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## Box 13, Folder 08 - Notebook "The Exorcism" (E.M.S.)

Edwin Mortimer Standing

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# QUADERNO

*Assisi*

CARTIERE  
AMBROGIO BINDA  
MILANO

1850

## The Exorcism.

Related to me by ~~Miss~~ Miss Morris who  
had it from the Bishop of Assisi  
— May 2<sup>nd</sup> 1901

At that time the Bishop was head  
of a monastery of some sort, & there was  
no one else in the district - no Bishop -  
who could deal with such cases.

The case was a girl - who even  
since she was a child had been  
periodically "possessed". She had lived  
intervals however. In one of these she  
was married to a Frenchman. The  
latter however was obliged to leave  
her owing to these possessions.

Her mother came to the Bishop to  
ask him. He said it was necessary to  
make full enquiries re. and of her  
confessor - a Capuchino.

This was done today first.

She, her mother & the Capuchins came. They were all in the room together - the two ecclesiastics talking some distance apart.

The girl seemed quite normal & was very pretty.

As the two ecclesiastics talked quite apart on one side of the room the latter did mention the phrase eternal punishment. At this suddenly the girl's appearance changed. Behave it or not her hair began slowly to stand on end - like a plant growing. Her tongue began to grow out of her mouth - out & out - but not - yards long - towards the bishop, who admits he was horribly frightened.

He sent for his strongest monk, who with the Capuchins & the mother could scarce keep her down

The excursion lasted 3 hours, after wh.  
the girl came & flung herself at  
the Bishop's feet & thanked him.

"But they will come back: there  
were three of them"

The Bishop said he felt desperately  
tired for 3 or 4 days afterwards

He also said that this was  
permitted because some one in the  
family grandfather or some other  
ancestor had committed some  
sacrilege to the Blessed Sacrament

## A visit to San Damiano.

I visited it two years before, but when I came again I was struck most by the same thing. An indescribable atmosphere of peace surrounds & pervades it. It lies outside the town about 20 minutes walk & retains its pristine solitude.

It lies perched on the ridge of the hill which rises up to Assisi & away beyond. The flat green plain spreads out below with its poplar trees & cypresses & vines, its dotted hamlets, all so calm & still - as I saw them - in the serene light of evening. Across the plain opposite the towers & spires of Perugia can be seen, & here & there on the surrounding hills surrounding the plain other cities can be

seen capping the hills as splashes  
of sunlight reveal them from  
the blue haze of the distance.

You walk down from Assisi  
through <sup>by</sup> a road with rich corn  
on either side, & blue lilies  
standing in the midst of the corn; &  
the field ~~is~~ is spangled with poppies -  
poppies innumerable, & the sides  
of the road colored with ~~the~~  
flowers, visited by innumerable  
colored butterflies. As you  
come to San Damiano the first  
thing you see is the statue of  
St Clare holding up the Pyx  
~~when~~ which put to flight the  
Invading Saracens. A flat  
country and outside the gates entrance  
to the Church. Before you  
enter the Monastery the peace  
descends upon you wrapping



your spirit with a healing balm.

The sound of a stream running  
sabbly by, seems to deepen the  
silence; as also does the trilling  
of the birds, the occasional sound  
of a bell or a distant call from  
the plain below.

A German Boykin —

Wendelind. multivisor &  
shows them round. He is no  
stereotyped guide: it is a labour  
of love to him. Long practice has  
made him able to size up as a  
man the spiritual average of the  
parties he shows round. He treats  
them accordingly. If they come into  
the chapel with great reverence  
and respect, & say a prayer or two  
to begin with he feels more at  
home. He knows what things they  
will appreciate: & he gives more  
details & explains at greater

length, knowing he will not be  
boring his audience, nor casting  
pearls etc!

From the flat courtyard outside  
one enters the ~~short~~ little chapel of  
St Damiano. One's first impression  
is - how small it is! <sup>how dark</sup> & how  
black the roof. - This due to extinction  
of candle smoke & incense. So  
small is the chapel that one  
one Sunday evening I happened to be  
in the chapel, listening to the monks  
at vesper when I heard a  
commotion & a banging & saw  
two porters carrying something  
down the aisle. It turned out to  
be the pulpit. This is taken put  
in for Sundays & Feast days &  
taken away again after the  
~~24~~ as it ~~now~~ takes up so much  
room in the church & yet it is  
as small as any pulpit could be!

