"I have Tears and Hope": Martyrdom in the Twentieth Century

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On the evening of the first of August, 1996, the Dominican Bishop of Oran in Algeria, Pierre Claverie, was murdered by a bomb placed in a side-road near his house. He had been warned many times about the danger of remaining in the country, especially since an underground group of Muslim terrorists had begun deliberately targeting people like himself. But he chose to stay. In the days after his death, against the wall near the place where he and his driver had been blown up, the local people placed flowers and small written tributes in his memory. Among them was a card from a young Algerian woman called Yasmina. On the card she wrote: "Ce soir, mon Père, je n'ai pas de paroles. Mais j'ai des larmes et de l'espoir". ("This evening, Father, I have no words. But I have tears and hope.") Because these words are both heart-broken and hope-filled, I can think of no words more fitting to use as a title for this paper on martyrdom. *"I Have Tears and Hope": Martyrdom in the Twentieth Century.*

I say "tears", first, because looking back over the last one hundred years, one soon comes to realize that perhaps no other century in history has witnessed the death and martyrdom of so many people, or has seen so much systematic and deliberate torture of the innocent. And, added to the usual tragic circumstances associated with martyrdom, a vast number of people in the 20th century, found themselves caught up helplessly between the two great opposing ideologies of Fascism and Communism. It is appalling to think how many places and countries are now associated in our minds with the horror of genocide and with certain unspeakable forms of torture and death—to say nothing of the Holocaust—places such as Rwanda, China, El Salvador, Germany, Russia and Uganda—to name but a few. And what is more, numbered among the victims of these places, there are to be found, if we look for them, countless thousands of Christians who have suffered for the faith, and have died in defence of human, civil and religious rights. And yet somehow this witness is lost on us. We live unaware both of the tears and of the hope this great witness gives.

I have found it natural at times and even necessary, in this paper, to use the word "martyr" or "martyrdom" when speaking of people like Pierre Claverie or of other courageous witnesses to the Christian faith. But I am well aware, of course, that unlike St Maximilian Kolbe, for

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example, Bishop Pierre has not so far been listed by the Church among the "canonical" martyrs. If I speak of him here or of others under the title or rubric of "martyr", it is in the spirit with which Pope John Paul spoke or wrote immediately after the death of Pierre early in August, 1996. In his telegram to the Church in Algeria, John Paul described Pierre as "this courageous pastor, so faithful to the people entrusted to him; a man who has borne witness to the Gospel even to the point of giving up his life...For the Church in Algeria a new page is added to the Martyrology".[1]

Felicitas of Rwanda

In recent times, there is one other page or paragraph "added to the Martyrology" which at once commands our attention. It is the story of a Catholic woman called Felicitas, a Rwandese Hutu, about sixty years old, who in 1994 was an Auxiliary of the Apostolate in Gisenyi. At enormous risk, Felicitas welcomed Tutsi refugees into her house, and her brother, a colonel in the Rwandan army, wrote to her, warning her that her life was in danger, and suggesting that she should run away at once. Felicitas wrote back to him as follows:

> Dearest Brother, Thank you for wanting to help me. To save my life I would have to abandon 43 persons I am in charge of. I choose to die with them. Pray for us that we may reach God's house. Say good-bye to our old mother and to our brother. I shall pray for you when I am with the Lord. Be of good health. Thank you very much for thinking of me.
>
> Your Sister, Felicitas Niyteggeka [2]

The next day, on the 21st of April, the militia arrived to take Felicitas and the other women in a lorry to the cemetery. At the last moment, Felicitas was overheard saying to the terrified women: "The time has come for us to give witness. Let us go!" And, as they climbed into the lorry, they sang and prayed together. At the cemetery a common grave had already been dug for them. And the soldiers, rather than kill the women by piercing their throats with bamboo sticks, used guns instead. Felicitas was the last to be shot. Her brother arrived too late to save her. She had already been thrown naked with the other women into the common grave.

What do their deaths demand?

In a long prose poem entitled,"Requiem and Invocation", Denise Levertov recalls and celebrates some of the martyrs of the 20th century, "those whose names are lost along with their bodies". Towards the end of the poem Levertov writes:

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What do they ask,
the martyrs,
of those who hear them,
who know
the story, the cry,
who know what brought
our land to this grief?
What do their deaths demand?[3]

The appeal, the challenge of the martyrs in the 20th century, touches first and last the quick of our relationship with God. Their witness to God is so stark, it is something impossible for us to ignore. But their death demands also that we examine our concern or our lack of concern for those among our contemporaries who are victims of injustice or abuse, and those in particular who are suffering now because of their deeply held convictions and beliefs. The martyrs, writes Denise Levertov, have bequeathed to us "their vision", a vision of a world free from hunger and injustice, free from oppression and torture and slavery.

