

Volume 1, Issue 3

SUMMER 2005



Our Journey Together as Orthodox Christians

In Community

A Gift of Hospitality

By Father Michael Molloy

As a boy I didn't experience much hospitality. Guests were rare at our home, and I don't remember being invited elsewhere either, except for obligatory visits to relatives.

I think my first real experience of true hospitality came in 1971 when I met the Dunaways. Fr. Harold (who, at that time, was not called "Father" - he was simply "Harold") and Barbara. They lived in an east-side neighborhood in Anchorage and ministered to young people under the Campus Crusade for Christ organization.

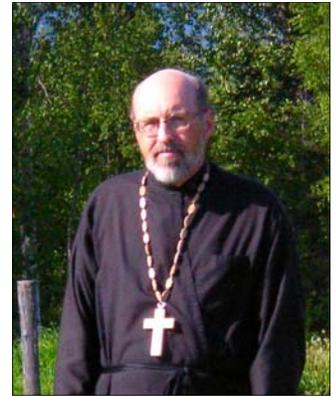
The first thing I learned as a stranger in their home was that, to them, I was not a stranger. I was a guest. Most people have heard of "Southern Hospitality," and, yes, the Dunaways are from Kentucky. But what I experienced in their home really wasn't about the South. It was about Christ, and it went way beyond Webster's definition of hospitality. Open invitations

were given, but none were required. People simply showed up - brought by the Holy Spirit - at any time of the day or night. A friend and I once stopped by late one night, upset over a "discussion" we

had with certain church leaders. Fr. Harold counseled us right then - in his bathrobe!

When someone arrived at mealtime, an extra chair was pulled up and another plate was set. The food seemed to multiply. If someone needed a place to "crash" for the night, the downstairs was open. Indeed, Fr. Harold and Barbara would sometimes in the morning dis-

(Continued on page 6)



Fr. Michael Molloy, Pastor of Saint Herman Church in Wasilla, Alaska

A Place with Purpose

By Kh. Barbara Dunaway

I am writing to share with you the story of how my family came to live in the "Big House," the place that in this newsletter we call "Everyone's Home." In 1969, my husband Harold was a staff member of Campus Crusade for Christ and was sent to Alaska to help bring the word of Christ to soldiers and airmen and their families. Our country was in the worst time of the Vietnam War and many men, wounded and in terrible psychological and physical condition, were being shipped home weekly via the Anchorage airport. Many of the men and women we met in those early years formed the nucleus of what we are now - an Orthodox Christian church and community.

Harold had become a serious Christian through neighbors in Albuquerque, New Mexico who invited us into their home. This became to me a picture of people to people evangelism, and was a reminder of my grandparents' home in Kentucky, the home in which my sister and I were raised. My grandmother, a fervent Christian witness, often had visiting Methodist pastors as guests in her farmhouse, treating them to her delectable food such as transparent puddings and drinkable custard. I

loved that home. It gave me an appreciation of a place with purpose. Not only did my grandparents make room for my mother and her daughters, but their home was open to others as well, demonstrating the hospitality that I observed and which was later to be required of me.

Harold worked for many years in the insurance industry. We lived for a time in a rented farmhouse in Lexington, Kentucky, and Harold's agents would bring their weekly reports to our home and stay to discuss the claims of Christ. We had connected with Campus Crusade for Christ at the University of Kentucky and had opened our home to Friday night meetings. My main job was to have a presentable house and cook a meal for 20 to 30 UK students. It wasn't unusual to have students lining the stairway, eating plates of spaghetti or taco pie. Our whole family, including children Marc, Mike (now Fr. Marc and Fr. Mike) and Luanne, shared in the hospitality and our sons

(Continued on page 4)



Community Cooks: *Rosalie Zink - Giver of Love*

By Al Zink

Rosalie was the first-born in a large Kansas farming family. Her family was Christian and missionary-minded, always hosting missionary families on furlough or those who were traveling in search of support. Rose graduated from college with a homemaking degree and was able to put her knowledge to work with Wycliffe Missions. She was usually in charge of the cooking and hostessing. She spent eight years in Ecuador in a jungle mission complex, cooking on an old wood stove, often not knowing how many would show up for the next meal. She first came to Alaska to visit Tom and Maye Johnson and stayed to run the Big House kitchen. We married in 1982. Rosalie always had an open door attitude. She had a pure, simple country wisdom and a gift for hospitality. She counseled many, loved all, and is dearly missed, not only by her family, but by her church family as well.

