

Adelante Juntos



Forward Together

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### From the Editor

May this Ordinary Time find all our readers well. We hope that you will enjoy the thoughts offered here and send any comments that you might wish to make. We could incorporate them in our next edition about six months from now.

Blessings on your summer in the northern hemisphere and on your winter in the south!

In Jesus, our Companion,

Terry, f.c.J.



## 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Retreat



The Companions in Mission 25th anniversary took place in Calgary from April 23 to 26 and brought together CiMs and FCJs from Rhode Island, Toronto, Edmonton and Calgary. There was something truly special about meeting others who share the same spirit and mission, each carrying their own stories, experiences, and journeys of faith. The diversity of backgrounds created a rich and welcoming atmosphere, where connections formed naturally and conversations carried a sense of depth and sincerity.

Over the course of the gathering, we spent time learning about what unfolded in the recent General Chapter of the FCJS and reflecting together on its direction and what it invites us into as we move forward. These moments opened space for personal and communal discernment. Prayer was woven throughout each day, grounding everything we did and inviting a quiet attentiveness to God's presence among us.

One of the most memorable parts of the experience was the introduction to iconography. We explored its theological meaning and symbolism, discovering how icons are not just images but windows into the sacred. This understanding led us into a reflective and creative process, where we were each invited to write our own icon on a cross. It became more than an artistic activity. It was a prayer in itself. Each line, each color, carried intention, representing our own lives, our struggles, our faith, and our hope. The experience came to a beautiful close in stillness and reflection, leaving a lasting sense of connection, renewal, and quiet joy.

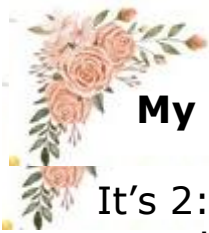
We are deeply grateful to the FCJ Sisters for their warm hospitality, their generosity of spirit, and the care they poured into every detail of this gathering.

I am also including the photos in this link:

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/NJLEwZKYG46b7XGd9>

*Mirna Farahat*





## **WILL YOU?**

### **My First Take on the 2025 General Chapter Booklet**

It's 2:10 am in Room #257 at the Christian Life Centre and I am wide awake. On the slim shelf beside the bed lies the "Give Me a Drink" booklet. The day before we heard an excellent panel discussion about the Chapter process and were each given a copy of the booklet. I have to say, I had expected the session to be dry and somewhat vague. In fact it was the highlight of the retreat for me. And it is the contents of the booklet that are keeping me awake.

One of the things that surprised me was how a booklet, a handful of 6" by 6" pages, summarized months of preparation before the actual Chapter meeting. On the front, a faceless woman, head tilted toward me, carrying an empty jar. On the back cover, is a woman dancing on what could be a wave of energy or time. She appears to be beckoning others to join her. The water in her jar is now spilling out to be shared with others. At least that is how I saw it after reading it three or four times again. Despite its brevity, it felt like an invitation I needed to seriously consider.\*

Now, nearly a month after the retreat and having read it again several more times, it continues to inspire me. I want to be a "better" CiM. To feel CiM is my vocation, not just a monthly date on my calendar.

Too, I feel encouraged that the relationship between FCJs and CiMs has really evolved. The ten FCJs present at the retreat were evidence of that. Most of the tables in the dining room were a mix of CiMs and FCJs, many meeting for the first time.

For me, the strongest impact of the Chapter booklet are the six calls. Those 47 words challenged me to view my vocation in a much broader and deeper way than I have in the nearly two decades of being a CiM. "Will I?" and more challenging



How will I? Thankfully I have six more years to try to figure it out.

\*I am grateful for the team who put the "Give Me a Drink" booklet together. It's not just the power of the words but the layout, colours used, transformation of a faceless woman with an empty jar to a rejoicing figure.

