises His hand to teach us once more:
"You mustn't stay here, now go, therefore,
To bring my saving message to the nations:
Living water, baptize them all,
Restoring them from Adam's fall.
Until the end of the ages, *I am with you!*"
I am with you. I am with you.
I am with you. I am with you.

I wonder why He sends forth me
To teach, preach, heal on this journey;
Sins and mistakes I have committed my whole life.
I can do this by grace alone.
Christ dwells in me, I'm not my own.
He's called to me and spoken, "*I am with you.*"
I am with you. I am with you.
I am with you. I am with you.
I am with you. I am with you.
I am with you. I am with you.

I am with you.

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the stained-glass window depicting the *Commissioning of the Apostles* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4Aqb>

Ite Inflammate Omnia [Go set the world on fire!]

Javier Fuentes

Darkness fills my mind and heart,
in this hidden place,
worried I will not be found and always be afraid,
fear and lack of courage overcoming.

Suddenly I hear your voice say,
"Do not be afraid.
Remember my promises to you,
that I would not leave you as a stray."

then

CRACKING THUNDER
DRIVING WIND
ILLUMINATION

stillness

A soft ember in my heart takes form...

Indwelling

it is a warmth I've felt before.
This soothing warmth envelopes me whole,
but the flame does not consume me.

I feel this heat, the fire of your love,
radiate forth from my heart.
You say, "I give you my very Spirit,
so now you can be bold and brave."

The fire grows to enormous proportions,
I feel that I might burst.
Amid this conflagration,
I hear you say, "Go forth!"

Containing this flame is a fool's errand,
an impossible task to be sure.
But now I know what I must do,
who I am called to be.

I must live this refining fire,
this fire crying out "Ite inflammate omnia!"
I proclaim, "The Day of the Lord is coming!
His promises He has fulfilled,
and will keep this new promise of His return."

Click on this link to see this video and learn more about the
stained-glass window depicting *Pentecost* in the Chapel.

<https://qrco.de/bc4Arj>

Ecce Fidelis Servus: Behold a Faithful Servant

Joseph Tokasz

Son of David, standing there,
Tools of your trade in hand.
Did the child look upon you there,
Wondering what you had planned?

Oh man of God, prudent and wise,
What thoughts were on your heart;
As you worked with chisel and rasp,
About this child set apart?

Did you remember Bethlehem,
The manger filled with hay?
Or waking from a dream in Nazareth,
during the heat of day?

What of the words of Simeon,
Within the temple dear?
Or those of Anna in vigil there
Whose meaning was not clear?

The flight to Egypt in the night,
Your duty you upheld.
Protecting them from powers of might,
Seeking to expel.

Or of the fright you felt that day,
When he was lost from sight,
The frantic search along the way,
You found him teaching what was right.

You taught him your trade and so much more,
The life of faith you bestowed.
And how to be a righteous man
Within this life's abode.

A father to him you were,
And master of his house.
Loving husband to his mother,
Her earthly spouse.

Indwelling

They were beside you as you lay;
Your work now at an end.
A legacy in his life and death,
The fall he would amend.

We ask for you to intercede
On our behalf to him;
Who for our sakes did give his life,
That we may be saved from our sin.

You were a faithful servant;
We ask you to teach us to be the same,
That we may be observant of his will,
And reach our final aim.

The Lady Chapel²

Kevin Upendran

A flickering light in the dark, from a votive lampstand on the
altar
Sheds hope in the beleaguered heart, the soul that soon should
falter.

Whither should I fly, save to one so generous,
To a creature thrice blessed and most gracious?

The stillness of the night, the weary soul's true friend,
Bids turn its inward sight to Blessed Mary, on whom it depends.
Virgin yet Mother, Handmaid yet Queen,
Who casts her maternal gaze, so pure and serene!

Salve Sancta Parens! Hail Holy Parent!³
Mother of Jesus, Mother who tends,
My own mother thee, ever loving ever patient!
Sinful and sorrowful, I give myself in complete abandonment.

The solitary lamp casts its weak light on that window with many
colors bright.⁴
Immortalizing thy greatest prerogative, the source of all thy virtues
inexhaustive,
Thine own Immaculate Conception, sparing thee from deception,
of the eternal foe, the serpent so evil.
Which Eve in her folly sought friendship with – the devil.

Immaculata Conceptio Ego Sum declares the Empress meek.⁵
Proclaiming to all, both the mighty and weak,
Of the greatness of the Good God, who hath shown might in
His arm,
And done great things to her, she our sweetest panacea and balm.

² This poem has fifteen stanzas representing the original fifteen mysteries of the Holy Rosary.

³ Inscription above the image of the Mother of God.

⁴ Window on the left of the Marian Altar.

⁵ "I am the Immaculate Conception!"

