

Le goût du monde

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The Voyage

THE AMERICAN NOVELIST Ernest Hemingway, whom Father Guy Bedouelle esteemed for the author's lapidary English style, counseled readers of his short novel, *A Moveable Feast*, "Never to go on trips with anyone you do not love."¹ From that happily auspicious October day in 1976, when I first met Father Guy Bedouelle at the Albertinum in Fribourg, travel knitted our friendship up. It was not whatsoever travel from one place to another—although the highly competent Guy excelled in making the best practical travel arrangements possible. In fact, I learned from him how to handle the intricacies (for a newly arrived American in Europe) of the French railroad system ("demi-tarif," etc.) and the Paris subways ("carnet"). No, the travel that brought us together was the travel of discovery, of learning, and of aesthetic experience. In simpler terms, the travel that Michelin guides facilitate. Guy traveled in order to acquaint himself with diverse destinations, their cultures, and the people who construct a manner of human living. He wanted, in short, to broaden his horizons of the world that God has created "very good" (Gn 1:31). Throughout the second half of the 1970s, during the university vacation periods, Guy and I often found ourselves heading toward *la gare de Fribourg* provisioned with a brown-bag lunch hastily purchased at Suard's on the Rue de Romont.

Traveling came easy to us. I, a young American living in Europe for the first time, regarded the European continent as a vast ency-

¹ Ernest Hemingway, *A Moveable Feast* (New York: Collier Books, 1985), 175.

cllopedia whose volumes were kept locked up at Kuoni, the local *agence de voyages*. Old and distinguished European that he was, Father Guy's interests encompassed the entire span of the globe. Aristotle has observed that friendship develops out of common loves. "Those who have nothing can share nothing," comments the English author C. S. Lewis, "those who are going nowhere can have no fellow-travelers."² From the beginning of our acquaintance in the Dominican Order, love of travel provided the shared basis for our friendship. This common love of travel endured even after my stay in Fribourg came to an end. Gladly then, Guy's and my voyaging remained active for more than thirty-five years. Even at the time of his death, a trip to Montenegro with our good friend and collaborator, *frère* Daniel Bourgeois, stood in the planning stages.

Wherever we found ourselves, we celebrated the Eucharist each day. Guy had thought that the Vatican embassy in Podgorica would provide us a place for saying Mass. Our planning, however, had not progressed to the point of our discovering that no Vatican representation exists in Montenegro. Were God to have allowed that we make this trip, however, the three of us would have done what Guy and I did in Tunisia—namely, we would have brought along a portable altar and Mass kit. Travel was not an escape from our priesthood or Dominican consecration, but an occasion to discover a different venue for living out both vocations.

During the course of the many trips that we took, Guy and I surely verified the wisdom of Hemingway's sage counsel to voyagers: "Never to go on trips with anyone you do not love." But let me add immediately that one should not construe this remark as exclusive or, still less, mawkish. Traveling was not our private affair. Because Guy and I shared a love for traveling, we were able to reach out to others. In fact, this common love heightened in us a perspective on a deep truth about friendship. True friendships always stand ready to receive others. Again, C. S. Lewis expresses it well: "By myself I am not large enough to call the whole man into activity; I want other lights than my own to show all his facets."³ So the traveling that Guy and I undertook always included other people, other friends, either those who traveled along with us or those whom we met along the way. To this day, my family and friends recall the times when they met Father Guy. His measured taste for the good things of God and man left an impression on those whom he encountered while on the road. It would surprise me to

² C. S. Lewis, *The Four Loves* (New York: Collins, 1965), 62.

³ *Ibid.*, 58.

discover that anyone who enjoyed the pleasure of Guy's friendship did not notice to what extent friends of all stations in life multiplied around him. Well instructed men observe this feature of virtuous friendship. "True friendship," Lewis remarks, "is the least jealous of loves. Two friends delight to be joined by a third, and three by a fourth, if only the newcomer is qualified to become a real friend."⁴ Although after my departure from Fribourg in the early 1980s Guy and I dwelt on two different continents, it is a remarkable thing to count the number of common friends that we made over the course of our thirty-six years of here-below friendship.

