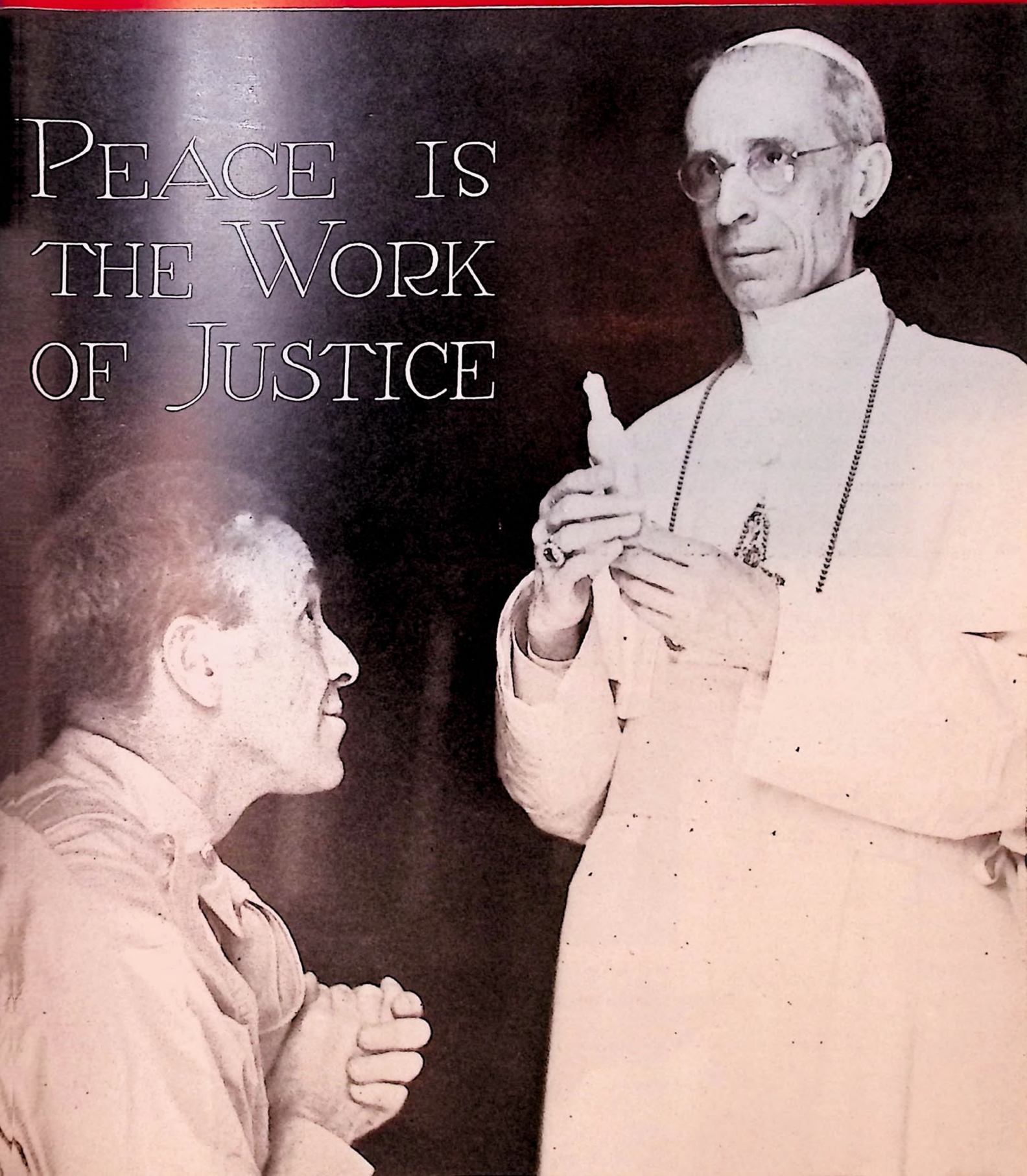
Oct. 1945

JESUIT MISSIONS

PEACE IS THE WORK OF JUSTICE



JESUIT MISSIONS — Oct. — 1945

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■ **Father William J. Moore, S.J.,** already a veteran of the Indian missions and author of eleven articles on American Indians in JESUIT MISSIONS, was assigned this year to British Honduras, mission of the Missouri Province of the American Jesuits. He was one of the first Jesuits to be selected for special courses at the mission institute of social studies held at St. Louis University, this summer. Gifted, energetic, and completely devoted to the missions, he is going to a country, which is economically retarded, armed with the very latest in modern methods of raising the economic level of mission people.