*Laura Krefting, CIM (Edmonton)*



## **Coldest Night of the Year Walk, February 28, 2026**

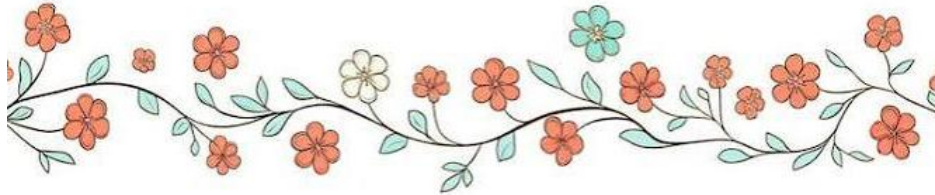


Carol Hollywood, archivist, (at right of group) was the captain of "St. Bonaventure Snowventures" team from her parish. She invited Terry and others from St. Bonaventure Parish to join in the walk for the "Coldest Night of the Year" on Feb. 28. We raised a considerable sum thanks to kind and generous donors for a Centre that helps youth who



are in danger of becoming homeless. The 5 km walk was a very beautiful one through a quiet residential area, a large park and the path along the Bow River.

*Terry Smith, FCJ*



### **The Space In Between: Finding My Place Between Two Parishes**

Each morning, as I sit at my desk, God seems to be everywhere—in the familiar objects around me and, more profoundly, in the movements of the faithful. It is not the crucifix above, the bobblehead of Pope Francis to my right, or the solemn ceramic nun on my left that draws my attention. It is the quiet rhythm of parishioners leaving the sanctuary after receiving the Blessed Sacrament, moving toward the chapel to linger in adoration.

I have often wondered at their urgency. Was the Eucharist not enough? And then I realize it is precisely because it is enough—too much, in fact. Too much grace to be contained in five hurried minutes, too much love to be received casually. Their haste is not impatience; it is response. It is gratitude made visible, and in it, I see the Spirit moving—not only within them, but within me.

I work at a large parish that serves nearly four thousand families. Every week hums with life: the rustle of pages at a book study, the laughter echoing at a trivia night, the clink of glasses at a recognition dinner. Some weeks, there's a blood drive, a fish fry, a walking rosary around campus, or a grief group where voices rise and fall with shared stories. The parish is a flurry of motion and purpose, and the abundance is invigorating.



Yet I do not attend Mass there. Instead, I cross the city each Sunday to a smaller, quieter place: the Holy Name of Jesus Chinese Catholic Mission. About twenty-five of us gather, and the intimacy is just perfect. For someone with social anxiety, like myself, the hush and simplicity of this space is grace in itself.

Here, Mass feels like a retreat. Father Bill enters quietly, asking gently, “Are you comfortable? Is everyone ready?” There is no procession, no fanfare, only the sacred stillness and a quiet invitation to enter fully into worship. It reminds me of home Masses with Sister Madeleine, when Father Jesse celebrated for us during formation as CiMs—small gatherings where the heart could breathe.

I have found that my absence in the small parish is noticed, and I, too, notice if someone is missing. There is a special friendship that grows in this little community—this year, some parishioners gave my husband and I homemade heart-shaped cookies for Valentine’s Day. I cannot wait to see them again, just to thank them for the thoughtful treats. Not that such gestures couldn’t happen in a large parish, but in a smaller one, it is more personal, more immediate, more tangible.

I have come to recognize that both spaces feed my soul in ways the other cannot. The large parish stretches me outward, challenging me to serve, to connect, to embrace community in its fullness. The small parish draws me inward, into contemplation, intimacy, and whispered prayer.

I live, then, in the space between. It is a delicate tension—between bustle and quiet, abundance and simplicity, outward service and inward reflection. And in this tension, I find the fullness of faith, the grace of balance, and the profound truth that God’s presence is never confined to one form, one place, or one way of being.

Here, in the space between, I have found my place.