Opening There is a little side  
chapel - just large enough for the  
small altar and two kneelers -  
in which is kept the famous  
miraculous crucifix. It was  
made it was done in the city  
by Bro. ~~was~~ he was  
said to have been assisted by an  
angel. When you see it it does  
not seem incredible. The statue  
is carried out of a dark wood &  
is a masterpiece of religious art.  
There are some very remarkable features  
about it. One is that if you look  
at the face fr. the left side, it presents  
our Lord ~~as~~ as still suffering.

If you then stand in front of it  
our Lord is seen to be dying, & if  
you go to the right side look  
up, it so presents our Lord as  
in the agonies of death.

But the chapel small as it  
is not a small as it was when  
the young St Francis entered it

and heard the crucifix  
speak to him. "Vade Franca et  
repara domum meam, quae perit". The  
actual crucifix is not there, having  
been removed to the Church of  
Santo Andrea in Assisi, but  
> a copy still hangs over the altar.

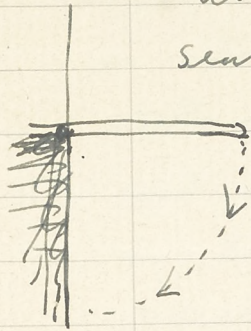
From the Church you pass to  
a little room where St Clare was  
buried and her two sisters St Agnes  
& . . . Sometimes the room is  
found to be pervaded with a beautiful  
scent quite indescribable. From  
this room you pass to the old  
Choir where St Clare & her nuns  
said the office. The seating arrangements  
- you can hardly call them stalls -  
are surprisingly deep. Just flat

Yet there is no shame for this effect  
& the whole is a complete unity.

Another feature is the marks of  
the ropes on the wrist of his  
right arm. Also the left shoulder  
is seen to be tenderly dislocated, &  
on one of the crown thorns of his  
crown is pressing deeply into  
his forehead. The

Just by the door of the chapel  
is a <sup>square</sup> sort of niche, which is the  
cathedral's old font. The window  
through which St. Francis flung  
down the money he had brought  
from Talieiro.

polished boards of dark polished oak  
that ~~left up and~~ hang to the  
wall, can be swung up  
at right angles to form a  
seat when wanted. You simply



could not imagine anything  
more primitive! / P. 100

On the ground floor too is the  
Refectory. Such a manly place.  
So dark like all the rest  
of the building. There are the very  
same long wooden tables & seats  
- just roughly planned & smooth  
with age & use. One time I  
looked in the remains of the  
Communists simple meal ware  
still on the table. At the end of one  
of the tables there is always a  
vase of flowers - to in remembrance  
of the fact that St. Clare used to  
sit there, & where she would be missed  
of the men

In this room - the Chair of St Anne  
is also a niche in the wall where  
St Francis had when his father  
came for him with a stick. There  
is now a painting of St Francis in  
the niche said to have been done  
by St Anne herself.

Vesitors can pass to into just one corner of the cloister - in fact it is from this corner that you can peep thro' a window into the Refectory.

Several times ~~in~~ when I was there I saw the Brothers in the cloister and was allowed to take the accompanying snaps. I couldn't take the refectory as it was so dark it would need a long long exposure.

I was however able to make a shot at the Church one evening, as the setting sun shone to horizontal beams right thro' the open door.

From the <sup>little</sup> room with the perfume you pass up a narrow stone stair way to the first floor (there is of course no second!). On the way up however you turn to the right thro' a very low door - about four feet! - into St Clare's Guardnetto.



It was a beautiful night in my  
The moon shone on the great valley  
A white ribbon of the road. Blakely  
with shadows of alders.?

Beyond the town of the north  
lights.

Shallid along. looking for Drunk into  
cape, behind -

Dang - no

Quiet, dust, - electric light  
Ever running river. deep in the valley.  
- a lake in the north line.

Crows in shrub. children - playing  
people sitting out on porches  
great gumbus into houses  
Coming back.

Group of girls singing in  
the end of street

First hand street singing

Oriental cadence

Drum

Begin to add up the  
units.

Take away first  
Ten.

Is one Barla?

No?

Then guess on 2 lines  
3 times

Great excitement

address focus 10.

Olgo always work better

if there are more children

15 children

---

L. L. L. in a P. Envt

B Envt. Biologically used.

Environmt Reverals.

Monkey.

Jabre & his words

What is Childs Envt

Made for Adult.

The School - ? - still adult.

Kindergarten

Plants

Animal.

Intellectual & Spiritual

Must be free in it.

