Meeting on the Road
By Patrick McDonald, LISW, LMFT

The Prayer to the Trinity
By Elizabeth of the Trinity, OCD

The Difficulty of Forgiving Ourselves
By Paul Scanlan, OP

Editorial

Book Notices

Books from ICS Publications

Editor
Edward O'Donnell, OCD
EdODonnell@aol.com

Publisher
Washington Province of Discalced Carmelite Friars,

Changing Your E-mail Address or Adding a New Address: Please go to our website and enter your new e-mail address at:
www.spiritual-life.co

The Trinity by Andrei Rublev (1360s to 1427?)
At times, the pace of our lives can move from simple busyness to peace-crushing chaos. We scramble so hard many days just to keep up with all the demands that job, family, and society impose on us, often feeling that it is just too much to bear. We can’t abandon our responsibilities, but at the same time we would like to get away from it all and find some peace.

Newspapers and magazines, especially in the Travel Section, offer getaways that will bring more serenity into our lives. They may do that for a few weeks, but then we are back to our difficult lifestyle. Since abandoning our family or work doesn’t seem realistic, we need to embrace practices that create more peace and less chaos in our lives. Gurus offer us all sorts of programs to bring greater quiet into our lives. While they work for some people, they are not long lasting for many.

As Christians, we need to embrace the help offered to us by our faith. We need to root ourselves in the awareness of the every available strength and love of our God. God is ever present to us in the crush of daily life. All we need to do is open our heart and faith-filled imagination to God’s abiding presence and strength. St. Elizabeth of the Trinity is a perfect teacher of this way of life, being united with God in the midst of daily life:

“My mission in heaven will be to draw souls, helping them to go out of themselves to cling to God, with a spontaneous, love-filled action.”

Edward O’Donnell
I DON’T WANT TO DIE, P.J., I’m living on borrowed time. My only real chance for survival is a heart transplant. My diagnosis is cardiomyopathy—a degenerative disease of the heart muscle. I’m devastated. You are the only one I can talk with about my condition and I need to talk; I mean, really talk.” “Sol,” I answer tearfully, “I’ll journey with you to wherever the road may take us.”

With these confessions of helplessness and loyalty, the friendship between Sol and me began to deepen. A shared desire for a grounding in honesty and seriousness, and the ultimate meaning of this journey, invited us both to search for sustaining images that honor two great traditions.

Jewish and Christian Ways

Moreh Derech is a Hebrew phrase for rabbi. It can be literally translated as the teacher of the way. In popular usage, it means a rabbi who fosters a specific style of teaching by sharing the meaning of life,
suffering, and death equally with his/her student and by becoming a companion on the life journey.

The Christian tradition captures some of the same teaching ethic by speaking of spiritual friendship, faith sharing, or journeying together. The connection with God matures as the walk of faith evolves into an ever-deepening respect and care for one another. Deep sharing brings about the discovery of real truth and moves the faith orientation from an intellectual formulation to a faith-as-lived experience.

Both Jewish and Christian paradigms shed some light on a cluster of life-changing experiences that matured over fifteen years and that still haunt me. I’m a Christian, a therapist by profession, and my desire to integrate spirituality and mental health practice has opened up significant dialogues with a number of creative people.

My counterpart is Jewish, a surgeon by profession, whose compassion for human suffering anchored him in a successful practice in our community. Solomon Stern and I became acquainted when he referred some of his patients to me for emotional healing. Through this exchange of concern, he and I became friends. Our friendship then deepened for several reasons: we could easily talk about matters of common interest, we both seek God, and we do so by leaning on our own traditions.
Meeting on the Road

Our dialogues unfolded with candidness and through reflections on timely matters: the Persian Gulf wars, Pius XII and the Jewish question in Europe, the presidency and the war in Iraq, medical practice and ethical questions, and political issues that bridged the era from the turbulent sixties to the new century. Solomon was an informed, articulate, deeply sensitive student of the human condition. His passion for justice made him Jewish to the core.

Illness & Change

Soon after hearing about his diagnosis of cardiomyopathy, Solomon’s condition became so unstable that he was confined to a local hospital for sixty lonely days while waiting for a new heart. I would visit him late at night, easing my way past the security guards with a smile, identifying myself only as Rabbi McDonald. The guards never got it.