The great temple to the great Mother of God is Sancta Maria
Maggiore.

Founded on the Esquiline hill of Rome, in its own right a
wondrous story,
Of crisp and pure white snow, fallen on warm summer's day,
Of graces to bestow, and sorrows and ills to cast far away.⁶

Behold another scene one no less beautiful, a tale of the Virgin
glorious,⁷
Unspoken of in the Gospels but carried in the memory of the
believers and Apostles.
Of Mary entering the Temple at the tender age of three,
Dancing on the steps of earth's heaven with glee!
To live under the gaze of the angels and God the Father,
Unbeknownst to her, in preparation to be Christ's own Holy Mother.

Under her maternal protection, at her feet etched with
devotion,
Is the early St Mary's, the first Seminary for priestly formation,
In a fledgling nation, dedicated to Mary's Immaculate Conception,
Preparing priests in the image of her Son, to serve His people
To be shepherds with compassion, in every generation.

The fleur-de-lys, the crowned lily, is the ancient symbol of the
Virgin Mary.⁸
Gracing her altar, it serves as a reminder
Of the many and varied titles of her, but especially that of Queen-
Mother,
Of Jesus Christ, the King of the Universe, her Son, the Merciful
and Righteous.
Born to set man free from sin and death by dying on the tree.

⁶ The Basilica of Saint Maria Maggiore (St Mary Major) was built, as legend has it, after a wondrous event that occurred c.A.D.350 after a wealthy yet childless Patrician couple wanted their wealth to honor the Virgin Mother after their deaths. After much prayer, the Mother of God appeared to the man in a dream and instructed him to build the church on the spot where snow would fall in midsummer. The then reigning Pope Liberius (352-366 AD) concurrently had a similar dream. On August the 5th, at the height of summer, snow miraculously fell on the Esquiline Hill, outlining the floor plan of the Church. To commemorate this event, on August 5th of every year, there is a shower of white rose petals in the Basilica after the festive Mass. (www.simplycatholic.com)

⁷ Window on the right of the Marian Altar.

⁸ The base of the Marian Altar.

A gilt frame serves as a throne for this Lady of great fame,
With gracious detail, with carving so intricate, a hymn in wood
that resonates,
The fairness of the greatest of creatures, this woman of noble
features,
And her only begotten Son,
The hope of all the ages, who has for us Eternal Life won.

In thy hand thou holdeth a stem of lilies of ethereal beauty,⁹
Of thy three-fold prerogatives bestowed on thee by the Holy Trinity,
Daughter of the Father, Mother of the Son, and Spouse of the
Holy Ghost.
A virgin before, in and after childbirth, O Lady Mary, of thy virtues
we never cease to boast!

The God-Man stands like an impregnable tower upon thy knee,
Small in stature, with the weakness of a child,
Mighty in majesty, our minds to beguile.
He is our salvation and thou by His decree the *Sedes Sapientiae*¹⁰
The Seat of Wisdom, the throne of His divine Kingdom.

A mantle of royal blue speaks to our hearts, and in them renew,
That old hymn of the lovely lady dressed in blue; for vices to
eschew,¹¹
For goodness to ensue, for right living and holiness to pursue.
*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam, de die ad diem!*¹²

Thy gentle smile beckons to one and all, thy loving gaze itself a
maternal call,
Sweet reassurance of a mother's love helps the despairing to rise
above
Life's failures and struggles, our weaknesses and spiritual battles,
To stand once more with vigor in our stride, to go forth to fight
the good fight.

⁹ The image of the Virgin Mary and the Christ Child.

¹⁰ Seat of Wisdom.

¹¹ Inspired by the *King's Ballad* by Henry VIII of England.

¹² Day unto day, for the greater glory of God!

The darkness without still remains, a mere feature of time.
Yet in me is grace renewed; joy, cheer, goodwill and youth in
 my soul is imbued,
To set forth to serve and to adore Jesus Christ once more,
Fortified in this Lady Chapel,
Under Mary's gaze, a place of awe, peace, and marvel.

The Tree of Supernatural Life

Brian Norris

Whenever I look at the sanctuary in Saint Mary's Chapel, I am reminded of the mosaic in the apse of the Basilica of *San Clemente*. That beautiful mosaic depicts the cross as a "Tree of Life" and the source of life on earth. When I look at our altar space in Saint Mary's Chapel, I am struck by the similarities between these sanctuaries. While the altar piece in *San Clemente* displays all manners of organic life on earth, the Saint Mary's Chapel piece depicts the tremendous variety of supernatural life. The altarpiece in San Clemente illustrates how Christ's self-sacrificial love on the cross waters all natural life on earth with the blood and water that pours forth from Jesus' side. This is illustrated by the vines that swirl out from the foot of Christ's cross. It is not hard to imagine similar vines in the Saint Mary's Chapel Sanctuary, connecting the saints arrayed on either side of the cross with the self-sacrificial love of Christ that they emulated in their lives. From the beginnings of the Church, men and women have heard Christ's call that is unique to them and have responded by letting Christ live again through them. When I gaze upon the scene behind our altar, I marvel at the beautiful variety of saintly life that is able to grace the earth when one embraces Saint Paul's words "it is no longer I who live but Christ who lives in me" (Gal 2:20 NRSV).