Eg. Now children - free

My brother again & back to bus  
from Villa San Francisco  
Very pleasant  
I found me to still.

---

### San Damiano

The little boys & stamps  
Francisco. San Damiano!

---

Got quite like a guide.

12 am. stand there alone in  
chapel.

2 Annuns come in - no idea  
Descendo to crucifix.

Saint Cosman & Damna

medici! - great family!!

Value affez

Yes - because new doctors

Went round - bedroom full  
of snuffs 10 at least

to Doctors, & she was restoring  
this chapel & painting it as a  
church offering. Then she took  
my breath away by saying that  
she was a Protestant & a Theosophist  
& a friend & admirer of Krishna-  
murti. Also that his name was  
Lady Berkeley, & that she had divorced  
her first husband. I confess  
I was a bit flabbergasted &  
must have looked it, for she  
said "You don't like it as much  
now you know that". So  
I told her she was playing  
with symbols she didn't  
understand, like a child of two  
with letters of the alphabet. She  
took it in good part, & I  
argued against Theosophy &  
Krishnamurti (whom I have  
heard) for about an hour  
& a half. A queer sort-

of a "gangster", but she told  
me she had got leave from the  
Bishop of Assisi (the one who  
did the exorcism referred to in  
the beginning), & that he knew  
all her history. I hope he did,  
though I am inclined to doubt  
about the divorce. Anyway I  
suppose the good man - being  
charitable - felt that the atmosphere  
of Assisi & her work on St. Francis  
might help her to see light.

I mention this history because  
I think it would be a great  
kindness to pray for this  
poor thing's soul. She herself  
admits that she must either  
be a follower of Krishna murti  
or a Catholic. I felt sorry  
for her, because I myself know  
the line of Theosophy. So pray for  
her for, because she is so near  
San Damiano - your spiritual home.

will have about nine ears.

I used to dream again.

God the King of Kings has descended  
a new road in Education. a road  
which is going to by which there  
is not yet in sight.

It is after saw that a P. is not  
....., I think until  
the coming of the Regime. This was  
so in Italy to some extent.



## The Carcass

Got wrong starting out - nearly  
on to the castle -

Picture of some oxen - one being  
shoed -

Patric stuck in my camera -  
also they gave me a mill-rice hamper.

~~Up to~~ Out through the gate.

Hat - very hot.

Asked my - stopped the oxen  
"Bon parangro"

Up up. -

washing day.

Boys of flowers

Little girl. 14 years at school  
money.

Church Carriage

Shill hatter - mending the road.

Going to get water.

So had a month

3 hours

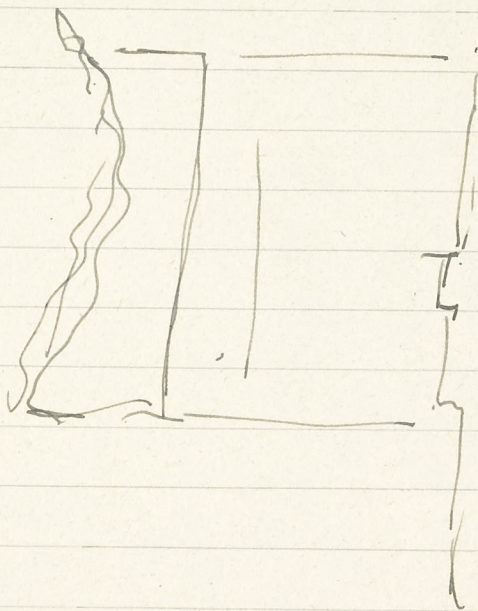
Went in to kitchen. - see.  
fetched bottle

Bratto came out. Benedicite  
Very amusing - amused.

Great hunger - hunger

"Tris vite"

Too quaint. simple - rock



St Francis cell. framed. Blessed to Birds  
Photo him looking up.

To Gratto - "Tris vite"

The Devils Hole. -

Fresco Fresco.

City of Dares

The Scorpion in the Church.

Rubic St Fr. cross

St Bernard of Senan

Up & down little stone stairs, baby  
has small boots - smallest chain  
in the world - turn to look round for  
a one to read.

Great door - with stone hinges  
"very strong!"

Very faint - too - possible to  
be something -

no?

Ash & Austrian painter  
rely on me! great laugh  
So off to his lunch

Talked about

Cieszke school

come away -

Left with stone masses

## Procris

Corpus Christi - raining.

used to have Sunday post

before

now Sunday as well

Verpalesque -

weather very unusual

Monday - found a man painting  
a design with flowers 4d. diam  
on pavement.

