
LIBER AMICORUM



IN HONOR OF
FR. REGINALD FOSTER O.C.D.
ON HIS 75TH BIRTHDAY

SECOND REVISED EDITION

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Reginalde,

Simply put, you changed my life in many profound ways that are still unfolding twenty years after my time in Rome during the spring and summer of both 1993 and 1994 during my husband's sabbatical. Much of the deeply human experiences I read about with you at the Gregoriana, on literary tours and in your summer school -- expressed in Cicero's letters, Plautus's comedies, St. Augustine's confessions and so many more authors -- continue to inform my thinking in both my personal and professional life. No, I didn't end up as a Latin teacher, but as a clinical social worker in a role that involves some teaching. I still read Latin, however, and regularly quote relevant passages to anyone who will listen. I also am a member of a community of musicians and singers who meet regularly to make music informally *inter pocula* -- an experience that links quite directly to my pleasure in singing Latin with you and your flock in Rome.

Hands down, you are the best teacher of any subject I have ever had. You saw me accurately -- both strengths and weaknesses -- and facilitated my growth as a Latin scholar and a human being while simultaneously doing the same for others at very different levels. You are a definitely a role model for my own teaching -- especially for the mixing of the serious with the not-so-serious, for showing my own vulnerability and for helping people overcome obstacles by holding their feet to the fire, if they can take it.

Most of all, you provided a glorious and inspiring example of how teaching, learning, love of a subject and a joyful community of learners can become part of what makes life worth living. Shirley Herbert and I are still friends and so, though I have not kept in touch with you directly for a long time, I feel connected to you through her. My husband, Greg, and I both send our gratitude to you for our time with you in Rome and our best wishes for health and happiness in all you do.

Imo ex corde gratias tibi ago.

Patricia Kuhlman

A CLASSROOM ON A HILL

I think we're all glad to be at the end of these speeches, so I'll be brief. I thought I'd share with you an ending of my own, not one of the level we face in June, but one on a smaller scale.

I spent three and a half weeks of my summer in a classroom at the top of a hill. I had decided to go to Rome to study Latin with the Papal Latin Secretary, Father Reginald Foster. I arrived in Rome on July 4, America's independence day, and I felt independent. I would get myself through a strange city to a strange classroom taught by a strange man and full of strange classmates without any problems, and I would enjoy the experience. Three hours into my "experience," as I wandered the streets of the lower Janiculum Hill, looking for St. Stephen's School, I decided that the colonists had had the wrong idea. Independence isn't all it's cracked up to be. In the 100 degree heat, I climbed and climbed, despairing that I would ever find the place. And even if I did, would I want to be there? Finally, I saw a middle-aged man with a black straw hat and briefcase slowly making his way up the same hill ahead of me. My last hope, I thought. This man looks like a Latin student. (I now think that if I had seen Rome's equivalent of Elvis Presley riding a motorcycle up that hill, I would have thought he looked like a Latin student.) I followed him, and followed him, up and up the hill, until he finally turned a corner into a wrought-iron gate. St. Stephen's School. The man was a Latin student, Bill, to all his classmates, though in his other life, he was an Australian Supreme Court Justice.

I had found my classroom for the next three and half weeks. But I was exhausted by jet lag and about to faint in the sweltering heat. As I took my place at a small desk, surrounded by thirty-nine other Latin students: American Latin teachers, foreign scholars, college students, my one hope was that Father Foster, who had only just met me and surely understood the effects of jet lag, would not call on me today.

“Susannah, responde Latine : quomodo venisti hodie?” I think that at that moment my voice and brain left my body and started to work independent of my command, because I said, “Ego volavi Romam, et ambulavi et cucurri ad scholam.”

My classmates laughed in comprehension, and Father Foster smiled encouragingly. “Bene! Bene! Tu es defessa. Dormi nunc! “

I had arrived, despite some difficulty, and I had answered a question in what I would soon recognize to be the hardest class I have ever taken. Break out the firecrackers.

The rest of my experience with Father Foster’s class was one part each of exhaustion and heat stroke and eight parts enthusiasm, joy, education, suspense, pride, honor, friendship, and finally, love. As a class we visited all the sites of ancient Rome and also had a chance to see some of the private rooms painted by Raphael in the Vatican. The Old Testament and New Testament stories told on the walls were breathtaking. Each day I climbed the Janiculum Hill in the sun only to arrive in a classroom where the real heat and electricity were generated by the students and the teacher. On my and Bill’s last day in class, Bill stood to say good-bye.

“Ave atque vale. Sed non, spero, in perpetuum.” I started to cry. I had been part of a classroom, and a class, on a hill. I had lived a dead language and made friends I would never forget. My walk down the hill that day was harder than all the walks up it combined. That hill, though, a friend reminded me later, has been there since Rome’s earliest days. It will be waiting for me when I go back.

Susannah Barton Tobin

Reginaldum senem iam senescens salutat Pincerna quem discipulum litteris instruxisti magistrum vel absens monuisti hominem quid sit humaniter vivere docuisti.

Shane Butler

RECOLLECTIONS FROM ROME, SUMMER 1992

“As I think upon and with my spirit draw up the memory of good Octavius, most loyal comrade, such warmth and affection touches me that I seem not merely to recall events that have transpired, but somehow to re-enter the past itself. Thus, contemplation of him, as much it is withheld from my eyes, so much is it knitted into my breast and my deepest senses.”

Cogitanti mihi et cum animo meo Octavi boni et fidelissimi contubernalis memoriam recensenti, tanta dulcedo et adfectio hominis inhaesit ut ipse quodam modo mihi viderer in praeterita redire, non ea quae iam transacta et decursa sunt recordatione revocare: ita eius contemplatio quantum subtracta oculis, tantum pectori meo ac paene intimis sensibus implicata est.

So begins Municius Felix’s fond recollection of his fellow soldier Octavius. I was assigned to memorize and recite these beautiful lines in the summer Latin course of 1992. The diploma I received now hangs proudly in my office between my bachelor’s and doctorate’s degrees. Aestiva Romae Latinitas was the most wonderful educational experience of my life.

I have many fond recollections I would like to share with you and through whose descriptions I would try to lead you vividly back to those blissful days. But so do you all. I will therefore be brief. I have chosen two.

Memoria prima. I grew up in a culturally Jewish home. But I am no longer even culturally Jewish. I was certainly not seeking spiritual illumination from the Roman Catholic Church in the summer of 1992. I did, however, attend a Mass that Reginald conducted, at the request of many of the program’s participants, in the basement of the monastery at San Pancrazio. Of course, the Mass was in Latin, and I recall his homily on the good Samaritan. Communion was subsequently distributed, and, well, I too opened my mouth and

took the offering. Later I learned that some of the participants, among them a few priests and nuns, were offended that I did.

When I arrived in Rome, I was already crazy about Latin. So you can imagine the effect the program and Reginald in particular had on me. To have been initiated into the living language with its two thousand year history pulsating all around me, my condition quickly deteriorated from crazy to hopeless. But I am not defending my take of communion on the grounds of insanity. Rather, by that time, several weeks into the course, I felt so much affection for my *collaboratores* and for the instructor that my act was an expression of community.

Memoria secunda. I forget the occasion— it might have been Reginald's birthday or perhaps it was some anniversary relating to his appointment as Latin Secretary. In any case, we students had planned a celebration and our mood was of course celebratory. But Reginald began the day asking us to postpone the celebration for another time. He explained that during the night he had received a phone call informing him of the passing of his mother. The news was shocking to all of us, as much as the fact that he had chosen to share it and that he had nonetheless come to teach. Perhaps his teaching and the community of his students brought him some measure of comfort. The poignancy of the event was further underscored a few days later when our Sunday excursion took us to Ostia Antica and where standing in the ruins of that ancient harbor town we read Augustine's eulogistic remarks on his own mother Monica.