Their deaths
enjoin upon us, the living,
not to give up the vision
of lives freed from the lead weight
of centuries, clear of the stain
of indigo, stench
of fermenting sugar,
whistle of whiplash,
cramps of hunger,
ache of lost dignity, loss
of the ancient rhythms—
vision of simple peace
sharing our minds, our labor, our soup,
teaching hope to our children,
putting behind us
the terror of centuries.

Those who were martyred
tell us that horror
won't cease on the earth
till the hungry are fed,
that...all of us *are*
our brother's keepers,
members of one another,
responsible, culpable, and—
able to change.
This is the knowledge
that grows in power
out of the seeds of their martyrdom.[4]

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Oscar Romero and "the Disappeared"

The martyr-victims Levertov has principally in mind here are those of El Salvador. Some of these men and women, together with other victims of persecution from around the world, were publicly remembered at a solemn commemoration of the martyrs of the 20th century held in Rome, at the Coliseum, on 7 May 2000. The ceremony was organized by the Vatican, and presided over by Pope John Paul II. One detail worth noting is that, during the ceremony, one of the prepared prayers included an explicit reference to Archbishop Oscar Romero:

> "Remember, Father of the poor and the outcast, all those who bore witness to the truth and the charity of the Gospel in America, even to the sacrifice of their own lives: zealous pastors like the unforgettable Archbishop Oscar Romero, killed at the altar while celebrating the Eucharistic Sacrifice, generous priests, courageous catechists, men and women religious, faithful to their consecration, laity committed to the service of peace and justice, witnesses of fraternity without limits. They showed the grandeur of the *Beatitude of those who hunger and thirst for God's righteousness*. May they find peace in the vision of your countenance and be for us witnesses of hope".[5]

Romero himself, speaking on Holy Saturday in El Salvador, exactly twenty years ago, exclaimed: "Thank God we still have pages of martyrdom, not only from our past history but also from the present day. Priests, religious, catechists, simple country-folk, have been put to death, stripped, beaten up, tortured, persecuted for being faithful children of this one God and Lord".[6] Romero is suggesting here—and quite accurately—that there exists a continuity of identity between the martyrs of the past and the martyrs of our own time. But martyrdom today, it must also be said, often takes very different forms from martyrdom in earlier centuries. Under the Roman persecution, for example, the individual Christian believer usually had the opportunity to bear public witness to his or her faith, and when condemned to death for refusing to worship idols or to deny Christ, was summarily executed. But persecution today assumes a much more subtle and deadly face. Contemporary persecutors and torturers often deliberately deny their victims—many of them Christian—the possibility of a public forum. Whole groups of people, as well as individuals, are simply "made to disappear". No one knows their names, or where their bodies are buried, or how or even when they were murdered. The result is that martyrdom, in the twentieth century, instead of being something manifestly personal and public, has instead become something anonymous and hidden.

And there is another difference as well. We live in an age which thinks of itself as being tolerant of different religious viewpoints and convictions. As a result, the martyr today is less likely, perhaps, than the martyr of the

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past to be tortured or killed for professing explicitly his or her religious faith. What the martyrs are persecuted for today is not so much for their public declaration of faith, but rather for the practical witness they give to that faith by identifying with the poor and the needy in their struggle for human rights, and by becoming, in Romero's words, "the voice of those who have no voice",[7] choosing to stand alongside the victims of injustice and abuse, alongside men and women, that is, whose basic human dignity has been denied for years.

