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Issues in Family, Culture & Science



Things to Focus On



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A thing...is inseparable from its context, namely, its world, and from our commerce with the thing and its world, namely engagement. The experience of a thing is always and also a bodily and social engagement with the thing's world. In calling forth a manifold engagement, a thing necessarily provides more than one commodity. Thus a stove used to furnish more than mere warmth. It was a *focus*, a hearth, a place that gathers the work and leisure of a family and gave the house a center.

—Albert Borgmann, *Technology and the Character of Contemporary Life*

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FEATURE ARTICLE

The Ritual of Vinyl

RODNEY HOWSARE

Prelude by Way of a Cartoon [1]

A recent cartoon by “Gregory” depicts two middle-aged men standing before a rather elaborate audio system at the center of which sits a turntable spinning a record. One man says to the other, “The two things that really drew me to vinyl were the expense and inconvenience.”

A Ritual Being

In a culture that seeks to make everything mundane—whether because we abhor the transcendent or wish to control it—our understanding of ritual is often muddled by notions of pretension or snobbery and, therefore, ripe for being derided and mocked. Classical liberals are very snobbish about snobbery.

But the fact is, ritual—a repeated practice that seeks to capture and convey the richer and perhaps invisible meaning of the world we inhabit—is inextricably part of what it means to be human. Joseph Ratzinger argues in *The Spirit of the Liturgy* that worship and cult undergird and frame all of human life, and, indeed, if we take a moment to think about it, we can see that even though our modern rituals are perhaps not immediately directed to the transcendent, they nevertheless exist: the pour-over coffee fanatic, the foodie, even the daily gym-goer build their lives on a kind of ritual. Human being is ritualistic being—there is simply no getting around this.

One of the interesting things about our rituals is how *material*, how *fleshly* they are. Thought about in the pre-modern sense of the term—that is, directed immediately to the transcendent—it almost seems oxymoronic that our rituals *require* the material things of this world in order to bring us into contact, as it were, with transcendent and immaterial realities. It is as if ritual expresses the horizon-like nature of man, constitutively both material and immaterial, who needs both realms to express who and what he is. Ritual, then, like man himself, is of a dual nature: both material and immaterial, both flesh and spirit. Attempting to bypass either dimension, as it were, results in losing the whole thing.

The Ups and Downs of Recorded Music

Music may be one of the best examples of ritual, both modern and pre-modern. Music, like all fine art worthy of the name, is an attempt to capture the beauty of ineffable being in a medium that can be sensed. What is invisible in itself thus becomes visible (or, in this case, audible). Such art, made by human beings, is intended for the pleasurable reception of other human beings, that is, other rational animals equipped with senses but capable of transcending the senses toward the unified whole which they express. In the colors, lines, shapes, etc., of a painting, the human viewer sees a form; in the sounds, rhythms, time changes, etc., of a piece of music, the human listener hears a song or composition. As such, all art, and perhaps especially music, aids human beings in attending the relationship between what is transcendent and what is immanent, what is invisible and what is visible, what is timeless and what is in time, what is spiritual and what is sensual, etc. As a very young Hans Urs von Balthasar once said,

Music stands closest to immanent meaning, because, like immanent meaning, music is development. Both are dynamic and inexpressible, ineffable. Music is, like all art, logical, indeed it is perhaps more so than the other arts. It is a boundary-point of the human, and at this boundary begins the Divine. It is an eternal monument to the fact that humans can intuit what God is: eternal and simple, circuminced dynamically and manifoldly in himself and the world as the Logos.

Of course, not all music or art achieves this lofty goal, and some can positively debase its recipients by reducing them to mindless consumers or trousered apes,^[2] but then it is not truly art but propaganda, pornography, marketing, or some other such thing.

Music can be made or played, but music can also be listened to. While not ignoring the former, I wish to focus on the latter in what follows. Music was originally tied to ritual or sacred uses. As such and from the beginning, it was intended to be experienced with other human beings, brought together for a common celebration, ritual, or festival. Walter Benjamin rightly notes that even in the most secular societies this ritual element remains. Anybody who's ever been to a concert of any kind can attest to this, whether it's the reverent silence during the performance of a classical concerto or the raised lighters (now become cellphones) at a rock concert.

