# ❖ The Passionist Heritage Newsletter ❖

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## A Passionist in China: Present Meets Past

**O**ver the years I have come to appreciate the value of The Passionist Historical Archives. Painstaking reading of documents about missionaries to China fostered a sense of romance and criticism: China is all good; China is all bad. One letter often contradicted another. Even more challenging was my attempt to teach, talk about or write about 20th century Chinese history in an American culture that relished news of the dark side of China even as they got excited about a trip to the Great Wall or eventually began to anticipate the opening spectacle of the August 8, 2008, Beijing Olympics. Caught in this whirlwind of long-standing Passionist, Chinese, and American tradition I made the decision and took the adventurous risk to live and teach in China. I wanted to learn, and I wanted to give back to China.

In the first essay, I consciously made a decision to speak in a generally positive tone about my year as past encounters had taught me that readers or listeners will articulate their "problems" or "questions" about China. Both aspects form the debate. The second essay delves into the long-term historical aspect of returning back home. So many people, once having traveled, lived or worked abroad, have to face domestic culture shock and a fast paced world where cross-cultural listening from friends and family and conversation or learning for us all has about as much depth as a TV news sound bite.

China, for the post-World War II generation, has been seen as place of suffering from the early 1950s through the end of the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976). This is less the case in 2008. I hope my experience in China will bridge hope and reconciliation between peoples of the world and China. Finally, I wish it to help expand and redefine the meaning of Passionist religious life, priesthood, mission and service for the future.

***-The Editor***

Father Rob Carbonneau, C.P. in China

## Reflections on Teaching in Chongqing, 2007-2008

**by Fr. Rob Carbonneau, C.P.**

***Chongqing, China: Ghosts from the Past and Inspiration for the Present***

**O**n August 31, 2007, I landed at Jiangbei airport outside Chongqing, China. Through the overhanging mist and pollution of the Yangzi River, I saw large, pulsating, neon advertising signs. As I got into the waiting car with my luggage, I found myself seeking consolation from past Passionist and Chinese history. First, I said a silent prayer to Passionist Fathers Cormac Shanahan (1899-1987) and Caspar Caulfield (1908-1993). I sought their wisdom since they both lived in Chongqing (Chungking) during the 1940s when it was the war-time capital of the Chinese Nationalist Government under Chiang Kai-shek. Next, the more I spoke Chinese, the more my confidence increased. I thanked myself for all those years of studying Chinese language and history. By 10 P.M. I was unpacking my luggage in my campus apartment at Sichuan International Studies University (SISU) in Chongqing. I was now an expert foreign teacher. My site placement had been coordinated by the AITECE (Association for International Teaching Educational and Curriculum Exchange) Teachers Program. AITECE places teachers in Chinese universities. I sent my resume and AITECE made

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***Even the New Jersey Turnpike Looked Beautiful!*** by Father Rob Carbonneau, C.P.

contact with SISU, which concentrates on language studies.

The next day, September 1 at 10 A.M., a representative of the SISU English Department welcomed me with the news that two days later, Monday, September 3, from 8:30 to 10 P.M., I would commence teaching international relations "hot topics" to about 80 students. On Tuesday, September 4, from 12:30 to 2 P.M., I would begin lectures on U.S. history (with one class on modern Canadian, English, and Australian history) to about 150 students. Then, two weeks later, I was to start my Spoken English class for five sections of freshmen SISU students—about 25 students per class.

***Meet My Students***

The spoken English classes for freshmen allowed me some fascinating moments. Almost 90 percent of my students were girls because modern Chinese culture supports the idea that girls will go into teaching, so English language skills would be useful. Others, of course, hope to use English for business and have a good job for themselves. At least 20 percent of my students have a brother or sister, but the rest are from single child families. Chinese students love their parents and extended family. They were always on time for class and polite. According to Confucian tradition, teachers still command respect. Even today the Chinese education system, especially on the pre-university level, promotes memorization. Chinese students have to endure many tests. Generally, students do want to succeed in school and are excited to have a foreign English teacher. All students select a foreign name in the language they study. My students selected names such as Cloud, Number 26, YoYo, or Andrew. Honestly, while these freshmen students spoke English better than I expected, I still faced many individual challenges as a teacher.