■ **Father Hugh F. Costigan, S.J.,** a former missionary in the Philippines, was summoned suddenly this year to assist in the Jesuit Philippine Bureau in New York, during the absence of Father Masterson in the Philippines. From the time the first story about Father Duenas came out, Father Costigan became interested in the case of the plucky little Chamorro priest who lost his life protecting the lives of his people and of an American radioman concealed on the island all during the Japanese occupation. Father Duenas was an alumnus of the seminary of San Jose, conducted by the Jesuits in the Philippines. It is Father Costigan's boast that he has read everything written so far about Father Duenas, including many letters from people living on Guam. In a recent article in *"America"*, he corrected vigorously the slanderous charge recently made in a book by a man for whom Father Duenas laid down his life. The story told here is the simple evaluation of a brave priest, trained in the missions for his own country's missions.

Hugh F. Costigan, S.J.

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COVER — The central figure in the whole world is Pope Pius XII. "Peace, the work of Justice," is his motto. All through the war, he was the one leader who looked beyond victory in war to the work of universal justice in peace. This is the day when the world needs leaders who seek such a peace.

He holds in his hands a replica, carved in Alaskan ivory by an Alaskan artist, of the statue of Christ the King on King Island, Alaska, brought to him by Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., famous Alaskan explorer. The gift is the symbol of the important work of peace, establishing the reign of Christ the King in the missions of the world.

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On Trial—
The Social Movement

Will it Work?
Will it Succeed?

In British Honduras as in many of our foreign missions the Catholic social movement has caught on!

Housewives, fishermen, small-trades people now know the meaning of the value of helping themselves through group action in Credit Unions.

It will be a long time of course before there can be such a thing as economic security on the missions. The long process of painstaking education must go on continually.

In the past few years your prayers and your magnificent financial assistance have enabled the missionaries to work wonders. But remember that the movement is still in its early stages.

It could still collapse. But it won't *IF YOU CONTINUE TO HELP.*

Very Rev. David F. Hickey, S.J., superior of the British Honduras mission.

British Honduras has grown in a few generations from a mission with two priests and a handful of Catholics to a diocese of 34,500 Catholics, one bishop, 11 priests, three communities of sisters who teach thousands of Carib, Mayan, Spanish, Indian children in Catholic schools. It now has a most promising social program, inaugurated and promoted by a far-sighted bishop, a specially trained superior and staff of priests.

Rev. Vincent Erbacher, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Missouri

Dear Father Erbacher:

Enclosed please find $..... for the British Honduras Mission.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Or send donations to Jesuit Missions.

The Challenge of Peace!

Calvert Alexander, S.J.

American Catholics now face the biggest decision in history. How large a part shall we play in bringing Christ to the pagan Pacific world?

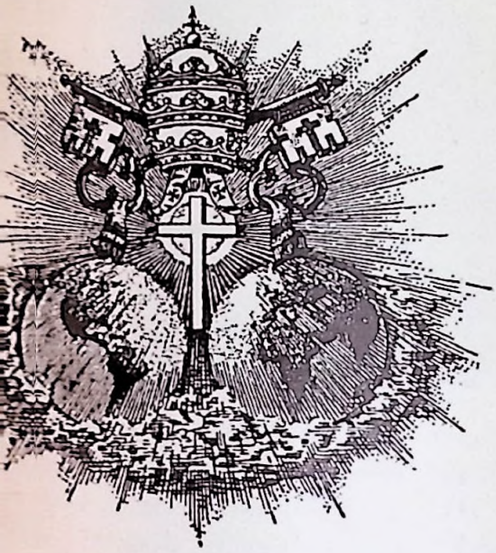
August 14, was both an end and a beginning. It marked the end of the war in the Pacific but the beginning of one of the most gigantic and difficult enterprises that we as a nation have ever undertaken. We have emerged from the conflict the most powerful military nation in the world. This immense power carries with it inescapable obligations. We all recognize this and have decided not to run out on these obligations. We are definitely committed to a leading role in world reconstruction and rehabilitation. Time alone will decide what measure of success we may have. The people of the nation will, for the most part, be solidly behind our government in this newer and more difficult project of bringing peace and order to the world. Among these will be our 23,000,000 American Catholics. Our war record has been a proud one. Our part in helping her to victory in the more spiritual task she now is undertaking should be even greater because as Catholics we have a greater spiritual contribution to make.