In the darkness of his hospital room, I say, “Sol, as you requested, I brought the Book of Psalms along. Let me read some of them to you. Let me help you get back in touch with your roots.” Thus, into the quiet of the late night, I slowly read these ancient prayers—inviting them to point us toward the riches of his tradition—while I noted that the same prayers form the backbone of the Catholic monastic tradition. Solidarity deepened. Moreh derech began to define itself.
Meeting on the Road

After long nights of personal searching, always in dialogue with me about the Christian and Jewish views of life and death, Sol accepted a less than perfect heart and the transplant operation was declared a success. He then began a long rehabilitation.

When he was mobile again, we continued our regular Monday afternoon dialogues, spending our energy exploring the tenuous boundaries between life and death, light and dark, hope and despair. The explorations were stimulated by the multiple physical problems that form the context of the heart transplant experience.

Sol’s new heart brought significant changes with it: a divorce from his wife of twenty-five years, a new romance, then the discovery of a powerful love experience that he had hungered for since early childhood. Then came a new marriage. Dialogues with him during these transitional days brought forth from both traditions an exploration of the place of love, the reality of God’s presence, and the difficulties of conceptualizing adequate images of God.

The closest we could come to a mutually affirmed image of God was that of unconditional love, and it took us twelve years to get there. In the best tradition of moreh derech, we trudged along the road as we could best define it and often laughed that it was difficult to tell the rabbi from the student.
Meeting on the Road

Growth & Darkness

Personal life choices ebbed and flowed with changes in Sol’s physical condition. The new heart presented him with an opportunity to see, feel, and experience a fresh focus for life. He acknowledged that his life had been too busy, too taken up with success, too distracted by stress. Now he sought and developed a more reflective approach to life—one that became anchored in simple acts of gratitude. I helped him frame his life through the insights offered by both the Jewish and Christian mystical traditions: to encounter unconditional love and pursue its significance as it informs the development of a new self.

The average life of a heart transplant is ten years. We soon arrived at this benchmark of success and celebrated it with an evening of beverage, food, and laughter. Much of the laughter flowed from my efforts to recycle a few jokes from Leo Rosten’s writings, and my audience found great glee in listening to me butcher some of the Yiddish punch lines.

Serious decline in Sol’s health began soon thereafter. He discovered that his less than perfect heart was donated by a young man with chronic hypertension. The heart now began to show the long-term effects of this early damage. Heart efficiency began to decline.
“P.J.,” he said while in a wistful mood, “my transplanted heart is a lot like buying a used car. You really don’t know what you bought until you drive it for six months.” His worsening condition invited us to change the focus of our dialogues to an exploration of the place of darkness in spirituality.

There was no shortage of darkness for Sol: frequent visits to the ER, panic attacks in the middle of the night, irregular heartbeats that kept him awake all night, and sleep deprivation that intensified his mood swings. The most notable darkness was a persistent and total absence of God as his condition deteriorated.

We worked hard to discover a God who offers solace during intense suffering, and my efforts to present a God of personal love were not well received. I was redeemed by the tradition of moreh derech, however, because the loyalty of the rabbi during hard times offers a more believable foundation for growth than pious interludes or easy talk about God.

His heart now developed so many irregularities that he thought he was going crazy. The frequent trips to the ER for stabilization were draining all his energy, so his cardiologist invited him to install a small pacemaker/defibrillator device in his shoulder. The new device would serve a double function for Sol: to read the irregularities, then rebalance
his heartbeat. If the heart stopped, the defibrillator would restart it. Once the new device was installed, an earlier optimism returned, but it didn’t take long until new dilemmas surfaced.

“I don’t get it,” Sol said one day. “First I wanted to live more than anything else and I did so for ten years. Now I have so many things wrong with me, I’d rather die. Yet I can’t die because that infernal device won’t let me. It’s the craziest thing. I’m worn out from facing terrible storms of anxiety while waiting for the next jolt to bring me back to life.”

“Sol,” I answered. “I wish I could part the darkness for you, but it doesn’t look like either John of the Cross or Edith Stein are helping us much.”

“So?,” he said, “you’re still the best friend I’ve ever had—a moreh derech.”