Redefining Martyrdom Today

Confronted with these new forms of martyrdom and persecution, in the twentieth century, the traditional concept of the martyr must undergo, I think, some kind of development or transformation. Martyrdom, as defined in the Manual tradition, for instance, said little or nothing about the martyrs' extraordinary love, their willingness to die for their friends and their concern for justice. Instead, the focus was put exclusively on the martyrs' adherence to the *faith* and on their voluntary acceptance of death inflicted on them because of hatred for the faith. In more recent years, however, theologians have begun the work of transforming or developing the received notion or definition of martyrdom.[8] And it is encouraging to note here that already, centuries ago, Aquinas had not hesitated to declare: "People suffer for Christ, not only if they suffer for *faith* in Christ, but also if they suffer for any work of *justice* done out of love for Christ".[9]

Also worth remembering here is the *living* martyrdom endured, in every age, by many courageous people, but a "martyrdom" which may never lead to the drama of a public execution. For the truth is that in many small, undramatic ways, thousands of men and women suffer every day—and often most cruelly—in defence of either truth or justice. And these people, whether or not they are aware of it, are often "martyrs in God's eyes", according to the German Dominican, Blessed Henry Suso, "because it is a thousand times worse to be constantly thus martyred than to lose one's head with a single blow"![10]

The severe limits of the inherited, traditional concept of martyrdom were clearly demonstrated in the case of Maximilian Kolbe, the Polish Franciscan priest, who spontaneously and courageously gave up his life for a fellow prisoner in Auschwitz. The prisoner who survived was called Francis Gajowniczek. Francis was one of ten men chosen to die slowly by starvation because a fellow-prisoner had managed to escape from the camp the day before, and had not been found. Francis tells us the story himself:

> My thoughts flew to Helen, my wife, and my two children. I cried. I think I said: "I am sorry for them, I shall never see them again". I do not remember the exact words. Several seconds passed. It all seemed over when a number—16670—suddenly broke ranks. His head was slightly bent; spectacles gave him a lively and penetrating look, he had a strange

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> smile. He stood before the camp attendant at attention..."What does this Polish pig want?", asked Fritsch, very angry. Kolbe replied, "I am a fairly old Catholic priest and I would like to take his place" (his finger was pointed in my direction) " he has a wife and children". Stupefied, the colonel could only reply, "Here's a crazy priest". And he simply added, "All right". I was put back into my place without having had time to say anything to Maximilian. I was saved.[11]

Because Father Maximilian Kolbe's condemnation to death by starvation was not directly related to a profession of faith, he was not declared a martyr even when he was beatified on 17 October 1971. But, when he was canonized on 10 October1982 by John Paul II, the Pope decreed that Kolbe should be venerated both as a confessor and as a martyr. What is more, in his homily, John Paul spoke of martyrdom not in terms of *faith*, although that was of course presupposed, but in terms of fraternal *love*. He said: "Is not this death, spontaneously faced for love of his fellow man, a particular fulfilment of Christ's words? Does it not make Maximilian particularly like Christ, the model of all martyrs, who gives his life on the cross for the brethren? Does not such a death possess a particular, penetrating eloquence for our own day?"[12]

The Courage to Dream

One of the reasons, I suspect, why the witness of the martyrs in this century has not been more celebrated, is that far too often we have ignored their deaths altogether, or have left the understanding and interpretation of their deaths to a few journalists and social commentators. As a result, according to the Dominican scholar, Servais Pinckaers, "The ideal of martyrdom is not an obvious one today". And he adds, "Let's face it—the thought has actually become irksome to us. We prefer to hear about tolerance, love for everyone, general friendliness, universal peace".[13] In similar vein, Rino Fisichella notes that, when in the liturgy today, we hear reference made to the martyrs, all too often "their images seem to conjure up a world no longer ours". They are described as possessing "heroic qualities". But this tends to arouse "an allergic reaction in us moderns". And, as a result, at least within the Western world, martyrs are generally regarded as "museum pieces".[14] Certainly, once the remembrance of the martyrs has become little more than "a special cult of the saints", it may well be a sign, as Jürgen Moltmann has observed, that the martyrs are in fact being kept "at a safe religious distance".[15]

If this is in fact the case, then the great vision bequeathed to us by the martyrs will be obscured. For their faith-vision has been tried and tested in history by the fires of oppression, disappointment and betrayal. And if their gaze is turned upwards to God--as of course it is—their feet nevertheless are always firmly planted on the earth. Martyrs are not absorbed in some kind of twilight or midnight fantasy of their own, nor are they, of course,

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simple day-dreamers. But they are, to use a phrase of T.E. Lawrence, "dreamers of the day": "All men dream", he writes, "but not all equally. Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake in the day to find that it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dream with open eyes, to make it possible".[16]

