Critical Social Work

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Publication details, including instructions for authors and subscription information can be found at: <http://uwindsor.ca/criticalsocialwork>

Link to article:

<http://www.uwindsor.ca/criticalsocialwork/spirituality-as-a-science-of-the-heart>

Critical Social Work, 2009 Vol. 10, No. 1

Spirituality as a Science of the Heart

Critical Social Work 10(1)

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This paper is based on the keynote address that Dr. Higgins presented at the Third North American Conference on Spirituality and Social Work, at St. Thomas University, Fredericton, New Brunswick.
June 19-21, 2008

Abstract

The presentation examined the role of Thomas Merton, Henri Nouwen and Donald Nicholl as pilgrims of wisdom and peace, their ministry of prayer grounded in contemplation, their commitment as peacemakers, their role as spiritual diarists of compelling relevance, their deep and perduring ecumenical, indeed interfaith, appeal well into our own century and their personal integrity or holiness of life.

All three were Roman Catholics Thomas Merton was a Trappist monk, Henri Nouwen a priest of the Archdiocese of Utrecht, and Donald Nicholl, a married layman and father and professor of History and Religious Studies but their breadth of vision, their deep understanding of faith as the science of the heart, and their inexhaustible openness to the world all combined to make them genuinely extra-territorial spiritual figures.

Introduction

Spirituality is everywhere these days. That is a strange way of putting it, admittedly, but it does speak rather directly to the problem. What, in fact, is spirituality? Why have so many individuals suddenly become experts in the field, if in fact it is a field?

In an article in the Toronto Star by its theatre critic on the ambitious stage production of "The Lord of the Rings", Brent Carver, the Tony-award winning actor who played Gandalf in the production, was quoted as saying that "Faith is a word with particular resonance for me but although I define myself as spiritual I am not necessarily religious. No one has a patent on faith. No one has a patent on God. We can all write our own way" (Ouzounian, 2006). A stern judgment, but not without validity.

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Dom Laurence Freeman, OSB, author and disciple of the great Benedictine spiritual figure John Main, doesn't have many hesitations when it comes to identifying the fault lines of our contemporary spiritual crisis: "It is puzzling and frustrating to try and understand how the mainline churches, despite all their determination and resources, still seem unable to connect with the profound spiritual needs of our time.... [Young people] dismiss what they find as narrowness of mind, intolerant dogmatism, internal feuding, inter-denominational sectarianism, medieval sexism and... the lack of spiritual depth" (Roose-Evans, 2005). Freeman is talking about the failure of established religion. But he is not talking about its indispensability. He is talking about the skewering of the gospel message, not its irrelevance.

So where can we turn for direction, for enlightenment, for sane commentary, and for an integrated maturity of vision? Henri Nouwen, Thomas Merton, and Donald Nicholl, all twentieth-century contemporary spiritual writers, spoke of similar contexts. To some degree, they addressed similar challenges.

To get a 'read' on the three of them, I have drawn on a particularly intriguing idea of J.S. Porter, the Canadian poet and professor, who sees in a particular word a point of entry, a code to be unraveled, a probe to be measured. The word, the right word, is the key that unlocks. Porter's (2001) book, "Spirit Book Word: An Inquiry into Literature and Spirituality," identifies particular words with particular writers and why it is that that word is a signature of and an aperture to their soul and imagination. But Porter had difficulty finding his own word. He writes, "I still hadn't found my word. The word that called me, claimed me, owned me. The word written on my body. The word that branded itself in my forehead the way 'Being' burnt itself into Heidegger, the way love surrounded Carver or the way 'modernism' scalded Swift. I hadn't found a way to link my trinity: words, books and spirit" (Porter, 2001, p. 30). He discovers at the end that indeed the word was there staring him in the face. It was "Spiritbookword: the breadth of the word in the book. I jumped up and down like a four-year old. Hallelujah! I had found my word. I could now look for spiritbookwords in others" (Porter, 2001, p. 32). "Spiritbookwords" is a marvelous idea, a concept or principle that can also work when applied to the three subjects under consideration. Henri Nouwen's spiritbookword is "wounded healer," for Thomas Merton it is "point vierge" (virgin point), and for Donald Nicholl "scientia cordis" (science of the heart).