The story of three students (I will not use their real names) will help you understand my experience. Fortune, a quiet boy, usually offered me a kind smile when I asked him to speak English. With calm consistency I told him I wanted to see him do more than smile, I wanted to hear him speak! Ever so slowly he gained confidence. By the time the semester came to an end, he still always smiled, but in class he had developed skills that let him offer personal opinions and speak with his classmates. Outside of class, he walked up to me and had an English conversation about what he will eat and the events of the day. Approximately 10 percent of my students were like him. Teaching them is very important and personal. Crystal is another student. She always offered her opinion. With ease, she spoke about the Internet, U.S. movies, and world wide news events. She used new vocabulary in group discussion. She was confident in role-playing as a businesswoman or news reporter. She was like 80 percent of my students—they were like intellectual sponges. All these students were not shy in that they knew the best way to learn was to speak, listen, write, and use English whenever possible. They enjoyed English and worked hard. The last 10 percent of students were the smartest. They were like Kobe. I found them in my class, or I sometimes met them on the SISU campus or even in the city of Chongqing. They all had motivation to speak their mind or just walk up to me and ask for help with English. Their perseverance to learn and desire to take on special projects or debates actually challenged and inspired me. Students' questions made a walk around the SISU campus or a bus ride into downtown Chongqing a memorable experience. So many of these students had a passion to study and overcome any personal cross which prevented them from learning English. They saw language and learning as an adventure.

***A Little Bit Better Everyday***

So often I had to go deep inside my heart and build upon my spirit and love of Chinese history and culture to stay motivated as a professor. In other words, I needed as much inspiration as the students I was teaching. So, all year long, at the start of every class of Spoken English, I wrote three phrases on the blackboard: "a little bit better everyday," "imagination" and "critical thinking." The first phrase is often said by my mother. After her stroke five years ago, she had to relearn English. She did it! I saw her patience and wisdom. She was a teacher. My students and I also needed this dedicated vision in the classroom.

The last two phrases, in my opinion, went to the heart of learning. I told my students how "imagination" and "critical thinking" were essential elements for their success to speak English as a second language. I stressed these pedagogical principles because time in China over the years had made me aware that these attributes go directly to the heart of what is a lacking factor in overall Chinese education. Specifically, I always told my students in both the lecture classes and the Spoken English classes to learn from their books and speak English from their heart and use their imagination and not be afraid when they talk. Have pride in what they say and examine an issue from many sides. Know that critical thinking is not complaining. Rather, with imagination, their use of critical thinking can offer a

way for people to talk and work together for a personal and common good. I had every hope that this way of thinking might instill faith and self-respect for my students, lead them to be creative and responsible citizens in China's "harmonious society" and develop a world wide vision.

Honestly, I think we all got a bit bored with these three phrases and some students challenged me, saying that I did not follow my own advice because I did not correct their pronunciation. My response: they had more than enough vocabulary (which they did) and their problem was confidence to use it. In other words, using *many* words would assist their pronunciation. I reminded them how they had told me that their Chinese teachers always told them their shortcomings or mistakes. In my position as a foreign expert, I could encourage them in ways they had never imagined. Humbly, and with good days and bad days between us all, I think the approach worked. Thoughts on the meaning of "imagination" and "critical thinking" were stressed in their final exams so much so that they were speaking English rather than just giving answers in English.

***Can You Please Give Some Special Lectures?***

**W**ith excitement and anxiety, I accepted various challenges to give public lectures at SISU and other educational sites. By the end of the first month, another American teacher in the SISU English Department and I were both asked to answer student questions on the hit U.S. film *The Simpsons Movie*. The first question: "What do Americans do when they go to Church?" A religious question in a non-religious society? Though I wanted to launch into an hour-long answer, both of us gave about a five minute response and moved on to other questions. The whole event lasted about 1 ½ hours. It was my first experience of the social puzzle inherent in a Chinese question-and-answer session.