Vinyl records, on the other hand, are too weighty, too obtrusive, dare we say too inconvenient to let us forget [the material], which is why enthusiasts often speak of the ritual of getting out a record, cleaning it, dropping the needle, and sitting in just the right spot for the spectacle.

Furthermore, much of the enjoyment of music is not merely aural, but also visual. Watching Glenn Gould or Lucinda Williams perform is second only to hearing them perform. During a jazz concert, it is not only helpful to see who is soloing, but also how the players in the group react to each other. Apparently, Miles Davis didn't always react so positively to John Coltrane's protracted solos! And this doesn't even take into account the effect our fellow concertgoers

have on our own enjoyment of the music. In short, music is best taken in as an event, and events are communal affairs: they have a ritual quality.

All that I've just said ought to make us pause a bit over the ubiquity of recorded music in our age. Indeed, it is unarguable that the overwhelming majority of our listening to music is done through recorded media of some sort, most likely now in a digitized form through some sort of streaming device. Should we react to this with the Platonic worry that we are now listening to an imitation of an imitation and so are even further removed from the reality of music? I think at the very least this worry ought to be noted and considered. If the original musical idea never quite gets instantiated in perfect form when it is committed to a score, and then, further, never gets performed quite the way the composer conceived it when he wrote it, we must acknowledge that the *recording* of music adds yet another level of removal. Many artists and composers in the early 20th century, after the invention of the phonograph, were positively opposed to it. Returning to Walter Benjamin: he argues that once music has been recorded and then passed onto a consumer in the form of a vinyl record to be bought and sold, it has long since lost its aura, its ritual quality.[3]

Is it then bad to listen to recorded music? I don't think so, provided we realize that what we are getting is an imitation of an imitation and is itself therefore an art. If art can be judged, as Aristotle and, later, Dante thought it could, by the quality of its imitation of nature—if, that is, art must be deferent to the primal artist, which is Nature, then a good recording of music must be deferent to the music intended by the artist. In fact, behind some of the best recorded music there is either a recording engineer and/or producer who is himself an artist—I think here of Rudy Van Gelder's work on so many Blue Note jazz albums of the 40s through 60s—or there is the artist himself, who has become heavily involved in the recording process (e.g., Frank Zappa or Brian Wilson). Sometimes it is the collaboration of a great producer, such as Daniel Lanois, who is himself a great musician and lover of music, and a great artist, say U2 at the time of *Unforgettable Fire* or Bob Dylan in the making of *Oh Mercy* or *Time Out of Mind*. Finally, Gillian Welch and David Rawlings are heavily involved not only in the music they make but also in the way it is recorded and eventually put onto vinyl (they own their own record company and vinyl pressing plant).

In short, I am arguing that, provided we recognize that the recording of music is also an art, and provided that art is in the service of the music that it is recording, we need not fear or shun recorded music *qua recorded*. But this means that we realize that listening to recorded music is different from attending a concert. It means, furthermore, that we are aware of how the recording of music and the various media upon which it is recorded modifies the music in question. This deserves a closer look.

The first thing to be noted is that the recording of music is a very recent phenomenon when compared to the history of music. Edison invented his phonograph in 1877, and he didn't even intend it for the recording of *music*. It was the Victor company, with their introduction of the Victrola (a phonograph designed as a piece of furniture), that really initiated the widespread recording of music, and this wasn't until 1906. This is not the place to sketch out the history, so allow me to offer a few examples of how the recording of music affected the art of music for either better or worse.

Let's begin with a "worse." It should be kept in mind that modern technology already bears a logic that is hostile to the traditional understanding of nature and of art. This is exacerbated by modern economic theories which switch the priority from the quality of the thing made and the dignity of the laborer who makes it to questions of profit, convenience, marketability, and the like. Both of these things affect recorded music. In the 40s and 50s, record companies were

under pressure to produce immediately pleasing music for as wide (and adolescent) an audience as possible for the sake of selling records and radio advertising. The songs encouraged by the industry were to be short, catchy, and instantly pleasing even to the most aesthetically challenged. Oh, and loud!