Donald Nicholl (1923-1997), who taught history and religious studies in both the United States and the United Kingdom, wrote widely and deeply about personalities and issues, and struggled throughout his life to understand what we mean by holiness. But to achieve holiness, one must begin somewhere and for Nicholl it begins with a call from the spiritbookword:

"....every call of the Holy Spirit begins with a revelation of the bankruptcy of one's present, habitual mode of life, its tendency towards the death of one's spirit. That moment of awakening inevitably has to be a moment of anguish, of agony, and of repentance, because it is only from the pain of awakening to the contradiction in one's life that the energy to change arises. Listen, for example, to an expression of such anguish from one of the most remarkable priests in England, Austin Smith, who has spent the last 25 years serving in the front line, in the slums of Liverpool. Lately, Fr. Austin has told us in "Vocation for Justice" how he was struck by the contrast between the way Christians protested against the celluloid "Last Temptation of Christ" of Scorsese's film yet

succumb daily to the real last temptation against which Jesus had to struggle to the very end. Jesus' last temptation, in Gethsemane, was to feel that "there was still time and space to carry on [with his campaign for the kingdom] and get somewhere. And yet the message of God was, 'It is time to suffer and die.' This temptation was, if one may so express it, to keep the show going when the show has really run out of steam" (Nicholl, 1989, pp. 68-69).

Our fear to rise to a new state, to undergo the dramatic process of metanoia, conversion, to cut oneself off from the old ways in order to answer the call to a "new, dangerous form of existence" is a fear that hobbles and diminishes us. Although each person's metanoia will follow a different direction, we are all called to discard the false self, "suffused with death," for the true self, open to the Spirit of Life.

Throughout his own life Nicholl sought bravely to change, to resist always the blandishments of successful and homogenizing ideologies, to avoid the easy comforts of establishment living, to hear the cries of the poor and abandoned, to forge out of the sufferings and crises of both religious and artistic leaders as well as out of the anonymous multitudes a genuinely liberating spirituality.

To that end, Nicholl read the Russian mystics and poets, explored the spirituality of resistance that occasionally found expression among German Catholics to the Nazis' tyranny, argued for intelligent and respectful dialogue between Catholicism and the other great religions, and campaigned vigorously in the interests of peace. Nicholl believed that humanity could find a common ground of the spirit by pursuing what he called a *scientia cordis*, or science of the heart.

Because the *scientia cordis* concerns itself with human aspirations, its medium of expression is not some law or formula--characteristic of the positive sciences--but the narrative, the story, which is more proper to art in form. Nicholl, then, told stories, plenty of them, because he knew that in matters of aspiration the chief motto and mode of disclosure is John Henry Cardinal Newman's *cor ad cor loquitur* ("heart speaks to heart"), because he knew that along the path of storytelling "dance and joy and truth can trave." (Nicholl, 1997, p. 163). But these stories arose out of Nicholl's own empathy for the suffering and alienated; they spoke of grace and heroism dearly bought; there is nothing light and frolicsome about them. Out of Nicholl's spirituality comes a sweet incandescence, luminous wonders in a darkening landscape. The concept of *scientia cordis* is critical to understanding Nicholl's sense of himself as a scholar, professional, and contemporary believer. He writes,

"The fact that the *scientia cordis* is a science of the heart, of the human being in aspiration, also implies that it contains a further dimension than any of the positive sciences such, for instance, as psychology. Because positive science tries to formulate immutable laws about what is, psychology too attempts to freeze human beings in terms of laws about needs and demands that can be specified--but the aspirations of the heart always go beyond what can be specified in such laws; and it is these aspirations which keep the heart in motion and prevent it from being frozen into immobility. Positive science, by confining itself to what is and not to what ought to be, always runs the danger of becoming sterile; for as Goethe put it, our aspirations are the most real part of us.

‘For this reason, also, the characteristic medium for stating the scientia cordis is not the principle or law characteristic of the positive sciences. The essential point about the principle or law formula is that it leaves the situation unchanged, and it leaves both the person formulating the law and the one hearing the law in a state of detachment: there is nothing that anyone ought to do as a result of the formulation; everyone can still say, ‘So what?’ By contrast, both the person stating the science of the heart and the person to whom it is stated have to be moved by it’ (Nicholl, 1997, p. 161).