Debris come off

Sunday. great discussion

Pierre!

Sunlight exasperating. Now

Penegra - no Spalite, no

Arrow - no other cities

all round the vast plains

Small one. fs. upper or to  
lower.

Man went and opened

↳ Good carpet

~~At~~ Crowd assembled.

in upper Church. Grapes - looks  
like some of Daghens with  
Lambert too. v. comfortable

Q

Puerto at far end vestibule  
Group of little angels -

such rings.

with little ft banners

flowers +

mitts

2000 angels!

Met Fr Cuth. in bus & lunch from  
when to begin.

5.30

Any time to 6.30

True enough 5.45 some

frankies still arriving

Waiting. waiting. against. - one after  
another wedding march! -

At last began to get under  
Procession got time before  
I started

Out p. up p. Church  
across piazza & down street  
to lower one

Pract for Sun. one glimpse  
Took altus.

Very

The Umbrella like thing  
came out & stood - a man  
completely hidden under it

At last under way. - very  
beautiful even without  
the sun

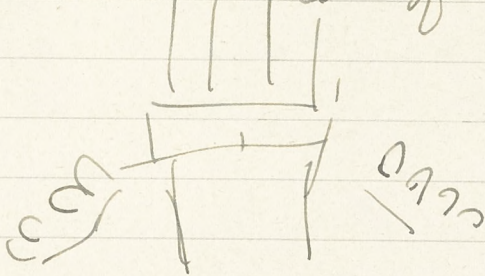
One little angel carried ?

Came to lower Church.

Sign altar under the Gialto  
frescoes - Povera Chiesa

Ordinum & Ap of St Francis  
Crowd kept back by a  
fence went across 10th

Very beautiful altar  
All 16 little angels on the sides  
on each side of the altar



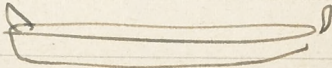
Beautiful singing of choir  
Sacramentum.....

Benediction -

Some prayers

Then a great undressing

150 I suppose - no Sacros:

Big panel   
like Moses ark



putting away - great  
confusion.

Chau song.

In crowd at far end  
near the Guardian Angels of  
the Angels - make + notes  
Saw their little heads above  
the crowd as they were being  
carried off half asleep  
I should think.

3 Chinese

Details 135 Priests gorgeous  
vestments

Papal Arms + Bell

St John the Baptist  
halo, skin, cross.

Stood on the terrace looking  
across cups like hollow from  
hall to Subyaco. - climbed  
up to walk to Palace of Anna  
Bozia.

Behind Neronian ruins -  
above monastery of San Speco.  
St Benedict. -

Peaceful night - radio -

Water was in meditative  
mood - sentimental -

Took photo.

Again down stairs. to  
Claudia - some snaps  
at last leave.

---

Lady Berkeley's Chapel

2<sup>nd</sup> time. -

must ask the name

Next time ask a

A Priest

An ecclesiastical debt - suffers  
was allowed to come

Happened in 1919. - end  
of war.

Came at end to say that  
he was free from Purgatory.

How long?

Name?

Demetrius Fathin - went to Am to get  
money for the new facade

"You English poke into things  
too much"

Show me - please St F died.

Story of Angel Bro. Elias.

The Roses.

W the mth # cubes. — a great  
pull

6345

6224

6721

3 -

of cubes. —

Came at last to the end  
of # cubes —  
?

Also takes 10 hundreds  
and — goes to make one  
from ten

— (a) — Two them together.

(b) <sup>or</sup> Substitute a block  
of round  
a symbol

che huff!

Frank standing near in road  
opp. a madonn. lit by electric  
light. with flowers in front

Came then he a common  
Group of old women sitting out  
on door steps. Child with baby  
on knees. —

9 o'clock in evening.

2 vva mana —

ma ruan a

long quavering intonation

then.

Lily of the madonnas

Poor Malan girls - father

300 a month. —

Speller justice.

Then the chorus took it  
up.

Then some ones

Dumme Prauses.

Santa Maria della Misericordia

My two German Beathies - Brox  
for San Dam & for Santa Chiara  
great friends. Down in the bus  
Gave me a sermon on indulgences  
always a bit puzzled.

This one. went state of soul -  
no set no of prayers.

Des. Plenary Indulgence. Set  
a soul out of purgatory.

very hard. -

old woman came begging  
- gave her something & began  
again. - then for that purpose

It seemed to me you no. he just  
gave no out - Purgatory

So it seemed queer.