But although our contribution should be greater, it will not be unless we see clearly what our spiritual resources are and what part they can be made to play in the common work before us as a nation. Outstanding among these spiritual resources will unquestionably be our missions—the world missions of the Catholic Church. The more than 85,000 priests, brothers, and nuns who operate these missions constitute an army of trained workers for relief and rehabilitation, superior in numbers, devotion and experience to any other existing agency. On a higher level, we know as Catholics, that peace is the business of this vast army, that peace is the profession, the life's work of every missionary who gives up his home and lives in an alien land in order that he may bring the peace of Christ to other peoples. To this end he sacrifices all else. He does not work explicitly for political and economic peace, but for that higher peace which is the indispensable foundation of these and without which no lasting peace can ever be achieved.

The last three years of war have inflicted extensive damage on this world missionary effort. But this damage has, for the most part, been a material one. The thousands of missionaries in Asia who have remained and suffered with and consoled their bruised people have emerged from the conflict with a stature they never enjoyed before. Their material structures, the work of centuries, are now in ruins but they have erected for themselves a more lofty and lasting place in the hearts and affections of the people. Never have they been so weak in material resources; never so powerful in the opportunity they possess of doing good.

Whether or not the missions of the Church will be able to exercise this hard won prestige, depend almost entirely on the attitude of the Catholics of the United States. For we alone of all the faithful of the world have, at the war's conclusion, sufficient material resources and manpower available to carry them through this crisis. Let us make no mistake about it the task that faces us is not an easy one. It calls for sacrifice and selflessness; it cannot be performed by petty means. It calls for an entirely new national attitude towards the missions. It calls not for help alone but for leadership and all that this implies in providing manpower and financial support.

This is an entirely new role for American Catholicism, but we will accept it just as our nation has accepted the obligations towards the people of the world that its newly found power involves. We will accept it as Americans, confident that in helping to restore the missions of the Church we are making a unique contribution to our united national effort towards world peace.



This Is America's Day

America's hour has come!
On us almost alone today the spread
of Christ's Kingdom depends.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell

Rt. Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell, national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, can speak with more information and authority on the crisis of world missions than any other person in America today. His office in New York is the crossroads of the world's mission needs. All over the United States on Sunday, October 21, Catholics, in their splendid churches, will be asked to be generous to poor people in mission lands. The collection will be divided between foreign missions, the Near East, and struggling outlying parishes of our own United States where thousands of Catholics still live in little huts such as the one below.

REGARDLESS of the opinion of those who are engaged in planning for future peace, Catholics of America must give personal and deep consideration to that problem. This war has proved, without the shadow of a doubt, that no nation can be so self-contained that it can afford to disregard events and trends, needs and aspirations of other sections of the world. Americans constitute but one portion of humanity, but they represent a branch in the eternal brotherhood of man in the Fatherhood of God. Perhaps this will be one of the lasting principles which will survive the ravages of the conflict now ended. As a matter of fact it must remain one of the abiding truths to be remembered by our Catholic people.

Before me on my desk at this moment are letters from every section of the war areas, written by chaplains and laymen in the armed forces of our country who are forced, so to

Life in most parts of Egypt and the Near East is still primitive, but this section of the world is an important mission field for the Church because of its cultural associations with Mohammedanism. On October 21, you can help the Church in the Near East.

speak, by the evidence of their senses, to give frank and unsolicited testimony of what has been accomplished by the Catholic Church in all sections of the world. This is particularly true of conditions in the Orient and the Pacific theatre of operations. No section was too remote, no undertaking too hazardous for the bishops, the priests, the brothers and the sisters who answered the call to the mission apostolate.

While this has been the principle of the Church since her foundation, it is only today that America is privileged to view the scene in its entirety. Now, with that knowledge, comes a sense of responsibility never before experienced. This is now our business—this task of saving souls. The mandate uttered over 1900 years ago, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature," was addressed to every member of the Catholic Church, to every American who acknowledges the Sovereign Pontiff as Christ's Vicar on earth.

TODAY we know that no man or woman who has viewed the Church in action, particularly in the action of her mission apostolate, can fail to be filled with admiration for the magnificence of the task accomplished. The sincere faith evinced by the once savage tribes of Oceania proves without a doubt that the blood of the martyrs for the past one hundred years has watered well the plant of Catholicity. The unswerving devotion of the missionaries in China, who, regardless of personal risk, have followed and more often led their frightened flocks to safety, has aroused the admiration of every man in the armed forces who has witnessed their work. The high cultural development found as a consequence of the Church's activities in the Philippines has given our troops a totally different aspect of what mission work may achieve.