Not every person, indeed not every one of his friends, shared Guy's enormous zest for travel. Guy and I providentially discovered that we each approached travel with the same set of priorities and dispositions. In a word, we applied ourselves assiduously (to speak malapropos) to our traveling. Since he was brighter than I, Guy was the first to recognize this common feature of what, for lack of a better term, one might refer to as our personalities. The realization came to the fore in London. On a trip early in our acquaintance to this Anglophone destination that Guy knew better than I, our train from the continent arrived late. Some of you will recall the days when crossing the channel by train required railroad ferry boats. In any event, it being evening, we scavenged a discarded issue of *The Times* in order to see which films were available in London. I found a British film playing in a movie house on the opposite side of the city from where Guy had secured very modest (to speak euphemistically) hotel rooms. (The hotel, one should note, was close to London's Russell Square so that Guy could arrive easily at the British Museum. Need I observe that traveling with Guy always included some time dedicated to "son travail," his intellectual labors properly so called?) In any case, as we headed for the Underground, Guy turned to me and said, "You know, we share a same passion. If there were a film that I wanted to see and it was only playing on the other side of one of the world's densest metropolises, I also would figure out how to get there." I forget which film we saw, but I will never forget that occasion when I realized that I had found a fellow traveling mate. We not only shared the same passion for travel but also possessed a common zeal and zest for traveling to foreign places and for discovering what best to accomplish once we arrived there. Because of this common enthusiasm, we rarely wasted a moment.

⁴ Ibid., 59.

During the summer vacation of 1978, the occasion arose for us to visit the United States together. In the collection of personal testimonies that Father Stéphane-Marie Morgain, O.C.D., kindly organized under the title, “J’attends les amis,” I included a recollection of Guy’s first visit to New York City. On that occasion, I heard him exclaim, “I’ve never seen such things in my life!” I suspect that few persons ever witnessed the distinguished Guy Bedouelle express a sentiment of this kind. He, after all, was too urbane, too stately, of a man to succumb to unmodulated gushiness. So this particular moment, when Guy let out just such a spontaneous exclamation, will remain forever etched in my memory. It occurred just as I introduced Guy Bedouelle to the capital of the new world, that is, the exact second when, for the first time, Guy caught a glimpse of downtown Manhattan.

I think it fair to observe that Guy favored many things American—certainly American films. Woody Allen, to be sure, captured Guy’s aesthetic appreciation, as did also, no doubt, American literature. In addition to Hemingway, Guy liked William Faulkner, who shaped Guy’s imagination of what Mississippi—the South—looks like. Guy, in short, enjoyed a notional acquaintance with the United States, one that intelligent Europeans acquire from films, literature, and, of course, from meeting Americans in Paris. Still, for all his urbanity and globe-trotting, Guy had not yet managed to travel to the United States, even though, as a result of his deep conversance with the Dominican who restored religious life in France, Guy was fully acquainted with Henri-Dominique Lacordaire’s idyllic conception of America.⁵

After our arrival by plane in New York, friends kindly drove us from Kennedy Airport on Long Island into the city. It was night. Guy was peering left and right out of the windows of the sedan in which we were driving. As we emerged from the midtown tunnel, Guy found himself surrounded by the illuminated skyscrapers of the “Big Apple.” By this time, I had accustomed myself to Guy’s European sense of reserve and poise. More so, I had begun to imitate it. So I confess to being overcome by a certain surprise when Father Guy, bent over in the back seat of the sedan, and stretching his neck to follow a long

