



NEWMAN HALL HOLY SPIRIT PARISH

2700 Dwight Way
Berkeley, California 94704

Phone: (510) 848-7812

FAX: (510) 848-0179

Web site: <http://calnewman.org>

E-mail: calnewman@gmail.com

WELCOME!

Invite a friend!

WHO ARE WE?

A Eucharistic community, striving to make the promise and challenge of the Gospel and the Catholic tradition a tangible reality in our own lives and in the lives of the members of the university community, the residents of our parish, and those drawn to us by the movement of God's grace. Served by the Paulist Fathers for over 100 years, we are guided by the three-fold Paulist mission of evangelization, reconciliation, ecumenism, and interfaith relations.

WHAT DO WE DO?

Our goals are to enhance the faith life of our community; to act as a servant church to local, national, and international needs; to point to God's action in the world and our own lives; to communicate the Good News of God's love and acceptance to the unchurched; to reconcile the alienated and wounded; and to heal the divisions within the Christian church and with other religions.

HOW DO WE DO IT?

Our mission is enhanced by the intersection of the university community and a geographical and intentional parish. The youth and intellectual challenge of the university invigorate the parish life; and the experience of family life, age, and childhood, as well as diverse careers, expand the boundaries of academia. This is melded in common worship, service, education, and celebration.

January 1, 2012

Mary the Mother of God

Pied Beauty

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

Glory be to God for dappled things —
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that
swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and
plough;
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.

What the Figtree Said

by Deniese Levertov

Literal minds! Embarrassed Humans! His friends
were blushing for Him
in secret; wouldn't admit they were shocked.
They thought Him
petulant to curse me!—yet how could the Lord
be unfair?—so they looked away,
then and now.
But I, I knew that
helplessly barren though I was,
my day had come. I served
Christ the Poet,
who spoke in images: I was at hand,
a metaphor for their failure to bring forth
what is within them (as figs
were *not* within me). They who had walked
in His sunlight presence,
they could have ripened,
could have perceived His thirst and hunger,
His innocence appetite;
they could have offered
human fruits—compassion, comprehension—
without being asked,
without being told of need.
My absent fruit
stood for their barren hearts. He cursed
not me, not them, but
(ears that hear not, eyes that see not)
their dullness, that withholds
gifts *unimagined*.

What is the Point of Being a Christian?

by Timothy Radcliffe, OP

One of the desert fathers was irritated to see a group of young men walking by, happily laughing, and he shouted out, 'We must face the last judgment, and you laugh!' But for the first 1,500 years of its existence mainstream Christianity shared the conviction that the principal reason for being a Christian, or indeed for doing anything at all, was to be happy. St Augustine believed that *delectatio*, delight, was the mainspring of all human action. 'For we must perform our actions in accord with what brings us most delight'; 'Who can consciously embrace anything that does not delight him?' The impetus of our life is towards 'pure joy'. All of the moral life is the journey towards freedom and happiness.

Happiness for Thomas is not an emotion that we should try to cultivate. It is an activity, the realization of our being, 'being at full stretch'. It is no more selfish that wishing to be fully alive or for birds taking to the air or fish swimming. D.H. Lawrence delights in a lizard being utterly itself, 'The right toss of a chin for you, and swirl of a tail! If only men were as much men as lizards are lizards, they'd be worth looking at.' We are utterly ourselves in being happy. But unlike lizards, our happiness is not in being self-contained. It is in stretching ourselves open to love others. We flourish in being turned outwards. Ultimately our happiness is in that which can only be received as a gift, God's own life. We are made for what is more than natural to us. Human beings are made only to thrive as the receivers of a happiness that is beyond our nature. So seeking happiness is not selfish, but rather it transforms the self. Thomas is right to maintain that we cannot will to be unhappy, but we can turn away from the immeasurable happiness to which we are summoned, since it will demand our death and resurrection, and that is frightening.

Christianity is the good news that God created us for happiness, and ultimately for the happiness this is God being God. But we cannot be convincing witnesses to this if Christians are seen as miserable and inhibited. Nietzsche wrote that Christ's 'disciples should look more redeemed'. Otherwise we shall be no more convincing that a couch potato extolling the benefits of keeping fit.

In Memoriam

by Lord Alfred Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

The Truth of the Stranger

by John Shea

Magi only journey at night
like the guarded secrets of dreams
and, at morning, always arrive from the East,
the rising sun at their backs,
haloing them in light.
You will have to shade your eyes
to watch them,
step by step,
approach you
with their request.
They are not wise in usual ways.
They cannot make a chair,
their soups are regrettable.
It is conjunctions
symmetries
balances
that interest them.
Heaven shakes, earth quakes.
As above, so below.

A star moves across the sky
and they are in the saddle
convinced an earth child
has yanked a string.
They come from a country of kites.
They also puzzle prophecies,
living in perpetual pregnancy,
awaiting the births of the predicted.
They unroll ancient parchments
to find new babies,
then read the wrinkles of the newborn
as testimonies of the past promises.
They are not your average observers.
That is why they have come to you—
why they come to us all.
Your replacement has been born.
They need your help
to tell them
where
they can find the child.
Lost in higher logic,
they will not see you blanch
or notice you are troubled.
They want to teach you the lost art of homage,
how freeing it is to be prostrated before promise.
They are the strangers
who have come to tell you
the truth
you have forgotten.
Do not try to trick them,
coaxing from their enthusiasm
murderous information.
It will not work.
Wise Men always go home
buy another route.
You will end
by slaughtering hope
and you will not see
the fleeing child, your child,
reach for their gifts.