Philosophers have a bad habit of being too serious. But they usually have a point in reflecting on life's grand themes. Reginald is one of those human beings who can rightly be described as force of nature. We are here to celebrate his 75th birthday, but I wouldn't be surprised if we returned in 25 years to celebrate his centenary. Given his own vocal criticisms of the Church, I don't know how far his religious skepticism extends. In any case, I believe the value in our lives wholly resides here on earth. Yet although it does, it may of course extend well beyond our individual lives, insofar as it

affects the lives of others. I am one among you whose life has been affected by the great fortune I had of being a student of Reginald's. Father Foster is a great Latinist. But it is clear that there is more to his pedagogy than mastery of the language. His teaching is imbued and animated by a deep humanity. This is the lesson I learned from my experience in his classroom: master your subject, and infuse its teaching with love. Thank you for that gift.

David Wolfsdorf

Reginalde -

Felix dies natalis sit tibi!
Hoc in die magno gratias tibi ago...
liberalitatem
benignitatem
humanitatem
at etiam multas tuas facetias propter, apud te...

in conveniendo, jocunditatem
in discendo, bonum
in comitando, gaudium habui et habeo...

Ergo -
 ubicumque, quandocumque possim,
 non solum linguae Latinae sed etiam amicitiae causa,
 in conventicula tua veniam!!!

Semper te in corde, semper in memoria tenens...

Johanna Haines

Tibi optimo humanissimoque magistrorum, cuius eruditio et benevolentia me docentem et viventem usque nutriebant, viginti annis lapsis, plurimas gratias semper agam. Quotiescumque de te cogito, totiens toto pectore nimirum rideo.

Diana Beste

The first time I met Reggie he did his best to convince me that I shouldn't attend his summer experience. Being in Rome, I hiked up to the Teresainum, a part of Rome new to me in November 2000, but one that became quite familiar over the next couple of years.

After a few minutes in the reception room, Reggie had had enough of me: I had no chance to pass the entrance ludus for the summer experience. A new strategy was needed. I reasoned that if I didn't take the test, he couldn't bar me. That was the path I chose. A few months later I was back in Rome. The next time I saw Reggie he was waiting for me at the end of the long drive that ended at the basilica of San Pancrazio. He noticed the Lewis and Short and decided to take a chance on me. "Well, since you're here..."

Chris Petitt

I first met Reginald Foster in the autumn of 1987, soon after I had arrived in Rome to spend a year researching my dissertation on humanist narratives of the Sack of Rome in 1527. A former student of his had told me about his classes, and so I went to the Gregoriana for the first meeting of the "Third Experience." I explained that I was beginning research at the Vatican Library, but that my Latin training was woefully inadequate for the task before me. He nodded and smiled indulgently as one who had heard it all before, and welcomed me into the class. Since I had just spent the morning working at the BAV, I was wearing the then-obligatory jacket and tie. When Reginald first called on me in class, he added at the end, "and you, Mr. Vatican Library — take that tie off! It looks awful." When the class laughed, he quickly added: "I just mean, don't wear it for me." This is, in nuce, my own experience of Reginald: exceptionally generous, equally demanding of precision, astonishingly anti-authoritarian for someone so eminent, and yet at the same time profoundly sensitive to others' feelings. My debts to him, both personal and professional, are as profound as they have been lasting. *Gratias plurimas tibi ago, magister optime!*

Kenneth Gouwens

ODE FOR REGINALDUS

Aestiva Romae Latinitas: 31 July 1999

Help me, O Muse, now to sing,
Summer Latin, the gifts it brings,
Order placed on mental hodge-podge,
Thanks to friends, Gildersleeve and Lodge,
Lewis and Short, where each word tells,
“You won’t find that in your Cassell’s!”

On hot summer days while Italia dreamed,
Juniores et Seniores convened,
To make bold attack and mild foray,
At the Isituto Divino Amore,
Where we read authors old and patristic,
Purged the subjunctive of characteristic
(Which makes its victims all red and purse),
Just ask the kids from that school in New Jersey.)

We tackled grammar’s arcane laws,
Thrilled to the genitive of exciting cause,
Traversed the linguistic lowlands and highlands,
Loved the locative for towns and small islands,
The foggy future, conditions ideal,
As well as those logical, and unreal,
Numbers cardinal, ordinal, and even in fraction,
The seductive charms of modal attraction,
Locutions venerable, sly, dissolute,
Well-behaved ablatives, and those absolute,
Tracks One and Two, the system never fails,
For those who paint it on their fingernails,
Suus and eius, subject and story,
The ancient world, its grief and its glory.

Sabbath meets rest, but it also means play,
Time for more Latin, and for holiday,
Ostia Antica, and Castello Gandolfo,

A walk in the Forum, a dip in Albino,
Arpinum, Formic, and other such mystica,
Urinari, apricari, and Loca Thomistica,
Le the thing grow, don't push, don't pull,
You too can serenade a papal bull,
Read Latin night and day, the rest is free,
But don't forget your Ludi domistici.
A course that made us so much the more glad,
Than any the which had we not had had.
Quam scholam quacumque si non habuissemus...
Oh, that's child's play, for an ignoramus!
Just ask that cab driver out in the street,
Or the odd dolphin you happen to meet.
Line here?

Plautine comedy and Senecan rant,
The haunting sound of Gregorian chant,
Ovid, Tibullus, Augustine preaching,
Caesar, Waller, Pontifical teaching,
More Erasmus, who'd want to go home?
Cicero himself is speaking on the phone!
Aquinas, Caelius, Columella,
Petronius, Livy, Lorenzo Valla,
We heard each voice we felt each breath,
We prayed with Saint Thomas, even in death.

Beware word order, if you want to thrive,
Four groups, six times, the famous sixty-five,
Impersonals, deponents, make your list,
The perfect tense, by the way, doesn't exist,
It's Four A and B, we never ignore 'em,
Ninerum, we adore consecutio temporum.
Gerunds, genmdives, the sneaky supine,
Got the idea? Let's watch our time.
We read church history, studied the schism,
Practiced some papal ventriloquism,
Broke rules and habits, read better and better
Learned that all Latin comes down to one letter,

A truth above all was never in doubt,
If you don't know Latin, you're out, out, out!

In Latin and life, a curious fact:
After you start, you can never go back.
Time flies by and fast, and fades like the flower,
Eight weeks pass, as if only one hour.
But before we go our separate ways,
We want to deck Reginaldus with praise.
So many superlatives does he inspire,
That even an epic muse would tire,
He shared his passion, he shared his learning,
He ignited minds, and kept them burning,
Proved teaching to be a ministry of love,
Poured out like grace from heaven above,
And so mere rhymes can scarcely express,
Our gratitude for his great kindness.

Perhaps the one thing Latin cannot say,
Is how deep in our hearts you are this day.

Robert S. Miola

Certain kinds of letters strike fear into human hearts. Dear John letters and IRS letters certainly come to mind. For students in the Medieval Institute at Notre Dame the infamous "Latin letter" could be added to that category. Last spring, I received one.

"I am sorry to inform you that you have failed your Latin examination. If you are to have any chance of passing the exam in the future, I suggest that you seriously redouble your efforts." That was the chilling central message of the letter. Chilling because if you are anything like I was, the study of Latin draws one toward nostalgic feelings for the dentist's chair or a place at traffic court. My studied opinion after three years of Latin study (two as an undergraduate, and one as a graduate student) was that nothing, short of Chinese water torture or reading the National Catholic Reporter, could

compare to the difficulty, tedium, and outright pain of having to translate 40 or 50 lines of, say, Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, by 8:00 a.m. the following morning.