What became known as the “Motown” or “Detroit sound” was a matter both of a certain style of music involving lots of saccharine boy and girl “doo wop” bands and a certain sound designed to catch people’s immediate sonic attention. Since, for whatever reason, loud music tricks the ear into thinking it’s better-*sounding* music, we got the beginning of the so-called “loudness wars.” Soon even bands like the Beatles were vying for ways of competing against all of this (mostly, but not all, superficial) and very loud music.[4] Since music can only be recorded and played so loud before running into sonic problems, recording studios began simply to raise the volume on the originally quieter parts of the song so that the whole song now sounded loud. This is also known as “compression,” meaning that the louder and quieter parts of the song are compressed (think: sandwiched) all at a maximal level of loudness. I don’t think it necessary to spell out how this is an instance of the recording industry working directly against the artfulness of music. It should be noted that these loudness wars negatively affected recorded pop and rock music well into the 1990s and haven’t totally abated even in our day. This example of heavy-handed interference from radio executives and recording engineers should serve as a cautionary tale against any notion that recorded music is merely a neutral medium in service of the art of music.

But there are also better moments in the history of recorded music. The originally shy Louis Armstrong spent his early years playing second fiddle (or, in his case, trumpet) to King Oliver in the latter’s big band. As much as he learned in that band, there is little doubt that he was too talented to remain there. Fortunately, in the 1920s, a recording engineer persuaded him to come to the studio to record his now-famous *Hot Fives* and *Hot Sevens* albums onto 78rpm records. It wasn’t that Armstrong was now simply going to record the music that he had already been playing; rather, he was forced to record a whole new style of jazz music suitable to a record containing about five minutes of music per side. It was also important that he accentuated his considerable talents as a trumpet player in order to hold the attention of people who could now only *hear* and not *see* his band at work. The result is some of the best jazz music we have. As a bonus, those of us who weren’t there to witness these sessions can still hear them fairly faithfully preserved.

A similar sort of thing happened when, due to the invention of the 33rpm “lp” (long-playing record) in the late 1940s, Duke Ellington was able to enter into the studio and record four of his concert-style compositions on two sides of vinyl (which could hold around 20 minutes of music per side). Those who had only ever heard Ellington on 78s or on the radio would have never been able to appreciate his full musical genius. I have a 2014 remastered version of this album (called, *Masterpieces*) in glorious, monaural analog, and it rivals anything in my collection, both in terms of music and sonics.

Provided, then, we don’t make the mistake of thinking of recorded music as an adequate substitute for music played live and “in-person,” we can see that it has a proper place of its own. In response to Benjamin’s worries, we might note that even if a book written by a philosopher is no substitute for, say, studying under that philosopher, again, “in person,” the book is yet able to convey some of that philosopher’s genius in his absence. There is something a little gnostic about suggesting that any physical representation of a thing simply and without further ado loses all of the “aura” of that thing.

A Conclusion by Way of a Recommendation

This brings me to my final thoughts, now on the *listening* of recorded music. Here, too, there have been ups and downs since the invention of the phonograph. The 8-track tape was mostly a down! The cassette tape marked a step in the right direction. But today we are witnessing a scene divided between the overwhelming majority of people, who listen to digital music through either earbuds or a Bluetooth speaker, and a resurgence of those who prefer the usually 33rpm vinyl record. Digitally-recorded and -mediated music seems to attempt to bypass one of the main elements of music, and thus one of the main dimensions of ritual: the physical. Though the physical cannot be completely left behind even in the digital medium, it's easier to forget that what is pointing us to the transcendent is a *material* reality. In fact, the drive towards greater and greater digitization through more and more disguised media betrays a positive embarrassment regarding the nuisance of the material. Vinyl records, on the other hand, are too weighty, too obtrusive, dare we say too inconvenient to let us forget, which is why enthusiasts often speak of the ritual of getting out a record, cleaning it, dropping the needle, and sitting in just the right spot for the spectacle. Pressing "play" on one's cellphone just isn't the same. The vinyl set up in my house ties me to a particular place and limits me to certain listening times.

During 2021, vinyl records outsold any other physical medium for recorded music. This is a good sign in my view. First, there is still a great deal of vinyl out there that is pure analog, meaning that a source recorded in analog has been pressed onto a vinyl record without any digitizing in the process. It's all waves etched into a master tape and reproduced again as waves. (We might call this AAA—*analog [master], analog [transfer], analog [vinyl record]* as compared to the compact discs which once boasted of being DDD—*digital [master], digital [transfer], digital [compact disc or file]*.)^[5] If music represents a beautiful marriage of the physical and the spiritual, hearing music from a source that relies on the physical waves made by musicians and singers is more fitting. If I can get an analog recording of a piece of music on vinyl, I strive to do so, even if I, admittedly, can't always tell the difference in terms of sound. And this is not to say that digital music is all bad or badly recorded. My Beatles records are from digital sources because the original analog tapes are in bad shape. They mostly sound wonderful, and I'm glad we have digital sources to preserve that music. A phone conversation with a distant friend is better than no conversation at all.