On the other hand there has come the knowledge that this devastating war has wrought untold damage upon the great foundations which have taken decades, nay, centuries, to erect. The devastation in Africa, while limited to the northern section, caused great property as well as incalculable spiritual loss through the internment of many missionaries designated as enemy aliens. None need be told of the ravages inflicted upon China after eight years of warfare, while the Indies, scene of once flourishing mission activity, Indo-China and Burma have passed through a baptism of fire which would seem to prostrate the Church for the present at least. Japan, a mission country, after almost continual bombing for months, must face a long era of reconstruction. The Philippines, known as the pearl of the orient, must set to the task of rebuilding upon the ruins of some four hundred years of painstaking labor. In addition the war stopped for five long years the sending of replacements of personnel from the great mission centers in Europe.

Certainly, therefore, the missions of the Church may be said to have gone through one of their periods of trial. Once more the stark tragedy of Good Friday

Africa is today the most promising mission land in the world. Only limited resources of men and means prevent the greatest conversion movement in history. You can help on October 21.

Mission Sunday

October 21st 1945

would seem to have descended upon them as it did upon the Queen of the Missions and the tiny group that sought refuge in the upper room. However, we know that had there been no crucifixion there would have been no resurrection, and it is this thought which must dominate, not only our plans for the future peace of the world, but act as the measuring rod of our real Catholicity.

This conclusion is not the result of wishful thinking but the real and true evaluation of events of the past and the possibilities of the future. Nineteen hundred years ago the work of the great Missionary was apparently destroyed by His ignominious death upon the cross. Sixteen long centuries ago the followers of the prophet Mohammed, overrunning the Near East, apparently killed the growth of the Church in Affrica. Defections within the Christian fold decimated the ranks of the faithful throughout Europe, while persecutions threatened the life of the newborn Faith in distant lands. But always, phoenixlike, Catholicity has risen from its funeral pyre to a greater and more glorious growth.

Now the glimmerings of the Resurrection morn streak across the darkness of yesterday's Calvary. Pushed back from the coastal cities of China the seminaries have been opened; cavelike, far in the interior, the hospitals have been functioning, orphanages were maintained and the natives have learned to appreciate the missionaries as the true shepherds who never desert their flocks. The depleted staffs which manned the bombed hospitals and orphanages in Africa have been increased by a slow but steady stream of recruits from America. In addition German prisoners of war are studying for the priesthood in an improvised seminary outside Algiers, and the opening of a Catholic university for South Africa has just been announced. The only plea heard from the lips of evacuated Oceanic missionaries in Australia or America is a speedy return to the beloved natives who have proved the worth of their Catholic teaching. Newcomers have been leaving regularly for the once desolate mission areas of South and Central America, while interest in the home apostolate has been revivified by an increase in America's mission interest. Now the work must go forward. The Holy Father asks for prayers and alms for the missions on Mission Sunday.

This was once a crowded church in China. Its people now have no place of worship. Reconstruction of war-damaged churches is a work which you can help on October 21.

Father Dueñas of Guam

Hugh F. Costigan, S.J.

The Japanese tried to get rid of Father Dueñas . . .
first native priest of Guam.
But now he will live forever. . . .
He shed his blood for his people.

"Father Dueñas of Guam", put to death by the Japanese "because he had a heart blackened by devotion to America" (above).

Father Calvo, the last native priest of Guam, with American Navy personnel and men of Guam at Father Dueñas' grave before the body was removed to his parish church (right).

PALM fronds dip in the gentle Pacific breeze. White ripples roll along the shore. Morning, and the sun pierces the green-gray hills of Guam. On the heights of Sinajana, two men are kneeling, hands bound behind them, heads bowed, waiting.

Around them, a semicircle of Japanese soldiers; before them an officer, mumbling from a fluttering white page; standing over them, a soldier clasping a silver sword. Silence. Then an arm is raised aloft—a flash of golden sun on bright steel—one stroke, and Edward Dueñas, 31 year old lawyer of Guam, sprawls in death. Another stroke, and the green-gray hills of Guam drink in the warm, rich blood of its noblest priest and son, Father Jesus Basa Dueñas.