*Dawn Leach, CIM*





## **Wangari Maathai-Eco Prophet of Kenya (1940-2011)**

Sometimes we think about prophets as people who, divinely inspired, foretell future events. According to the Gospel of St. Luke, for example, Jesus foretold the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem, which took place more than 35 years after his own death. St. Paul wrote about prophets as those who are given the ability to speak God's truth for the upbuilding, encouragement, and consolation of the church. This idea about prophets is that they FORTHTELL what is real, what is true.....they speak about situations not only in terms of their surface features, but also reveal hidden dynamics, implications, and consequences.

Forthtelling the real is how I am describing the work of Eco Prophets: individuals whose insights about the real nature of how everything in creation is connected have given them a vision for how to live differently on earth. People who showed others how to live in and with the environment, rather than dominating it; people who demonstrated how to see and cultivate the abundance that living systems produce, when not interfered with by human thoughtlessness and greed; people who insist that we need to relate to all the humans and the other-than-human creatures in a way that allows them all to flourish. From their vision of what is really true, these prophets then developed ways to heal spaces and relationships that had become degraded. Their work attracted others locally and eventually inspired people globally to enact their vision for healing the Earth. These are ones I am calling Eco Prophets.

Wangari Maathai was a truly extraordinary woman from Kenya. Through her Green Belt Movement, she mobilized thousands of women and men to restore the environment by planting tens of millions of trees throughout the country. In 2004 she received the Nobel Peace Prize for her work in sustainable development which leads to peace.

Wangari was born in the Nyeri district of Kenya, about 200 kilometers north of Nairobi in 1940. Her early childhood and teenage years were spent in a region rich in water, with consistent, regular rains and numerous, clean rivers and streams providing water for both local needs and agriculture. The area, a highland, featured valleys, rolling hills, and steep ridges, rich in biodiversity and supporting animals such as elephants, buffalo, black rhinoceros, and leopards.



At that time, Kenya was part of the British Empire. The British colonial administration was already fundamentally altering the ecosystem by clearing indigenous forests and establishing commercial monoculture plantations of non-indigenous trees like pine and cypress. Eventually, this led to a degraded water cycle: a decrease in groundwater levels and the drying up of streams and rivers. Furthermore, since colonial policies confined local populations to specific areas within the country and as the Kenyan population continued to grow, overgrazing, deforestation, and land degradation in those areas became more and more widespread. Drought became common in what was once a lush, well-watered environment.

In the meanwhile, at age 8, Wangari started primary school at the local school and proved to be an exceptionally high-achieving student. At age 11, she went off to St. Cecilia's boarding school, about 20 kilometers from her home in Ihithe. There she spent 4 years, becoming fluent in English and preparing for the Kenya African Preliminary Examination (KAPE), which she passed with top grades. She also became a Roman Catholic. Her next school was Loretto High School in Nairobi, the only Catholic girl's high school in Kenya at that time. Again, she showed exceptional academic ability.

In consequence of her hard work, and as part of the Kennedy-era "airlift", she was one of three hundred Kenyan students sponsored in 1960 to pursue higher education in the USA. She went to Mount St. Scholastica College in Atchison, Kansas (now St. Mary's University), where in 1964 she obtained a bachelor's degree in Biological Sciences. She then studied at the University of Pittsburgh and earned her Master of Science degree in biology in 1966. From there, she pursued doctoral studies in Germany and at the University of Nairobi, obtaining a Ph.D. in veterinary medicine from the University of Nairobi, in 1971, the first woman in East and Central Africa to earn a doctoral degree. She then started her career as a university professor at the University of Nairobi.

During her years in higher education in the USA and Germany, the environment in Kenya was continuing to degrade. Following independence in 1963, the government heavily promoted cash-crop agriculture and land consolidation, which increased pressure on land resources and resulted in accelerating land degradation. Environmental issues were often ignored during the 1960s and 1970s, as warnings about long-term ecological threats were viewed as obstacles and opposition to development. Government-supported programs, such as



the Kenya Livestock Development Programme, were inefficiently managed and later collapsed, exacerbating the problems of drought and overgrazing. The 1970s also saw a massive decline in wildlife and biodiversity, with over half of the elephant population lost between 1970 and 1977 due to poaching, despite a 1973 ban on hunting.