**Nearing the End**

My last dialogue came on a hot August day of three years ago. In an effort to remain a caring rabbi until the end of the road, I prayed over Sol, using the same Psalms of Lamentation I referenced fifteen years before while we waited in his hospital room for news about a transplant. I picked up the cue from the twenty-third Psalm and anointed his head with oil in the form of the Star of David.
Meeting on the Road

“God of goodness and love,” I pray, “you created Sol and gave him the knowledge and the artistry to heal the sick. You invited him to give consolation to the broken hearted. I anoint him in your name as a child of Israel. You know his compassion for those who are ill. I ask you to be compassionate toward him as you welcome him home into the Bosom of Abraham. Give him new life as he undergoes death.”

Sol died in the afternoon of the next day, in the presence of his family. All his broken relationships were healed by that time, and he breathed his last breath in the caring presence of both his former and his current wife. He expressed his love for each of them, and they understood what he meant.

When he was ready to let go of the pain and suffering, a hospice nurse passed a magnet over his pacemaker in order to erase the software program that kept him alive. It seemed as easy as passing a debit card through a card reader at the supermarket. Sol’s wife walked him to his bed, his eyes rolled back, and he was dead within ten minutes.

When I arrived several hours later, the death scene had been sanitized somewhat and Sol was lying open-mouthed and gray on his bed. I held one of his thin, cold hands while praying for him. I soon joined family and friends who were busy telling stories about his life. They also seemed bent
Meeting on the Road

on making sure I was fed and content, consoling me in my hour of loss. Then the time came for me to depart. “Good night, rabbi,” his family said, as I walked into the night to feel my own darkness.

The Journey Continues

Several days later, I shared the funeral service with an official rabbi, an old friend. We both offered thoughts about Sol and a life dedicated to healing the sick. We expressed a sense of awe at what it means to be Jewish or Christian, affirming the abundance of wisdom that these two timeless traditions hold in common.

To speak of faith as a basis for life is not to speak of great revelations or astounding breakthroughs of the divine into the human. Faith informs us that the divine is already present in life, and our task while on the road is to confront the darkness and discover the deep reality of God’s love. The images of spiritual companionship and moreh derech affirm that walking together on the road during our exploration of faith points to a God who seems to live just beyond the horizon. It is in the seeking that we find the presence of God.

Edith Stein hints at this notion and places the horizon within the context of love:

“If God is within us and if God is love, it cannot be otherwise than that we love our brothers and
sisters. Therefore, our love of human beings is the measure of our love of God.”¹

For Rabbi Abraham Joshua Heschel, the presence of God is hidden within the experience of awe:

“Awe enables us to perceive in the world intimations of the divine, to sense in small things the beginning of infinite significance, to sense the ultimate in the common and the simple, to feel in the rush of the passing the stillness of the sacred.”²

I continue to be filled with both love and awe three years after Sol’s death. I can still count on him as a companion on the same road. Even though his presence is not as immediate as it was during our long journey of fifteen years, the road still leads to a fullness of God’s love that lies just over the horizon.

Patrick J. McDonald, LISW, LMFT, is a licensed social worker and licensed marital and family therapist. He maintains a private practice of individual, marital, and family therapy in Des Moines, Iowa.
The Prayer to the Trinity

O my God, Trinity whom I adore, help me to become utterly forgetful of myself so that I may establish myself in you, as changeless and calm as though my soul were already in eternity. Let nothing disturb my peace nor draw me forth from you, O my unchanging God, but at every moment may I penetrate more deeply into the depths of your mystery. Give peace to my soul; make it your heaven, your cherished dwelling-place and the place of your repose. Let me never leave you there alone, but keep me there, wholly attentive, wholly alert in my faith, wholly adoring and fully given up to your creative action.

O my beloved Christ, crucified for love, I long to be the bride of your heart. I long to cover you with glory, to love you even unto death! Yet I sense my powerlessness and beg you to clothe me with yourself. Identify my soul with all the movements of your soul, submerge me, overwhelm me, substitute yourself for me, so that my life may become a reflection of your life.
The Prayer to the Trinity

Come into me as Adorer, as Redeemer and as Saviour.

O Eternal Word, utterance of my God, I want to spend my life listening to you, to become totally teachable so that I might learn all from you. Through all darkness, all emptiness, all powerlessness, I want to keep my eyes fixed on you and to remain under your great light. O my Beloved Star, so fascinate me that I may never be able to leave your radiance.