⁵ See Guy Bedouelle, “Monseigneur D’Hulst, Prédicateur de Notre-Dame” in *Monseigneur d’Hulst: fondateur de l’Institut catholique de Paris*, Actes du colloque de Paris, November 21–22, 1996, ed. Institut catholique de Paris, Faculté de théologie et de sciences religieuses, prefaced by Claude Bressolette (Paris: Beauchesne, 1998), 268. See also Romanus Cessario, O.P., “Lacordaire et les États-Unis,” in *Lacordaire, son pays, ses amis et la liberté des ordres religieux en France*, ed. Guy Bedouelle (Paris: Les Éditions du Cerf, 1991): 333–347.

line of Manhattan skyscrapers, cried out like a child who descends the stairs on Christmas morning to discover a tree and gifts: "I've never seen anything like it in my life!" For Guy, traveling meant discovery. Discovery awakened wonder. He once remarked that he did not share the view of those Dominicans who felt constrained to remain within the convent when circumstances required them to visit a foreign place. He stood resolutely in favor of discovery for the sake of increasing that knowledge that one gains only through sense experiences. The illustrations for his important book, *An Illustrated History of the Church: The Great Challenges*, confirm that, for Guy Bedouelle, travel unfolded as an extension of his scholarship. The original illustrations for this high-end textbook come from photos that Guy himself took during the course of his around-the-world traveling.⁶ The rest of the images he chose judiciously from professional reproductions.

It has never been my practice to keep a journal, and so it would be impossible for me to establish a complete, chronological list of the trips that Guy and I made. It is easier, instead, to remember the people with whom we traveled. Oftentimes, these trips included one or another cleric or student. Several times, such as the memorable visit to North Africa, we traveled with Guy's brother, Jacques, and his sister-in-law, Jackie Bedouelle. No matter with whom we traveled however, our trips rarely transpired without meeting up with other friends of Guy or of mine. Frequently, it happened that we encountered both. Highlights of some trips happily do remain fresh in my memory. For instance, once while driving through Wales, Guy (whose English was perfect in grammar and vocabulary) observed that it was helpful to have a native English-speaker to interpret the automobile directions given by a knowledgeable but heavily accented Welshman. Truth to tell, I made an educated guess as to what the man in fact said to us. Then there was the time that an American Franciscan, Father Ross Syracuse, joined us for a study-trip to Sicily. Immediately after arriving in Palermo, street bandits robbed us of our luggage from the trunk of a rented car. I immediately lamented the loss of my personal effects necessary for travel, such as toothpaste, etc. The Franciscan, while cheerfully offering to share some extra socks that he had kept on his person, praised Lady Poverty. Guy simply exclaimed, "Mes livres!" Undaunted by our misfortune, however, we continued on to marvel at the mosaics in the cathedral of Monreale and other remarkable

⁶ Guy Bedouelle, *An Illustrated History of the Church: The Great Challenges* (Milan: Jaca Book, 1993).

cities of the Italian island that has witnessed so much of the world's history. Despite our depleted supply of things necessary to live, we even pursued a planned visit to Agrigento and its *Valle dei Templi*. It was within the context of planning for this visit that I had learned from Guy the French expression, “fouler aux nos pieds.” He told me that I would impress the other Dominicans at the Albertinum if, after returning home, I would respond to the question, “What did you do in Sicily?,” with this phrase: “Nous avons foulé aux nos pieds dans les temples de Agrigente.” Very Bedouellian! After the trip however, Guy also may have thought that my fledgling effort to pronounce this elegant French phrase would distract the Fathers from inquiring about our mishap at the hands of Sicilian vandals.

One hears the expression, “the gift of friendship.” Those who have traveled with Guy—and let me add emphatically that I was not Guy's only traveling partner—will agree that the experience came as an unexpected gift, a concrete expression of friendship that not only unites two friends, but as I have observed above, joins two friends with a universe of other friends. No wonder that the Christian tradition speaks about life as a journey with heaven as its terminus. Heaven, in fact, represents a place of consummate friendship. The beatific vision, we are told, satisfies all our expectations. Guy was a master of that exquisite erudition that begins in wonder and leads, for the Christian humanist, to the beholding of the Source of all Truth and Beauty. May we not imagine that, upon seeing the Lord, Guy would exclaim in words similar to those of a song that the Billy Graham crusades made popular in the States, “How Great Thou Art”? (Guy also liked some American music, especially jazz.) And then, after a period of reflection proper to participated eternity, would he not again cry out, “I've never seen such things in my life!” Heaven also unveils a place of ultimate communion. So we may also imagine that, in response, the souls of the blessed will observe, as Dante puts it in the *Paradiso*, “Look, someone comes who shall augment our love!”⁷