But I recommend listening to music on a two-channel stereo system, fitted with a good turntable. The physicality of the record, its packaging (often with helpful "liner notes"), and the ceremony that accompanies its playing helps to capture some of the "event quality" (the *aura*) of the music that it mediates. The two-channel system also creates a "soundstage" which enables the listener to locate the various instruments in space throughout the audible "stage."

In sum, I argue that the medium ought to be suited, as much as possible, to the message. That's what the physicality of art is all about. It concerns, to quote Balthasar, being's *self-showing*. But if music primarily concerns the audible, it also includes the visible: made by visible human beings using visible instruments and played to visible audiences in often visibly beautiful places. If recorded music cannot reconstitute all of this, it ought to have a way of compensating for that, a way of representing some of music's ritual nature. It's for these reasons that I suggest that a good, two-channel vinyl rig, expense, inconvenience and all, is the best way of listening to recorded music. There is a particular Miles Davis album which I prefer to listen to at night, with the lights turned off. I anticipate in particular and with great joy a moment when John Coltrane's saxophone is going to come in, with all its pronounced breathiness, from my left speaker. I sometimes close my eyes and imagine that he's in the room, making present that

which transcends time and space.

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[1] I would like to thank my wife Kelly and my friends Tony DiStefano and Rachel Coleman for their helpful suggestions in the writing of this. Rachel even came up with the title! I would like to dedicate this to my late uncle Joe, a great bricklayer and even better banjo player, who taught himself how to play banjo by slowing down Earl Scruggs' 45rpm records to the speed of 33.

[2] I owe this expression to C. S. Lewis.

[3] Benjamin, 6. I am also indebted for what follows to, Evan Eisenberg, *The Recording Angel: Music, Records and Culture from Aristotle to Zappa*, 2nd edition (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1987).

[4] For more on the Detroit sound and loudness wars in general, see A. J. Wykes at *Soundguys*.

[5] It should be noted that in a digital recording, soundwaves are translated into a digital code of "0s" and "1s." These "0s" and "1s" cannot be heard as the ear can only hear physical waves. Therefore, even a DDD recording will have to be converted to an analog wave to be heard. Whether you know it or not, all of the devices upon which you listen to digital music contain (necessarily) a "DAC" (digital to analog converter). Turntables require no DAC. Some DACs even boast about their ability to reproduce the "analog sound." But I've never heard of a turntable company boasting that their turntable sounds more digital than all the rest!



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WITNESS

O, Jerusalem, If I Forget You!

EVER JOHNSON

“My dwelling place will be with them; and I will be their God, and they will be my people.” (Ez 37:27)

It was one of countless days like it. The older kids were at school, my husband Soren was at work at the chancery in Arlington, and I was on my way in, preschooler in tow, to Trinity House Café + Market, our non-profit's outpost of the new evangelization in Leesburg, Virginia.

Our Pope John Paul II-inspired ministry had hosted events in parishes for many years before preaching to the choir had gotten stale enough to launch into preaching to the streets. And in the early years of fallout from our over-reaching idealism, before the café systems were solidly in place and Soren and I were able to work together every day, I would truly need to steel myself as we approached the blue door, our hand-hewn portal into another world.

I would go back and forth with the staff, “Good morning!” and “How's business today?” Were they making themselves busy or goofing off and needing redirection? I don't remember. But I'm sure I had fifty things to do, all while engaging staff, guests, and my little one, before rushing home to meet the school bus. There's no rocket science involved in getting a café plus gift shop off the ground, but trying to balance the slew of details—in a professional and gracious way—was enough to make this grown woman regularly beg for mercy.

I eyed my to-do list while keeping my son, who was busy with a coloring book, in my peripheral vision. How long would it take to do inventory and still make the ordering deadline? Before I had a chance to figure it out, a guest was approaching. Being in the historic district of a tourist destination in Northern Virginia meant we hosted folks from everywhere, and that day was no exception. My interlocutor was an Israeli, and he was intent on detaching me from my daily checklist.