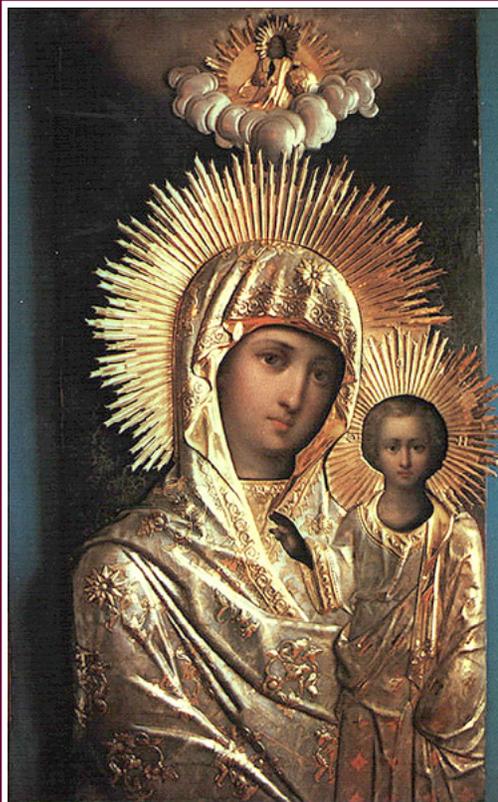
Rosalie's Barley-Hamburger Chowder

1lb. Hamburger, browned
2c. (1 can) tomatoes
1 onion, chopped
3 c. water
1 c. diced carrots
½ c. barley
1 c. diced celery
2 c. diced potatoes
Salt & pepper

Mix all together. Cover and simmer until vegetables are tender. Makes a hearty and tasty meal when served with fresh homemade bread and carrot sticks. May be doubled for a crowd.



The church cookbook, **Welcome Home**, is available for \$18.00. Contact Maye Johnson to order. tommaye@mtaonline.net
Phone or fax: 907-696-3326



Sitka Mother of God Icon will visit St. John Cathedral on August 10, 2005

7:00 PM Paraklesis Service

As part of a nationwide tour, the Sitka Icon of the Mother of God will be present in the St. John's parish on August 10, 2005. His Grace Bishop Nikolai (OCA) offered the visit of the icon to our parish and Bishop Joseph has given his blessing for this special event. Everyone is invited to attend the 7 p.m. Paraklesis, a service of prayer and supplication to the Mother of God.

The icon of Our Lady of Sitka resides in the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael in Sitka, Alaska. It was a gift from the laborers of the Russian American Company in 1850, two years after the cathedral was built.

The icon was written by Vladimir Borovikovsky, a protégé of Empress Catherine II, in the same style as the Kazan Mother of God icon. It measures 36" x 71", and is covered by a detailed silver riza, leaving the faces and hand of the Mother of God and our Lord Jesus uncovered. A riza of silver or gold, sometimes adorned with precious gems, is often placed on an icon by the faithful in thanksgiving for answered prayers. Jesus is shown as a small adult who seems to be standing in His mother's arms, facing the faithful, with His right hand raised in blessing. His

mother's gaze is thoughtful and tender and her head is inclined toward her Son as though contemplating His mission as our Savior who has come into the world to suffer for our salvation. Many miracles have been attributed to prayer before this icon.

The Sitka Mother of God Icon is one of many painted in the style of the Kazan Mother of God, which is greatly revered in Russia. The Kazan Mother of God is commemorated in the Church on July 12th and October 22nd.

In Community is published by: Mary Alice Cook, Barbara Dunaway, Maye Johnson, Sally Eckert, Harold Davis, Dan Kendall, Jennifer Gillquist. We welcome your comments. You may contact us at:

Saint John Orthodox Cathedral
P.O. Box 771108
Eagle River, Alaska 99577
E-mail: stjohnalaska@aol.com
<http://www.stjohnalaska.org/>



Clergy of Saint John the Evangelist Cathedral – Pascha 2005

Community Books

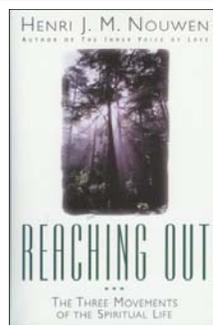
Recommendations and Reviews by some of our parishioners.