⁷ Dante Alighieri, *Il Paradiso*, 5.103–105, trans. James Finn Cotter (Amity, NY: Amity House, 1987): “So I did see more than a thousand splendors / Drawing toward us, and in each I heard, / ‘Look, someone comes who shall augment our love!’” (available also at <http://www.italianstudies.org/comedy/index.htm>).

Food and Film

Father Jean-François Noël has spoken eloquently about Guy Bedouelle and his refined tastes in cinema (*le cinéma*). As I have suggested above, “seeing *un petit cinéma*” played a determining role when it came to planning travel with Guy. No visit to Manhattan, for instance, went by without Guy’s collecting the show times and theaters for the films that he wanted to see. Meal times were set as a function of the showings that were available to our schedule. “If we take supper at 5:00 P.M.,” Guy might say, “then we can make the 6:30 showing of [such-and-such a film],” his eyes sparkling.

Guy’s determination to see the latest film did not arise from a mania. Like everything that this talented and gracious Dominican did, viewing films formed part of his preparation for evangelization, for his dedication to the service of the Word. Within this frame of reference, I would like to recall the tribute that Father Daniel Bourgeois published in *Choisir*, the Swiss magazine to which Guy regularly contributed movie reviews: “Silence! on rêve”⁸ In this text that displays the author’s own distinctive style, Daniel Bourgeois reminds us that Guy sought both to evangelize the human imagination and to sanctify the aspirations of men that emerge in their dreams.⁹ Father Bourgeois—who remains an indispensable collaborator on a literary project that Father Guy launched in 1995, the annual journal of religion and culture, *Pierre d’Angle*—captures what is essential in Guy’s taste for life. Like the Saint Dominic whom he portrayed with exquisite delicacy in his very successful book, *Dominic, The Grace of the Word*, Father Guy Bedouelle—to adapt a line from Saint Paul—used the things of this world as though he had no dealings with it (see 1 Cor 7:31).¹⁰ The film provided Guy with the opportunity to envisage what he was seeking throughout his whole span of years. To borrow the penetrating insight of *frère* Daniel, *évangéliser l’imaginaire*, Guy Bedouelle the film critic realized that movies are capable of awakening in us a desire for the only Presence that satisfies human longing and imagination: The Face of God.

Food and film share something in common. His daily nourishment—as the quintessential Christian prayer, the Our Father, reminds us—arouses in man a desire for the Banquet that continues forever. In-

⁸ *Choisir* 631–632 (July–August 2012), 4–6.

⁹ *Ibid.*, 6.

¹⁰ *Dominic, The Grace of the Word*, trans. Sister Mary Thomas Noble, rev. ed. (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1995).

deed, the sacred authors sometimes picture heaven as a rich meal. “The kingdom of heaven may be likened to a king who gave a wedding feast for his son” (Mt 22:2). Or again, the Vulgate text from Saint Luke states, “Homo quidam fecit coenam magnam et vocavit multos” (Lk 14:16: “a man once gave a great banquet, and invited many”). One may draw many conclusions from this biblical theme that, as it happens, Aquinas employs in the liturgical Office for the Solemnity of Corpus Christi.¹¹

