



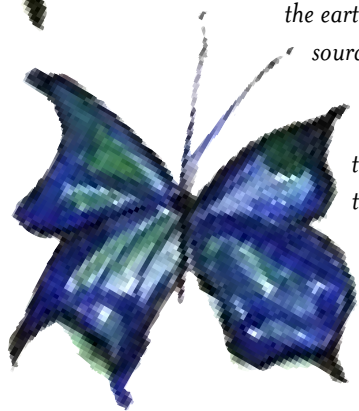
A CONTEMPLATIVE JOURNAL OF BEAUTY

*The Mute  
Swan*

BEAUTY OF LIGHT

SUMMER 2008

EXPRESSING THE ESSENCE OF FAITH THROUGH GOD'S BEAUTY



## Dear Readers

Our summer issue, "The Beauty of Light," describes the radiance which is a characteristic of beauty. Light determines the growth of plants, the flow of the tides, the seasons, our moods. All of the earth's creatures are profoundly influenced by the length of daylight. The sun is the ultimate source of all light and warmth on earth. Summers in the Midwest are exquisite as we rejoice in the early dawns, late sunsets, and the high arc of the sun across the sky each day.

An experience of illumination in the spiritual realm is considered mystical, ecstatic, transforming our perspective, our very selves. Mystical applies to the experience of seeing the hidden presence of Christ. We see a reality that has previously been concealed, a veil is lifted and the darkness has come to light. The Gospel of John clearly speaks of Christ as the light, "I am the way the truth and light." To see the light informs and inspires us and it does so in ways as varied as each person is unique.

The French philosopher Louis Louvelle describes it thus, "The mark of holiness is to lay bare to us the relation between two worlds, the material and the spiritual; or again, to show that there is in truth only one world with two faces, one luminous and one obscure. By the outward appearance of this world (in which our transient being has a share), we may allow ourselves to be deceived; or, by withdrawing the veil of appearance, we may uncover its essential reality, and reveal its truth and beauty."

May the light reveal God's beauty to you as you savor these long, warm days of light.

Blessings of beauty,

*Debra Classen*




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## Contemplative Prayer

# A Summer Meditation

LOUISE HEISS

Pause and ponder the beauty of God's amazing creation revealed now in all its summer splendor; trees gracefully surrendering in dance with the soft summer breezes; flowers gazing in awe at the morning sun, who in turn beams down in delight drying up the early morning dew and spreading light and warmth upon the grateful earth. Majestic mountains, wildflower strewn valleys, mocking birds, wiggly caterpillars, vast oceans, rippling streams all created for our delight. O God, how glorious your creation.

Pause and ponder the beauty of God's delight in his creation. Just for a moment envision him softly humming his approval, dancing in joyful harmony with all of nature's children, buzzing with bees, frolicking from flower to flower with butterflies, pecking away with busy woodpeckers, jumping heedlessly and joyfully through fresh rain puddles with delighted children, all testifying to his great love for his creation. Imagine for a moment his reaching out to us, pausing in his dance taking our hand and skillfully guiding us through pathways we've never before experienced, seeing his world as he meant it to be and as it one day shall be, unravished by greed, hunger, pain, sorrow or fear. O God, how awesome your vision and your dance.

Pause and ponder the beauty of God's smiling countenance; his beaming delightedly as a little child joyfully pulls a dandelion from the yielding earth and in great delight presents it as if it were the earth's most prized possession. O God, how beautiful your smile.

Pause and ponder the beauty of God's abundant blessings; lift your face unabashedly to summer showers; dance delightedly through softly falling raindrops all the while sensing God's approval even as the thirsty earth greedily welcomes his refreshment; our God who places rainbows after storms to assure us of his continual faithfulness and love. O God, how comforting your steadfastness.

Pause and ponder the beauty of God's unfathomable love, a love beyond our imagination, beyond our comprehension, our God whose laughter breaks forth uninhibited by

man's folly. Join with him and with all his angels and saints and all of heaven, singing songs of joy, laughter and gladness. O God, how delightful the sound of your laughter and your song.