There comes to mind at once here the names and faces of certain men and women from our own century, among them that great "dreamer of the day", Martin Luther King. I remember in particular the extraordinary speech he delivered on his march to Washington, entitled "I have a Dream": "I have a dream that one day...the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveholders will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood...With this faith we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together".[17] It is surely fitting that, on the balcony of the Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tennessee, where he was shot down, there is now a commemorative plaque, and on the plaque a quotation from Genesis, Chapter 37: "They said to one another, 'Here is a man of dreams. Now is the time. Come, kill him...and we shall see what comes of his dreams'." But what an answer to these words Martin Luther King gave with his life and his death, and gave also with his own marvellous words! In his Nobel Prize speech, he declared:

> I believe that unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in reality. That is why right temporarily defeated is stronger than evil triumphant. I believe that even amid today's mortar bursts and whining bullets, there is still hope...I believe that wounded justice, lying prostrate on the blood-flowing streets of our nations, can be lifted from this dust of shame to reign supreme among the children of men.[18]

The Question to Ourselves

Among the many questions and demands put to us by the witness and death of the martyrs in the 20th century, there is one question which, if we are listening well, must surely strike home to the heart of each one of us. And it is this: What is your vision ? What is your faith and your hope? What is *your* "dream"? In the event of persecution, would you be prepared to give up your life for the Gospel? Are you ready to face pain, torture and death rather than betray Christ? Are you prepared to suffer with those who are suffering and to hold fast the bond of love until it hurts? Among your friends, your family, your brethren, are there those for whom, if necessary, you would be prepared to die? This question or these questions may at first strike us as a bit too extreme, too melodramatic, too "eschatological".

But how wise and eloquent, in this context, is the following brief comment—again from Martin Luther King: "If you haven't discovered something that is worth dying for, you haven't found anything worth living for".[19]

Magnificent words—both authoritative and memorable. But their

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flame, their hard wisdom, attacks at once the dross of our mediocrity, the stuff of our dead habits of thought and feeling, our complacent intellectualism. "Thought was often for us the luxury of the spectator", admitted Dietrich Bonhoeffer in May 1944.[20] But he soon came to realize that, however replete with insights and refined distinctions, intellectual endeavour is of no use unless salted and quickened with living faith-commitment. "We have lived too much in thought", he declared, "Now we have learned, a little late, that is is not thought, but the sense of responsibility that lies at the origin of action."[21] Of course "thought", understood as the pursuit of truth, is utterly essential. But, as Cardinal Newman remarked once, speaking of the limitations of mere intellectual knowledge, "No one is a martyr for a conclusion, no one is a martyr for an opinion; it is faith that makes martyrs".[22] And almost the same telling statement has found expression recently in a poem composed by a friend of mine in Ireland, Michael Hartnett:

> Though many live by logic
> no one dies for it.
> Ptolemaic, Euclidean schemes
> impel no martyrs to stake
> or fiery pit:
> what we die for are our dreams.[23]

Martyrdom and the Task of Living

Hope—an extraordinary hope— in the promise of eternal life with God, forms an essential part of the martyrs' dream. Without this hope, their Christian faith is emptied of its meaning, and becomes little more than a pie-in-the-sky ideology, a bland and illusory idealism, another social or mystical utopia among others. But, sometimes, because of the martyrs' dogged determination and unputdownable fervour for the Absolute, their vision can be confused with that of the crazed, religious fanatic or extreme fundamentalist. Of course, it is true that their vision is grounded in what Oscar Romero has called "transcendent hope". But the martyrs' vision—when it is authentic—never encourages any kind of fundamentalist disdain for the everyday tasks and responsibilities of human life and human history. We could—as St Paul shrewdly reminds us—give our bodies to be burned yet have no love. (1 Cor 13:3) Certainly, the martyrs die as witnesses to the Absolute and as heroes of the Transcendent. But their witness does not negate for an instant the more ordinary, more immanent joys of living and loving—the experience of the gift of friendship, for example, or the delight we take in intellectual endeavour and in artistic creation. "Transcendent hope", according to Romero, "must be maintained by the signs of historical hope, even if they are signs as simple in appearance as those proclaimed by the prophet Isaiah when he says: 'They shall build their houses and live in them. They shall plant vines and eat their fruits'."[24]

Of course, as human beings, we inhabit not just "houses" of brick and mortar, of slate and wood, but also houses or dwellings of *meaning*, homes of vision. And these are constructed for us not only by the martyrs and their vision, but also by poets and intellectuals, by painters and theologians, by philosophers, sculptors and musicians. And it may well be that the martyrs themselves, on occasion, are as much in need of the witness and genius of these artists and thinkers as any of us.