Cry, the Beloved Country

by Alan Paton

Review by *Russell Clodfelter*

The setting of this novel is South Africa during the days of *apartheid*, the separation of black Africans and colored people from whites. The heart, or more precisely, the soul of this story is Reverend Stephen Kumalo, pastor of a small rural church. Kumalo, an uncomplicated man, has made an uneasy peace with the world outside his own, until tragedy forces him from the comfort of his village into the wilderness of Johannesburg. The story opens with a letter from Johannesburg telling Kumalo that his sister is very sick. She had gone with her son to the city to look for her missing husband and had never returned. Kumalo's only son had gone to look for her but he, likewise, had never returned. Kumalo is forced from his sheltered life to go and help his sister. In the city, Kumalo learns that his son is accused of murdering a prominent white man who, ironically, is the son of a farmer from near Kumalo's village. Kumalo is forced to confront his own sin and in his despair learns that God will not leave His people without hope. This beautiful story is highly recommended.



Reaching Out

by *Henri J.M. Nouwen*

Review by *Bethany Peters*

In *Reaching Out*, Nouwen breaks the journey to a spiritual life into three movements: the movement from loneliness to solitude, the movement from hostility to hospitality, and the movement from illusion to prayer. Nouwen uses these movements to teach the reader how to reach out to our innermost self, to our fellow human beings, and to God. These movements are an ongoing process and all are necessary in the quest to live a spiritual life. The first two movements away from loneliness and hostility toward solitude and hospitality are much easier to recognize than the movement from illusion to prayer, which leads us to reach out to God. "In order to convert our crying loneliness into a silent solitude and to create a fearless place where strangers can feel at home, we need the willingness and courage to reach out far beyond the limitations of our fragile and finite existence toward our loving God in whom all life is anchored. The silence of solitude is nothing but dead silence when it does not make us alert for a new voice sounding from beyond all human chatter. Hospitality leads only to a congested home when nobody is traveling anywhere."

Nouwen makes it clear that although the journey to a spiritual life is a very personal journey, it is necessary for each of the movements to also include the community in which we live. I am so thankful that I live in a community that allows and helps me to reach out to my innermost self, strangers and friends, and to God. Our journey to a spiritual life in this world is not an easy one but Henri Nouwen helps to define a path to get there. *Reaching Out* is a rich book to be read, reread, pondered, and shared with others. All of Nouwen's books can be found at www.henrinouwen.org along with information about Nouwen and the Henri Nouwen Society.

A Place with Purpose

continued from page 1



Fr. Harold, Kh. Barbara, Mike, Luann & Marc in 1973

got to pass the football in the yard with some major UK players.

During this time, Harold became convinced that he must prepare for full time ministry, so we cashed in our insurance company retirement, sold almost all our belongings at auction and were off to Bible College Seminary in Missouri for two years. It was then on to CCC headquarters for staff training and there we received our assignment to Alaska. Harold's skill at salesmanship was crucial, as he raised his own salary from supporters. Successful fundraising was the "proof," according to CCC philosophy, that he was meant ("called") to go. While he solicited support, we lived for three months with my parents in our hometown of Maysville, Kentucky. It was October and getting cold and we were antsy. The very day that we began to pack the Rambler station wagon, our first check arrived, along with our approval to leave, and we took off, bag and baggage. We learned much at that time about living by faith...and by the seat of your pants!

I should mention my fears about the home God would lead us to. I had always put a high priority on "the place" we lived. "Nice humble" was my minimum requirement. I had many talks with God about not being reduced to squalor, which I defined as leaky faucets, squeaky floors and general "run down-ness." "I'll go willingly," I told Him. "Just give me a decent place in which to raise my family." I believe now that God and I worked together to make this happen. I had to start small in apartments on Government Hill in Anchorage, but we were close to the military bases.