Pause and ponder the beauty of our God who delights in our delight, our God who rejoices with us in our joys; our God who walks with us whenever pain or sorrow invade, ever present, ever ready to heal our wounded souls. O God, how reassuring your love and your compassion.

Pause and ponder the beauty of God's gift of solitude, a time to contemplate; a time to rest with him; a time to enjoy his company as he lovingly renews our faith and nourishes our soul. O God, how marvelous your rest.

Pause and ponder the beauty of this God, our God, who loves so unconditionally, who never slumbers; never sleeps; who in love sent his only son to be our ransom so that we need never pray, O Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who art in heaven, but rather, with him, pray, "Our Father, who art in heaven." O God, how amazing your love and your mercy.

Pause and ponder our role in God's plans; see God's beauty and joy in his creation and our responsibility in preserving and tending it; wherever there is a need, reach out with a helping hand, be instruments of his love and peace; lift up prayers of gratitude and intercession acknowledging our God's many blessings, his gifts to us each day and his love that never lets us go. O God, how wonderful your plans for us.

O God, Redeemer, Father, hear us this day as we lift our prayer of thanksgiving to you for the beauty of your creation that we so often take for granted, so often forgetting we had no part in it but that you formed it with your own hands and gave it to us for our enjoyment and responsibility; for your laughter, O God, and for your incredible love, thank you.

In Jesus' name, we pray. Amen. Alleluia.

*Zephaniah: 3:17 "God will rejoice over you with happy song... God will dance with shouts of joy for you as on a day of festival"*

## Cygnets

Let there be light.

**Genesis**

Compassion and attention keep the prism clear so that beauty may illuminate our life. Prayer of course is the supreme way we lift our limited selves towards the light, and ask it to shine into us.

**John O'Donohue**

I saw a great splendor...heaven was opened and a fiery light of exceeding brilliance came and permeated my whole brain and inflamed my whole heart and my whole breast, not like a burning but like a warming flame, as the sun warms anything its rays touch. I hear a voice from heaven saying, "I am the Living Light, Who illuminates the darkness..."

**Hildegard of Bingen (Monica Furlong, Visions and Longings: medieval Women Mystics, 88)**

You called and cried out loud and shattered my deafness. You were radiant and resplendent, you put to flight my blindness. You were fragrant, and I draw in my breath and now pant after you. I tasted you, and I felt but hunger and thirst for you. You touched me, and I am set on fire to attain the peace which is yours.

**-St. Augustine (Confessions)**

In Louisville on the corner of Fourth and Walnut, in the center of the shopping district, I was suddenly overwhelmed with the realization that

I loved all these people, that they were mine and I was theirs, that we

could not be alien to one another even though we were total strangers...I have the immense joy of being human, a member of the race in which God himself became incarnate. As if the sorrows

and stupidities of the human condition could overwhelm

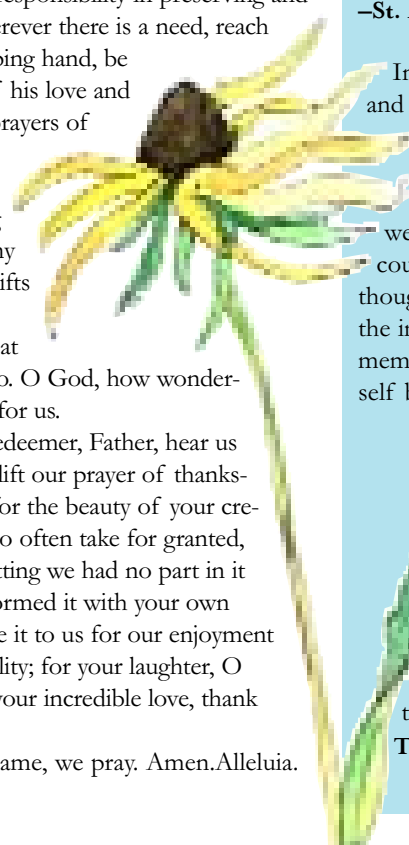
me, now that I realize what we all are. If only everybody

could realize this! But it cannot be explained. There is no

way of telling people that they are all walking around shining like

the sun...