As important as the concept of the scientia cordis is to Nicholl and to his work it is as important to understand the related importance he attaches to the identity and function of the genuine spiritual seeker:

“....it is clear that spiritual seekers are not content with examining merely the external features of other traditions or their statements of belief, but rather they penetrate to the very heart of them, they find that by which those in the tradition live. And they share in it, without taking it upon themselves to make comparisons, knowing that one can only compare what lies on the surface. They share in the worship and prayers, the pilgrimages and festivals; they rejoice with the others at their feasts and mourn with them at their funerals. One of the most moving accounts of such a quest is to be found in Hindu and Christian in Vrindaban by the German Catholic Klaus Klostermaier, who spent two years in Vrindaban, the playground of Krishna. The seeker, he says, “will not want to have anything more to do with academic dalliance or a science of comparative religion, behaving as if it stood above all religions. He will also not want to know anything more of a certain kind of theology that works ‘without presuppositions’ and pleases itself in manipulating definitions and formulas and forgets about man, who is the main concern. He will be more and more pulled into what is called ‘spirituality’: the real life of the mind. I wanted to see a famous man in Benares, a sagacious philosopher, feared by many as a merciless critic of Christian theology. I had my own reasons for paying him a visit. He was polite, invited me for tea and then mounted the attack. I let him talk his fill, without saying a word myself. Then I began to talk about the things I had begun to understand within the dialogue--quite positively Christian. We got into a sincere, good, deep discussion. He had intended to send me away after ten minutes. When I left after two hours, he had tears in his eyes: ‘If we insisted on our theologies--you as a Christian, I as a Hindu--we should be fighting each other. We have found one another because we probed more deeply, towards spirituality’” (Nicholl, 1997, pp. 156-7).

I would like now to turn my attention to the American monk and poet, Thomas Merton (1915-1968). Born in the south of France, educated in great measure in England and the United States, and a monk of the Order of the Cistercians of the Strict Observance (Trappists) from 1941 until his untimely death in Bangkok, Thailand, in December of 1968, Merton was an extraordinarily prolific writer. He was an essayist, poet, calligrapher, photographer, controversialist, social and political commentator, editor, anthologist, translator, and sometime cartoonist. He was a religious thinker of Blakean propensities, a correspondent of gargantuan energy, and a belle-lettrist of startling virtuosity. But we continue to read him, primarily, for the same reason that we read Saint Augustine, Blaise Pascal, and Simone Weil: the personal voice, the personal revelation, the confessional tone.

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Thomas Merton's honesty compelled him to chronicle his search for the 'true self' in such a way that his readers could and can continue to vicariously share in both the light and dark sides of spiritual growth. The most expert chronicling can be found in his journals, but the constant autobiographer is not restricted to his diaries.

Merton's diaries are direct, personal, and honest. But, and this is important to consider in the making and remaking of the poet of Gethsemane (a project in which he was engaged all his life), they were subject to careful editing and rewriting. In short, the fresh private voice of the diarist is a fine example of disciplined spontaneity. Merton wrote to be published; he intended that his private ruminations become public property.

Merton's diaries and journals remind us that the spiritual enterprise in which Merton was engaged was nothing less than the supreme enterprise of emptying himself. And so the constant self revision and growth. It is because of such honesty that we continue to read Thomas Merton.

One of the themes that runs through Merton's life and spirituality is the theme of wisdom. The first extended and major treatment of the theme of wisdom can be found in his lengthy prose-poem "Hagia Sophia" (Holy Wisdom) published in 1962, the product of a correspondence he had with his close friend Victor Hammer. A typographer, bookbinder and calligrapher, in addition to his teaching duties in lettering, drawing, and painting, Hammer was the consummate artist and craftsman. On one occasion when Merton was visiting Victor and his wife, Carolyn, Hammer showed his guest a triptych he had been working on. The central panel showed a woman crowning a young boy and Merton asked aloud who the woman was. Hammer had initially conceived of the woman and the young boy as the Madonna and Child, but no longer knew who she was. Merton then responded "I know who she is. I have always known her. She is Hagia Sophia" (Higgins, 1998, p. 235).

In a letter dated May 2, 1959, Hammer invited Merton to come and bless the triptych and explain in greater detail what he meant by 'Hagia Sophia'. This latter request Merton met in a twofold manner in a letter dated May 14th, and in the prose poem of the same name.