Early on, we were welcomed into the home of a young Army couple who were familiar with CCC's work. Again, a home became an important center of mission. Tom and JoAnn Webster not only assisted us in reaching the military men and women, but I also learned lessons in hospitality from JoAnn. As an officer's wife, she knew the basics of hospitality rather well. She always knew how much food to prepare and how to put together an elegant snack. We gathered at their home to discuss important issues and theology – and to eat delicious food.

Harold was given permission to visit the Tap Room, a social gathering place on base, where he would challenge the GI's to a mean game of ping pong and share with them CCC's Four

Spiritual Laws, a simple introduction to the Christian life. In time, we outgrew the small apartment, and a layman who believed in our work offered to buy a building lot close to the bases if Harold and the GI's would build a house on it. As we occupied the home we built at 405 Fern, we began to host regular meetings, and other young people from Anchorage joined us – schoolteachers, 70's era hippies, and even a few conscientious objectors. This made our gatherings an interesting mix. Hippies in long Salvation Army coats sat next to career military folks. That was the work God was doing in our hearts, as the claims of Christ were presented to all. The message of God's grace, His unconditional love and total forgiveness permeated our lives and conversations. Our nuclear family of five was called upon to live out the "open home" we believed in. Luanne, then ten years old, babysat in the basement during meetings and the boys helped in preparation.

Harold wanted to do more teaching and spend more concentrated time with those who were serious about their faith. So a friend went searching by airplane and flew over an older home in Eagle River, ten miles from Anchorage. The home was for sale and because of water problems, the price was fair. Remember I mentioned that the place we lived in was very important to me? Well, we were slowly working our way from smaller to bigger and this next place took the cake. It was big. Built by a schoolteacher, it had a large upstairs living room, dining room, kitchen and master bedroom. The downstairs needed work but had a beautiful wood paneled room that I called the library/guest room. Because of the water problems, the house had passed through numerous hands and had even served at one time as a Catholic monastery, the Convent of the Precious Blood. Monk Thomas Merton once visited the sisters there. When they left, the place was rented to several families who found upkeep difficult. It was located on five acres of

"I'll go willingly," I told Him. "Just give me a decent place in which to raise my family." I believe now that God and I worked together to make this happen.

rocks and weeds.

We needed \$5000 to make a down payment on the \$64,000 asking price. We didn't have it. But it happened that Jack Archer, a Christian oilman from Texas, was in town, and he knew of an acquaintance of ours from CCC days who was doing a similar work in Tennessee. The acquaintance was Peter Gillquist. Mr. Archer offered to loan us the down payment. The deal was closed and we sold the Fern St. house, receiving enough money to repay Mr. Archer and begin repair work on the big house in Eagle River.

Harold found nine serious young Christian adults who would join our family, living in and fixing up the place. By October 1972 we were ready to move in. The challenges seemed overwhelming at times, but we had the help of some very able young people and the encouragement of others who attended our famous Saturday night meetings. We were joined at that time by another ex-CCC couple, Gordon and Judi Hoyt. Over the next thirty years, many others have joined us in what is now the community of St. John's. We hope, through this newsletter, to continue to share with you our stories.

Charles the Homeless

by Father Marc Dunaway

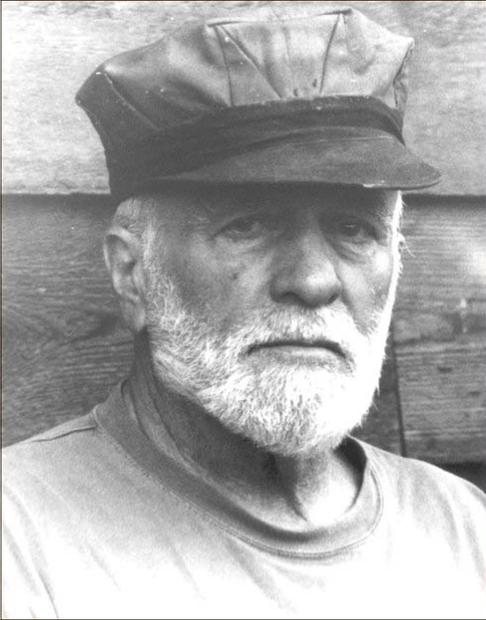


Photo by John Marc Dunaway

Charles (Kyriakos) Loganakis was born October 13, 1938 in Middleton, New Jersey. He was orphaned at an early age and grew up with a Greek foster family who raised him in the Orthodox Church and taught him the Greek language. He did not finish high school, and by age 16, was living as a drifter. During this time he became an alcoholic who enjoyed drinking cheap wine. Charles drifted from state to state, spending much time in Texas and California, often staying in shelters and sometimes with Greeks he would meet at Church or at a Greek restaurant. He never learned to drive, but hitchhiked wherever he went. He often found work on farms and he