Three nuns & a lady came  
up.

Just what they did do -

In out - In out

near end to the shingle things in  
the Church. So I stunk off &  
to the whole list - in want  
meanwhile Brothers off to Confessor  
Also must in want to  
48 years of it!

Asked him the spoke English  
from Ascot (Frisvalaus)

Gave me another lecture on the  
Sauls

Convent nearby. - one of mine  
did without the holy sacrament  
Suffered heavily. came heavy  
on door.

Left a mark of hand. could  
not efface it.

hooked head crying & saying  
Said it is the Passion - in Latin  
Cupboard - one cupb. 2. 3<sup>d</sup>  
vow & make

Escaped by the Inquisition



She begged for hours to be said  
appeared just before lunch  
stayed long till 4  
One runs very faint. - said  
go to bed.

Anyway appeared again  
said thanks those 3 days  
had knocked off 15 years  
of Pungent

---

Speaking of Pungent.

Comment at.

As a being at turnstyle  
a voice. and so the parts  
not to put in -

What for - ? would not say?

Again & again came  
always the same.

No sign parts - it not  
come.

Speak to Chaplain

One time I went and this was an  
immensely tall Polish Priest in the part  
I thought he was never going to be able  
to double up sufficiently to get in  
the garden. - but he just managed it  
looking rather like Gallucci in  
Liddiput.

This garden is infinitely small  
but infinitely sweet & beautiful. You  
can almost take it for a curdant  
that St Clare still comes & looks at  
her roses

then  
bles . for it seems as  
if her spirit was specially ~~to~~ present  
there - at least so it seems for me.

It is indeed very much of an etto  
& (giardinetto) so much so that  
if there are about 7 people in the  
party the full it all up. But it  
wasn't say that matter

After you go  
is fewer far in May.

Once part I was with (I spent  
hours going round with part after  
part - I simply couldn't leave the  
place) Bo. Wendelund was very  
expansive & gave us each a  
a leaf or something from the garden.  
He knows all about you, so he  
I plucked a whole rose, specially  
for "Three Sot Schwester" - <sup>excusing</sup> explaining  
to the rest of the part his gross favoritism  
by explaining "This is a Pootlase you know."

Though the view from the garden is small  
pucalissimo the view from it is  
wonderful. First you look out  
onto the garden of the monastery, ~~which~~  
just below, where St Francis  
composed the Canticle of the Sun. &  
beyond that & between two cypress  
trees to the plain beyond. — that  
wonderful, living carpet of  
green fields & vineyards & hamlets  
& away beyond to blue hills of  
Umbria. Just to think  
of that garden & that view & the  
whole monastery brings a kind of  
peace to the soul accompanied by a  
sort of homesickness for its heavenly  
atmosphere.

Coming out of the garden thro the  
little low door & getting to the top of  
the stairs you come directly to St  
Clara <sup>Oracy</sup> Sanducci, where she was

All (of them) for so many years.

Then one of the most interesting things is a little trap door in the floor through by means of which St. Clare was able to ascend at the Hay Mass which was being celebrated in the altar immediately below. There is also a simple square hole in the wall which was St. Clare's Tabernacle. And it was from here in this little room that all the snakes came flocking to her in fear when the Saracens were at the door & ran on the roof. It was from this tabernacle St. Clare took the Blessed Host - the Pyx is still there - & went with it through the doorway, to the door at the far end. Bro. Wendelinus near the end of this story & tells it so graphically you can almost see the Saracens fully from the roof after horse turning & galloping away in confusion.

The Dormitory is simply a barn -  
thats the only way of describing, with  
a miniature edition of the barn  
at Kildale. There is no glass on  
the windows, which open into the  
tiny closter; + the usual screaming  
snifts + wallows flying in +  
out all day. I slipped up into  
the dormitory all alone once +  
surprised at least 8 or 10 Swallows  
having a great time there; + one  
saw me they escaped into the  
closter.

I took a portrait from one of  
the windows of the dormitory. Because  
it shows the window of the cell  
where St Agnes died, so soon after  
her sister.

At the far end of the dormitory  
~~is the door~~ is the door, which  
in former days had a draw-bridge.

One of the things I like best in St  
Clare's oratory is the picture on the  
South wall.

It was at the window that  
St Clare showed the Blessed Sacrament  
to put to flight the Saracens.