**Thomas Merton**



# Reverence For Light



*“Thus we too are beings of light, much like angels before assuming form.”*



## MARIETTA DELLA PENNA

Pilgrimages to the Coptic monastery at Sinai in Egypt began as early as 380 ACE. We know this through the writings of Egeria, a pilgrim nun, whose diary revealed architectural descriptions and inner workings of the monastery, depicting a world not far different from what we find there today.

Light, in its various manifestations, was (apparently) her favorite theme. She spoke of cruciform windows directing beams of light during late afternoon Vespers; circular windows facing east that enabled the dawn and early morning light to create what seemed like a divine epiphany; liturgical objects that stood silhouetted against the altar; clergy with glistening vestments until all became saturated with light reflecting off marble walls. “Whether one is inclined toward the poetic, mystical or spiritual, depending on one’s sensibility...” she added, “the changing natural light in the Church remains stunning.”

Not to be outdone by these offerings to light was the Byzantine icon, the largest collection of which had been housed in this monastery for centuries. These icons were written (painted) to emit light more than in other schools of iconography. It involved a particular style and method which served to ‘bring forth’ the ever-present, though invisible, uncreated light of God.

Initially, Egeria tells us, dark colors “framed” the icon symbolizing the chaos before and immediately after creation. Throughout the process, however, layers of color framing the icon become softer and lighter. Intermittently, a “float” or thin veil of color was placed between the layers showing us that the beauty of God is simultaneously manifest and hidden. The color and play of highlights on garments is significant. Mary’s garments are various shades of red because, as a human being,

she possesses earthly nature. Her inner garment, however, is green (with a bluish tone) because she was filled with the Holy Spirit. In Byzantine iconography light blue is the color of the Holy Spirit.

The colors of Christ’s garments are reversed. The inner garment is red and the outer one green. Although he came from the Father, he accepted our humanity (red), but remained united with the Father (green). It doesn’t end there. Garments were also flooded with three levels of highlights, each one lighter and more intense than the previous one. Transparent colored “floats” separate these levels lending depth to the icon. During the final stage strategic points of white or gold were placed around or on the face and hands of the subject, signifying the touch of divinity.

Obviously, there is much more to writing (painting) an icon than Egeria tells us. From earliest times we’ve learned that icons are both windows into the heavenly spheres as well as windows into the souls of the figures each represents. But perhaps even more, icons are windows into our own souls, for we are, however unsightly, God’s icons.

Thus we too are beings of light, much like angels before assuming form. We too are saturated with the invisible uncreated light of God, although we know this only “through a glass darkly.” (1Cor 13,12). If we had eyes to see, we would understand that our consciousness, energy, goodness, psychic force—all that affirms—are also light. Jesus said: “You are the light of the world...In the same way your light must shine in the sight of men...” (Mt 5: 15)

Thomas Merton’s mystical experience in Louisville, Kentucky, while pausing at the corner of Fourth & Walnut, dovetails with the words of Christ. He speaks of *le point vierge*, that point within the depth of our

souls that is not only light but the “pure glory of God within 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...”

Shortly thereafter he noted sadly that “There is no way of telling people they are walking around shining like the sun!” Jesus also said, “I am the light of the world.” Are these opposing statements?

In the final discourses in John’s Gospel, Jesus reiterates the theme: “I am in you and you are in me...” May he also be saying that our light is in him and his light is in us? And if he is saying this, is he also saying that, as he is the source and center of all light in the cosmos, this may include us? A temporal answer is unlikely. Yet, we are given, as gift, the chance to question and reflect upon these things, and in so doing, come to embrace the beauty that is light.