O Consuming Fire, Spirit of Love, overshadow me so that the Word may be, as it were incarnate again in my soul. May I be for him a new humanity in which he can renew all his mystery.

And you, O Father, bend down towards your poor
little creature. Cover her with your shadow, see in her only your beloved son in who you are well pleased

O my “Three,” my All, my Beatitude, infinite Solitude, Immensity in which I lose myself, I surrender myself to you as your prey. Immerse yourself in me so that I may be immersed in you until I go to contemplate in your light the abyss of your splendour!

Saint Elizabeth of the Trinity, OCD (French: Élisabeth de la Trinité), born Élisabeth Catez (18 July 1880 – 9 November 1906), was a French Discalced Carmelite professed religious in addition to being a mystic and a spiritual writer. She was known for the depth of her spiritual growth as a Carmelite as well as bleak periods in which her religious calling was perceived to be unsure according to those around her; she however was acknowledged for her persistence in pursuing the will of God and in devoting herself to the charism of the Carmelites.

Elizabeth was a gifted pianist and had strong feelings for the Carmelite charism. Of that experience as a professed religious she wrote in a letter: “I can’t find words to express my happiness. Here there is no longer anything but God. He is All; He suffices and we live by Him alone” (Letter 91).

Pope John Paul II celebrated her beatification in Paris on 25 November 1984; Pope Francis approved her canonization on 3 March 2016, the date was decided at a gathering of cardinals on 20 June 2016 and she was canonized as a saint on 16 October 2016.
The Difficulty of Forgiving Ourselves

I HELP OUT IN A LARGE PARISH where confessions are heard on Sundays during the Masses. Granted it is not the liturgical thing to do, but because of numerous weddings on Saturdays, it is the only practical time to be available to penitents. And contrary to what the media says, there are very many who come.

I am now in my fiftieth year of helping penitents find their way back to the Lord and to a deeper relationship with him. I have served in the jungle, the desert, a metropolis, and the frozen arctic, and everywhere I find the same problem—it is so hard for us to forgive ourselves. Sometimes people feel their sins are unforgivable; other times persons believe their particular illness or struggles are because God is punishing them for some sin they have committed.

Images of God

There has been a tendency in our days for the
The Difficulty of Forgiving Ourselves

media to accuse the early missionaries to the Western Hemisphere of destroying the native cultures and imposing a new way of life and religion upon them. On the other hand, I was recently told by an Alaskan King Islander native leader that it was such a blessing to receive the Christian message and learn that our God is a forgiving, compassionate God. For their image of God was a frightening one.

The magnificent Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City bears witness to the cruelty of the gods of the Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas, exhibiting the large carved images of their gods with their enormous teeth and piercing, terrifying eyes. The relationship of these civilizations to their gods was one of placating the gods who controlled the sun and rain that affected their harvests, a relationship of subservience and fear. In order to keep these gods off their backs, these earlier peoples met this challenge by way of sacrifices of appeasement, which in some cases led to human sacrifice as well.

Jesus came to offer a very different image of the personality of God. Our God is a humble God, a good shepherd, a compassionate father, a God who relates to us out of love rather than fear. I was reflecting on that last year at the Holy Thursday liturgy as I watched the pastor, in imitation of Jesus, wash the feet of twelve parishioners. It suddenly struck
me that this is what Jesus does when we meet him in the confessional. He is there washing our feet. As you know, having your feet washed by someone else is a humbling experience. Yet here is Jesus in his humble love, washing away our sins, comforting us with his love and compassion, loving us into pardon and peace. For when we come to confession with a humble and contrite heart, it is totally open and he enters and heals and strengthens us in his forgiving love, sharing his heart with us.

I remind people of how Jesus responded when he first saw the disciples after his Resurrection. He did not chide them by saying, “Where were you while I was hanging there on that cross?” There was no attempt to make them feel guilty, to make them squirm in their shame. He just showed them his wounds, as St. Peter would later say, by which we are healed (1 Pt 2:24). He seemed to have taken pride and joy in displaying these wounds, as if to say, “Put your hand into my side and discover how deeply I love you.” Later, on the shore, he asked Peter three times, “Do you love me?” and guides him through a process of healing for the three times he denied Jesus. That is the same question Jesus puts to us in the confessional—not “how many times have you abandoned me?” but “do you love me?” I remind people that Jesus sees the whole person, not just where we failed. He sees the occasions when we
The Difficulty of Forgiving Ourselves

were charitable, patient, long suffering—stressing the fact that God is alive in us in all the good we do—for he is the one who brings it about, who nourishes it within us, and helps us grow and blossom. The very fact that the person is in the confessional means that God is there and now alive in him, for we cannot even repent without the grace of God. That is important, for we must not see ourselves as junk, as useless and worthless. God is there to heal us, to pick us up, and to strengthen us that we may move ahead, grow, and mature.