In this room too is a <sup>case</sup> cupboard full  
of relics. These include a piece of  
the bread blessed by St Clare, a  
monstrance used by St Clare; also  
her breviary which is done in the  
most exquisite script. Also the  
bell used by St Clare, which has  
a beautiful tone " <sup>molto misero!</sup> ~~sto sicut mistiche~~  
<sup>as</sup> says Bro Wendelind. says.

Some of the photos I took at  
St Damiano have come out well,  
but some were ~~cut~~ half spoiled  
by a piece of paper wh. got into  
the camera. Still on the whole  
I was very lucky, considering the  
weather.

It was pathetic to see the  
ignorance of some of the visitors who  
came round, especially the Americans.

One day when I was at S. Damiano  
an American lady & her boy  
of about 13 came in.



Bro. Wendland was explaining that the chapel was dedicated to Saints Damian & Cosmas in the 3<sup>rd</sup> century. "Medici" they were meaning "doctors"; the lady roared down (she took real religion!) Oh, how wishing they belonged to the great Medici family!

Bro W. explained that the valuable offerings (hearts) in the little chapel of the miraculous crucifix were in thanksgiving for cures of various illnesses. "Oh?" she said not quite understanding.

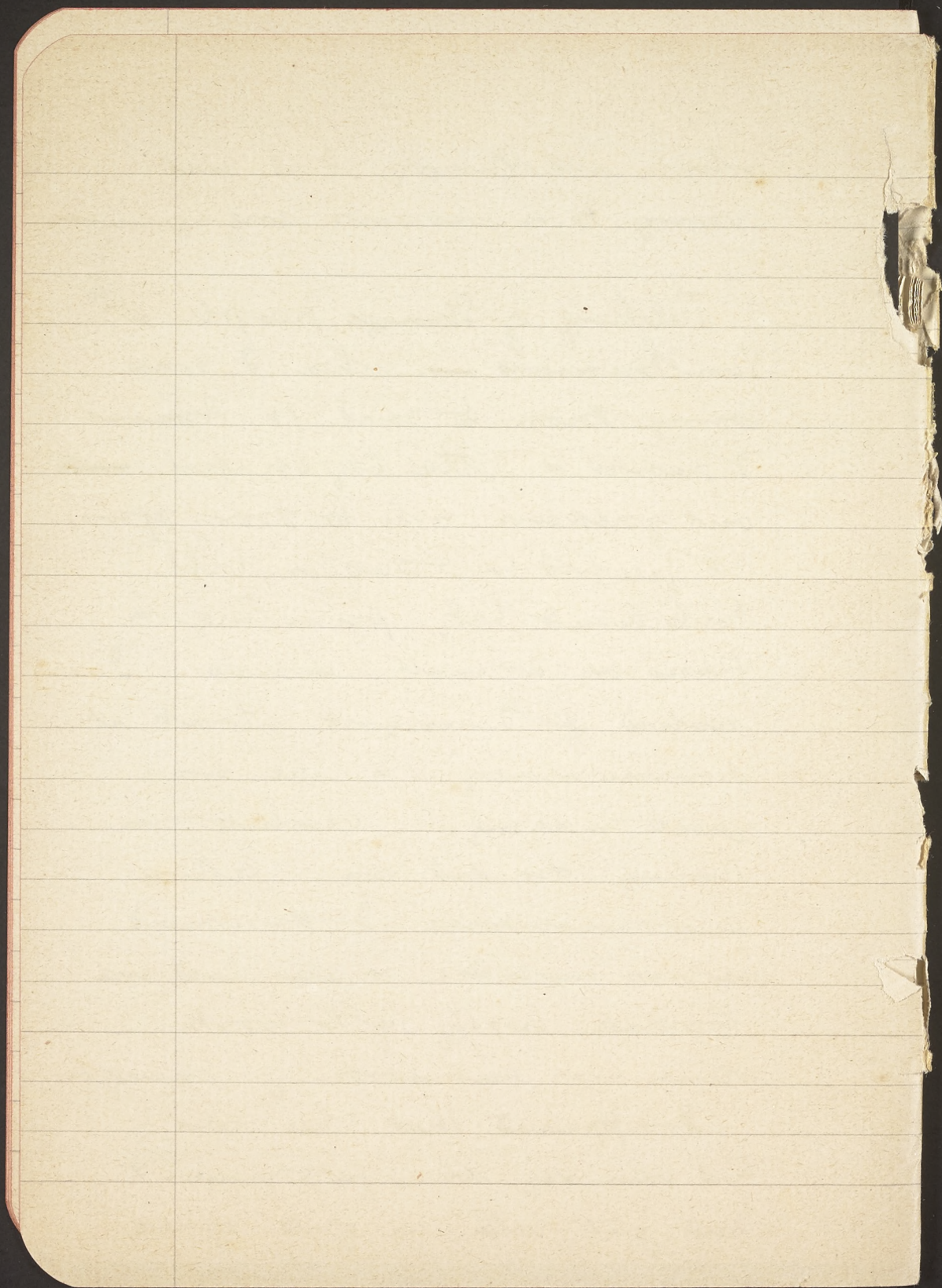
"You see they were doctors" put in the youth by way of marginal comment. But they were kind hearted people, & the lady was very thankful because the boy & I made friends (over cameras) & invited me to dine with them in the afternoon to Perugia,