MARIETTA WAS BORN IN THE BRONX IN NEW YORK CITY. SHE HAS A BACHELOR’S DEGREE IN COMMUNICATION ARTS FROM FORDHAM UNIVERSITY AND A MASTERS FROM HOFSTRA UNIVERSITY IN LONG ISLAND. LATER SHE RETURNED TO SCHOOL AND OBTAINED A MASTERS IN THEOLOGY AT THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION SEMINARY. MARIETTA WORKED IN A LOCAL PARISH GIVING CLASSES, RETREATS, AND BECAME CERTIFIED AS A SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR. MARIETTA RECENTLY WROTE A BOOK WITH SAVARIO MUNGO: “A PATHWAY TO FREEDOM: CENTERING PRAYER”.

# Radiance

DEBRA CLASSEN

The radiance of beauty may be approached from several angles: clarity, splendor and brilliance. Together they clarify the beauty of the Cross. St. Basil attempts to describe the radiance of divine beauty, but merely utters that it is altogether beyond the power of words to describe, and perhaps it is. Mozart's symphonies, Michelangelo's art, nature's beauty are mere utterances of the radiance of God's beauty. How much more we are at a loss for words when attempting to describe Christ's beauty? The supreme expression of divine beauty is the Incarnation. Radiance is more than physical light—it is the divine light breaking forth in the Christ form, the illumination of truth.

## Rays of the mystics and Saints

When the radiance of God's glory is seen in the beauty of Christ's Crucifixion and Resurrection, that light is reflected in those who love Christ. The mystical experiences and contemplative prayers of the Saints is a reflection of this divine beauty or glory. They have encountered God's love and this glory is reflected within their lives. Plato said, "Beauty was ours in all its brightness. Whole were we who celebrated that festival." It is the lives of believers that celebrate this festival of light.

When the mind perceives only darkness; color, beauty, ideas and creativity fade. "Beauty is a profound illumination of presence—the presence of art, nature, people, love, and God. Light is the greatest unnoticed force of transfiguration in the world; it literally alters everything it touches..."[1] A vision shaped by beauty becomes a radiant life in the context of faith. Mother Teresa exemplified this as she looked into the faces of the sick and the dying on the streets of Calcutta and saw the face of Christ. She exclaimed, "We have thousands of lepers

here. They are so great, so beautiful in their disfigurement! Once I went to them and I told them that what they have is the gift of God, that God has a very special love for them, that they are very dear to Him."[2] As St. Francis had, Mother Teresa was able to see the light of Christ in the lepers, the hungry, the poor, the naked, and she reflected the love of Christ.

Our lives are a work of art, chiseled by the Creator to a work of magnificent splendor. The lives of the Saints attest to this beauty. As we submit to the divine Artist, in obedience and humility He chisels, cuts, and smooths to reflect the beauty within the marble. God chisels away the excess in the lives of the faithful. Plotinus sees beauty as ultimately an elegant, inner luminosity bestowed by the soul. He asks, "But how are you to see into a virtuous Soul and know its loveliness? Withdraw into yourself and look. And if you do not find yourself beautiful yet, act as does the creator of a statue that is to be made beautiful: he cuts away here, he smooths there, he makes this line lighter, this other purer, until a lovely face has grown upon his work...labor to make all one glow of beauty and never cease chiseling your statue."[3]

The Saints know that we have an inherent responsibility to illuminate all that is true, good and beautiful in this world. Having glimpsed the beauty of Christ the Saints reflect a measure of that beauty; we pray that our lives too can reflect some of that beauty. Beauty is reflected by allowing the Artist to chisel away whatever distorts the image. The Saints apprehend the lumi-

*"A mirror was seen in heaven before the breast of each soul and body... From here the glorious reflection of each and every person shines forth back again into the sublime majesty from which it flowed forth."*

—MECHTILD OF MAGDEBURG  
(13TH CENTURY MEDIEVAL MYSTIC)

nous form of Christ, often through prayer and mystical perceptions. Many of the mystics focused ultimately on Christ's purity and love through a devotion to the wounds and suffering of Christ on the Cross. The wounds are symbolic of love or victory. In contemplative

prayer the images of light in Christ's beauty are perceived, even in suffering. The mystics frequently use the language and imagery of light to describe these visions of beauty unifying them to God.