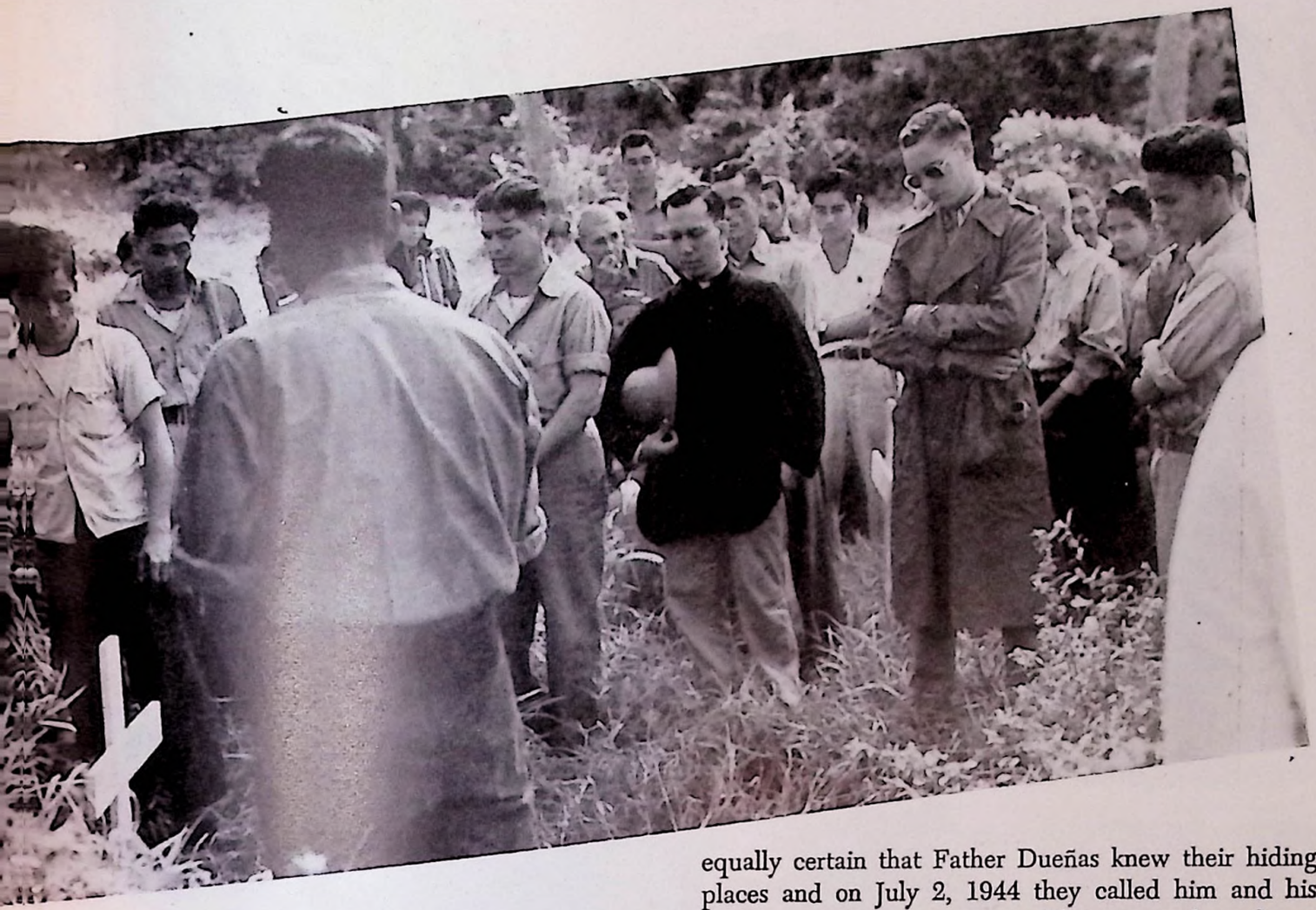
The story that ended on the heights of Sinajana, July 12, 1944, began years ago in the peaceful little island community that is Guam. Young Jesus Dueñas wanted to be what he thought Guam needed most—one of her own priests. To do so, the little Chamorro boy had to travel 1500 miles of ocean to Manila: Guam had no seminary.

At the Jesuit Seminary of San Jose in Manila, Philippines, Dueñas was a leader in all the study and prayer and work, teaching catechism and helping at missions that make a seminarian's day. When you met him on the corridors, or played baseball with him or went with him to teach catechism, you felt qualities hard to describe. He had a dignity that meant determination, a straightforwardness that meant deep honesty, a manliness that meant fearlessness.