Now, however, I am a new man. I do not mean at all to imply that now Cicero's *De Oratore* is to me as TV Guide is to most. No, although my Latinity has improved, I realize now as ever that I've got miles to go. The change has come rather from the transformation of Latin from a dead language to a *lingua vivens mihi*.

The "Latin Summer Experience," as it is called, began with 20-some eager scholars meeting in front of the Pontifical Institute of Spirituality in Rome. These students came not only from prestigious schools in the United States such as Princeton, UCLA, and North Carolina, but also from England and Germany. Many of those participating in the course were high school or college Latin teachers themselves, while others were graduate students preparing to do research requiring the use of Latin. There we met Reginald Foster, a Carmelite priest, who would be our guide for the next eight weeks.

Class began that day, as always, with a quiz from "Reginaldus." (In fact, he never gives actual quizzes or tests. Rather, at any moment in class, a student's knowledge is challenged by question or outright demand.)

"How do you say 'you can buy false teeth from us within the hour' in Latin? *Quanto citius, eo melius!*"

"Well, let's see ... *potestis ... emere a nobis intra unam horam....*"

The pauses in Reginald's class are never long for he rescues students from their dismay before too much embarrassment.

"Factos dentes!" he belts out, with a smile. Reginald's voice has about three volumes represented by the 8, 9, and 10 indicators on the knob of a stereo.

With that, we began the eight weeks. His own description of the course reads, “Not any sort of crash-course but rather a complete and immediate, practical and concrete experience of the entire Latin language and all Latin literature of 2200 years through natural, total, no-pressure immersion into precision Latin understanding and composing, first-sight reading and speaking, plus on-the-spot historical reliving from genuine Latin literary sources.” And so it was, for three to six hours a day and six days a week.

A constant throughout this entire time was an indigo blue, quasi-plumber’s suit Foster wears unceasingly. He takes joy in the myth surrounding it. “It’s from J.C. Penney’s,” he crowed. “I’ve been ordering the exact same suit for over 20 years!” That he ever would have chosen the polyester outfit to begin with was remarkable. That J.C. Penney’s still offered said suit was astounding. But that in the 20 years of his ordering the mythical garment, he had neglected to order a larger size to accommodate his expanding figure, was absolutely out of the realm of the real. (Actually, Foster is remarkably fit, probably due to his rapid pace of walking, often the most efficient means of travel in Rome.) In any case, his suit made him easy to spot in the crowded plaza of the Vatican.

We had plenty to keep us busy even aside from the delights of Rome. The plethora of texts used in class not only expanded my horizons in terms of the rich diversity of Latin literature, but also broadened my appreciation and understanding of Western culture. As anyone who is (or is trying to be) a specialist in a field knows, a depth of knowledge often comes at the expense of a width. (How sad it is to be like one poor graduate student who asked Reginald innocently, “Why does this dove always keep appearing in depictions of Jesus?”)

Armed only with our green Bible (Gildersleeve and Lodge’s Grammar) and our blue Bible (Lewis & Short’s Latin Dictionary), we delved into Latin texts from every period. We read classical Latin from Nepos, Quintilian, Gellius, Lucretius, Phaedrus, Cicero, Caesar, Martial, Plautus, and Petronius. We read patristic and medieval

Latin from the Vulgate, Cyprian, Ambrose, Augustine, Leo the Great, Maximus, Abelard, Innocent III, and Thomas Aquinas, and renaissance Latin from Erasmus, Luther, Thomas Moore, Bembus, Pontanus, and Comenius. Thomas Pekkanen who broadcasts the news in Latin from Finland and John Paul II represented, among others, the modern use of Latin.

Foster himself produces a great deal of modern Latin as one of the official Latinists for the Vatican. In his office, just down the corridor from the private apartments of the Pope, he and a select team of others translate various encyclical letters and ecclesial texts from the vernacular, usually Italian, into Latin. His handiwork can also be seen on various commemorative plaques around Vatican City. In addition, he teaches Latin to students at the Gregorian University.

If that were not enough, Reginaldus also rather excels as a tour guide. Nearly each Sunday of the summer experience, he led any and all who would care to go on trips in and around Rome. For instance, we read accounts of Caesar's death on the very spot on which he was killed, set in context by the letters of Cicero and Caesar himself. At Ostia Antica, where Monica and Augustine shared a mystical vision of the joys of beatitude, the corresponding selections of the Confessions were read. Among other wonders, we visited the Papal summer residence, Castel Gondolfo, and had an insiders tour of the Vatican apartments where, among other wonders, some of Raphael's work remains secreted from public view.

Another highlight of the summer was known as *sub arboribus* or under the trees. Behind the Carmelite monastery, under the trees, four nights a week, we read together or had conversations *omnino Latine*. As we shared cookies and good Italian wine, the sun grew dim and the ancient language of Caesars and Pontiffs lived anew amid the distant noises of the city and local soccer matches. *O beata vita!*

I received another letter from the Director of the Medieval Institute recently. With characteristic brevity it reads in full: "I am delighted

to inform you that you have passed the recent Latin examination. You are now in a strong position to prepare for a future dissertation in the Medieval Institute.” An evaluator of the examination remarked to me: “Your Latinity has made a quantum leap.” Quid dicas? Nihil nisi Deo et Reginaldo gratias.

Dr. Christopher Kaczor

Dear Reggie,

Though never a member of your cohorts praetoria, I was at least a loyal pedes during a couple of summer campaigns. And a proud and grateful one, at that.

(Actually, there’s a small chance you may remember receiving letters, and a picture, from my students of 2 years ago. Your response, by the way, in Latin, meant much to them. As it did to me.)

Mainly I’m writing, though, to say that even a humble pedes like me left your classes with something invaluable. I’m referring to the touchstone we got from you - or lapis Lydius, or as the Greeks said, basanos. Meaning we had a standard: this is what devotion looks like, this is what a true vocation looks like, this is what real intellectual passion looks like.

Though I don’t often measure up, I know I’m a better teacher for having spent some time in the company of a true master.

Many many thanks for that. Best wishes and Happy Birthday.

David Simpson

We treasure the memories of our wonderful Latin experiences with you in the mid-1990s. Though neither of us made it beyond the third experience, every time we see a Latin phrase we think of you.

Lisa Pon and Jim Amatruda

MEMORIES OF REGGIE

“You look into his eyes and you know he’s the smartest person you’ll ever meet.” This is what one of my teachers—no mean Latinist himself and a veteran of those mythical days when there were only ten students in the summer experience—told me about Reginald when we were swapping stories of our experiences in *Aestiva Romae Latinitas*. Fifteen years after I spent the summer in Rome I haven’t had reason to dispute this observation, except that I’ll confess I always found it hard to hold Reggie’s gaze so I’m not sure I ever tested the specifics of the claim. In any case, I think all his students will agree that one of the unforgettable things about studying with him is that moment when you realize that he knows things about Latin, and I mean really knows, in a deep way, that no book, not even his beloved Lewis and Short, could ever teach. Lorenzo Valla-level stuff. What a privilege to have learned from him and to have him as a model for what is possible.

I have so many memories of that summer: Reginald roaring “DON’T TELL ME your students won’t ask you this!” or mischievously, and a little gleefully, saying “You can’t go back!” when one of us started a sentence that needed a dative with an infinitive. The gruff dismissal of the modern scholars I venerated, which, though perhaps overstated, was nonetheless salutary when I was that age: “None of these people knows anything AT ALL.” I still use his line “If you learn Latin you learn everything” when a student makes some revelatory connection between the language and some facet of seemingly distant knowledge. The multicolored pens used to correct our *ludi domestici*. The little metal donkey, still on my desk, that he gave me after I recited *Remedia Amoris* 213–224 to our group. Swimming in the “river” (drainage trench?) in Arpinum that he had us convinced was the very river that Cicero mentions in *de Legibus* with Corinne Crawford, who would later be my colleague and friend in graduate school and whose untimely death in 2007 moved me all the more deeply because I had lost someone with whom I had experienced that magical summer. And the way Reginald vanished, as if into thin air, on the train ride home from

the last trip on the last day, breaking our hearts but also, I sometimes allow myself to suspect when I remember the loneliness I felt at realizing that it was over and he was gone, saving his own heart from breaking, thus preserving it for another year.