To descend to the almost banal, we may observe, for example, that fast food chains—which have eroded what *la belle France* has preserved better than any other modern Western culture, namely, the pleasures of the table—find no warrant in divine revelation. And there is no need to mention that during Bedouellian travels, no hunger was so great that one ever considered for a moment the expedient purchase of either a McDonald’s hamburger or Kentucky Fried Chicken. Cheap imitations of food would betray the rich use that the sacred authors make of foodstuffs. On the contrary, Guy combined a wonderful talent for adapting the best of French cuisine to the venerable traditions of Christian living. He remained alert always to the influence that monastic customs have played in Dominican life. Once when we were in Toulouse together, I suggested that we share a cassoulet in imitation of Saint Dominic who, so I fancied, would have tasted the recipe during his travels around Castelnaudery. Dear Guy took the occasion to remind me, gently, that Saint Dominic observed perpetual abstinence—that is, he never ate meat!

In order to grasp Guy’s approach to foodstuffs and common eating, one needs only to recall the practices that governed the refectory at St Julien, the Dominican summer priory in Provence that welcomed so many diverse guests. In any case, I learned early on in our wanderings that we should avoid those restaurants that, to use another Bedouelle phrase, were “sophisticated without cause.” “*Sophistiqué sans raison*” is what English speakers call “shi-shi” places. Instead, when we were on the road, we looked for honest restaurants where the food was good and the prices reasonable. Such restaurants, of course, were required

¹¹ Office of Corpus Christi, First Vespers, Responsory: “R/. Homo quidam fecit coenam magnam et misit servum suum hora coenae dicere invitatis ut venirent, quia parata sunt omnia.

V/. Venite, comedite panem meum et bibite vinum meum quod miscui vobis. Quia parata sunt omnia. Gloria patri et filio et spiritui sancto. Quia parata sunt omnia.” For the full text, see the *Breviarium Ordinis Praedicatorum* (Rome: S. Sabina, 1962).

to serve desserts. How could one forget the taste that Guy maintained for the after-dinner sweet, the dessert. In retrospect, even this well-known feature of his tastes may be interpreted as a sign of the heavenly banquet. Thus, the prophet Isaiah writes: “On this mountain the Lord of hosts / will provide for all peoples / A feast of rich food and choice wines, / juicy, rich food and pure, choice wines” (Is 25:6).

There is an English hymn that captures the relationship that the Christian tradition associates with eating and friendship. In all likelihood, Guy would have heard this hymn sung during one of his many stays at Oxford. “Draw Us in the Spirit’s Tether” concludes with a verse that points up the relationship of the Eucharist, the common meal of Christians, and friendship: “As the brethren used to gather / In the name of Christ to sup, / Then with thanks to God the Father / Break the bread and bless the cup, / Alleluia! Alleluia! / So knit Thou our friendship up.”¹² In Church usage, the love of friendship supplies a preferred way of talking about the distinctively Christian virtue of charity that forms the basis for the unity of the Church. Guy recognized that food and friendship both point us toward the God who made the food and who Himself lives and reigns as a communion of persons.

Other things that Guy Bedouelle had to say about the spiritual meaning of common foodstuffs merit our attention. In his book, *Thomas l’Apôtre*, Guy comments on the passages of the Gospels where the apostle Thomas—his patron and name in the Dominican Order—appears, whether explicitly or implicitly, along with “the twelve.” When Guy comes to comment on the sixth chapter of Saint John’s Gospel, his meditations turn to consider the words that Christ addresses to the twelve, including Thomas. Two expressions especially capture Guy’s attention: “the bread of God” (Jn 6:33) and “the bread of life” (Jn 6:35). These texts evoke themes that throw light on how Father Guy looked at his life and the world in which he lived and traveled and which he so much enjoyed. What is the “bread of God”? Guy evokes the dynamics of divine grace that Dominicans, following Saint Thomas Aquinas, discuss under the rubric of physical pre-motion: “Il ne convient pas tant de se préoccuper des œuvres à faire, que de regarder l’œuvre de Dieu, qui est de croire en celui qu’il

¹² “Draw us in the Spirit’s Tether.” This hymn was written by Oxford-educated Percy Dearmer (1867–1936) and first published in 1931 by Oxford University Press.

a envoyé.”¹³ In other words, the starting point for all good works remains *le Christ*, the one whom God has sent into the world, and to whom the Christian unites himself or herself by faith—Thomas’s faith. Guy-Thomas’s engagement with the natural and cultural gifts with which God diversely endows his creation also led him to appreciate the distinctiveness of the Christian life.