For Wangari, having grown up in the rich, biodiverse environment of the Kenyan highlands, the expectation of what she considered a “normal environment” played an important role in her life’s work. She was predisposed to reject the degraded landscapes seen everywhere outside of forest preserves and thus, the social policies that produced them. An active member of the National Council of Women, she was hearing stories of how women in more and more places had to walk 15 kilometers each day to get water for their families. Girls were not able to attend school because they were needed to carry water. These women were at great risk from violent attacks by men, so they tended to go together in large groups. Family life was falling apart. The women told her that they lacked firewood for cooking and heating, that clean water was scarce, and that nutritious food was limited. The problem was urgent—and basically ignored by the men in power.

In response, in 1976, Wangari founded the Greenbelt Movement. Her original idea was to protect women by restoring health to ground water systems through planting trees, however, the initiative soon developed into a broad-based, grassroots organization. Education about the ecological benefits of trees, the need for planting native and food-producing tree species, the creation of hundreds of tree nurseries, and the organization of women’s groups devoted to tree planting were the most important Greenbelt projects. Her approach was practical, holistic, and deeply ecological: she taught people how the tree roots bound the soil, halting erosion and retaining groundwater following rains. This in turn replenished streams and raised water tables, making ground water available for household and agricultural use. The trees were carefully chosen to provide food, animal fodder, building materials, and fuel, which maintained the livelihoods of rural village communities. She saw the abundance of trees and water, and the safety and food security they provided, as intimately connected to peace and democracy. It is estimated that through the Green Belt Movement, Wangari inspired thousands of women, and eventually men, to plant more than 51 million trees on their farms, in protected forests threatened with economic development projects, and around schools and churches.



In 1986, the Movement established a Pan African Green Belt Network and Uganda, Ethiopia, Tanzania, Malawi, Zimbabwe, Lesotho, and South Africa established similar tree planting, education, and women's empowerment initiatives. This effort pre-dated the current governmental "Great Green Wall" project and currently works alongside it.

In December 2002, Professor Maathai was elected to parliament with an overwhelming 98% of the vote. She was subsequently appointed by the president as Assistant Minister for Environment, Natural Resources and Wildlife in Kenya's ninth parliament.

Wangari Maathai is internationally recognized for her persistent struggle for democracy, human rights and environmental conservation. She addressed the UN on several occasions and spoke on behalf of women at special sessions of the General Assembly. She served on the commission for Global Governance and the Commission on the Future. She and the Green Belt Movement received over 20 national and international awards, most notably the 2004 Nobel Peace Prize. She died in 2011 at the age of 71.

*Madeleine Gregg, FCJ*

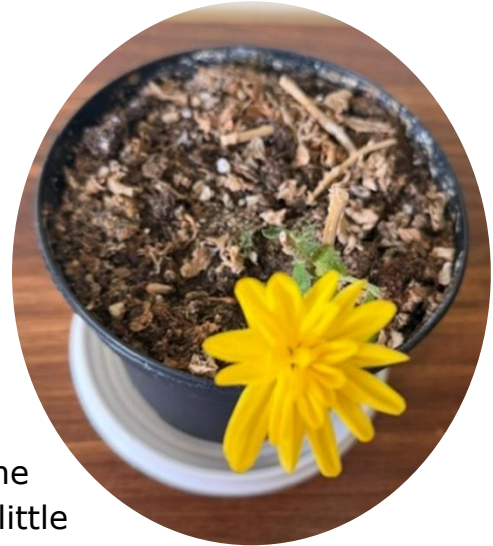


Wangari Maathai

## Beauty and Courage



A pot of six or seven little chrysanthemum plants with bright, yellow flowers continued to show signs of life for some months. Eventually, all but one plant died. That little survivor appreciated frequent watering and after a time produced a new bloom. What an example of “bloom where you’re planted”, develop your own gifts and brighten the lives of those around you!