He has visited us now for nearly ten years, faithfully showing up every Christmas and Pascha, and sometimes in between.

loved this work. He always tried to repay those who helped him.

Charles was an alcoholic for more than 40 years, until he was introduced to AA and became sober. He is still a drifter, but has been sober now for more than eight years. He quotes with conviction the first and second steps of AA. He said he is never tempted now to drink and would not drink a beer even if you gave him a hundred dollars. He says he never wants to go back to that life.

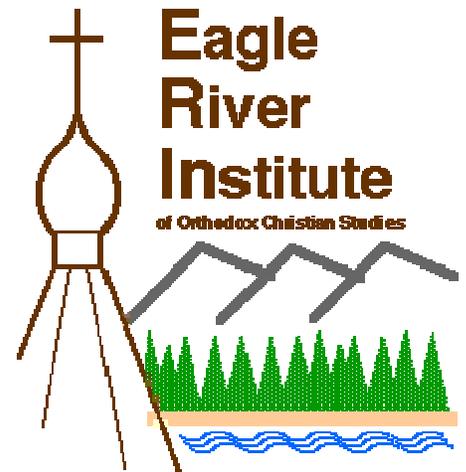
Looking back, Charles says his greatest regret is that he was afraid of commitment and so never got married and had a family. He never learned a trade. He says that he mostly feels disgusted with his life and is not happy. "If someone were to come into this room with a gun," he says, "most people would get out of the way and hide, but not me. I would stay and let him shoot me." When this regret comes over him, his face becomes momentarily dark and frustrated. Sometimes he is angry about his poor health or past mistakes and will shout at himself. Yet at the same time he has a deep respect and love for the Church and the Bible. He can quote all of the Ten Commandments and explain them. He knows Psalm 23 by heart and many passages from the Gospel. Because Jesus commanded that we pray in secret, Charles is uncomfortable with sports teams and other groups that pray in public – group prayers are to be done in Church. He only prays, he says, in his bed or, if he has cursed or had a bad thought, quietly makes the sign of the Cross.

Charles was never in the military. He has always been a pacifist and will not watch movies because of the violence they often contain. Through his years of drifting, he especially thanks God for keeping him alive; he has never been physically hurt by anyone. Charles likes the spiritual tranquility at St. John's and he loves to see the children growing up in the Orthodox

atmosphere, playing together at school and on the lawn. He has visited us now for nearly ten years, faithfully showing up every Christmas and Pascha, and sometimes in between. He appreciates those here who have helped him and was visibly joyful to see Dn. Dan ordained this past Christmas. When asked how he will spend the rest of his life, Charles mentions returning to the Lower 48; he also mentions checking out the senior centers in Chugiak and Palmer. But it is hard for him to shake the life

of hitchhiking and drifting to which he has become accustomed. Charles is a mixture of severe regret and humble gratitude, of deep frustration and soft reverence, of disconnected thoughts and steady, hard work. He says that when he dies, he wants to be buried in the Orthodox way. May God, who watches over even the sparrow in the sky and Who loves all men, grant this request and, when the time comes, open for Charles an eternal home in heaven.

This article is based on an interview by Fr. Marc on January 17, 2005.