Theologians speak about the *lumen gloriae*, the light whereby human creatures receive the adequate means by which a saint comes to behold the Face of God.¹⁴ Aquinas held the view that the “Vision of God” itself strengthens the human intellect whereby mortal men might behold the thrice-holy and immortal Godhead.¹⁵ Here below however, we see divine things only by faith, not with vision. Guy-Thomas Bedouelle made the life of faith his own. He possessed an uncommon appreciation for the words that Jesus addresses to Thomas the Apostle, “Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe” (Jn 20:29). Those possessed of a Christian intelligence—that is, who look at creation with the eyes of faith—acquire not only a liberty of spirit that belongs uniquely to Christian believers, but also an experience of the true and beautiful that remains proper and unique to them. In the true, and therefore beautiful, things of this world, Guy Bedouelle beheld in faith a foretaste of heaven. What explains this capacity? It is nothing other than his possession of the theological virtues of faith and charity, his *vie théologale*.

Most biblical scholars label John 6:22–59 “the Bread of Life Discourse.” Guy observes that the inspired discussion about the “bread of life” contained in these verses of Sacred Scripture concludes with an eschatological promise. Christ himself said as much to the twelve, including the apostle Thomas: “he who eats this bread will live for ever” (Jn 6:58). One may assume that the life and teaching of the apostle Thomas exercised a strong influence on the young Guy Bedouelle. If his biography of Saint Dominic reflects Guy’s understanding of his religious consecration, then I believe that his book on the apostle Thomas represents Guy’s spiritual autobiography, his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*—to borrow from John Henry Newman’s classic defense of his own religious opinions published in 1864. Surely Guy would smile to hear me compare his writing to that of a saintly English author whom he admired. Still, my estimate is correct. The faith of the apostle

¹³ Guy Bedouelle, *Thomas l’Apôtre* (Montrouge: Nouvelle Cité, 1997), 47.

¹⁴ See for instance, *Summa theologiae* (hereafter, *ST*) I, q. 12, a. 5, ad 2.

¹⁵ See *ST* I-II, q. 5, a. 6, ad 2.

Thomas governed his approach to life and his personal attachment to the blessed Eucharist. To support this claim, one need only to reflect on the reasons that Guy chose the Prieuré de St Julien d'Olargues, a renovated monastic dwelling with a first-millennium Romanesque church attached to it, as a summer residence. The daily Mass kept before Guy the end that dominates all human history: "the vision of his glory." So the Church still prays: "May our faith be rewarded by the vision of his glory, who lives and reigns for ever and ever."¹⁶

The Museum

As much as he loved the movie theater, Guy Bedouelle also found his taste for life, his *goût du monde*, deeply satisfied at the museum. Within the halls of a museum, preferably a small and little-known one (though a place with exhibits of exceptional beauty), Guy demonstrated his zest for life. C. S. Lewis has remarked rightly that, whereas lovers face each other, friends stand shoulder to shoulder, side by side. Each friend looks out at the same truth, the truth that they share and which unites them.¹⁷ This axiom describes the many friendships that Father Guy Bedouelle enjoyed. Sometimes, however, even a friend must relish being alone. Friends, it is true, belong together, but each one must also find contentment when he stands apart. Guy Bedouelle, when he visited a museum, did not like standing side by side with anyone. Museums visits, therefore, always began with our setting a rendezvous time and place. Gregarious American that I am, I once asked Guy Bedouelle, "Why don't you want to visit this museum with others?" Guy turned toward me with the air of the professor that came naturally to him, and he said: "I prefer to be alone because the aesthetic experience is incommunicable" (or words to that effect). Then Guy pointed to a piece of art that hung on the museum wall before which we were standing and said, "Look at that *rouge*!" Stunned by the intensity of his artistic contemplation, I quietly withdrew from his company in order to leave him with the aesthetic pleasure for which he possessed the most refined sensibilities. Is it not true, though? Even close friends may not be able to appreciate with the same degree of intensity things like the colors that artists (who merit to find their paintings in a world-class museum) apply to their canvasses (reds, for example). One may also imagine other experiences that enrich friendships even though the