The Main altar in the Seminary Chapel has a looming gold baldacchino at its center with a large, crowned *Auspice Maria* symbol adorning the middle of the baldacchino. The baldacchino is supported by four burgundy and white marble columns with Corinthian capitals. To the right and to the left of the baldacchino are ranks of the saints standing in heavenly glory. The ranks of saints seem to correspond to the *Te Deum*. One's gaze slowly ascends from the bottom row depicting holy men and women, to the second tier displaying prophets and martyrs, to the top rank where the apostles stand. One's ascending gaze finally comes to rest on Christ who is enthroned in His heavenly glory above the baldacchino. Jesus has a globe in His left hand and His right hand is raised in a blessing. He is dressed in priestly vestments as the High Priest and King of the

Universe. All of this surrounds the Cross suspended from the baldacchino.

I think the artwork in the Saint Mary's Chapel sanctuary calls each person who enters the chapel to ponder how Christ wants to conform us into His cruciform pattern of life. In the ranks of apostles, martyrs, confessors, holy men, and holy women we see our future ... if we can but get out of Christ's way and let ourselves be remade in His image through the sacraments and the promptings of the Holy Spirit. The Saint Mary's Chapel sanctuary teaches that through the sacrifice of the cross Jesus returned to exulted glory. Likewise, those saints who adorn the walls to the right and left of the crucifix are now partaking in the glory of God because of their willingness to endure sufferings and hardships on their earthly pilgrimage as imitators of their Lord.

All Christians are called to partake in the glory that the saints are experiencing at this moment in heaven. As priests and future priests, we are called in a special way to take this call to sainthood seriously, so that we can model that behavior for our parishioners and guide them on their own personal journeys to sanctity. All the while we must remember that it was through the suffering and death of Christ on the Cross that He rose to glory, and it is only through taking up our personal crosses that we can one day become co-heirs of the Father's kingdom.

Click on this link to be redirected to the Basilica San Clemente website where you can view the church apse that inspired this comparative reflection.

<https://qrco.de/bc50gD>

Is it Really Your Body?

Thiago Rodrigues Ibiapina

Is it really your body made bread for us all?

Is it really your body alone in a cold chapel at midnight?

Is it really your body on the streets abandoned?

Let it be Done

Thiago Rodrigues Ibiapina

God's will be done
Never forget what He has done
The wonders He has done
Because in Him, everything is done
And what is done must be in His divine will.

My Wooden Heart

Statue of Mary made of wood

Thiago Rodrigues Ibiapina

A candle is lit,
My heart seeks your help,
Consolation in my desolation,
My heart seeks your presence,
Attraction in my loneliness,
My wooden heart seeks you,
My heart seeks your help,
My heart seeks you,
Seeking your Son,
Seeking my
God.

Holy Saturday Morn

James Lancelotta

The Chapel like a tomb at daybreak; the air
stagnant and cold.

The smell of flowers long gone.

The pungent odor of incense a fond memory.

The once beautiful marble, now a cold stone vault.

The hard wooden pews, now a casket.

A bone-rattling chill prevails throughout.

The still air crashing loudly against the echoing stone.

The first rays of the dawn pierce the darkness,

Revealing the tree of life, standing barren at the head of the tomb.

The tomb is anxiously awaiting Your Resurrection.

Your life-giving transformation to bring joy back to this

Sacred-House.

Anticipating the first Alleluia echoing off the once again beautiful
marbles walls.

As You bring hope throughout.

The Splendor of the Holy Trinity

Thiago Rodrigues Ibiapina

It is truly right and just, our duty and our salvation,
always and everywhere to give you thanks,
Lord, holy Father, almighty, and eternal God.

For with your Word made flesh
and the Holy Spirit who is love,
you are the unique God,
the only Lord who appeared to Moses
and delivered *us* from the slavery of Egypt:
not in the integrity of a single particularity,
but in a Triune core.

For what you have exposed to us
of your dignity and nobility
we profess and believe justly of your Son, Word spoken
and of the Holy Spirit, the splendor of your love
so that, in the declaring of the true and perpetual Father,
you might be worship in what is decent to each Identity,
their harmony in the same substance,
and their sameness also in nobility.

For this is praised by Angels and Archangels,
Cherubim and Seraphim,
who never cease to exclaim each day,
as with one voice they acclaim:

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts ...

Notes on Contributors

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