"Liturgy and Life"

with

Rev. Dr. Alkiviadis Calivas

and Rev. Dan Suci

August 1-5, 2005

sponsored by

Saint John Orthodox Cathedral

PO Box 770616

Eagle River, Alaska 99577

Email: SaintJohnERI@aol.com

Web: www.stjohnalaska.org

(907) 696-2002

Antiochian Orthodox Christian
Archdiocese

A Gift of Hospitality

continued from page 1



Father Mike relates his story to Olga Prikhodka from Russia.

cover people asleep in their basement who had not been there at bedtime the previous evening. In today's world, that sounds scary, but at the time the maxim of St. John the Evangelist ruled: "Perfect love casts out fear." The Dunaway's hospitality wasn't a "hospitality of convenience." It was a gift of God. True hospitality isn't always convenient. When the angels appeared to Abraham at the Oaks of Mamre, he didn't say to them, "Please come at a time when I expect you." No, he prepared the fatted calf. Likewise for the Dunaways, hospitality wasn't merely a choice – it was a way of life.

When Fr. Harold and Barbara moved from Anchorage to Eagle River in 1972 to establish the "Big House" ministry (now the St. James House), hospitality was the pillar. That pillar became the foundation for St. John's cathedral. Hospitality helped bring people to Christ and His Kingdom. It made them feel welcome and important. This was a place for them to grow in God's love, to mature in the faith, to gain stability and to find peace of soul.

St. Paul said that a spiritual overseer must be hospitable (1 Tim 3:2), and Fr. Harold followed that instruction by being open and available to all. But there is a saying that behind every good man is a good woman and, when it came to hospitality, Barb took the cake (and baked it, too). Amid meetings and Bible studies and meals and young people coming and going at all hours of the day and night - and her own children to raise - Barbara

was the glue that held the Big House together. She was always gracious and kind, fulfilling the words of St. Peter: "Be hospitable to one another without grumbling." (1 Pet 4:9) Barbara was also a straightforward counselor. She once asked me what I wanted in life and when I said "a wife," she replied with a typical "Barbara-ism": "Well, Mike, maybe someday God will make

you the type of man that a woman will want to marry." That took a while to digest.

Every year on the next to last Sunday before Lent, we are reminded in the Gos-

pel of Matthew about the Last Judgment. At this Great Judgment, Jesus will separate the sheep from the goats. He will put the sheep on His right side and the goats on His left. Then He will say to His sheep, "Come, you blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you

from the foundation of the world... for I was a stranger and you took Me in." (Mt 25:35)

The Dunaway's hospitality wasn't a "hospitality of convenience." It was a gift of God. True hospitality isn't always convenient.

Over the years, hundreds, even thousands, have passed through the St. James House and the community of St. John's, experiencing the hospitality of the Dunaways and of those who followed after and learned from them. These "strangers" have come from all over Alaska and the world – from the Lower 48, Canada, Central America, Europe, Australia, Africa and Asia. Visitors have

"Be hospitable to one another without grumbling. As each one has received a gift, minister it to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." 1 Peter 4:9-10

pel of Matthew about the Last Judgment. At this Great Judgment, Jesus will separate the sheep from the goats. He will put the sheep on His right side and the goats on His left. Then He will say to His sheep, "Come, you blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you

ranged from the psychotic to the Patriarch of Moscow, and everything in between.

Thirty-four years ago I showed up at Fr. Harold and Barbara's doorstep. I was a stranger. They took me in. I'm still here.



The Dunaway family and friends in 1971, Fr Mike is second from right in the front.

Everyone's Home

by Jenny Stogsdill

The plan was set! Two friends and I would hop on our bicycles (which we didn't yet own) and ride down the west coast from Alaska, trying to stay one step ahead of winter weather. For two of us, the trip would be a celebration of our graduation from college.

It was 1971 and my days were occupied by classes and studying - except for my regular Saturday night excursions, which I made "religiously" to the Anchorage home of Harold and Barb Dunaway and their three children. The house was usually full, so I wiggled my way into a corner of the living room or found a place on the stairway where I could hear the message of grace. But it was more than just the message, the occasional rabbit stew, the camaraderie, and a night off from studying that kept me coming back. I had never experienced the sort of welcome that Harold and Barb shared with everyone and had personally given to me. In their home, I saw that a table set for five could become a table serving twenty-five, an art of hospitality that I have yet to learn. But what I did learn was that my Saturday night inoculations were just what was needed for the healthy spiritual life I determined to pursue.