But in an important sense my teacher's comment about Reggie's intellect only tells half the story (as I'm sure my teacher knew). Because the memory I cherish most is of the Mass he celebrated, in Latin of course, for our group in his monastery's chapel near the end of our summer together. Gone was the snarling demeanor and the demanding magister: his homily, filled with so many hopes for all of us, his students, and for our world, was a profound blessing, not only because it came from a man such as him but because it was all expressed in glorious Latin that I could never have understood before he had shown me how. He always rejected putting Latin on a pedestal—*non est lingua angelica* he often said when reminding us that Latin was a real, messy, language spoken by the prostitutes as well as by emperors—but when he used it to talk about what was really important—loving each other and making the world a better place in small ways through the study of Latin and all the tradition it gives access to—it was truly a heavenly message. It took me a long time to realize that God was with us that day—maybe not the God you hear about in church but certainly the God that Reginald believes in and whose work he has done with and for his students every day of his life, the same God who gave Reggie not only a mind to surpass all others but a heart as big as the eternal city itself. And this is perhaps his greatest gift to us, to make us see that teaching Latin—because with Reggie it was always actually about teaching Latin, not, as the press-coverage would have it, about speaking Latin—is life-giving, humanizing work, even, I'll say it, sacred work.

So Happy Birthday, optime optimorum magister magistrorum; we may not know what you know, and few of us can do what you do, but our hearts are bigger, and our love for our students deeper, because you showed us how.

Curtis Dozier

Dear Reginaldus:

I am so grateful to have had the opportunity to take your summer class in Rome in 1994—your class and your methods of teaching changed the way I think about language, literature, and even music! At the time, I had just finished my junior year in college at Swarthmore, where I was a Latin major in the honors program, and I was in Rome during the spring semester studying at the Intercollegiate Center for Classical Studies. I was very fortunate to be able to stay in Rome for the summer, with assistance from the Mellon Minority Undergraduate Fellowship (now the Mellon-Mays). Your class helped me achieve a level of fluency in Latin that I didn't think possible!

I went on to complete a Ph.D. in musicology from Yale University. Although I am no longer in the academic field of Latin, I use the skills from your class every day as a musicologist. I now have tenure in the Jacobs School of Music at Indiana University; my research focuses on the reception of classical thought in late seventeenth-century Rome—and the intersections between philosophy, literature, art, and opera. Because we read from such a wide variety of authors in your class, I began to piece together literary and philosophical ideas surrounding classical texts—and this led to a whole new understanding that influences my scholarship today. Furthermore, I absorbed as best as I could your teaching methods. Before I had heard much discussion in academia about “active learning,” I was trying to translate your ideas about active and passive engagement in language to the music classroom. This allowed me to look at music from multiple angles so that I could model different interpretive strategies for my students and give them opportunities to try the same ideas.

I cannot thank you enough for your kindness, your encouragement, your generosity, and for sharing your deep knowledge of Latin! Cheers—here's to a wonderful birthday celebration!

Ayana Smith

At the beginning of the First Experience at the Gregorian University, Reginald said to the gathered throng of students, “ I want you to fall in love with Latin...” He then swiftly proceeded to achieve his wish, by means, *exempli gratia*, of his ingenious, original way of teaching the language, his extraordinarily riveting classroom presence, his hilarious and outrageous sense of humor, his ability to know every student in the room by name (and by strengths and needs), the unmatched clarity of his explanations, the variety of authors and texts he introduced, his own evident passion for the language, et al. It is a challenge *sine fine* to try to delineate or fully encompass the techniques, methods, or qualities that make Reginald the brilliant teacher that he is. Thus I have to omit mention of the *ludi domestici*, the classroom reading sheets, the avoidance of memorization and insistence on thinking and logic, the refusal to cram the grammar into a single year, the power of his voice as an instrument of teaching, the extra classes during vacations, the trips, the walks and other outings in Rome, the singing, the role of the taxi driver in the Largo Argentina or the driver of the 64 Bus, the memorable sayings, and so on. “If you have Latin, you can open the door to the Renaissance; without Latin you’re nowhere!” With the learning of Latin, Rome itself began to yield up treasures, inscribed all over its monuments and facades and on the walls and floors of its churches. From reading the city to reading the authors, previously shut doors opened, bringing unending delight and amazement. From one who had the glorious opportunity to spend three and a half years at the Gregorian and to participate in all five Experiences there, and also to attend *Aestiva Romae Latinitas*, profoundest admiration, devotion, and gratitude to Reginald!

Ruth Bell

“Verum ut transeundi Reginaldum spes non sit, magna tamen est dignitas subsequendi. Pessime de rebus humanis perductae in summum artes mererentur, si quod optimum, idem ultimum fuisset.”

Adapted from Quintilian XII.11.28

Charles McNamara

PROPINEMUS IGITUR

Propinemus, igitur, nobis hac in schola,
Exsiccetur protinus lagoena nostra.
Paenitet nos brevitatis
Scholae finisque aestatis.
Sumus profecturi,
Sumus profecturi.

Primum sub arboribus tacebamus omnes
Sucum et in capita fundebant arbores.
Stimulabat magister,
Coepimus nos leviter
Nare sine cortice,
Nare sine cortice.

Ille dixit, "Facite vos permetiamini
Viam hinc Pientiam visum Picolomini."
Gubernator timebat,
Claustrum nobis negabat
Tam angusto tramite,
Tam angusto tramite.

Fruebamur Formias periucund' itinere,
Sed manebat noster dux perditus in litore.
Percontati ubique,
Nacti sumus denique
Iracundum valde,
Iracundum valde.

Propinamus igitur Reginaldo nostro,
Gratias iam agimus optimo magistro.
Potiemur nunc mundi
Semper memores tui
Cras incipiemus
Cras incipiemus.

Students of Summer 2006

REGGIE-ISMS

I. Modus Operandi:

1. Changes pitch of voice to emphasize certain Latin passages; it becomes nasal and ironic.
2. Oral reactions to students reading: brrrr! OUCH! OH! (when someone mispronounces a word, like persuadere with the accent on the wrong syllable) Hah hah! Eh! Sh heh eh eh!
3. Gestures with everything he says; sculpts sentences in Latin, stroking away from his chin (bah), pushing over his shoulder to signify pluperfect, pointing with his finger up and descending with each part of the sentence (jabbing), often finishing with a big flourish of a scoop.
4. Gestures to the door if someone makes a grammatical faux pas: Out! Psst!

John Ziolkowski

CARMEN DE REGINALDO CELEBRANDO

To be sung to the tune "O My Darling Clementine" or "Ode To Joy."

Reginaldum nunc canamus

Et magistrum optimum,

Glabrum capite, sed mente

Intellegentissimum!

Numquam non docet Latine

Alumnorum catervas,

Laeti qui ab eo discunt

Delibatas fabulas.

O magister celebrande,

Te discipuli amant

Multosque felices annos

Tibi ex corde optant!

Andrei Gotia

QUANTUM PONDERIS REGINALDUS HABUERIT IN VITA MEA LATINA

Cum anno 2007 Valahfridi Stroh librum q.i. “Lingua Latina mortua est – vivat lingua Latina!” legerem, statim decrevi me denuo linguæ Latinæ, quam olim in schola didiceram, tradere. Postquam ergo epistulam invitatoriam quattuor coloribus conscriptam accepi æstate proxima Romam petivi ut Reginaldi fabulosæ scholæ bimestri intersim. Tantæ fuerunt impressiones illarum septimanarum ut ad hunc diem vivide recorder institutiones, condiscipulos, magistrum ipsum.