Perhaps one could look at the pot and see the majority of the surface as dead dirt but the little living plant brings much light and joy to those “with eyes to see”. A YouTube video from Euronews.culture presents a story from four years ago of a young artist named Sasha Anisimova who used images of her hometown Kharkiv in rubble and drew scenes of ordinary, peaceful life over those painful images.

A recent example is to be found on CBC News Saskatchewan: “How finding beauty in the rubble helped these wildfire victims heal”. The text is as follows.

“Jan Modler and her friend, Donna Champagne, lost their homes a year ago (in 2025) when flames blew through Birch Lake and Denare Beach in northern Saskatchewan. Remnants of their life, found in the rubble, now form a new art exhibit. ‘Transformed by Fire’ opened at the Legislative Building on Monday and is on display until July 1.”

Another interesting article on the web is by Brent N. Hunter written on January 12, 2026. “Finding Beauty Amidst the Rubble: A Journey of Hope and Resilience”. The author begins with these words, “In a world shadowed by pain, conflict, and uncertainty, the act of creating beauty might seem like a fragile endeavor. Yet, it is precisely in the depths of hardship that beauty shines brightest.” He gives the example of an explosion in Beirut that could have silenced life forever. Instead, people built murals over crumbling walls.

I believe that often we just need to observe life around us more closely to find signs of goodness and beauty coming from ugliness, peace from strife. The courage of people who have experienced destruction and yet can produce something beautiful is truly inspiring.

*Theresa Smith, FCJ*



## What if Easter Were a Verb?

What difference could it make to our lives if Easter were a verb, instead of a noun or an adjective? As a noun, and a proper noun at that, Easter can refer to one day, one moment in history, one shift in human consciousness. As an adjective, Easter can refer to a color palette, a fashion style, a description of activities associated with a particular moment in the year, even an entire liturgical season. But a verb?

To Easter. Think about that for a moment. What might it mean?

To Easter is to believe actively—that is, to believe in ways that change how I act--that death is not the end of created existence, that humans and all living things enter what Teilhard de Chardin called “The Omega Point”, a state of union with the uncreated, continuing to contribute to what is ultimate and real, but through mystery, not history. I Easter when I claim through my words and my actions that there is more to the story that when we can see so far. I listen to the news and I see what’s occurring on the world stage politically and economically and educationally and socially and culturally and ecologically, and I Easter: I search for what’s not being reported: the good, the true, the beautiful and unifying---the common good—all the people and the creatures and the systems and the programs that are pushing back against death, refusing to be dominated by a feeling that the end is near and it is bad.

To Easter is to choose, even in the face of death and darkness, the power of resurrection, that is, the energy and will to keep looking for, keep reaching out for, keep expressing gratitude for all that is good and beautiful and true and unifying..... I Easter when I watch You Tube videos of beavers returning to watersheds, who, just by living the life of a beaver, create a multiplicity of habitats that make it possible for so many other beings to live: cooler, still water behind their dams for fish that need colder temperatures and birds that live near calm, restful waters; rushing waters below their dams for the fish that need highly oxygenated water for life; shallow ponds of warm water for tadpoles and other amphibians..... marshy ground for sedges and cattails and wild iris.....

To Easter is to keep myself open to the possibility of learning new information and skills and attitudes about how to turn away from selfish convenience, desire for luxury and comfort, taking for granted the



affordances of life in North America. I move through a world of safety, of variety, of efficiency, of freedom, having what I want when I want it, and I recognize my need to cultivate solidarity with the billions of people who do not have my comfortable lifestyle, the “norming” of expectation with respect to annual vacations in exotic places, strawberries all year round, multiple pairs of shoes for specialized purposes, a whole wardrobe of coats for different weather conditions.

To Easter is to live ecological conversion.....