One well-attended lecture was "Who Will Be the Next President of the United States?" Many were fascinated by Barack Obama. Another lecture topic was "How to Live the American Dream?" Later, the School of International Business in conjunction with the SISU Student Association had me lecture on "Famous American Business Leaders of the 20th Century." I selected Henry Ford from the Ford Motor Company, Robert Woodruff of Coca-Cola, Walt Disney of Disneyland, Mary Kay of Mary Kay Cosmetics, Dee Ward Hock of Visa International, Oprah Winfrey of Harpo Productions, Ted Turner of CNN and finally, Bill Gates of Microsoft. I did my homework for the presentation via the internet.

Only once was my lecture content censored. In the spring of 2008, I was asked to give a presentation on "American Culture and Heath Care" at the Third Military Medical University in Chongqing. In sum, my plan was to include a short, contextual segment on religion as part of American society and hospital care. However, I was respectfully told that I could not discuss the role of religion at an institution under direct authority of the Party officials. After an honorable debate, I decided to substitute the role of religion with the idea of seeking peace. In the end, all went well. This incident served as a reminder to me that I was a guest in China and, in addition, how important it was to understand what that means in the public educational and social sphere. In retrospect, I do not think I felt myself being *oppressed* through this incident. Rather, I felt frustrated with what I felt was select control. It was like someone was telling me what clothes to wear. They were very hospitable; in the end the clothes would fit nicely, but they were just not going to be my preferred style. It would be their style.

Two other talks proved engaging. One was at Zheng Da Software and Technical College, Chongqing on December 12, 2007. The topic was "Computers in Everyday American Life." The other was in Spring 2008 at the Number 8 Middle School in the Shapingba area of Chongqing where I spoke on "Five Ways to Understand America." By far, however, my most challenging lecture was in late June 2008 when I stretched my mind, experience and intellect to reflect on "How to Seek World Knowledge." I remember one question being what I thought the difference was between citizenship of one's country and world citizenship. To be honest, I am not sure of my response. I was just intrigued by the question and am still reflecting on the issue!

***The Classroom Outside the Classroom***

**A**s mountainous as Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the Chongqing municipality proper has about 4 million people. The larger Chongqing government economic zone for the Yangzi River valley developed in support of the Three Gorges Dam Project has a least 31 million. This confluence of people and interests meant I was in the middle of a sightseeing adventure. I had the opportunity to practice my basic Mandarin with locals who usually spoke Chongqing and other dialects. Many times, a ride on a congested bus, a walk along a street in a sea of people, or a stroll down a side alley made me feel like I was in a time capsule. At some moments I was looking at Chongqing as it was in the 1920s. At other moments I was brought back to modern reality by looking up and across the horizon to see a flock of

heavy industrial cranes that looked like skyline birds. Chongqing was being destroyed and rebuilt before my eyes in an era of modernization. Fortunately, I had no problem eating the spicy Sichuan foods and world famous Chongqing "hot pot."

I never grew tired of watching the famous "bang bang" men of Chongqing. For 5 to 10 Chinese Yuan—it depends on the distance: $1 US was just under 7 Yuan—these men carried the heavy loads of others whether it was boxes or even heavy equipment. They simply attached the goods to their bamboo poles placed them strategically on their shoulders and walked the material to the destination. They waited in the hot sun or constant drizzle of rain for a customer, running after the many city buses hoping that when the doors opened someone with a heavy load would need their services. They are unique and historic to Chongqing in that they represent, even today, how hard work remains the backbone of the Chinese economy. I came to respect them. They have a hard life.