Valde admiratus sum docendi methodum qua primum discipulis quæstiones grammaticales facit, deinde foveam parat et tunc, si quis inciderit, clamat: “Eheu! Lingua Latina te occidet! Omni sententiæ fovea inest. Una littera te occidere potest!” Nonnulli discipuli dixerunt clamitationes eius se in somnium persequi et se deinde sudore multo fluentes expergisci. Tamen nos omnes magistrum nostrum valde amavimus quia humanissime et iocose nos tractavit.

Altera ex causa illa Æstiva Romæ Latinitas 2008 omnibus qui illo anno adfuerunt penitus inhærescit in mente, nam Reginaldus a crepidine viaria lapsus femur fregit et itaque nonnullas septimanas in valetudinario versari coactus est. Institutionis finis præcox iam imminebat cum Jason Pedicone et Leah Whittington nobis auxilio venerunt. Reginaldi animum æmulantes operam et oleum perdere minime timuerunt cum nos docerent. Iam vidi quantam vim iis magister noster annis præteritis instillaverat.

Antea Reginaldus me rogavit num ipse linguam Latinam docerem. Negavi, nam mihi soli linguam discere videbar. Postea autem consilium mutavi cum intellegerem doctrinam utique necessariam esse ut lingua Latina viveret. Ergo munus magistri subii primum adultos, tunc etiam adulescentes in gymnasio quodam Germanico docens. Circulum Latinum Monacensem condidi ut mihi semel in mense occasio loquendi esset, et una cum amicis doceo in septimanis Latinis Europæis sermonem Latinum Latine. Munus pristinum

deposui ut linguæ Latinæ studerem. Nuperrime mihi contigit ut novum munus acciperim de litteris Latinis ope methodis computatorii tractandis.

Hæcne omnia fieri potuissent nisi illo anno Reginaldi discipulus fuissem? Iam antea amore Latinitatis affectus eram. Sed Reginaldus mihi exemplo erat quomodo discipulis Latinitatis vim perpetuam monstrarem et illius linguæ amorem inflammarem. Non dubito quin me ipsum incitaverit ut vitam meam Latinitati darem!

Uwe Springman

GOLIARDICS FOR REG

To be sung to the tune 'Good King Wenceslas'

Gaudeas laetitia et amicis cinctus!
Quominus te videam sum fortuna victus.
Pro me versus veniat tua laude tinctus;
ut Psalmistae precibus odoraris hinc tus.

Fero munus humile sedes ad supernas;
tu, largitor optime, hoc ne quaeso spernas.
Docuisti pangere linguas hodiernas
linguae priscae gloriam, quod in nobis cernas.

Prime sine paribus rex et super reges,
Reginalde, sator es; sumus alta seges.
Prospera nunc ominor, quae tu nolim neges:
vitam Latinissimam, ut degisti, deges!

Christopher Brunelle

“BING, BANG, BUM, BAM” AND ANDREAS THIERFELDER

I have always felt great admiration for the unbelievable natural ease with which Reginald relates to the Latin language and its literary tradition. I consider the following two anecdotes to be vivid examples of what I have in mind.

Vatican Radio used to air a radio program called “The Latin Lover.” In each show, Reginald would discuss some aspect of the Latin tradition with an interviewer. On one occasion, Reginald said, “And then – bing, bang, bum, bam – Corinth was destroyed.” The interviewer immediately jumped at this phrase and asked, “‘Bing, bang, bum, bam’ – how do you say that in Latin?” I remember thinking to myself: “How would anyone be able to translate that into Latin?” But before I have even concluded my thought, Reginald replies: “*Dictum factum: Corinthus deleta est.*” He only had to think for a short moment and a fully adequate Latin equivalent for “Bing, bang, bum, bam” had come to his mind!

The other story took place when Reginald took the eminent classical scholar Andreas Thierfelder on a trip to a Ciceronian site somewhere in the Roman Campagna. For the entire day, both of them were speaking Latin with each other. At some point the bus stopped because some of their fellow travelers needed to make water. Thierfelder also got out of the bus although he did not seem in need of a restroom. His explanation was memorable: “*Si [or dum] socius mingit, aut tu minge aut mingere finge.*” Later on, when they had arrived at the Ciceronian site, Thierfelder was deeply impressed and said that, if it were not for Reginald, he would never have seen this wonderful place. I always had the feeling that something of the personality of Thierfelder crystallized around this anecdote. The man whose revisions of Menge’s Greek and Latin prose composition books I had been consulting time and again suddenly stood before me as a living human being.

Reginald knows countless other stories about people like Cicero,

St. Augustine, Pius II, and all his other favorites. I cannot think of any real difference between these stories, which Reginald knows through his reading, and the Thierfelder anecdote, which comes from lived experience. There is no difference because Reginald really lives with the Latin authors and their books. Reginald likes to say that, if one reads Cicero's letters or Plautus's comedies, one hears the Romans "talking on the phone." I think this conviction of his shows how the two anecdotes hang together: Reginald's intimacy with all those who have contributed to the Latin tradition derives in great part from his stunning knowledge of the Latin language. It is as if, through their shared familiarity with Latin, Reginald and the other representatives of the Latin tradition breathe the same air. Through Reginald's model and his teaching, his students have been able to develop a similar relationship with the great Latin writers. I see us, Reginald's students, joined by Cicero, Erasmus, and all the others when we wish Reginald a happy birthday. Thank you very much, Reginald, for putting so many people in contact with the thoroughly human vitality of the Latin tradition!

Tobias Joho

Dear Father Foster,

As I wrote to you in a letter last year, you have had an amazing impact on my life and those of my entire family. Not only was the summer I spent in your class (*Aestiva Romae Latinitas 2004*) one of my most treasured experiences, but that is where I met my husband. After our summer in Rome, I returned to finish my undergrad degree in Classics at Cornell, then taught middle school Latin in New Jersey for a few years, while Seamus finished his PhD at Dalhousie. We kept in touch, and I moved to St. John's, Newfoundland in 2008. We are still living in St. John's, and Seamus is teaching Philosophy at Memorial University. We got married in 2012 and had a daughter, Annie, in 2013.

However, there has been a new development since my letter last year - just three months ago, we welcomed our second daughter,

Jane. Both Annie and Jane are destined to learn some Latin soon! The names of their stuffed animals often garner questions from friends – Virgil, Dante, Pliny, Cicero, & Sulla, to name a few.

While our daily use of Latin has regrettably waned, we think of you and our time in Rome often and fondly. I look forward to taking our girls there some day and telling them how we met. I regret that we are not able to be there in DC for the reunion and hope that fun is had by all who do make it. Happy birthday and thank you for everything you have done for us!

Catherine O'Neill

NIHIL LONGE EST DEO

At the end of summer in 2007, I flew back from Rome to Vancouver after a summer in Reginald's Aestiva Latinitas. I had just moved into a new apartment with new roommates and, after a summer of delicious Mediterranean weather and immersion in an enclave of serious Latinists, I was facing down another year of endless, dismal rain and hopeless unemployment. Desperate for solace, I picked up Dan Brown's *Angels and Demons* (which one of my roommates had left on the coffee table) and raced through it, ignoring the intrigue and murder (which were pretty insipid anyway) but devouring the descriptions of the art, architecture, and geography of Rome. When I tell people I missed Rome so much it drove me to reading Dan Brown, they get some sense of how much of an impact Father Foster's class made on my life.