**Every day, people are moved—despite my continuing pettiness and paltry means.
And I keep thinking about that brown plastic rosary, about what God is able to do**

with a dot on the map. And then my imagination does still occasionally surge with dreams of the “new springtime of the human spirit,” the beloved vision of my hero, Pope St. John Paul II.

“Come with me!” my Israeli guest insisted. And so I did, trying to be charmed. Passing beneath Our Lord reigning from the beautiful, old crucifix above the door to the Trinity Room, we arrived at the bookcase next to the front door of the elegant 19th-century home that houses the café. He physically turned me toward a framed tile atop the bookcase, and quite aggressively, though not unpleasantly, challenged me, “What is this?” And I hesitated.

Like many things in our little approximation of the Heavenly City, there is so much behind this colorful tile—with its illustration of a city and Hebrew inscription—so many more memories, ideas, and dreams than any one moment with a guest can bear. Inventory deadlines still looming, I stammered out, “It says, ‘O Jerusalem, if I forget you, may my right hand wither.’” Exasperated and animated he replied, “I know what it says! *Why* is it here?”

Why indeed? How could I say what a life, a marriage, a family, a ministry mean when there was so much friction between my family's ideals and the reality of life on the ground that I could barely remember why it was there, myself? When Soren and I met in Kraków in the Jubilee Year of 2000, we dreamed of creating a little taste of heaven on earth, a home to share with God and our children yet to be born, but also with neighbors and strangers, a place to welcome anyone who yearned to dwell within the Most Holy Trinity, together with our Blessed Mother and all the saints.

Back then, we knew little about the abyss between our fuzzily glowing dreams of the City of God and the harsh contours of real life. And thank goodness, because courage doesn't come in that denomination. Twenty years later, there is a bit more convergence between dream and reality, an emerging out of days, weeks, years of often quite dreary pilgrimage through the wasteland of our stripped-down culture—toward the blue door and through, into the ever-richening landscape of the new springtime of the third millennium.

But do I still really believe in the new springtime to come? Many days of long service—of creating a waystation, a peaceful respite for my town, introducing a little taste of heaven—have ended with news of more darkness encroaching. It seems no matter how many espresso shots pulled or cups of tea brewed, no matter how many weary bodies restored with a crunchy panini or a fresh salad, no matter how many prayer candles sold or guests inspired by the hand-painted icons that grace our walls, the balance still tips discouragingly toward the abyss. Despite hundreds of live music events, story times, Bible studies, and art exhibits, our Heavenly Jerusalem remains just a dot on the map of a burned-out world.

Or is it? On a recent day, now approaching eight years since we first signed the lease, I went through the blue door intent on connecting briefly with the staff and placing a few orders before heading home to more desk work. But as so often happens, the barista was at the espresso machine, foaming milk and talking with a chatty guest while another guest politely waited to order. And because, against all odds, I am still drawn to these encounters, rather than call another staff person from the kitchen, I moved toward the register.

As I passed the guest anticipating his latte, I heard him exclaim with apparent joy, “I never imagined that I would have a mystical experience today!” His choice of words was a bit unusual, but his delight at discovering the world inside our Trinity House was something I've

witnessed over and over. A few minutes later, I was still caught up in serving guests, and a woman approached holding a rosary. She asked, “Is this really free?”

We have a couple of baskets where we give away the endless stream of books and sacramentals that people donate, and this brown plastic item was definitely a freebie. “Yes! We can’t give them away fast enough,” I replied. Her questioning expression transformed into a beatific smile as she raised the plastic crucifix to her lips, ecstatically exclaiming, “Then this one was meant for me!” I shook my head internally, semi-incredulous that the Holy Spirit could touch a soul through such a banal object, but also a little jealous that she was levitating while gravity fixed me firmly, as usual.

I can’t tell you how many days are like that, when the roar of grace is practically deafening as guest after guest experiences the Spirit of God, who reigns powerfully over this house.

“My friend and I used to meet here for tea and now we have both returned to the Church. We had never seen the faith presented this way—so beautiful.”

“I can’t tell you how happy I am as soon as my feet touch your red brick sidewalk!”