Hildegard of Bingen was the first mystic I was to read. Her writings inspired and illuminated my faith with the images of light describing her heavenly visions. An unlikely source to kindle my faith, I stumbled on the writings of this middle-aged, German nun tucked away in a monastery in the 12th century. She reached through the centuries with her words, "I saw a great splendor...heaven was opened and a fiery light of exceeding brilliance came and permeated my whole brain and inflamed my whole heart and my whole breast, not like a burning but like a warming flame, as the sun warms anything its rays touch. I heard a voice from heaven saying, 'I am the Living Light, Who illuminates the darkness...'"[4]

St. Gertrud the Great of Helfta is closely connected to the theme of radiance in her mystical visions, drawing from biblical images in her Spiritual Exercises. Many of her images center on God as "radiant light, as true light, the fountain of everlasting light, source of light itself. Christ who is our enlightenment dazzles us through the brightness of His light. He is himself the beautiful dawn of divinity, the sun of justice."[5] Francis understood this poverty as nuptial, in the movement of love in the nuptial kiss of the Cross between God and man. Francis' images of the divine kiss are illuminated, "Thus...interiorly enlightened, and inflamed by the fire of the Holy Spirit may we be able to follow in the footprints of Your beloved Son..."[6] And St. Clare's spirituality embraces the same Franciscan structure of beauty and light directing us simply, "Place your soul in the brilliance of glory!"[7]

St. Augustine writes of his passionate yearning for beauty, using images of light: "You called and cried out loud and shattered my deafness. You were radiant and resplendent, you put to flight my blindness. You were fragrant, and I draw in my breath and now pant after you. I tasted you, and I



felt but hunger and thirst for you. You touched me, and I am set on fire to attain the peace which is yours.”[8] And St. John of the Cross, experiencing a dark night of the soul writes of God’s light in the soul in, *The Living Flame of Love*. “The soul is not only united with the divine Fire but has become one living flame with it.”[9]

Many years after my conversion, I visited a Franciscan monastery and experienced the grace of illumination in prayer. I sat in a small chapel and once again gazed upon a crucifix on the wall. The wound of Christ was illuminated within my soul both interi-

orly and exteriorly. Visually the wounds seemed to radiate a light within the chapel. Interiorly the wounds illuminated a purpose and truth to, not only Christ’s suffering, but somehow my own. I was filled with astounding love and gratitude for “everything” God had used in my life.

Beauty opens out its radiance when it shines through the human heart in love that illuminates. The Saints’ lives reflect God’s splendor, a hushed dignity bequeathed by lives of contemplative prayer. I have come to understand that it is only by living a life that is fully alive to the

beauty of Christ, that we can shine the rays of Christ’s love. Prayer is the way in which we, too, may lift ourselves towards the light and illumine the dark recesses of our humanness. Prayer is the way in which we learn to surrender the dark fragments to the light, to make us whole.

**THIS ARTICLE IS AN EXCERPT FROM MY THESIS, “THE BEAUTY OF CHRIST.” IT MAY BE VIEWED IN ITS ENTIRETY ON THE MINISTRY’S WEB SITE: [WWW.THE-MUTESWAN.ORG](http://WWW.THE-MUTESWAN.ORG)**

[1] John O’Donohue, *Beauty; The Invisible Embrace* (NY: HarperCollins Publishers, 2004), 29, 83.

[2] Michael Collopy, photographic work, *Works of love are Works of Peace; Mother Teresa of Calcutta and the Missionaries of Charity* (San Francisco, Ignatius Press, 1996), 54.

[3] Joseph Ratzinger, *Called To Communion*, (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1991), 148.

[4] Monica Furlong, *Visions & Longings: Medieval Women Mystics* (MA: Shambhala, 1996), 88.

[5] Gertrud Lewis & Jack Lewis, *Gertrud the Great of Helfta; Spiritual Exercises* (MI: Cistercian, 1989), 8.

[6] Louis Dupuis & Jack Wiseman, ed. *Light From Light* (NY: Paulist Press, 2001), 120.