Failure to Accept Our Humanity

An inability to forgive ourselves is a block to further growth. Locking ourselves in guilt cripples us, nourishes self-pity, and impedes giving ourselves to others for we truly think we have nothing to give. In those moments I remind them of the beautiful words of Micah:

“Who is there like you, the God who removes guilt and pardons sin for the remnant of his inheritance; Who does not persist in anger forever, but delights rather in clemency, and will again have compassion on us, treading underfoot our guilt: You will cast into the depths of the sea all our sins.” (7:18)

I remind them that just off the coast of Monterey, California, there is an underwater canyon deeper
The Difficulty of Forgiving Ourselves

even than the Grand Canyon. I like to think that is where all those shiploads of sins are dumped.

Could it be, then, that our inability to forgive ourselves is tied in with the fact that we cannot accept our humanity? We are indeed earthen vessels. Jean Vanier quotes Karl Jung writing to a Christian woman:

“You always want to do good to the poor outside you and at the same time you deny the poor person living inside you. Why can’t you see Jesus in your own poverty, in your own hunger and thirst? In all that is “strange” inside you: in the violence and the anguish that are beyond your control. You are called to welcome all this, not to deny its existence, but to accept that it is there and to meet Jesus there.”

As Vanier suggests, we cannot welcome and receive Jesus unless we welcome our own weakness and poverty. We are not angels but earthen vessels, and we must accept that of ourselves and others. I remind myself of St. Augustine, certainly one of the most brilliant and influential of all our saints. Yet, in his youth he had his mistress, his struggles with impurity, and his doubts of faith. God did not hold that against him but moved him to a deep conversion and role of leadership. Peter, Christ’s personal choice as leader of his community, is known by us for his blustering impetuosity and betrayals. Putting
The Difficulty of Forgiving Ourselves

ourselves down, thinking we are junk or worthless sinners is to smother the good within ourselves and allow the shadow side to fester.

I used to celebrate a monthly open-air Mass in the sunburned fields of northern Baja, California, for people who lived in houses of cardboard and plywood. Even though their trade was making bricks, their “patron” paid them so little that they couldn’t afford to use the bricks to build their own homes and, consequently, lived like boiled lobsters in the desert heat. As a result the men felt they literally were junk and behaved as such—drinking, beating their wives and children.

Our actions flow from who and what we are. “A good tree bears good fruit,” Jesus reminds us. If we accept that, even though we are earthen vessels, the temples of the Holy Spirit, then we allow that power of the Spirit to transform us and let flourish a Christ-like life and ministry. So not forgiving ourselves can be a self-deception, an attachment to a less virtuous way of life, allowing us to continue in our less than healthy ways and avoid the challenge of growth and spiritual maturity.

In my own experience and my observation of penitents, I am convinced we grow more by focusing on how good God is to us than by attempting to be motivated by guilt. I well recall that after strong earthquakes, both in Mexico and California, the
church filled with repentant sinners for a week or so, with persons fearing the end was near and seeking repentance. But after a few weeks, like an outgoing tide, attendance receded as we all slipped back to our old listless days of tepid faith. Guilt is not sufficient in itself to bring a lasting conversion. We are much more motivated and empowered when we become aware of how much God loves us, how patient and faithful he is with us. Being loved is a humbling experience. We fear the day that the one who loves us will find out what we are really like and move on to greener pastures. But God loves us in our sinfulness. Not because he loves the sin, but because he is well aware of the goodness he has placed within us. If we respond to that love as a flower to the sun, we too will grow and blossom for his glory.