An acknowledgment of this kind was made in the summer of 1943 by Etty Hillesum, a young Jewish woman from Holland who was able to face her approaching death in a concentration camp with enormous courage and faith. As well as drawing strength, during her last weeks, from reading certain texts in the Old and New Testaments, Etty, in the last entry she made in her Journal, noted how much encouragement she had received in her worst days, from the work of writers and poets, and in particular from the writings of the German twentieth century poet, Rainer Maria Rilke. She wrote:

> I always return to Rilke...in peaceful times and under favourable circumstances, sensitive artists may search for the...most fitting expression of their deepest insights so that, during more turbulent and debilitating times, others can turn to them for support and a ready response to their bewildered questions. A response they are unable to formulate for themselves since all their energies are taken up in looking after the bare necessities. Sadly, in difficult times, we tend to shrug off the spiritual heritage of of artists from an "easier" age, with "What use is that sort of thing to us now?" It is an understandable but shortsighted reaction. And utterly impoverishing.[25]

No less impoverishing, in my view, is the distrust or disdain we might be tempted to feel on occasion for our own intellectual heritage. Of course that heritage must always be tested in the fires of history. But again and again we have discovered over the centuries—and especially in times of crisis—that in order to sustain a way of life that is both profoundly human and profoundly Christian, we need, like Etty Hillesum, the vision and inspiration of our greatest thinkers, and perhaps also the plain and simple discipline which an intellectual tradition affords.

One rather unusual incident from the history or tradition of the Dominican Order comes to mind here. It concerns the last words spoken by the Florentine Dominican, Girolamo Savonarola, just minutes before he was burnt at the stake. The Order's intellectual tradition is often characterised, and even sometimes caricatured, as having an unusual fondness for making distinctions. But how well that simple, intellectual discipline served the needs of Savonarola in the last moments of his life, enabling him in spite of the torture and humiliation he had suffered, and in spite of the seeming gravity of the ecclesiastical witness against him, to keep alive his dignity and his hope. When, after days of torture, Savonarola

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was finally led out into the square of San Marco, the Bishop of Vasona, in front of a large crowd, read out with great and terrible solemnity, the words of excommunication: "I separate you from the Church Militant [on earth] and from the Church Triumphant [in heaven]".[26] But the Bishop, in his enthusiasm to punish the friar, had overstepped himself, and had committed in fact a serious theological blunder. Savonarola, in response to his words, replied quietly but firmly, making a very simple, very saving distinction. Excommunicated? "Yes—from the Church Militant, I agree. But from the Church Triumphant—No! That is not in your competence."[27] In other words, in true scholastic fashion—*Distinguo* : "You have authority to exclude me from the visible Church on earth, and I must accept that decision. But, under God, you have no authority to exclude me from the Communion of Saints"! (As a footnote here, it is worth noting that Savonarola's holiness of life may yet be officially recognised by the Church. Moves to that end, encouraged by the present Cardinal Archbishop of Florence, are already well under way.)

Martyrdom's "New Page"

But let us turn our attention back now to our own period in history, and to a Dominican of our own day, Pierre Claverie, Bishop of Oran. Just five weeks before his death, Pierre went back to Prouille in France, the birth-place of the Order, and there on the 26 May preached a homily during Mass to a group of Dominicans. He spoke at length about the death in Algeria, two months earlier, of seven French Trappists taken captive by a group of Moslem terrorists, and then beheaded. "Their death", Claverie declared, "cries out the Gospel".[28] One of their number, a monk called Christian, had written a "testament" some time before his murder. It begins:

> If it should happen one day—and it could be today—that I become a victim of terrorism...I would like my community, my Church and my family, to remember that my life was GIVEN to God and to this country...I ask them to associate this death with so many other equally violent ones which are forgotten through indifference or anonymity. My life has no more value than any other. Nor any less value. In any case, it has not the innocence of childhood. I have lived long enough to know that I am an accomplice in the evil which seems, alas, to prevail in the world, even in the evil which might blindly strike me down. I would like, when the time comes, to have a moment of spiritual lucidity which would allow me to beg forgiveness of God and of my fellow human beings, and at the same time forgive with all my heart the one who would strike me down.[29]