Soon, with my college degree in hand, I left town to work as many hours in a day as management would allow at Mt McKinley Park Hotel in hopes of making enough money to equip myself for the thousand mile bike trip. Right away, I saw the chance in my prestigious position as one of the hotel dishwashers to "pay forward" the lessons of hospitality I



Saint James House

learned from the Dunaways. Each morning before starting my shift, I posted an inspirational or Biblical quote on an index card above the leaky hotel sink. This soon became the check-in point and hub for all kitchen helpers on all shifts, who were always in need of a little encouragement. Much to my delight, the warmth and kindness of Barb Dunaway followed me north and her letters were a great source of encouragement and guidance. She spoke of the progress they were

efforts to save it. When the Dunaway family secured the means to occupy a former convent on five acres of land in Eagle River, I was invited in the fall of 1972 to join them and eight other young people to live in community.

Each morning began with Bible study and book reviews, followed by an afternoon of chores, massive remodeling, and miscellaneous work done together around the house and property. None of us were permanently employed, which

Life teaches each of us that plans get rearranged by reality – often for the best. The adventure I had planned was not the one I ended up taking.

making in finding a larger house for their "mission" work. With Francis and Edith Schafer's L'Abri as an example of "community" living, the Dunaways believed such a place could exist in Alaska – a place where spiritual discussions infiltrated the day, where time would be allowed for Bible study and the airing of thoughts and opinions. It would be a place where people learned about themselves and learned to love their neighbors, to accept and to forgive.

Life teaches each of us that plans get rearranged by reality – often for the best. The adventure I had planned was not the one I ended up taking. The hotel burned to the ground despite my personal

was part of the arrangement of living by faith and trusting God's will. Monthly rent had either been saved in advance or most often earned by working odd jobs that somehow got offered to us by friends and anonymous supporters at just the right time and lasting for only a day or two so as not to interfere with our daily "work" in the community. I even sold my car and used the profit to squeeze in another month's rent and stay a little longer.

More than thirty years have passed since I first began living in the company of others. I have been joined in life by a wonderful husband and two great boys and have come to love the Orthodox faith, which now flows through the veins of this community, blessed to live in a place where everybody is at home.



Jenny & Sam Stogsdill

**Saint John the Evangelist
Orthodox Cathedral
P.O. Box 771108
Eagle River, Alaska 99577**

www.stjohnalaska.org



SAINT YAKOV, FIRST NATIVE PRIEST OF ALASKA

By Maye Johnson

Yakov Netsvetov was born on the Pribolov Island of Saint George in 1804. His father Egor, from Tobolsk, Russia, was an employee of the Russian-American Company who married Maria, a Unangan Aleut and a native of Atka. Egor made sure his children were well educated, teaching them to read and write and sending them all to Russia for further education. Yakov was sent to seminary in Irkutsk where he was tonsured a reader and married Anna Simeonova in 1825. He soon became a deacon and in 1828 was ordained to the priesthood. He was assigned to his home parish at Atka, the first native-born priest to serve in Alaska.

The parish of Atka was almost 2000 miles long and included several other small islands, which he visited regularly, building churches, administering the sacraments, and caring for the needy, especially children. The employees of the Russian-American Company had introduced many natives to the fundamentals of the Church; Fr. Yakov chrismated them, taught them and helped them to deepen their faith. He built schools, taught the children in Russian and Aleut, and worked with Fr. John Veniaminov on translation of the scriptures and other texts into the natives' language. As teacher, pastor, iconographer, scholar and physician, he served everyone he met.

Between 1835-37 Fr. Yakov suffered the loss of his dear wife, his father and a nephew who he had raised as a son, as well as the destruction of his house by fire. In 1837 he petitioned his bishop for permission to return to Irkutsk and was told that he could do so when a replacement priest was found. No replacement was found and Fr. Yakov served the island parish until the end of 1844. In 1845 he traveled to an even more physically and spiritually demanding place, the Yukon/Kuskokwim Delta, where he continued his ministry to natives who had not heard of Christianity. In 1848 his health suffered due to malnourishment and many services were conducted from his bed.

Fr. Yakov was a priest who experienced joy – Paschal joy. He loved the people he served and received strength from serving the liturgy. He died in 1864, almost blind and in poverty, and was canonized in 1994.