In the summer of 1938, San Jose Seminary's part was played and Jesus Basa Dueñas returned to Guam for ordination. He was the first Chamorro elevated to the priesthood in the century-old Cathedral at Agana. It was June 11, 1938, a memorable day for Guam, and for San Jose Seminary, for it was the birthday of a new native clergy.

Before long the determination, the straightforwardness and the manliness of Father Dueñas were felt in his home island. He was pastor at Inarajan. He was a member of the Board of Education. He organized a minor seminary for other Chamorro aspirants to the priesthood. He was known and loved throughout the island.

THEN came December 7th, 1941 and Pearl Harbor. The pitiful American defenses crumbled and Japanese troops overran Guam. The Bishop, Miguel Angel Olano, O.F.M. Cap., and the handful of American Capuchin missionaries were moved to Japan. Only Fr. Dueñas and Fr. Oscar Calvo, another young Chamorro priest from San Jose Seminary, were left to care for the 23,000 Chamorros on Guam, where 98% of the people are Catholic. Father Dueñas, but three years out of the seminary, was named Pro-Vicar Apostolic in place of Bishop Olano, and on him devolved the worries and trials concomitant with conquest by a pagan people.



For three years his was a precarious existence. In conscience he could not agree to the demands of the Japanese Military. Ordered to remove the crosses from the Church, he refused. Ordered to submit his sermons to censorship, he refused. Ordered to give information on the Americans hidden in the jungles, he refused, and it was this which ultimately cost him his life.

His village and his church were beset with spies. It even reached the point where he did not know whether the penitent in the confessional was really a penitent or a spy sent by the *Kempetai*. Called before the Japanese authorities regularly, he had but one reply. His work was solely the spiritual care of the Chamorro people.

Once a month Father Dueñas made proposals to the governor and his council to protect the people from enforced labor and the exploitation of Japanese merchants. Each month, these proposals were recorded and ignored. Father Dueñas was disgusted and told the governor so. The governor was furious, rose, pointed at Father Dueñas and said: *"You are a stiff-necked fool, Father Dueñas. You will find yourself exiled to Rota!"*

Behind the scenes his days and nights were taken up with encouraging and consoling his people, with hiding and succoring fugitives from the Japanese, both Chamorros and American sailors, with visiting the sick and burying the dead and conferring the Sacraments. But the unequal struggle could not go on forever.

The Japanese were certain that there were American Navy men still on the Island of Guam. They were equally certain that Father Dueñas knew their hiding places and on July 2, 1944 they called him and his nephew in for questioning. They wanted to know the hiding place of George Ray Tweed, American Navy radioman. Father Dueñas had known and befriended Tweed months before. He knew others who had done the same. But to all questions he could and would give no answer. His lips were doubly silenced. Many a troubled Chamorro, working against the Japanese, had come to him for counsel and advice, and had also sought guidance in the confessional.

When threats brought no reply, the Japanese tried force. All night Father Dueñas and his nephew were pommeled and beaten and bruised. His nephew broke under the torture and admitted that Father Dueñas knew Tweed. Still the priest would give no information, would implicate no other living Chamorro.

On the morning of July 3, 1944, Father Dueñas and his nephew, battered and bruised, were thrown into a prison camp near Sinajana. For two weeks they were questioned and tortured and threatened with death. Two other Chamorros were in this camp on the same charge as Father Dueñas–harboring American sailors. They are still alive and from them we learn of the courage and loyalty of Father Dueñas.

God did not see fit to save Father Dueñas' life. The Japanese led him out to a hillside and read their sentence of death over him. They accused him of refusing to cooperate with Japan, of having *"a heart blackened by devotion to America,"* of harboring George Ray Tweed, U.S.N. And for these accusations he died on the heights of Sinajana.

Veterans Consult Experts

FACULTY

STUDENTS

William J. Moore, S.J.

THE Institute of Social Work in the Missions inaugurated at St. Louis this summer was the first of its kind ever held in the United States. Veteran missionaries—Jesuits, Columban Fathers, a Maryknoll Father, and Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, from India, China, the Philippines, British Honduras, Jamaica and American Indian Reservations gathered at St. Louis University, and there, side by side with newly assigned missionaries, spent five weeks of intensive study of credit unions, cooperatives, rural life programs, and other specialized methods of raising the economic life of depressed mission peoples.