The poem is an eloquent meditation on, and celebration of, wisdom. It is divided into four sections—"Dawn," "Early Morning," "High Morning," "Sunset"—and it is modeled on the monastic Office of Praise: Lauds, Prime, Terce, Compline. Of dawn, or the Hour of Lauds, Merton writes:

"There is in all things an inexhaustible sweetness and purity, a silence that is a fount of action and joy. It rises up in wordless gentleness and flows out to me from the unseen roots of all created being, welcoming me tenderly, saluting me with indescribable humility. This is at once my own being, my own nature, and the Gift of my Creator's Thought and Art within me, speaking as Hagia Sophia, speaking as my sister, Wisdom" (Merton, 1977b, p. 363).

It is at the dawn, the moment of pristine innocence, the moment of prelapsarian joy, the sweet point or point vierge, that one may happen on Hagia Sophia. In "Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander," a passage about the "first chirps of the waking day birds," Merton observes that they

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“speak to Him, not with fluent song, but with an awakening question that is their dawn state, their state at the ‘point vierge’.”

“....All wisdom seeks to collect and manifest itself at that blind sweet point. Man’s wisdom does not succeed, for we are all fallen into self-mastery and cannot ask permission of anyone. We face our mornings as men of undaunted purpose.... For the birds there is not a time that they tell, but the virgin point between darkness and light, between non-being and being.... Here is an unspeakable secret: paradise is all around us and we do not understand. It is wide open. The sword is taken away, but we do not know it....”Wisdom,” cries the dawn deacon [the bird] but we do not attend” (Merton, 1968, pp. 131-2).

Merton corresponded with Louis Massignon, the distinguished Islamicist, and it was from him that he first heard the term point vierge, which means “the centre of the soul, where despair corners the heart of the outsider” (Higgins, 1998, p. 236). It is not only the sweet point but the enlightened awareness at the juncture of despair. Wisdom represents the voice of creation and the voice of unity, the summons to being and the sound of judgment. In the dawn state one can recognize “the first morning of the world (when Adam, as the sweet voice of Wisdom woke from nonentity and knew her), and....the Last Morning of the world when all the fragments of Adam will return from death at the voice of Hagia Sophia” (Merton, 1977b, p. 364).

In part two of the poem, “Early Morning,” the poet records that in our human efforts to awaken to the wisdom that speaks at the point vierge, we long to leave the blindness of our fallen state and rediscover our innocence: “The heavenly lights rejoice in the going forth of one man to make a new world in the morning, because he has come out of the confused primordial dark night into consciousness. He has expressed the clear silence of Sophia in his own heart. He has become eternal” (Merton, 1977, p. 366). When one is truly innocent one is truly eternal, finding “the impeccable pure simplicity of One consciousness in all and through all and through all” (Merton, 1977, p. 366).

In the third part of the poem, “High Morning,” Wisdom is spoken of as the divinity in all things and as the power of mercy in us: “the yielding and tender counterpart of the power, justice and creative dynamism of the Father. Hagia Sophia is both plenitude and nothingness: God as all, and God reduced to Nothing: inexhaustible nothingness” (Merton, 1977, p. 368).

In “Sunset,” the concluding part, Hagia Sophia is directly identified with the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose consent to en flesh divinity guaranteed the offer of salvation to a recalcitrant creation and who is traditionally titled Sedes Sapientiae (Seat of Wisdom): “God enters into His creation. Through her wise answer, through her obedient understanding, through the sweet yielding consent of Sophia God enters without publicity into the city of rapacious men” (Merton, 1977, p. 370).

The speaker of the poem tells us at the beginning that he is in a hospital, lying asleep, and that it is the second of July, the Feast of the Visitation, “A Feast of Wisdom.” Sophia comes to him in his sleep as Philosophy came to Boethius and Beatrice to Dante and Gabriel to Mary, a consolation and a dream, a vision and a longing. In a diary entry of the same day in 1960, Merton

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wrote of dreaming in a very quiet hospital when he was awakened by the “soft voice of the nurse.” He asks:

“Who is more little than the helpless man, asleep in bed, having entrusted himself gladly to sleep and tonight? Him the gentle voice will awake, all that is sweet in woman will awaken him. Not for conquest and pleasure, but for the far deeper wisdom of love and joy and communion” (Merton, 1996, p. 17).

This recorded experience forms the context of the poem; the speaker and Merton are one and the same. Merton appreciates the unfathomable riches, the “invisible fecundity” of all things, revealed by Sophia. The sleeper, however—as all who sleep a temporal sleep must—awakens to the night having dreamt in the light:

“The shadows fall. The stars appear. The birds begin to sleep. Night embraces the silent half of the earth. A vagrant, a destitute wanderer with dusty feet, finds his way down a new road. A homeless God lost in the night, without papers, without identification, without even a number, a frail expendable exile lies down in desolation under the sweet stars of the world and entrusts Himself to sleep” (Merton, 1977, pp. 340-341).