Then, there was the May 12, 2008, earthquake. My second floor classroom walls shook; the floor moved beneath my feet. It seemed to last about 20 to 30 seconds. Our class evacuated. Some of the SISU classroom structures cracked or lost tiles. Fortunately, no one was injured. Aftershocks continued for the next several weeks. In the end, the most damage was too our psyche. Then, for months after, I witnessed an historic event. The Chinese media broadcast news of people's suffering to promote "live" compassion. This fostered unity and brought a level of needed healing to the entire nation. This technological transparency contrasted with the 1989 pre-Tiananmen Square media clamp-down I witnessed in person in Hunan province, as well as the blunt, omnipresent reality of the Chinese government over the past 2007 academic year whereby I encountered blocked websites, or selected CNN International news stories that dealt with Tibet or an overall negative image of China broadcast by the foreign press. Censorship exists.

Uniquely, my position as an historian led me to develop a working relationship with the Party leadership at the Hongyan Historic Sites in Chongqing. They promote Chinese historical understanding during the Anti-Japanese War (1937-1945). In the future there is every possibility that I will be part of a joint scholarly venture that will have the Chinese historians come to the National Archives in College Park in order to research the role of the Sino-American Cooperation Organization (SACO) under General Milton E. Miles. During the early 1940s, their Chinese-American training camp was located on the mountain behind the present SISU campus.

***A Test of Personal Faith***

**T**hroughout the year my religious faith matured. It is true that upon receiving my year-long visa, I was respectfully asked not to proselytize in China, as are all foreign visitors. Concretely for me, this meant I could not and did not celebrate a public Catholic mass or lead prayer services. I knew and accepted this reality prior to going to China. At the same time, I was able to associate with and celebrate Catholic liturgies with other AITECE teachers in Chongqing. Regularly, the other teachers and I also went to Sunday Chinese Catholic mass in the nearby Shapingba district or the historic St. Joseph's Church in downtown Jiefangbei, Chongqing, where the Passionists had worked in the 1940s.

For decades now, foreigners have been able to attend Catholic mass celebrated in public parish churches and receive communion. During my six visits to China between 1989 and 2007, I have seen increased Catholic membership and religious stability throughout China. This new life faith experience far outweighs any existing imposed government controls which, simply put, arise most often as a result of layered national and local regulations surrounding church registration or questionable foreign relationships. Over the years, I have had many positive and inspirational meetings with Catholic Church leaders and the Chinese people. I believe it is important to speak of these positive features and support and pray with the Chinese Catholics as their efforts continue. Certainly, setbacks are real, but so is hope for the future. For my part, I try to balance these historic realities by researching about the history of the Passionists and other Catholic and Protestant missionaries to China in the 20th century. Understanding these Christian stories of faith about hope, suffering and compassion remains vital for a peaceful world of today where religious violence so often sets people apart. It is with this vision that I was a Passionist teacher in Chongqing, China.

Looking back, four features anchored my spiritual journey during my year in China. First, I had to accept routine. Daily life consisted of teaching, shopping and oftentimes cooking for myself, living in my apartment, waking up at 6 A.M. to watch the "Situation Room" broadcast on CNN International, looking up in the sky to find the absent sun hidden by pollution, and just living with constant noise. Second, it became absolutely

*(See "Reflections" continued on page 7)*

# Even the New Jersey Turnpike Looked Beautiful!

**by Father Rob Carbonneau, C.P.**

In a 1976 taped interview, veteran Passionist missionary to China, Father William Westhoven told me a story. A member of the Chicago region in the western United States, he was assigned to join eastern region Passionists in 1924 and go to their mission territory in west Hunan, China. In the early 1930s, upon his first return back home on furlough, he was surprised to learn that his personal records were absent from the Chicago region. Where was his real home, he wondered. Was he now considered an East Coast Passionist? In the end, he remained a member of the Western Province. At various times during my August 4, 2008, 14-hour return flight from Hong Kong to Chicago, this story of Westhoven's culture shock back in the United States crossed my mind. Instead of security Westhoven experienced a disconnect. What would I feel and think back home in the United States after a year in China?

I remember being surprised by this story in 1976. I am less surprised now. I suspect veteran travelers, tourists, business people, military personnel, missionaries, students, international volunteers or aide workers, diplomats, teachers, and so many others face an array of diverse issues when they return to their home culture.