“I go to the Trinity House for all my most important conversations.”

“Did you hear that? I just used the word ‘redemption.’ This place is really working on me!”

Those are just a few of countless expressions of joy and wonder that arise from this intersection of dream and reality. Every day, people are moved—despite my continuing pettiness and paltry means. And I keep thinking about that brown plastic rosary, about what God is able to do with a dot on the map. And then my imagination does still occasionally surge with dreams of the “new springtime of the human spirit,” the beloved vision of my hero, Pope St. John Paul II.

The hero-saint John Paul was known for bringing the riches of the faith into the public square. So, we were deeply moved when we found this home for Trinity House on his canonization day, on the corner of Church and Market Streets, across from the courthouse that hosted the first public proclamation of the Declaration of Independence in the Commonwealth of Virginia. But Saint John Paul II was not only intent on reawakening formerly Christian societies to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but he was just as passionate about demonstrating that Christ is the source of society’s foundation on the dignity of the person and the common good.

He was no less intent on restoring marriage and family as the place in which people should first learn about truth, goodness, and beauty. People shouldn’t have to come to Trinity House to hear about the meaning of life. And so, Pope John Paul toiled endlessly that someday, we would once again learn it from Mom and Dad. While we had always thought of Trinity House as a domestic church writ large—where a family lives out God’s life of interpersonal communion and offers it to their neighbors—Soren and I started looking for a way to more fully pursue John Paul II’s other goal, the attainment of which could someday push Trinity House Café into obsolescence.

Two and a half years ago, Soren was finally able to join me full-time in ministry (and thanks to a growing group of supporters, I got my first paycheck from the non-profit after fourteen years)! As our vision matured, inspiring families to make home a little taste of heaven, a type of the Heavenly City, became the heart of our mission. Now, we engage the public with this vision of the restored Christian family and home at Trinity House; we equip parents with *Heaven in Your Home Workshops* and weekly *Letters*; and we encourage families at monthly

Heaven in Your Home Gatherings at parishes.

Though we are made to remain painfully aware of our limitations, it is very motivating to take the hard-won lessons and graces of our marriage and family life at our own home on Mount Gilead south of Leesburg, and use them in the public square to inspire other families to represent the Holy Trinity in their own homes and neighborhoods. All the while, one image anchors the heart of our efforts, the heart of the new Jerusalem inside every Trinity House.

At the center of our home and of Trinity House Café, hangs a copy of Andrei Rublev's 15th-century Trinity icon above the main fireplace mantel. Three angel figures around a table with a central chalice represent God. It is the Genesis scene, under the Oak of Mamre, when Abraham and Sarah hosted three strangers with the best they had to offer, and a family as numerous as the stars was their reward.

When we were first given the vision for Trinity House, this icon was suggested in prayer as a logo of sorts. It tells the story of abiding, interpersonal communion, the source of all life, among the persons of God, and how God offers his communion to us, to our families, to share with one another, to bring about more life in his image. Like so many things at Trinity House, this icon is rich with details. But suffice it to say that the Father figure *welcomes* us, the Spirit figure *listens* to us, and the Son figure *serves* us, nourishing us with the Eucharist to be like God for others in our turn.

At the summit of the icon's story, we observe the Father's House, the Trinity House, above the angel figure who first welcomed us to the table of life. Welcome, Listen, Serve. What God has done for us, we can do for others and reap the reward of eternal life—to dwell forever in the Heavenly Jerusalem, together with the Most High, our Blessed Mother, and all the saints—welcoming more and more people to join us in the eternal communion for which we all long.

I remember one time—I was working at a table in the Trinity Room—when I listened to a guest telling her friend about the meaning behind the icon. In explaining it, she shared the whole Gospel in a couple of minutes along with the precise answer to all the ills of a world that is heedlessly pursuing self-interest into ever-greater alienation and despair. And yet, many families we know are building their own Trinity Houses—portals through the darkening abyss into the new springtime of the human spirit. May the rising of these outposts of the Heavenly Jerusalem someday outpace the darkness and illumine our world anew with the light of Christ. Pope St. John Paul the Great, pray for us!

Ever Johnson and her husband, Soren, are the Managers of Trinity House Café+ Market and Directors of the non-profit Trinity House Community, which inspires families to make home a taste of heaven for the renewal of faith and culture.