As long as the speaker/sleeper/Merton dreams of Wisdom he comes out of the confused primordial dark night into consciousness, into the light of his dream, the luminosity of Wisdom.

“A point of pure truth, a point of spark which belongs entirely to God... which is inaccessible to the fantasies of our own mind or the brutalities of our own will. This little point of nothingness and of absolute poverty is the pure glory of God in us. It is so to speak His name written in us.... It is like a pure diamond blazing with the invisible light of heaven. It is in everybody, and if we could see it we would see these billions of points of light coming together in the face and blaze of a sun that would make all the darkness and cruelty of life vanish completely.... I have no program for this seeing. It is only given. But the gate of heaven is everywhere” (Merton, 1968, p. 158).

In an age when Abstraction threatens Life vision is the only alternative to absurdity and despair. The necessity of vision in a world of formulae and theories, of imagination in a world of cerebration, underscores the metaphysical truth of the “marriage of heaven and hell.” This truth, known to Blake, Chuang Tzu, and Zen sages was also the privileged possession of various ancient and now extinct societies. It is to the ancient peoples that Merton turned—the Maya, the Zapotec, the Yana—to discover a program for seeing. These people “had inherited an archaic wisdom which did somehow protect them against the dangers of a merely superficial, willful and cerebral existence” (Merton, 1976, p. 20).

In an effort to understand this “archaic wisdom” and to integrate it into Western society’s self-understanding before the latter’s violent dissolution into disorder, Merton turned to various studies of different cultures that incarnated this wisdom, and used them in *The Geography of Lograire* (his major poetic epic) as counterpoint to the ambition, efficiency and sterile confidence of technocratic society. The ancient “archaic wisdom” or vision represents his “reality,” his “identity,” his place in the scheme of things. The “primitive” is at the point of intersession,

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where phenomena and the numinous, the divine and the human, commingle without suppression or elimination. The individual is at the

“crossroads established by the gods, points of communication not only between the visible and the invisible, the obvious and the unexplained, the higher and the lower, the strong and the helpless: but above all between complementary opposites which balance and fulfill each other (fire-water, heat-cold, rain-earth, light-dark, life-death)....One’s identity was the intersection of chords where one “belonged.” The intersection was to be sought in terms of a kind of musical or aesthetic and scientific synchronicity—one fell in step with the dance of the universe, the liturgy of the stars” (Merton, 1976, pp. 58-9).

The narrowly restrictive power of mind in Western culture prevents any sympathy for or understanding of an ancient’s self-affirmation. As Merton acidly remarks in his essay “The Shoshoneans,” “To be an Indian is a lifelong desultory exercise in acting as somebody else’s invention” (Merton, 1976, p. 11).

The discussion about “archaic wisdom” and the Native communities of the American west is underscored in great measure by the Seminole Franciscan Sister, Mary José Hobday. In an especially insightful work “Seeking a Moist Heart: Native American Ways for Helping the Spirit”, Hobday underscores the importance of the story or legend in Native spirituality. She reminds us that “it takes a moist heart to walk with our brothers and sisters, a moist heart to be at peace in ourselves, a moist heart to serve the people well....The stories are friend to us.” Hobday appreciates this special role of linking narrative with culture with spirituality and she finds all of this resting comfortably in the human heart.

Henri Nouwen, the Dutch psychologist (1932-1996), was a contemporary of both Donald Nicholl and Thomas Merton and, arguably, one of the most successful and popular writers on the intersection of spirituality and psychological health in recent North American history. Nouwen, like Merton, was a prolific writer. His death in 1996 deprived both the Roman Catholic community and the larger ecumenical community of an eminently sane voice in an increasingly discordant world.

A psychologist of the heart and the soul, Nouwen wrote not only to guide others but to discover himself. He wrote to find himself. In his spiritual enchiridion or handbook, “Making all Things New: An Invitation to the Spiritual Life,” he highlighted the spiritual confusion that afflicts our culture: “One way to express the spiritual crisis of our time is to say that most of us have an address but cannot be found there. We know where we belong, but we keep being pulled away in many directions, as if we were still homeless” (Nouwen, 1981, p. 36).