which unfortunately I cd. not  
owing to a previous engagement.

Talking of strange people at  
San Damiano. — when I was  
coming down the road fr. Assisi  
I passed a little tiny chapel, with  
out of repair with the doors open.

I peeped in & saw a tall,  
dark haired lady painting a  
fresco on the wall inside. I  
asked if I might look at  
it more closely: & she was  
quite willing. I talked in  
Italian so did she. After a  
few moments I discovered  
she was English: & she told me  
the whole history of the work  
which was extraordinary enough.

It appeared that her son  
had been very ill — for 5 years. &  
had got better in spite of all



## THE EXORCISM

Retold to me by Miss Morris who had it from the Bishop of Assisi.

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At that time the Bishop was head of a monastery of some sort, and there was no one else in the district - no bishop who could deal with such cases.

The case was a girl, who ever since she was a child, had been periodically "possessed." She had lucid intervals, however. In one of these, she was married to a Frenchman. The father, however, was obliged to house her owing to these possessions.

The mother came to the Bishop to ask him. He said it was necessary to make full inquiries \_\_\_\_\_ and of her confessor - a Capuchino (sp?) This was done, and the day fixed. Shea (sp?), her mother and the Capuchino came. They were all in the room together. The two ecclesiastics talking some distance apart.

The girl seemed quite normal and was very pretty. As the two ecclesiastics talked quite apart on one side of the room, they happened to mention the phrase, "eternal punishment."

At this, suddenly the girl's appearance changed. Believe it or not, her hair began slowly to stand on end...like a plant growing. Her tongue began to grow out of her mouth - out and out and out - yards long - toward the Bishop, who admits he was horribly frightened.

He sent for his strongest monk, who, with the Capuchino and the mother, could scarce keep her down.

The exorcism lasted three hours, after which the girl came and flung herself at the Bishop's feet. "But they will come back; there were three of them."

The Bishop said he felt desperately tired for three or four days afterward. He also said that this was permitted because someone in her family -grandfather- or some other ancestor, had committed some sacrilege against the Blessed Sacrament.

a visit to San Damiano

(This was written in fairly clear hand, so I went through it carefully, hoping that I could learn more about some of Standings' peculiar letter formations. It sounded like a good idea, but when I tried deciphering some of the other notes - they remained a mystery to me.

## A Visit to San Damiano

I visited it many years before, and when I came again I was struck most by the same thing. An indescribable atmosphere of peace surrounds and pervades it.

the town about 20 minutes walk and its pristine solitude

It is perched on the edge of the hill which rises up to Assisi and away beyond. The flat, green plain spreads out below with its poplar trees and cypress groves, its dotted hamlets, all so calm and still — as I saw them in the serene light of evening. Across the plain opposite the <sup>of P</sup> can be seen and here and there on the hills surrounding the plain, other cities can be seen, capping the hills as splashes of sunlight reveal them from the blue haze of the distance.

You walk down from Assisi by a road with rich corn on either side and olive trees standing in the midst of the corn, & the field is splattered with poppies — poppies innumerable — and the sides of the road covered with flowers, visited by innumerable coloured butterflies. As you come to San Damiano the first thing you see is the statue of St. Clare holding up the <sup>P</sup> which

put to flight the invading Saracens. Before you enter the monastery the peace descends on you, wrapping your spirit with a healing balm. The sound of a stream, running softly by, seems to deepen the silence; as also does the trilling of the birds, and the occasional sound of a bell or a distant voice from the plains below.