On Friday, August 8 I found myself driving a car from Baltimore, Maryland, to West Hartford, Connecticut. I was a bit anxious. I had not driven a car at all in China—just about one year. At about exit 11 on the New Jersey Turnpike, I saw the all familiar outline of the New York City skyline on the right, circular gas tanks on my left, and the rolling hills of the New Jersey Watchung Mountains on the far left horizon. Making this all the more meaningful was the clear, blue, crisp sky! I was simply stunned by the beauty of this moment and view. I realized I had lived almost a whole year in Chongqing, China, without the benefit of the blue sky. Yangzi river mist and pollution kept Chinese beauty absent from me. From November 2007 to February 2008, this did take a toll on my mood. So, at that moment, even the New Jersey Turnpike looked beautiful! Then reality struck: an SUV roared by me on the right and almost cut me off. It served as a quick reminder of being home and trying to find my place and routine again in the United States.

Presuming that many people upon their arrival back home from outside their culture have had a similar experience, I thought it might be worthwhile to offer, in no particular order, some observations I have had from August 5 till October 1. Countless times in September, I have found myself enjoying the energy prompted by the change of the season's weather in the northeast United States from summer to fall. I never felt this in drab Chongqing. Less energizing have been my observations on American food. During the first weeks I struggled to handle the large portions of food eaten in this country. In the past I might have thought about wasted food. Though still an issue, I was more struck by the bulk of processed food we eat. China provided me the chance eat fresh foods, especially vegetables. An unforeseen problem has been my inability to digest heavy meats. In one instance this problem led to severe stomach pains. I came to realize that it would take time to adjust and be able to eat some of my favorite meals. Quickly, the American pace of life here found me doing less walking than I had in Chongqing. Elevators are all around. I needed my car. Back home, exercise had to be planned. It was less a fact of daily life as was the case in Chongqing. Without proper attention I would regain unnecessary weight.

Almost to a person, people who met me in those first weeks of August asked me two questions: why had I not stayed in Beijing for the Olympics, and did I experience the earthquake. Providing a succinct answer to two diverse questions proved difficult. First, Chongqing is over two hours from Beijing by air. Quite frankly, I was tired from all the year-long Chinese hype I *had* to endure in the educational and social system that promoted the Olympics, and I did not wish to pay the high prices that would be part of the Olympics. Often, this led to short comments about the stunning opening ceremony and the Olympic media news coverage. The earthquake was a more difficult subject. I wanted to speak more directly about my experience and emotions. This traumatized all of us in Chongqing for a short time. For two weeks after the quake, I slept with my clothes on ready to evacuate in case of aftershocks. I have found myself thinking and wanting to talk about how the Chinese differed from the United States in disaster response. Several times, with emotion and tears, I wished to share how fortunate we are in this nation to have brothers or sisters. The May 12, 2008, earthquake made clear the sorrowful reality of a one child family policy.

With respectful sadness I have to admit that I felt safer in Chongqing than I do in southwest Baltimore where I reside. Even sadder is the fact that most Americans nod in blank agreement when I mention this point. Writing this opinion makes me angry. Why is life here so violent? In one class many of my Chinese students wanted to know if I owned a gun and then said that the American government should just take guns away if they are the cause of violence. I do not own a gun, of course. I then made the point, however, that guns were legal. It is the people of our nation who often are the problem for so many reasons. This discussion on freedom was hard for them to appreciate as it is not part of their social pulse. Awareness of our violent society upon my return home to the United States has made me long for the peace found in Chongqing. Returning back home simply made me aware of the sadness and suffering so evident every day in the urban American city streets and the rural countryside. Admittedly, in Chongqing the struggles of life could be hidden by the sheer volume of people, and it was an unfamiliar culture—always new. This is less the case back here in the United States. I write about this because I wonder how long this mood of observation will exist. At various moments I have found myself wondering what ways I might have to apply my own principles of imagination and critical thinking to make my small neighborhood better or overall society better. What do I do with the anger generated by watching people struggle in this land that still believes in the American Dream? Yes, I lectured on this topic in China, but deep down I am hard pressed to know what this means in a world of higher gas prices, corporate economic failure, and the lingering war in Iraq and Afghanistan. I have returned home and find myself observant and thinking.