It was an outstanding class, and it's easy to understand why. The whole model of studying Latin in Rome--often on the same sites where the course readings were written or set or delivered--makes an incredible difference. Reading about Caesar's death while standing at Pompey's Curia, or about Cicero's murder at his villa in Formia, brings an immediacy and vividness to the texts that I never experienced at home. I will never forget our day at Ostia Antica. We started the day reading about Aeneas (and the white "sow") at the

site's entryway, followed by selections from Plautus and Cicero and so many others as we moved through the ruins of the ancient city. At the end of the day Reginald took us to the hotel made famous in Augustine's Confessions, in which Monica comes to a final decision about where she wants to be buried. Sitting in the green grass, on a lovely early summer day, with wildflowers and wild herbs growing all around us and the ruins of an ancient hotel surrounding us, we read Monica's dilemma of whether she wanted to be buried at home or in Ostia, at the end of which she has a grand revelation of *nihil longe est Deo*, and concedes to be buried in Ostia where she died. It was extraordinary to listen to Monica's words about how little geography mattered, even as we were experiencing just how much it mattered to be reading those words, there and then.

Still, beyond the geographical vividness of the course, and beyond the focus on Latin as a living language, and beyond the excellent intellectual community, what really made the greatest impression on me that summer was Reginald's appreciation of Latin for its own sake. I can still hear him, reeling off a passage of Horace or Quintilian in class, followed by the exclamation "Can't you just hear it, my friends?" For all that I learned in his class about the proper use of Latin idioms or exercises to spring on my future students (seven words for everything!), what I would most want to pass on to my future students is that appreciation for the magnificence of Latin, the idea that we don't need to justify the study of Latin in terms of SAT scores or AP credit or college admissions because it is beautiful in any case. It requires no other justification.

At the end of that summer I had to leave Rome behind and return to Vancouver, and I had to carry myself through a difficult year on the strength of photos and memories and terribly inane novels. Even if, as Monica reminds us, *nihil est longe Deo*, it has always been necessary for me to keep Rome close to my heart, to remember what Reginald taught us *sub arboribus*, and to envision myself in an appropriate place whenever I open a Latin text.

A. Everett Beek

AD SILVIAM

The following poem by Dr Giovanni Centurelli is published by kind permission of his widow. Giovanni was a hospital doctor in Rome who loved Latin and followed Reginald's classes at the Gregorian University for about ten years. The poem was addressed to me, Silvia, about the year 2000. All the people mentioned in the poem had also been faithful students of Fr. Foster in Rome for many years, except for Dulcis Agnes. Fr. Michael Carragher is mentioned as the Iuris sacri decus, and Paule refers to Dr Paolo Joni, the thoracic surgeon.

With most affectionate greetings from Silvia Gavuzzo-Stewart

Cui novam dono lepidam hanc opellam
arduam pol atque laboriosam?
Silviae cuius libuit merentis
dicere laudes.

Namque colligit comites benigne,
perfugas paucos vetere ex caterva,
et domus praebet studiis Latinis
blanda Minerva.

Per Seres Mauros Arabasque et Indos
convenimus huc pueri ac puellae
tempora ut seri repetamus acta
grata Lycei.

Dulcis Agnes o senior sodalis,
sola si nobis numeratur aetas,
mentis at rarae tua vincit annos
mira iuventa.

Iuris o sacri decus et magister,
candide et pudens sapiensque Hiberne,
nil obest tibi peregrina lingua
compede dura.

Tu neque hic spernis sociare nobis
cum graves sinunt tibi, Paule, curae
aegra qui soles aperire saevus
pectora cultro.

Denique ultimum memoro poetam
condidit qui versiculos Latine
nomini et tuo proprium dicavit,
Silvia, carmen.

Gratias enim tibi nos habemus
comis hospes quae refoves amicos,
cum simul tecum recolunt Latinos,
dulcibus atris.

Dr. Giovanni Centurelli

At age forty I returned to teaching English and quickly realized there seemed to be a need for Latin teachers. I promptly set about to add Latin to my teaching credentials. After a lovely but rigorous adventure, I became certified in Florida and Virginia. My husband then remarked that it was about time I should study at ‘that Latin summer school in Rome.’

I arrived in Rome on June 3, 1996, on medication for thyroiditis and on newly prescribed thyroid supplements as my doctor had said, “I don’t want you to miss this study opportunity. I think you’ll be fine.” So I landed in Rome old, exhausted, terrified, jetlagged, somewhat under the weather, and on antibiotics and trial meds. After a day of resting and scoping out the terrain, I crept into the class on its third day.

Plodding, methodical and quite thorough by nature, I have never been known for rapidfire responses. But that day, things settled into the class routine and Reginaldus soon asked me a fairly complex question in Latin. The correct response popped out of my mouth with terrifying speed. He thought, I am sure, that he had at last found ‘Cicerona.’ And I have often pondered and repeatedly

rejected trying to recreate those conditions!

I taught Latin for twenty years and felt very blessed to have had that turn in my life. Pivotal in my life was dear Father Reggie's influence and that summer in Rome. I did not at that time think how profoundly it had affected my deeper thought processes, but often connect it in an underlying way to our conversion to the Catholic Church in April of 2000. Now that has profoundly affected both our lives. *Gratias tibi, Reginalde, et Felicem Diem natalem!*

Loretta Fleming

Quisnam apte longue gesta beneficiaque in nos eius, quisque uerbis humanitatem proferre queat? Egomet spem non habeo, uiribus deficientibus penitus. Quid ergo nos? Num adsistamus taciti? Innumerosi sunt qui eius ad pedes per annos hiantes sederunt, permulti fauente eo humaniores facti sunt nam adulti sunt eius sub umbra arborumque, robustiores nunc animis.

Faciant igitur alii magistro de eo clarissimo testes, hominis malim ego laudes circa indolem moresque canere. Nam tot abhinc annos Latinitati studere cupiens ad Reginaldum scripsi, et uariis ab eo receptis litteris dicentibus eum me brachiis amplexurum apertis, profectus primum in urbem. Tunc autem non tantum litteris eram imbecillus sed corpore quoque gracilis. Magna in schola erga me patientia, haud minus nutriuit ipse fautor corpus meum. Quotiens inter ludos cum eramus in thermopolio prope scholam, digito in me destinato, porrexit poculum mihi ceruisiae uociferans, ecce, tolle hoc, tu es macerior!

Serius cum me amica Romae uisitabat, lepidè nos hospites duxit per Pontificis palatium. Fruentibus nobis in aream Sancti Petri e fenestra conspectu, uertit ad nos quasi cantu dicens, tantulum uini, coitus tantulum, omnia prosperant!

Alio tempore Romae mea cum matre conloquens uxore diaconi methodistae plane pronuntiauit: nihil mea refert religio, sis tantum

bona! Stupens tum miratus sum hac gauisam matrem sententia refectamque ab eadem nutantem ac ridentem, gestientem fere.

Ut sciunt complures, Reginaldi benignitas non numquam et ad asperitatem accedit. In itinere ad uillam Horatii, stetimus in propinquo oppido ut uictum emeremus. Omnium pretium soluere iste omnino uoluit, sed furtim conatus sum saltim aliqua emere. Cum inuenit consilium meum, subito in me saeuuit clamitans: si quidquam comparaueris, numquam te in scholam rursus admittam!

Paucis post annis cum uxorem ducerem, functus est ipse ritu in ecclesia Sanctae Mariae trans Tiberim, sed ad habendam caerimoniam hora praescripta, opus fuit mihi sermone scholae aestiuae discipulis Latine persuadere ut eum ad tempus templumque de Ianiculo dimitterent. Illac in capella Aldobrandinorum dicta conuiuiis praesentibus discipulisque nos duos monuit: estote boni ne eueniatis prima in pagina actorum diurnorum! Sed paululo post nobis benedicturo inclinans ei sussurauit, “Magister, sumus tres.” Illico sapiens genu flecto lene coniugis ambabus tenens manibus uentrem coram cunctis amanter osculatus est benedixitque nobis tribus cunctis. Postea uero ad dapes uenire recusauit.