Veni Creator

by Czeslaw Milosz

Come, Holy Spirit,
bending or not bending the grasses,
appearing or not above our heads in a tongue of flame,
at hay harvest or when they plough in the orchards or
when snow
covers crippled firs in the Sierra Nevada.
I am only a man: I need visible signs.
I tire easily, building the stairway of abstraction.
Many a time I asked, you know it well, that the statue in
church
lifts its hand, only once, just once, for me.
But I understand that signs must be human,
therefore call one man, anywhere on earth,
not me—after all I have some decency—
and allow me, when I look at him, to marvel at you.

Holiness, Speech and Silence

by Nicholas Lash

It would follow, surely, that at the very heart and centre of any scheme of Christian education would be the task of teaching each other to be still, to be attentive, to learn to acquire the courage to be quiet. I must, however, emphasize that, in saying this, I am *not* speaking about ‘spirituality’—as this is too often, these days, understood.

When people say (as they do, it seems, with increasing frequency) that they are more interested in ‘spirituality’ than in ‘religion’, they usually seem to mean that they prefer the balm of private fantasy, the aromatherapy of uplifting individual sentiment, to the hard work of thought and action, the common struggle to make sense of things, to redeem and heal the world. When church leaders are exhorted to concentrate on ‘spiritual’ affairs, the implication sometimes seems to be that these things are different from, and loftier than, such mundane matters as proclaiming good news to the poor and setting at liberty those who are oppressed.

On the contrary, in suggesting that Christianity should be a kind of school of silence, an academy of attentiveness, I am suggesting that our task, as Christians, is to help each other to acquire the courage to be still, to keep our eyes open in the dark. Gethsemane would be the paradigm of the attentiveness we need. In the garden, Christ remained attentive the Father’s silence—while the disciples, unfortunately slept.

That is, perhaps, a good place to end. In an interview which he gave on German television in 1976, Karl Rahner was asked: ‘Could you briefly formulate the purpose and theme of your book, *Foundations of Christian Faith*?’ His reply may serve as my conclusion: ‘I really only want to tell the reader something very simple. Human persons in every age, always and everywhere, whether they realize and reflect upon it or not, are in relationship with the unutterable mystery of human life that we call God. Looking at Jesus Christ the crucified and risen one, we can have the hope that now in our present lives, and finally after death, we will meet God as our own fulfilment.’

Staff:

Rev. Bernard Campbell, C.S.P. (*Pastor*)

bernard.campbell111@gmail.com

Rev. Bill Edens, C.S.P. (*Student Minister*)

williamledens@yahoo.com

Rev. Al Moser, C.S.P.

fral@pacbell.net

Colleen Lenord (*Music & Liturgy*)

ColleenLenord@gmail.com

Frances Rojek (*Faith Formation*)

newmanholyspirit@aol.com

Peg McGowan (*Administrative Assistant*)

newmanadmin@earthlink.net

Christine Dalton (*Sacristan*)

newman.sacristan@gmail.com

Liturgy:

Weekdays: Mon-Sat: Mass - 12:10 pm

Hearing assistance units are available at the front desk.

SCHOOL BREAK BUILDING HOURS:

Weekdays: Mon—Sat: Mass at 12:10 pm

December 19—23 (M-F) 9 am—1 pm

December 24 (Sat) 3 pm—11:30 pm

December 25 (Sun) 7 am—1 pm (closed rest of the day)

December 26—30 (M-F) CLOSED

December 31 (Sat) 3 pm—6:30 pm

January 1 (Sun) 7 am—1 pm (closed rest of the day)

January 2—6 (M-F) CLOSED

January 7 (Sat) 3 pm—6:30 pm

January 8 (Sun) 7 am—1 pm, 4—6:30 pm & 9—11:30 pm

January 9—13 (M-F) 9 am—1 pm

January 14 (Sat) 3 pm—6:30 pm

January 15 (Sun) 7 am—1 pm, 4—6:30 pm & 9—11:30 pm

January 16 (Mon) MLK Jr. day—CLOSED

January 17 Resume Regular School Schedule

Reconciliation:

Saturday: 3:30 - 4:30 pm

Other times (except Sunday) - by appointment.

Eucharist for the Sick**or Homebound:**

Leave a message for the priest on duty at Newman Hall.

Baptisms and Marriages:

Call the weekday receptionist for further information.

Infant/Toddler Care & Playgroup:

Childcare is available Sundays at the 9:30 a.m. Mass. A faith program for 2-5 year olds is also available during the 9:30 a.m. Mass.

Coffee & Donuts:

Coffee and donuts are served after the 9:30 a.m. Mass.

Sunday Parking:

There is limited parking on Sundays in the Newman parking lot across Dwight Way from the church building. Parking is also available at UC Berkeley's Underhill Lot (west of College between Channing and Haste), where it costs \$0.50/hour on Sundays.