The emptiness described above does not mean my spirit is dead. The year in China made me reflect on religious belief. I came to appreciate my Catholic belief and the American opportunity to seek religious understanding. Returning home now makes me listen to the debates on separation of church and state with a bit less patience. We are just fortunate people here when it comes to religious liberties and yet the tensions surrounding the topic are often so alienating. One of the most compelling moments in China was listening to the Democratic candidates for President during the primary season as they reflected on their religious beliefs at Messiah College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I was proud to speak of this religious value in my lectures. For me, also, there is a quiet and newfound peace in public ministry as a Catholic Passionist priest upon my return home. In other words, I feel less evangelical fervor and more a sense of thankfulness for the diverse ways to express my faith: the Catholic sacraments; saying prayers in public with people; talking with others about the hopes and sorrows of their beliefs. Because I had to endure limits of religious expression in China, I actually have come to appreciate the watershed of faith and the abundant diversity of world religions which are allowed to flourish in the United States. In my opinion, this cannot diminish. With this China experience now behind me, I watch more closely with frustration the pettiness of doctrinal religious debates between religious leaders, believers and non-believers here at home. After years of encouraging people to pray for mature reconciliation and freedom for religious believers and the government in China, I am now thinking that I have to offer the same prayer for us in the United States.

In conclusion, I must say the past two months back in the United States have gone by fast. I still get excited when I read and study Chinese history. I want to take a walk outside and eat a bowl of noodles with hot Sichuan spices. Sadly, reality hits. I am back here in the United Sates. I have to admit it: I miss China. At the same time, I have made a conscious decision since my return to speak about the gifts I gained in China. They outweigh the negatives. For others, their life experience outside the United States may have been a negative experience. In every case, I dare say that when someone returns home after a significant time outside their home country, they go through a multitude of thoughts. I have every hope that this essay might make us more conscious of how we listen and learn about travel beyond our homes. For generations, world travel was a dream. Now, it is so commonplace and routine. Let us not forget the value of helping each other become adjusted to home. Might this simple gesture of dialogue be a road sign to personal and world peace.

**Support Our Efforts to Keep Alive the Memory of Father Marcellus White and the History of the Passionists in China**

**Checks are payable to the Father Marcellus White Trust and sent to:**

**Passionist Historical Archives**
**526 Monastery Place**
**Union City, NJ 07087**

*(Reflections: continued from page 4)*

essential for me to name and remember my purpose for being in China. It was twofold: motivation to serve, and to learn. My mantra became a clear, intellectual vision to teach students imagination and critical thinking and to apply it in my own life in all ways. They and I had to do a little bit better everyday. Acceptance was the third and most challenging dimension. I had to let go in order to receive the graces that came my way. This required answering and asking endless questions, facing boredom, feeling helpless and vulnerable, and counteracting the fear of the earthquake. I had to accept that I was always considered an expert and, most important, always seen as the foreign guest. Finally, my own presence had become my true companion and friend. My Catholic religion mattered to me as a person and Passionist priest. I desired my long-standing study and love of Chinese history and culture to serve as a leaven of mutual understanding in diverse situations. In the end I hoped my peaceful presence would be a daily invitation to enter into and inspire peaceful relationships and the quest for the faith in others.

***Conclusion***

**L**iving and teaching in China was a dream come true for me. Sichuan International Studies University and Chongqing were a literal "hot pot" of intellectual and emotional events that tested me as I had hoped. While I am hesitant to write such personal reflections in a history newsletter, I have always been convinced that everyone leaves a historical imprint worth recording. History does teach. What do we wish to learn?