Anno tandem peracto cursulum habuit apud Belli Montis uniuersitatem, quo confecto ii ut eum conuenirem. Cum peruenissem cum delphina filiola, nos calide salutauit et poposcit an cuperemus ut Missam nostri ergo diceret. Sane, respondi. Tum sedens in capella paruula conuentus ipse una cum Daniele nostro Gallagher duobus pro nobis haereticis priuatim Missam dixit, dehinc in caupona prandimus omnes iucunde inter iocos fabulasque antiquitus. Sed coetu perfecto domum mecum reuertens retulit mihi filia mea de fautore isto meo: “Tata, scisne ut firme me strinxit manu? Adhuc nimium dolet!”

Hoc enim modo Reginaldus se non solum in animum meum sed etiam in totam familiam inseruit, multosque puto idem expertos esse. Quippe nos huiusmodi fabulae illius omnes iungunt ut familiam. Quid quidem cunctamur? Eum nostrum ducem celebremus amicumque, patrem ac nutritorem! Eius nam numquam debitum possimus soluere, nihil natura nisi amoris.

David U. B. Liu

FABULA MAGISTRI INFLATI

Scaena I: Habemus Papam

[*Reginaldus solus in scaena aliquid scribit*]

Reginaldus: [*bibit*]... semper eadem historia est in eo quod ad has orationes pertinet...aliquid de ecclesia...aliquid de Pontifice decessore...Quot feci ego tot annis?... nescio...[*bibit et murmurat*]...Paulus Sextus, Johannes Paulus Primus, Johannes Paulus Secundus...

Iohannes: [*pulsat portam*] Reginalde!

Reginaldus: ...aliquid de parvulis...aliquid de pace...bi beh boo buuugh...[*bibit*]

Iohannes: Reginalde! Reginalde! Ecquid audis?

Reginaldus: Au! Adsum, quid tum? [*introit Iohannes*]

Iohannes: Reginalde! Conclave te elegit pontificem!

Reginaldus: Stercus tauri! Stercoris plenus es tu, Iohannes. Semper jocularis es.

Iohannes: Non, non, Reginalde. Re vera! Conclave [*Reginaldus grunnit*]
elegit [*Reginaldus grunnit*]
decrevit [*Reginaldus grunnit*]
declaravit [*Reginaldus grunnit*]
nominavit [*Reginaldus grunnit*]
creavit [*Reginaldus grunnit*]
fecit [*Reginaldus grunnit*]
te ... Pontificem! [*Reginaldus grunnit magna voce*]

Reginaldus: Num iocus est? vel error? Conclave alterum

Reginaldum velle non tibi videtur?

Iohannes: Nullo modo! Tu es Pontifex et Papa noster! Quid nomen tibi impones?

Reginaldus: Ego Pontifex? [*bibit*] Egomet? Fieri non potest!

Iohannes: Itaque!

Reginaldus: Ego Pontifex? Mirabile dictu! Quis hoc cogitaverit? Bene, bene, si Deus ita vult, et Conclave...Fiat!

Iohannes: Postremo, quid nomen tibi impones?

Reginaldus: Quid nomen mihi imponam? Pius non sum, Clemens esse nolo...Leo ero!

Iohannes: [*ad spectatores*] Habemus Papam! Qui sibi nomen imposuit Leonem Decimum Quartum! [*ad Leonem*] Veni, Papa Leo, ad Cardinales adloquendos.

Scaena II: Fratres in Christo

[*Iohanni et Leone circumambulantibus in scaena, introeunt cardinales stantque. Duobus revertentibus cardinales applaudunt*]

Cardinalis I: Vivat Papa Leo Decimus Quartus!

Cardinalis II: Semper vivat Papa noster!

Leo XIV: Bene, bene, hinc invitissimus accipio....illinc gratias vobis ago....[*silentio fit. Iohannes dat paginam Leoni, deinde exit*]
Venerabiles Fratres Nostri,
dilectissimi fratres ac sorores in Christo,
vos universi homines bonae voluntatis!

Gratia copiosa et pax vobis! Duo animum Nostrum discordes sensus hoc tempore una simul subeunt. Nam ex una parte humano turbamento perfundimur et impares...[*Breviter tacet*]

Quidnam inferorum est hoc? Quis istud scripsit? Adiiendum purgandumque est! [*ad latus iacit paginam*] Nihil valent purgamenta istaec. Ex corde meo loquar, urbi et orbi, vobis cardinalibus, clericis, laicis, omnibusque hominis! Omnes homines intellegent quae dixerō. Ut dixit Cicero, quamvis divinarum litterarum expertus fuerit... [*suspiciens tacet*] Au! Ubi sumus? Me sequimini? Tu! Quali tempore est verbum “fuerit”?

Cardinalis I: Egomet?

Leo XIV: Certissime “tument”! Tu ipse! Quid facis? Quali tempore est?

Cardinalis I: “fuerit”?

Leo XIV: Ita! Perge!

Cardinalis I: Tempore sexto?

Leo XIV: Mehercule! Tempore sexto? Quilibet canis in via videre potest “fuerit” esse tempore tertio conjunctivo! Te cardinalem esse putas? Nonne est cardinalibus aliquid sciendum? Au! Tace et abi! Et tu? Quid significat “divinarum litterarum expertus”? Responde!

Cardinalis II: Significat quod Cicero divinas litteras bene cognovit.

Leo XIV: Ah si? Itane arbitraris? Di vostram fidem, quam male loqueris! “significat quod”! Quis umquam talia audivit purgamenta? Et tu? Quid putas?

Cardinalis III: Aliter respondere nescio! Nonne cognovit Cicero bene litteras omnibus modis?

Leo XIV: Frutex! Quo pacto cognovisset Cicero divinas litteras cum prius mortuus sit quam Christus natus est? Nemone potest mihi explicare “expers”? [*Silentium fit*] Finiti estis! Omnes! Ad aeroportum abite, non cardinales cuiuslibet tabernae esse valet, ut de ecclesia taceam. Foras omnes!

Cardinalis III: Sanusne es? Nos omnes dimittere non potes! Sumus cardinales ecclesiae Catholicae totae!

Leo XIV: “Totae”? Quam formam habet “Totus” casu in genitivo? “totae”? Ah si? Eheu! Custos Helvetice! Veni huc, quaeso!

Custos Helv.: Quid vult sanctitas tua, pater Christianorum?

Leo XIV: Primum obliviscere has “sanctitas tua” nugas, sed nunc istos, qui ecclesiae totius cardinales fuerunt, duc amabo ad aeroportum. [*Custos Helveticus cardinales hasta sua eiicit*] Malum! Usque ad cardinales nemo bene cognoscit linguam Latinam! Aliquid faciendum est mihi. Scio! Rogare oportet amicas meas, quae semper mihi consilium bonum dent. Oooh! [*saltat*] Attractio Modi! “dent”...

Scaena III: Amicae Meae

[*Leo circumambulat in scaena. Introeunt meretrices*]

Meretrix I: Reginalde! Salve vir optime!

Meretrix II: Quantum tempus non nos visisti! Quid, novas amicas habes?