Dom Christian is well aware that his death will appear to confirm those who judged his attitude of profound respect for the Algerian people and for their religion as completely "naive". He admits that, but he goes on at once to express his own unshakable bond of communion with Islam. And, in thanking God for the many people given to him during his life, he turns and

thanks, in a most surprising and moving way, even the man who will be the one in the end to kill him:

> And also you, my last minute friend, who will not have known what you were doing: Yes, I want this THANK YOU and this "A-DIEU" to be for you, too, because in God's face I see yours. May we meet again as happy thieves in Paradise, if it please God, the Father of us both.[30]

The courage of Dom Christian is clearly grounded in a deep, contemplative love and knowledge of God. And because this love, this knowledge, cost him in the end "not less than everything", his death reveals very powerfully something of the irresistible goodness and truth and beauty of the God for whom he gave up his life. As much therefore, if indeed not more, than the Christian contemplative or mystic, the Christian martyr reveals to us a God whose beauty is a consuming fire. "Show me a lover", Augustine exclaims in another context, "and he will understand what I mean!"[31]

One of Dom Christian's Trappist confrères, a monk and poet called Christophe, noted in his Journal not long before his death: "I belong to him [Christ], and walking his way, I go toward my full Pascal truth...The flame has bent over, the light has slanted. I am able to die. And here I am".[32]

No wonder Pierre Claverie, stunned by the death of these seven courageous men in Algeria, found himself, two months later at Prouille, turning back—and perhaps needing to turn back—to the deepest springs of his own vision and motivation. In his homily he remarked, "Since the beginning of the Algerian drama we have often been asked: What are you doing *there*? Why are you staying?" And his answer: "Because of Jesus, because Jesus is suffering there, through violence that spares nobody... Like Mary his mother and St John we are there at the foot of the cross, where Jesus is dying, abandoned by his own people and cursed by the crowd. Is it not essential for a Christian to be present in the place where there is suffering, dereliction, abandonment?" [33] Bishop Pierre then goes on to say that if the Church should abandon that place, she will lose all her strength, vitality and hope. She may appear as a power among powers in the world or even as a great humanitarian organization:

> "She *may* radiate, but the fire of love will not burn within her "strong like death" as the Song of Songs says. Because it is clearly a question of love, love first and only love, a passion for which Jesus has given us the taste and shown us the way: "There is no greater love than to give up one's life for one's friends". Giving up one's life—this is not something reserved for the martyrs, since all of us in some way are called to become martyr-witnesses of the free gift of our life."[34]

In order to find courage to face his own martyrdom, Pierre Claverie looked first to the Gospel, and then to the witness of the martyrs in Algeria,

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and then, finally and movingly, he looked to the example and witness of St Dominic: "to Dominic, to his continuous prayer, to his preaching by word and by example":

> The little red-headed man has done great things, but he was remembered for his long prayer vigils, his beautiful voice that gave the Gospel strength and sap, his obstinate determination when the work of God or the life of God's kingdom was at stake, his courage and humility when faced with others, whether they were hostile or disdainful, his radiant smile.[35]

Pierre Claverie, having come at this point almost to the end of his homily, turns his attention finally to the Church. He is well aware of how the Church can be torn apart by what he calls "internal fights", and become the prisoner of "endless debates about rites and laws". Nevertheless, the Church *is*, Pierre asserts, the home also of the great saints and martyrs. And so he says, "Because I love you, and because you knew how to give birth to people like Dominic, Francis of Assisi... Christian, Christophe...and many more, help us today to be reborn—each and everyone of us—reborn in the light of our promises; and, with the force of an enormous generosity, help us to give our lives away, so that ["wherever humanity is crucified"] there God's kingdom will come".[36]

Before I conclude, I would like to add to that list of names which includes Dominic and Francis and the two Trappist monks from Algeria, Christian and Christophe, the name of our Dominican brother, Pierre Claverie, and along with his name, these other names as well: Felicitas of Rwanda, Bishop Oscar Romero, Maximilian Kolbe, Martin Luther King, Etty Hillesum and Dietrich Bonhoeffer. And I would like to add or to include also, all the anonymous martyrs of this age, those men and women whose deaths and martyrdoms have gone unseen, their faith and courage unrecorded, "those whose names are lost along with their bodies".

All you Martyrs of the Twentieth Century, pray for us.