## *Archives Notes*

**While I was in China, the Archives remained busy:**

- The historic collection of 72 archive boxes and about 300 books from St. Paul of the Cross Monastery, Pittsburgh was successfully catalogued here in Union City.
- Passionist administrative sources organized consist of: Documentation from the 44th General Chapter in Brazil (2000); Files from Passionist Missionaries administrators Sebastian Kolinovsky, C.P. and Harold Poletti, C.P.; Ministry Records of Brother Leo DiFiore, C.P. in conjunction with Passionist Overseas Missions, the Provincial Chapter meetings, and the Pittsburgh Sesquicentennial 2002; Materials from the Passionist novitiate in Pittsburgh and Shrewsbury, Massachusetts; Papers of Provincial Consultors Gerald Laba, C.P., Paul Ruttle, C.P., and Lucian Clark, C.P.; Assorted Pittsburgh Passionist archives from 2002-2005; Passionist-staffed Parish Bulletins from 2006-2007.
- Other collections processed were: Passionist Vestition/Profession books; assorted memorabilia describing the building and events of St. Joseph's Monastery Church, Baltimore, Maryland; Passionist Confraternity of the Passion Meetings, Lists, Statistics, and Information; About 50 VHS Passionist related videos were converted to DVD format.
- Responded to 104 requests to the archives.

**Publications of Fr. Rob are:**

- The article, "Journalist and Priest: The Participation of Father Cormac Shanahan, C.P. in the 1944 Press Party to Yan'an, China, his experience with Communist leaders and ministry to Yan'an Catholics," in a lifelong dedication to the China mission. Essays Presented in Honor of Father Jeroom Heyndrickx, CICM, on the occasion of his 75th Birthday and the 25th anniversary of the F. Verbiest Institute K.U. Leuven. Leuven Chinese Studies, 17. (Ferdinand Verbiest Foundation, K.U. Leuven, Belgium, 2007), 29-52.
- The book review, "Journey to the East: The Jesuit Mission to China, 1579-1724" by Liam Matthew Brockey. Cambridge, MA. Harvard University Press. 2007. In *American Catholic Studies* Vol 118, No. 4 (2007) pp. 79-80

**Fr. Rob since coming back from China:**

- On September 13 gave a talk on the history of the Passionists at the former Our Mother of Sorrows Monastery, West Springfield, Massachusetts which is now a senior residence known as Landmark@Monastery.
- On September 14 was the priest celebrant and preached on his China experience at Sunday Liturgy for The Chalice of Salvation TV Mass under the auspices of the Diocese of Springfield, Massachusetts.
- On September 30 gave a talk at St. Ann's Basilica Parish, Scranton, Pennsylvania on Passionist Priest and Professor in China: What was it like to teach in Chongqing 2007-2008?
- On October 8 gave a lecture on History, Tourism and Reality: The Catholic Church in China Today at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri.

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526 Monastery Place
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**Editor: Rob Carbonneau, C.P., Ph.D., Province Historian and Director of the Archives.**
**Layout: Sean Peragine**

**It is the intention of the Commission to present material that will be both interesting and informative. We want to make better known the story of our Congregation and especially of our own Province; the Passionists, lay people and benefactors who made it, the immense labors they undertook in proclaiming the Gospel of Christ's Passion, and their successes and failures. We also want to look at the present situation of the Province through the eyes of Faith to try to ascertain what lessons, if any, history may be able to teach us as we try to understand our present moment and the future.**

**We hope to make this an international newsletter and so we welcome contributions from our readers of any Province. If you have any interesting stories or reflections or even questions that you are willing to share with us, we beg you to do so.**

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**526 Monastery Place**
**Union City, NJ 07087**
**Phone: 201-867-6400 Ext. 7033**
**Fax: 201-617-7011**
**e-mail: archives@cpprov.org**

***Fr. Robert E. Carbonneau, C.P.***

**526 Monastery Place**
**Union City, NJ 07087**
**Phone: 201-867-6400 Ext. 7032**
**Fax: 201-617-7011**
**e-mail: robcarb@cpprov.org**