- Meretrix I: Quid agebas interea? Quo modo discunt discipuli linguam Latinam? Opus est pecunia pro eis?
- Meretrix II: Non tibi nobiscum esse placet? Vel non placet cum nobis esse?
- Meretrix I: Accipe hoc pro discipulis. [*offert pecuniam*]
- Leo XIV: Amicae, non audivistis? Pontifex factus sum!
- Meretrix II: Non dicis! Semper jocularis es, mi Reginaldula!
- Leo XIV: Ego etiam vix credo, sed re vera factus sum. Et nunc sollicitior propter statum linguae Latinae! Ne cardinales quidem eam bene sciunt. Vos etiam pro linguae sollicitas scio et ad vestrum auxilium expetendum veni. Quid facere possumus?
- Meretrix I: Te pontifice haud difficilis est res. Omnium oculi te aspiciunt. Nonne habes audientiam generalem unoquoque die Mercurii?
- Meretrix II: Utere hoc tempore ad Latinam legendam! Populi te sequentur et te exemplo Latinam cognoscere volent!
- Leo XIV: Haud mala est sententia vestra! Fiat. Ita faciam. Gratias vobis ago.
- Meretrix II: Quandolubet, Reginaldula.
- Leo XIV: Dicite, quid facitis die?
- Meretrix II: Paene nihil, quare?
- Leo XIV: Optime! Cardinalibus novis opus est mihi, et merentes profecto essetis, perfectaeque. Itidem illi nihil faciebant die vel nocte. Venite, cardinales novae,

ad primam audientiam meam parandam! [*Exeunt omnes*]

Scaena IV: Audientia Inaudita

[*Introeunt sedent exspectantque Audientes. Leo XIV, Iohannes, Cardinales Novaeque introeunt ex altera parte scaenae et sedent.*]

Iohannes: And the Holy Father wishes to greet groups and pilgrims from South Bend [*Audientes applaudunt surguntque*] and from Broken Bay [*Audientes applaudunt surguntque*] and from Steubenville [*Audientes applaudunt surguntque*] and from

Leo XIV: Quidnam inferorum est hoc stercus?

Iohannes: Quaeso?

Leo XIV: Loquimini omnes Latine! Vos – Southbendienses – quid facitis hic? Quidve vultis Romae? Quare non mansistis domi et oravistis? [*Audientes sunt in confusione*] Iohannes, da eis paginas has. Bene, bene. [*Iohannes dat paginas audientibus*] Ubi sumus? Haec est epistula Senecae, ad amicum eius Lucilium! Sumusne una omnes? Tu – lege!

Audiens I: Ta...ta...tamen...tamen tu indignaris...

Leo XIV: indignáris!

Audiens I: indignáris aliquid...

Leo XIV: áliquid!

Audiens I: áliquid aut queréris...

Leo XIV: quéreris!

Audiens I: quéreris et non intellégis...

Leo XIV: intéllegis! [*Audiens I flere incipit*] Bene, bene, non est culpa tua. Ne fle. Numquam didicisti linguam Latinam. [*Audientes solliciti fugiunt*]

Scaena V: Quae Mutatio Rerum

[*Leo XIV, Iohannes, Cardinales Novae manent in scaena*]

Iohannes: Papa Leo, non potes immutare audientiam generalem in lectionem Latinitatis!

Meretrix I: Quare non? Papa Reggie, quis est ille?

Iohannes: [*ad Leonem*] Quisve sunt mulierculae istae, Papa Leo? Quare non tacent et manent domi ut decet mulieres?

Meretrix I: Quidnam inferorum dixisti?

Leo XIV: [*ad Meretricem*] Tranquille! [*ad Iohannem*] Cardinales Novae sunt “mulierculae istae”! [*Iohannes anhelat albescitque*] Bene, bene. Cardinales, cum Iohanne oportet me loqui aliquantulum remotis arbitris. [*ex-eunt Cardinales Novae*]

Iohannes: Papa Leo, quid facis? Mulieres, et tales, in collegio cardinalium? Audientia generalis Latine? Populus vult te videre, te audire....

Leo XIV: Me Latine loquentem videbunt! Finita est historia. Bene, accipe hoc. [*dat paginam quandam Iohanni*]

- Iohannes: [Legit] Quid? Quintillianum Haydnque sanctos facis? Hoc non potes! Nemo aperuit eorum causas!
- Leo XIV: Ah si? Non possum?
- Iohannes: Haydn nullum habet miraculum, atque Quintilianus erat paganus! Non potes paganos sanctos declarare!
- Leo XIV: Care Iohannes, tibi novum munus habeo...Calor aestatis non tibi prodest Romae...mitto te in missionem...ad Christianos sanctosque faciendos...penguinos!
- Iohannes: Paganos!?! Ad quos paganos me mittis?
- Leo XIV: Penguinos! Habes ab hodie parochiam tuam in Antarctica!
- Iohannes: Non potes mihi hoc infligere! Es pontifex delirans! [Exit currens flensque]
- Leo XIV: Quem faciam sanctum proximum? Erasmus nostrum? vel Iordanem Brunonem? [Exit]

Scaena VI: Litterae Encyclicae

[Introit sedetque Televisionis Presentator]

- Presentator: Salvete. Vos spectatis Nuntia Vulpis. Ego sum Magnolia Arbor renuntians Roma. His ultimis mensibus, omnes homines, Catholici vel non, laici vel clerici, se interrogant quid novi Leonem Decimum Quartum, Romanum Pontificem post hominum memoriam controversissimum, facturum esse. Collegio cardinalium dimisso, cardinalibus novis feminis, quae secundum quosdam mala fama sint, factis, audientiis generalibus in linguae Latinae lectionem

conversis, non nulli cogitaverunt nihil controversius fieri posse. Sed Papa Leo, post quam omnes laicos perturbaverat epistula encyclica eius “Boni Estote Tacetoteque”, omnes clericos, praesertim Romanam Curiam, epistula encyclica “Stercore Abundans” offenderat, quid fecit hodie? Quis relinquitur quem Pontifex offendere possit? Hodie theologi philosophique nesciunt quid de nostro Papa dicere. In suis novissimis Encyclicis Litteris “Nisi Fallor”, Papa Leo Decimus Quartus sollemniter ex cathedra declaravit Pontificem Romanum infallibiliter declarare non posse! Paradoxum mirabile! Infallibiliter dictum est aut non? Omnes re vera se interrogant, quid novi facturum esse Pontificem Papam Leonem Decimum Quartum. Solum tempus ostendet! Hoc solum scimus: Quidquid facit, Latine faciet!

Finis

Students of Summer 2004

REGGIE QUOTES, 2007

“Latin is a total experience!”

“Isn’t it nice to know there are things we don’t know?”

“Latin is never going to be automatic!”

“Force yourself to speak Latin daily!”

“Latin is the most confusing language in the world, so you sit down and figure it out!”

“Ecclesiastes is a nice guy; he had problems in life. I could share a beer with him. I like his solutions too.”

“You can’t teach Latin style--just read and imitate authors and be yourself!”

“The Greeks were dreamers and stupid idiots!”

“Latin is super-practical!”

“You can train orangutans to say this very well!”

“Jesus was a disaster as a teacher. Obviously. On the mountain He

was left alone!”

“His (Pope Benedict XVI’s) own mother doesn’t understand his writing.”

“If Cicero is not in heaven, I am leaving.”

“Latin is super-functional. The Colosseum is not a philosophical dream.”

“Latin done in the right way will change your life and make you a different person.”

“Let the Latin lead you, not your stupid ideas!”

“I’ll be more charitable--I’ll come with a flame-thrower!”

“Latin is a hopeless language--good luck!”

collected by Andrei Gotia

Res se conficiunt, metam petit aestus acerbam

Egrediemur mox. Lacrima de omni oculo

Gaudio agente simul labetur tristitiaque.

Intuituri non haec nisi mente sumus.

Non aegre at ferimus, tanto potius gavisuri

A gnaro nobis quanto ea tradita sunt.

Lingua Latina ligat quamvis lustrabimus orbem.

Donorum causa pancratice gradimur.

Jason Pedicone



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