*Madeleine Gregg, FCJ*



### **Remembering Pierre Teilhard de Chardin**

Teilhard was born on May 1, 1881, the fourth of eleven children in a devoutly Catholic, aristocratic family. He was born at the family’s countryside summer home, the Château of Sarcenat. Located in the village of Orcines, central France, the chateau was about five miles outside the city of Clermont in the Auvergne region. It is one of the places on earth where the way the ancient volcanoes erupted favoured the conditions for the creation of fossils, similar to what Mount Etna created at Pompei and Herculaneum, outside of Naples, Italy. In those areas, the volcanoes spewed out great quantities of volcanic ash that rapidly and deeply blanketed the plants and animals and completely buried them. The heat of the subsequent lava flows, which typically incinerate everything in their path, didn’t penetrate the insulation of the ash layer. Cast fossils were perfectly preserved.

In Clermont, where the family lived for most of the year, Teilhard’s father held the combined offices of historian, archivist, paleontologist, and permanent secretary of the local chapter of the Academy of Science, Literature, and the Arts. He was a highly respected amateur naturalist and an avid fossil seeker. His collections of fossils and minerals, as well as botanical and zoological specimens, were prominently displayed in the chateau, to which the family moved annually in the late spring. This is the man who introduced Teilhard to the natural world, fostering a deep curiosity for geology and rocks, and teaching him exact scientific observation, categorization, and precision labelling of objects. In his early years, Teilhard spent hours with his



father, collecting rocks, fossils, and observing nature. This childhood curiosity evolved into his later profession as a paleontologist.

Teilhard's mother, too, had a strong influence on her son. She was a devout woman who attended daily Mass at the village parish of St. Denis. At that time, Catholics rarely received Holy Communion when they attended Mass, typically a few times a year, at Easter, and perhaps at Christmas. But Teilhard's mother became caught up in the massive, highly visible global movement of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, characterized by attending Mass and receiving Communion on the First Friday of each month. As she homeschooled the young Teilhard and his siblings in preparation for secondary school, she awakened their inner spiritual life, introducing them to God as a loving, unconditional presence. Under her guidance, Teilhard's soul caught fire; her teaching instilled in him a passionate quest for connection and meaning. Throughout his life, he kept a picture of the Sacred Heart on his desk.

Once, as a young boy, when out exploring, Teilhard found an old piece of an iron plow. He thought he had found a permanent and everlasting treasure. I can picture him, excitedly running into the house to show his treasure to his mom. I imagine his older brother teasing him about it and taking him out to see rusting old tools, and "proving" that Teilhard was foolish to think iron lasted forever. Teilhard reported that the episode caused him to experience deep grief. It also made him permanent and lasting treasure". During his teenage years, Teilhard gradually realized that all of creation is in a continuous process of evolution and transformation. Instead of viewing the inevitable decay of the world as a tragedy, he caught glimpses of evolution at work, which gave him hope in what creation could become.

As an eleven-year-old, Teilhard went off to the same Jesuit boarding school, Notre Dame de Mongré near Lyons, France, where his father and older brother had studied. The school had an excellent reputation for its intensive math and science programs. An exceptional student, Teilhard consistently ranked at the top of his class and excelled particularly in the sciences and literature. During his free time, he continued his education by spending hours collecting and labelling the minerals and fossils to be found in the school environs.

After obtaining his baccalaureate from Notre Dame de Mongré, he entered the Jesuit novitiate in Aix-en-Provence in March 1899, making his first vows in 1901. That year, the French government passed anti-religion laws and his Jesuit community was forced into exile. He



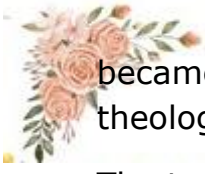
relocated to the English island of Jersey located in the English Channel to complete his preliminary studies in scholastic philosophy and to begin his regency. There, too, he continued to nurture his deep-rooted passion for the natural sciences.