A German Brother - Wendilend(?) meets visitors and shows them around. He is no stereotyped guide: it is a labor of love to him. Long practice has made him to size up, as it were, the spiritual average of the parties he shows around, and he treats them accordingly. If they come into the chapel with great reverence, genuflect, and say a prayer or two to begin with, he feels more at home. He knows what things they will appreciate, and he gives more details and explains at greater length, knowing he will not be boring his audience, nor casting pearls, etc!

From the flat courtyard outside, one enters into the chapel of San Damiana. One's first impression is - how small it is! - how dark and how black the (roof)? This due

to centuries of candle smoke and incense. ~~One~~

One Saturday evening I happened to be in the chapel, listening to the monks at vespers, when I heard a commotion and a banging, and saw two brothers carrying something down the aisle. It turned out to be the pulpit. This is put in for Sundays and feasts days and is taken away again as it takes up so much room in the church, and yet it is as small as any pulpit can be.

There is a little side chapel - just big enough for the small altar and two kneelers - in which is kept the famous miraculous crucifix. It was done in the \_\_\_\_\_ century by Brother \_\_\_\_\_

He was said to have been assisted by an angel. When you see it, it does not sound incredible. The statue is carved out of a dark wood and is a masterpiece of religious art. There are some very remarkable features about it. One is, that if you look at the face from the left side, it presents Our Lord as still suffering. If you then stand in front Our Lord is seen to be dying. And if



you go to the right side and look  
up it (portrays)? Our Lord in the  
repose of death.

Yet the chapel, small as it is,  
is not as small as it was when  
St. Francis entered it - and  
heard the crucifix speak to him.  
"Vade Tracesca et repara  
donum meum, quae penit."

The actual crucifix is not  
there having been removed to  
the Church of Santo A \_\_\_\_\_ in  
Assissi, but a copy still hangs over  
the altar.

From the church you pass  
to the little room where St. Clare  
was buried, and her two sisters,  
St. Agnes + \_\_\_\_\_. Sometimes  
the room is found to be pervaded  
with a beautiful scent, quite in-  
escapeable. From this room you  
pass to the old choir where St.  
Clare and her nuns said the  
office. The seating arrangement -  
you can hardly call them stalls -  
are simplicity itself - just flat  
boards of dark polished oak that  
hang to the wall, and can be  
swung up at right angles to  
form a seat when wanted. You  
simply couldn't imagine anything  
more primitive!

On the ground floor too is the refectory. Such a marvellous place. So dark & like all the rest of the building. There are the very same long wooden ~~benches~~ tables and seats, just roughly planed & smooth with age and use. One time I looked in the (remains) of the community's simple meal was still on the table. At the end of one of the tables there is always a vase of flowers, ~~as~~ in remembrance of the fact that St Anne used to sit there, and where she \_\_\_\_\_ of the \_\_\_\_\_

Visitors can pass into just one corner of the chapel - in fact it is from this corner that you can peep through a window into the refectory.

Several times while I was there I saw the Brothers in the cloister and was allowed to take the accompanying snaps (photos?) I couldn't take the refectory as it was so dark it would need a long, long exposure. I was however, able to make a spot at the Church one evening, as the setting sun, shone its horizontal beams right through the open door.

From the other room with the perfume you pass up a narrow

stone stairway to the first floor  
(there is, of course, no second!) On  
the way up you turn to the right  
through a very low door - about  
four feet! - Santa St. Clara

grandmelto?

Yet there is no \_\_\_\_\_ for this effect, and the whole is a complete \_\_\_\_\_. Another feature is the marks of the ropes on the wrist of his right arm. Also the left shoulder is seen to be \_\_\_\_\_ discolored, and one of the thorns of his crown is pressing deeply into his forehead.

Just by the door of the chapel is a square niche, which centuries ago formed the window through which St. Francis flung down the money he had had brought from \_\_\_\_\_.

In this room the <sup>choir</sup>~~choir~~ of St. Clare is also a niche in the wall where St. Francis hid when his father came for him with a stick. There is now a painting of St. Francis in the niche, said to have been done by St. Clare herself.

(several pages later)

One time I went and there was an immensely tall Polish Priest in the (port?) I thought he was never going to be able to double up sufficiently to get into the garden - but he just managed it, looking rather like Gulliver in Lilliput.

This garden is infinitely small but infinitely sweet and beautiful.

You can almost take it for a certainty that St. Clare still comes and looks at her roses and her \_\_\_\_\_, for it seems as if her spirit was specially present there - at least so it seemed to me. It is very much of an etto (grandmetto) so much so that if there are about 7 people in the party, they fill it all up. But it isn't size that matters.