It Is All About Grace

Being a confessor is humbling. We are witnesses of suffering humanity, persons dealing with failure in their way of life, overwhelmed with the pain of confusion, loss, and burdening responsibilities. But Jesus is there to heal them, to share their chafing yoke, to breathe new life into weary bones. Not infrequently I have experienced the Spirit working through me, offering advice and counsel that even surprised me. It is all about grace. It is grace, that
The Difficulty of Forgiving Ourselves

loving inflow of life, that transfusion of love that Jesus gives the penitent that brings healing and hope.

It is not difficult to discern the depth of repentance a penitent brings, and the more humbled and open the heart of the person, the louder one can hear the angels singing in joy, for they witness the joy of Jesus when the sinner returns and is resurrected from his self-imposed prison. Only you have the key to the inner sanctuary of your heart. Christ will not force his way in, because love must be a free response on our part. When you find yourself clinging to a paralyzing guilt, unable to forgive yourself, picture Jesus at your side as when he was at the tomb of Lazarus and hear him shout: “Lazarus come out!” He is there to raise you too from the dead, calling you to come forth and be a witness of his love and power.

Grace, indeed, is life, power, and growth. The Bible attempts to describe what grace is by use of picturesque symbols: water that makes the desert bloom, tongues of fire that transform, the power of love that heals and raises the dead to life. Grace is the power of God alive in us. We do not pick ourselves up by our bootstraps, for as St. Paul so well puts it, “For I do not do the good I want, but I do the evil I do not want” (Rom 7:19). What is our job in the role of sanctification? Meister Eckhart says,
“Get out of the way and let God be God in you.” We clear the path; we remove the obstacles that smother the growth God wants to achieve in us. Like good gardeners, we loosen the soil by repentance, enrich it with prayer that nourishes our intimacy with God, remove the weeds of our sinfulness that leech away the growth, and remove the stones of pride that block it. Growth is from God. We do not control it but set it free to grow and blossom in the works of the Holy Spirit. “I planted, Apollos watered, but God caused the growth,” St. Paul reminds us (1 Cor 3:6). That growth takes place deep within us, beyond the realm of consciousness.

Healing Comes from God

We use human means, such as AA programs, fasting and penance and counseling. Yet in the long run, the final and profound healing comes from God, who touches our inmost hearts and sets us free from all our unhealthy addictions, fears, and anxieties and replaces them with faith, hope, and love. The transformation that the Holy Spirit can bring about is evident in the change that overcame the doubting Apostles on Pentecost, who—receiving the tongues of flame of the Holy Spirit—exited their place of hiding, buoyed now with wisdom and courage, determined to give their lives for their loving God, a God who indeed can do the impossible.
Take courage, for the Spirit is anxious to do marvels in and through us as well:

“Now to him who is able to accomplish far more than all we ask or imagine, by the power at work within us, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus to all generations, forever and ever. Amen.” (Eph 3:20–21)

**Paul Scanlon, OP,** (1933-2015) was a member of the Western Dominican Province and was ordained in 1959. A former provincial and missionary, he was chaplain to the cloistered Dominican Nuns in Hollywood, California.

**NOTE**
Book Notices

Hope
Promise, Possibility, and Fulfillment
By Edited by Richard Lennan and Nancy Pineda-Madrido
Paulist Press Paper $24.95

Crafting a theology of hope, this book addresses both the possibility that hope offers and the capacity of hope to respond to the challenges that life presents to us all.

Conversation
How Talk Can Change Our Lives
By Theodore Zeldin
Paulist Press/Hardcover $12

Zeldin approaches the subject of conversation in a sophisticated, thought-provoking manner, explaining what kind of talk charmed and excited people in the past, why conversation is different today, and what it could be like in the future.
The Way of Transformation

is a play on the title of St. Teresa’s classic The Way of Perfection. Written for her Discalced Carmelite nuns, it is nonetheless considered Teresa’s “operations manual” for anyone genuinely committed to the spiritual life. But by “perfection” she doesn’t intend the futile pursuit of idealized flawlessness, as some might think. Rather, Teresa means achieving an authentic human fulfillment—a true becoming of that person we are meant to be.

The Rosary with St. Thérèse of Lisieux.

A wonderful new resource for your prayer life is on the press right now! It weaves together Scripture reflections with selections from the Little Flower’s writings. This new pocket-sized booklet will retail for $4.50.

www.icspublications.org
Scan this QR Code

ICS Publications
2131 Lincoln Road NE
Washington, DC 20002
1-800-832-8489