[7] *Ibid*, 125.

[8] St. Augustine, trans. by Henry Chadwick, *Confessions* (NY: Oxford University Press, 1991), 201.

[9] Louis Dupuis, 351.

# Pause in the Light

JOANNE BENNARDO

I often fumble for my sunglasses, unwilling to put down my packages, or take a breath. I was reminded of this habitual behavior while scrolling through my granddaughter's recent email photos. Katie is now eighteen months old, and she teaches me much more than I teach her.

In one photo, Katie is standing in her living room affectionately holding “baby” to her left shoulder while firmly grasping a book in her right hand. I’m sure she made several attempts to achieve this dexterity, but once her body complied with her wishes, she stands quietly mesmerized by the bright light enveloping her from the window. She is awestruck by the Beauty of Light. In her vibrant learning world of discovering what things do and how she can manipulate them, she intuitively pauses. God’s Beauty embraces her and offers an opportunity of stillness and silence.

Katie’s insight gives me pause. Do I hold on to my books and baby—the work/school and familial responsibilities—so tightly that I don’t see the Light that surrounds me everyday? Am I too quick to grab my sunglasses which alter the perception? God enfolds me with grace, holiness, and blessings, but do I pause to enrich my life by the Light? Katie’s perception is one of total innocence—mine, however, is clouded. My choices obscure the Light of God’s gifts. My perception is dimmed by the hurts, judgments, and disappointments I have accumulated. Unlike Katie, I have to lay down the guilt, fear, and shame that blind me to God’s invitation of Light. After all, Jesus clearly instructed, “unless you turn and become like children, you will not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven” (Matthew 18:3-4).

In October, 2002, Pope John Paul II issued his apostolic letter, *The Rosary of the Virgin Mary*, and introduced the Luminous Mysteries or Mysteries of Light. Each mystery is devoted to one event from Christ’s public ministry—from His baptism to the

Last Supper. Each reveals Jesus as the reflection of God’s Light. In the fourth mystery, the Transfiguration, Peter, John, and James witness Jesus’ transformation to “dazzling white” when God says, “This is my chosen Son; listen to Him” (Luke 9:35). In the pause, not only is Jesus transfigured, but the apostles change their perspective as well.

Katie plays more contently when she pauses. I care for my responsibilities more focused and compassionately when I pause. To pause is to pray. The very act of recognizing God as Creator and Provider glorifies Him. In so doing, we examine our packages and mold a new perspective in God’s Light. We begin to question not only what concerns we carry, but also, our attitudes towards these responsibilities. In the Light, the grudges can be laid down, and the day-to-day burdens lightened. With God’s grace, the next time I exit a store into the sunlight, the packages of recent purchases will remind me to pause to thank God for His care, and examine the issues and responsibilities that I carry too. In my pause, I can bring them to God’s Light for a new blessed-filled perception. Only when I pause and remove my sunglasses of worldly prejudices, can I appreciate God’s Beauty of Light enfolding me, Katie, and all God’s Children.



## IN FLIGHT

# Recommended Readings

**LIGHT FROM LIGHT:  
AN ANTHOLOGY OF  
CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM**  
Edited by Louis Dupre' &  
James A Wiseman, O.S.B.

Reading the mystics was my doorway into theological aesthetics. Rarely have I known such passion for God to be so clearly illuminated by people who lived centuries ago. How does this apply to those of other faiths, other times, other cultures? A mystic is one who has experiential knowledge of the presence of God. They have an experience of darkness, often of silence that is broken through with the Light of God and forever changes them. The editors of 'Light from Light' compile a

unique portrayal of biographies describing the lives of seemingly ordinary people who became extraordinary through their faithfulness. There is a surprising similarity to the mystical traditions of every religion. It may not be the book you would normally pick up, but learning about the men and women of great faith may inspire you in surprising ways in your own life.