1 *L'Osservatore Romano*, 3 August, 1996, n.177, p.1.
2 The authenticity of this letter and the story concerning Felicitas were both confirmed for me in private conversation with one of Felicitas' brothers, Laurien Ntezimana. For a brief reference to the death of Felicitas, see "Preface" to Laurien's book, *Libres paroles d'un theologien rwandais* (Paris 1998) p.8.
3 *A Door in the Hive*, (New York 1984) p.35.
4 Ibid., pp.37-8.
5 See *Commemorazione Ecumenica dei Testimoni della Fede del Secolo XX* (Roma 2000) p.105.
6 Cited in Rino Fisichella, "Il Martirio come Testimonianza: Contributi per una riflessione sulla definizione di Martire", in *Portare Christo all'Uomo: Congresso del Ventennio dal Concilio Vaticano II* (Roma 1985) p.766.
7 Homily given on July 29, 1979. See *The Church is All of You: Selections from the Homilies, Letters and Interviews of the Martyred Archbishop of San*

Salvador, ed. and trans. by J.R. Brockman (Minneapolis 1984) p.92.

8 See "Martyr" by Rino Fisichella in *Dictionary of Fundamental Theology* (Middlegreen 1994) pp.620-30; Karl Rahner, S.J., "Dimensions of Martyrdom: A Plea for the Broadening of a Classical Concept", *Concilium* 163 (3/1983) pp. 9-11; Michael Figura, "Martyrdom and Discipleship" in *Theology Digest* 45:1 (Spring 1998) pp.45-50.

9 *In Epistolam ad Romanos*, VIII, lect.7. Thomas states elsewhere that those who die defending society (*res publica*) from those who seek to undermine the Christian faith, deserve to be called martyrs. See *In IV Sent.*, dist.49, q.5 a.3, quaest.2, ad 11. See also *Summa Theologiae* II.II q.124 ad1.

10 Suso, *The Exemplar*, trans., J. Tobin (New York 1989) p.371.

11 Cited in Bruno Chenu, *The Book of Christian Martyrs*, trans. J. Bowden (London 1990) pp.169-70.

12 Cited in Fisichella, "Martyr", p.628.

13 *The Pursuit of Happiness, God's Way: Living the Beatitudes*, trans. Sr Mary Thomas Noble (New York 1998) p.185.

14 Fisicella, "Martyr", p.620.

15 Moltmann, *The Way of Jesus Christ* (London 1990) p.197.

16 T.E. Lawrence, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (London 1976) p.4.

17 "I Have a Dream" in *The Voice of Black America: Major Speeches by Negroes in the United States, 1797-1971*, ed., P.S. Farer (New York 1972) p.974.

18 Cited in *The Book of Christian Martyrs*, pp.185-86.

19 Cited in John J. Ansbro, *The Mind of Martin Luther King, Jr.* (New York 1975) p.90.

20 Cited in George Casalis, "Theology under the Sign of Martyrdom", *Concilium* 163 (March 1983) p.81.

21 Ibid., p.81.

22 "Illuminating Grace" in *Discourses Addressed to Mixed Congregations* (Westminster, Maryland, 1966; first published, 1849) p.181.

23 Hartnett, "He'll to the Moors", *Selected and New Poems* (Loughcrew 1994) p.97.

24 "The Political Dimension of the Faith for the Perspective of the Option for the Poor"; A talk given at the University of Louvain on 2 Feb 1980. The text translated with some slight variations can be found in *Liberation Theology: A Documentary History*, ed., A.T. Hennelly (New York 1990) p.300.

25 *Etty: A Diary, 1941-43*, trans., A.J. Pomerans (London 1983) p.196.

26 See *La Vita del beato J. Savonarola* ; composed by an anonymous author of the sixteenth century, and edited by Ginori Conti (Florence 1937) p.182.

27 Ibid., p.182.

28 "Dernière homélie", *La Vie Spirituelle* (December 1996) p.836.

29 "Testament of Dom Christian De Cherge" in Bernardo Olivera, O.C.S.O., *How Far to Follow?: The Martyrs of Atlas* (Petersham 1997) p.127.

30 Ibid., p.129.

31 St Augustine, *In Joannis Evangelium*, 26:4. (P.L. 35, 1608.)

32 See "Our Brothers of Atlas" in Olivera, *How Far To Follow?*, pp.33-4.

33 "Dernière homélie", pp.833-34.

32 Ibid., p.834.

35 Ibid,. p.836.

36 Ibid., p.836. Two drafts of Pierre's homily have survived with small differences between them. The phrase in square brackets, "wherever humanity is crucified", belongs to the first, unpublished draft.