Teilhard finished his Regency in Cairo, Egypt, teaching physics and chemistry at the College of the Holy Family from 1905 until 1908. His many forays into the desert extended his knowledge of the natural world and sparked field studies in the countryside and in the Fayoum Oasis.

From 1908–1912, Teilhard returned to Europe to complete his four years of theological formation at Ore Place in Hastings, England, leading to his ordination as a Jesuit priest on August 24, 1911.

When World War I began in 1914, despite being eligible for a chaplain's officer rank, he chose to serve on the front lines as a stretcher-bearer among rank-and-file soldiers. He was a vital spiritual presence, celebrating Mass in sub-optimal conditions, hearing confessions, and bringing communion to men in the trenches before attacks. For his exceptional bravery and self-sacrifice under fire, he was awarded both the *Médaille militaire* and the *Légion d'honneur*. During these years of service, he came to believe that the immense pain, suffering, and struggle of the world were not meaningless. Instead, he viewed the collective energies of human endeavor and sacrifice as a driving force necessary to push the universe to a higher state of consciousness. He was beginning to develop his understanding that human evolution was continuously progressing forward, upward, and toward an ultimate unity in Christ (what he later termed the "Omega Point").

After the war, he resumed his education at the Sorbonne in Paris and completed his doctorate in paleontology, geology, and botany in 1922. That same year, he was elected president of the Geological Society of France and secured a teaching post in geology at the Catholic Institute Catholique in Paris. His lectures and publications increasingly focused on evolution and his visionary synthesis of science and religion. His theories alarmed conservative Church officials. Opposition to his unorthodox views on creation and original sin grew stronger. Lacking support from his own Jesuit superiors, in 1923 Teilhard accepted an invitation from fellow Jesuit Emile Licent to travel to China and join a team of paleontologists working in the Zhoukoudian caves near Beijing. This move launched his decades-long research career in East Asia. As it turns out, the harsh deserts and ancient fossils of China actually



became the ultimate laboratory for his synthesis of science and theology.

The team discovered the *Homo erectus* fossils at Zhoukoudian in 1929. *Homo erectus* was a monumental evolutionary milestone, famous for being the first of our human relatives to evolve modern, human-like body proportions, migrate out of Africa, and master the use of fire. Teilhard did not merely see a major scientific milestone. He viewed the remains of Peking Man through the lens of the deep, loving mysticism his mother had taught him. He saw the ancient skulls as proof that humanity was part of a long, dynamic, and as yet unfinished cosmic story, a story that was not a random expansion of the universe, but a "cosmogenesis", a story of transformation of matter steadily organizing into higher states of consciousness, a story that would eventually culminate in a spiritual union with the divine. This is what Teilhard understood from the fossil record of the physical evolution of early hominids.

The permanent and everlasting treasure Teilhard had sought as a child, he now understood to be God's slow, creative labor over millions of years. Thus, the material world cannot be conceptualized as a distraction from God, but is best seen as completely saturated with the divine presence.

The most profound example of this integration between science and spirituality occurred during a 1923 expedition to the Ordos Desert. Finding himself on the feast of the Transfiguration with no bread, wine, or altar with which to celebrate Mass, he used the entire earth as his offering. In his famous mystical text, *The Mass on the World*, he wrote, "*I will make the whole earth my altar and on it I will offer you all the labours and sufferings of the world.*" He offered up the very soil, rocks, and history he was researching as the eucharistic elements, viewing Christ not only as a historical figure, but as the "Cosmic Christ", the force driving the heartbeat of the physical universe.

After Teilhard returned from China, he faced censorship from church authorities and was forbidden to publish his theological and philosophical writings. He relocated to New York City in 1951 and took a research position with the Wenner-Gren Foundation, a private philanthropic institution dedicated to supporting global anthropological and paleontological work. Four years later, he died of a heart attack on Easter Sunday, April 10, 1955.

Shortly after his death, his spiritual and philosophical writings were published, gaining widespread acclaim and later influencing modern eco-theology.

*Madeleine Gregg, FCJ*