**HILDEGARD:  
PROPHET OF THE COSMIC CHRIST**  
Renate Craine

Hildegard is a fascinating and remarkable woman. If you like biographies at all, this

one will astonish you. I mention Hildegard of Bingen in my article this issue. I was introduced to her in my first theology class. She is not a Saint, but a German woman who was born into a wealthy family in the eleventh century. She suffered with (what is now believed to be) severe migraine headaches, but they were undiagnosed at the time. During these times of illness she took to her bed and often had visions of light. She was uniquely gifted with visual and auditory experiences of God. At midlife she began to share her experiences of God and became highly creative because of these visions. She was a writer, an artist, a holistic healer, musician and founded several German monasteries. She will inspire you, whatever your faith.

## OUR MINISTRY

*Expressing the Essence of Faith Through God's Beauty....*

### Web site

News on the New Web Site! We are getting close, the VividSwan.com is almost ready for flight. Adriana and I have been working hard to get the VividSwan up and running. Sherri Camperchioli is our new photographer. She has been taking beautiful pictures of our many new products; jewelry, leather bracelets, new paintings and collages. We also have our standard gifts; the swan stationery, our handmade journals and prayer cards. We will feature new spiritual artists and you will be able to order online a unique, one-of-a-kind artistic gift for any special occasion. Our ecommerce site will be easy to negotiate and is in vivid color and beauty! See [www.vividswan.com](http://www.vividswan.com) Coming soon...

### Graduation

For those of you who thought you would never see the day, after 9 years of part-time study in theology I finally graduated! I consider this degree one of God's miracles and a great grace. I now have my M.A. in theology from St. Mary's Seminary in Cleveland, Ohio. I want to thank all the people who have encouraged me, taught me and prayed for me. Most of all I would like to thank my husband for encouraging me to further my education, and patiently believing in me. I would also like to thank my profes-

sor and spiritual director, Father Robert McCreary, for introducing me to theological aesthetics and for all of his prayers. My thesis was, "The Beauty of Christ" and can be read on the ministry website.

I would also like to congratulate our youngest daughter, Tiffany Classen, who graduated from high school at Notre Dame Cathedral Latin in Chardon, Ohio, on June 3, 2008!

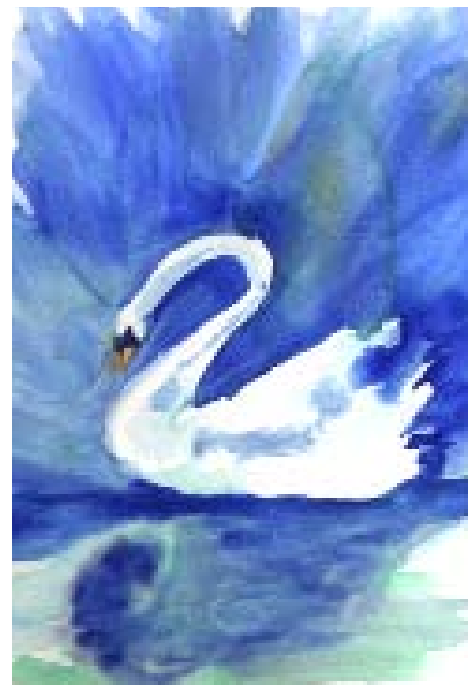
### Art Gallery

Since graduating I have been painting (either the house or on a canvas) almost every day! The large painting I included with my thesis is donated to St. Mary's Seminary and will be hanging in the hallways of one of my favorite places.

Two large paintings, one of a swan and one of a heron, will be hanging (and for sale) in a doctor's office in Chagrin Falls, Ohio. Some of the artists whose work will be on our new web site will also have their work in the new upstairs gallery on Main Street in Chagrin Falls. For those nearby stop for a visit at Chentini Gallery; for those far away, check out our new web site.

### Mailing List

Fall begins the busiest time of year for our ministry. We will begin preparations for



winter products, our once-a-year fund-raiser for the ministry and two issues of our free journal. Please make sure we have your email and address and that of your friends and family so that everyone can receive our only mailing of the year. We will let you know all the new ideas, products, outreach programs, gift certificates and ministry plans.

Please write, call or email:  
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