Nouwen appreciated the profound displacement at the heart of contemporary humanity, a rootlessness that he shared to an often disturbing degree. He understood that everything in our culture that defines success or fulfillment is predicated precisely upon those qualities that work against our yearning for wholeness. We need to cultivate both what he identifies as the discipline of solitude and community and we need to do this because we need to attend to the silent voice of God, to eliminate the extraneous sounds that dominate our lives. But he also knew his own “wound”:

“What to do with this inner wound that is so easily touched and starts bleeding again? It is such a familiar wound--this immense need for affection, and this immense fear of rejection—will it ever go away. It is here to stay but maybe for a good reason. Perhaps it is a gateway to my salvation, a door to glory, and a passage to freedom!

‘I am aware that this wound of mine is a gift of disguise. These many short but intense experiences of abandonment lead me to the place where I’m learning to let go of fear and surrender my spirit into the hands of the One whose acceptance has no limits. I am deeply grateful to Nathan and to my other friends who know me and are willing to bind my wounds so that, instead of bleeding to death, I can walk on to the full life’ (Nouwen, 2003, pp. 139-40).

Nouwen understood only too clearly the demands of success. His various professorships at Ivy League universities, his highly lucrative and very public writing career, and his popularity on the invitational lecture circuit combined to assure him a level of professional and personal success that was the envy of all, but the costs were great. Nouwen often found himself diminished by his achievements and he sought protection from his own success. He frequently fled to the anonymity of monastic enclosure, requested and received spiritual direction from the abbot, and then wrote about his experience in his next book. Similarly, he would abandon the security of the academy and work in the barrios of Latin America. Naturally, he wrote about this experience as well. But these occasional departures from the norm of lecturing, teaching, and writing were, in the end, incapable of settling the wandering spirit.

Nouwen was desperate for that mixture of discipline and community that he passionately wrote about but which consistently eluded him. That is, until he happened upon the second largest L’Arche community in the world, Daybreak, north of Toronto. Here he would spend the last decade of his life (1985-1996), fall in love, experience a breakdown of immense proportions, be emotionally rejuvenated and, however briefly, come to terms with his homosexuality. Daybreak defined Nouwen’s later years, allowed him to speak about the wounded among the wounded, and provided him with that still point that released for him a refreshing and yet unnerving spring of self-knowledge.

Nouwen’s writings could be quite formulaic and predictable. He cherished patterns of three; he drew heavily on biblical stories, images, and themes; his anecdotes were autobiographical without being tantalizingly confessional, although his books written during the last half of his Daybreak years portray a taste for the candid disclosure not found in the other writings; his tone was honest without being ostentatious; he maintained a syllogistic but not constrictive logic in his writing; he wrote to reveal and not conceal God’s encompassing love.

More than anything, Nouwen was committed to shaping a voice for the wounded—the physically handicapped and mentally challenged, the socially marginalized and politically persecuted, the lonely and sexually oppressed/repressed. He proclaimed for all to hear a spirituality of peacemaking:

“I want to speak to you about prayer in the context of our vocation to be peace-makers; to show you a little bit about how prayer is a way of peace-making. Only then can we speak

creatively about resistance as a form of peace-making and only then we can see how prayers and resistance can in turn build community. The three indispensable components then of a meaningful spirituality of peace-making are resistance, prayer, and community” (Nouwen, 1982).

Throughout his life, Nouwen sought different settings wherein to embody these three components: lecture room, monastic cell, slum, and group home. He pursued the wounded with frenetic energy and sometimes exasperating zeal. Over time he came to understand his own wounds, to experience rejection as much as love, abandonment as much as affirmation. The humanizing of the celebrity proved to be liberating.

Two years before his death he wrote, in my opinion, his finest work, “Our Greatest Gift: A Meditation on Dying and Caring.” There is an unnerving prescience about this work, a work written with the intention of befriending his death. Nouwen allows the reader to hear and share in his vulnerability, his fear, in the face of death. But more important still, he invites the reader to experience that hope that makes of death not a foe but a friend: “Our death may be the end of our success, our productivity, our fame, or our importance among people, but is not the end of our fruitfulness. In fact, the opposite is true: the fruitfulness of our lives shows itself in its fullness only after we have died” (Nouwen, 1994, p. 38).

The righting of this unethical epistemology; the recovery of a visionary mode of knowing; the cultivation of a wisdom culture—these are all the proper and deeply treasured ends of a spirituality that is a science of the heart.

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