¹⁶ Sacred Congregation for Divine Worship, Decree *Holy Communion and Worship of the Eucharist Outside Mass* (1975).

¹⁷ Lewis, *Four Loves*, 58 and 67.

friends best experience them apart from one another. I suspect that this feature of friendship belongs especially to those who are possessed of strong aesthetic abilities, that is, the artists. At this juncture, one recalls how Guy Bedouelle entered into collaboration with his Dominican confrere and artist, Kim En Joong, on the composition of the book *Rythmes*, a text that only one with an appreciation of solitude could have written.¹⁸

Museums evoke the professional qualifications that distinguished Guy Bedouelle among his peers. He was a “sixteenth-century-ist,” to Anglicize a French expression. In my view, Guy’s love for history and the providential guidance that he acknowledged behind the course of world events, even though he recognized the difficulties of sustaining a “providentialist” account of history, especially in the face of the difficult circumstances that emerged during the twentieth century, shaped his outlook on life.¹⁹ Travel, film, and culture (expressed culinarily and otherwise) all bore testimony to the God who directs all things sweetly and still forcefully. As Guy himself once concluded, “nothing impedes the historian of the Church to be also a theologian and even a poet.”²⁰ So in the end, Guy Bedouelle looked at the world through the lens of nature and grace, without however succumbing to the bifurcation that some critics of Thomism lament as inescapable when one wishes to respect the two orders of divine activity in the world. Guy often would remark, approvingly, that one of his friends enjoys a certain gift for identifying the good things of God and of man. (The friend took the remark as a compliment.) No other option exists for the true intellectual than to try to discover the authentic dimensions of created nature and supernatural grace. We human mortals stand in the middle of creation, between spirit and matter, between time and eternity, as St Albert the Great puts it.²¹ Guy felt at home in the place that God has established for incarnate spirit, even as he transcended, as much as virtuously permitted, the limitations that matter necessarily imposes on those human experiences that find their origin in the human soul.

Dare I propose that the “goût du monde” refers most properly to Father Guy Bedouelle’s profoundly Christian and eminently Dominican, nay Thomist, conviction that all creation incarnates the wisdom

¹⁸ Guy Bedouelle and Kim En Joong, *Rythmes* (Vence: Galerie Chave, 2000).

¹⁹ For more information, see Guy Bedouelle, *L'Histoire de L'Église: Science Humaine ou Théologie?* (Paris: Mentha, 1992).

²⁰ *Ibid.*, 73.

²¹ “Der Mensch steht in der Mitte der Schöpfung, zwischen Stoff und Geist, zwischen Zeit und Ewigkeit” (at <http://gutezitate.com/zitat/106886>).

of God? Guy appreciated that the original way to gain access to God's wise and loving providence relies on the human sensory powers. After all, Aquinas never forgot his Aristotelian lessons: "the pleasures of sight and taste and smell inasmuch as they bear on and contribute to our pleasurable application through touch to indispensable requirements" of everyday living fall under the cardinal virtue of temperance.²² Guy excelled at effecting well-tempered pleasures, whether on the road, in the restaurant, or at the museum. He displayed a taste for this world that enabled him to praise the Creator of the world. The world will miss his voice. The Catholic world will miss his presence deeply. Our consolation rests on the promise of a friendship within the beatific communion of heaven that God reserves for his saints. There, as we know, Guy awaits his friends. "J'attends les amies!" N-V

²² See *ST* II-II, q. 141, a. 5.