That missioners had come from opposite sides of the globe to meet in St. Louis to study social problems was a visible sign of the universal Church's interest in the well-being of her people; that priests from four different mission societies could talk over their problems in round-table discussions, pooling their knowledge for the sake of the kingdom of Christ, augurs well for the post-war mission expansion which American missioners will undertake.

The mission Institute was sponsored by the Institute of Social Sciences, an agency of the American Jesuits' Institute of Social Order. Its faculty was a staff of experts. The Director, Rev. Leo C. Brown, S.J. (Ph.D. in economics and labor law from Harvard), was assisted by Rev. Edward L. Murphy, S.J. (Doctor of Missiology from the Gregorian University in Rome),

The mission institute came just in time . . . training in social works is needed everywhere now in the post-war world.

Participants in the Mission Institute at St. Louis:

Clement A. Andlauer, S.J.	Robert L. McCormack, S.J.
Matthew J. Ashe, S.J.	Patrick V. McFadden, S.S.C.
John J. Barrett, S.J.	William J. Moore, S.J.
Joseph Bates, S.V.D.	Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J.
John Dunn, S.V.D.	Francis C. Ratermann, S.J.
Thomas F. Dwyer, S.S.C.	Richard M. Rosenfelder, S.J.
Harold A. Fuller, S.J.	Felix F. Talbot, S.J.
Peter Guisto, S.V.D.	William A. Ulrich, S.J.
John R. Harpel, S.V.D.	Lawrence C. Wagner, S.V.D.
V. Rev. David F. Hickey, S.J.	A. Arthur Weber, M.M.
Francis J. Mahoney, S.J.	Miss Dorothy M. Albright

The faculty of the Mission Institute: Fathers John Sullivan, Leo Brown, Edward Murphy, and Bernard Dempsey, and Miss Mary G. Dooling. (below) Missionaries, new and old, in class. Miss Dooling is lecturing on cooperatives.

Rev. Bernard G. Dempsey, S.J. (Ph.D. in economics and banking from Harvard and now Regent of the School of Commerce and Finance, St. Louis University), Rev. John P. Sullivan, S.J., President of the Jamaica Credit Union League (British West Indies), and Miss Mary G. Dooling, organizer, lecturer, and Director of the Department of Cooperatives of *The Queen's Work*. Special lectures were given by Very Rev. George J. Hildner, Vice-President of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, Mr. Lee O'Brien, Managing Director of the Missouri Credit Union League, the Rev. Eugene P. Murphy, S. J., Director of the Radio League of the Sacred Heart, the Rev. William H. Puetter, S.J., author of various liturgical works, the Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J., member of the faculty of the N.C.R.L.C. traveling summer school, and Rev. Calvert Alexander, S.J., Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS.

FATHER EDWARD L. MURPHY, S.J., laid the foundation of the course by presenting the Church's attitude, teaching and practice regarding social works on the missions. He declared, among other things, that the institute was the realization of an ideal of the Holy See. He said that the Church cannot be built out of a brutalized, pauperized people, and pointed out that a continued healthy supernatural life presupposes a natural foundation consisting of at least a certain minimum of food, shelter and clothing. Efforts of the missioners to inaugurate credit unions and cooperatives are proof of the Church's solicitude for her children.

"*There is a nexus between soil erosion and soul erosion,*" declared the Very Rev. George J. Hildner.

"*No bread, no prayers,*" said the Rev. John P. Sullivan, S.J., who pointed out that if people cannot come to Mass because they have no shoes or clothes, the first thing to do is to help them get shoes or clothes.

Instruction about the principles and formation of credit unions and cooperatives was given by Father Sullivan and Miss Mary G. Dooling. The history of the cooperative movement in the United States was treated by Father Brown, Director of the Institute.

The Rev. Bernard G. Dempsey, S.J., lectured on the making and the use of surveys as a preparation for intelligent mission work. Father Hildner discussed rural life problems and the use of assistance from governmental agencies. Father Hildner declared that during 30 years as a rural pastor he has obtained $3,000,000 of governmental aid for the people of his community. The story of Father Hildner, "Missouri's Fighting Priest," is told in *Reader's Digest* for May 1943. Father Calvert Alexander, S.J., editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, lectured on the aid that U. S. government agencies could give to mission cooperatives. He also made final arrangements with Father Brown for the continuance of the Institute next summer.

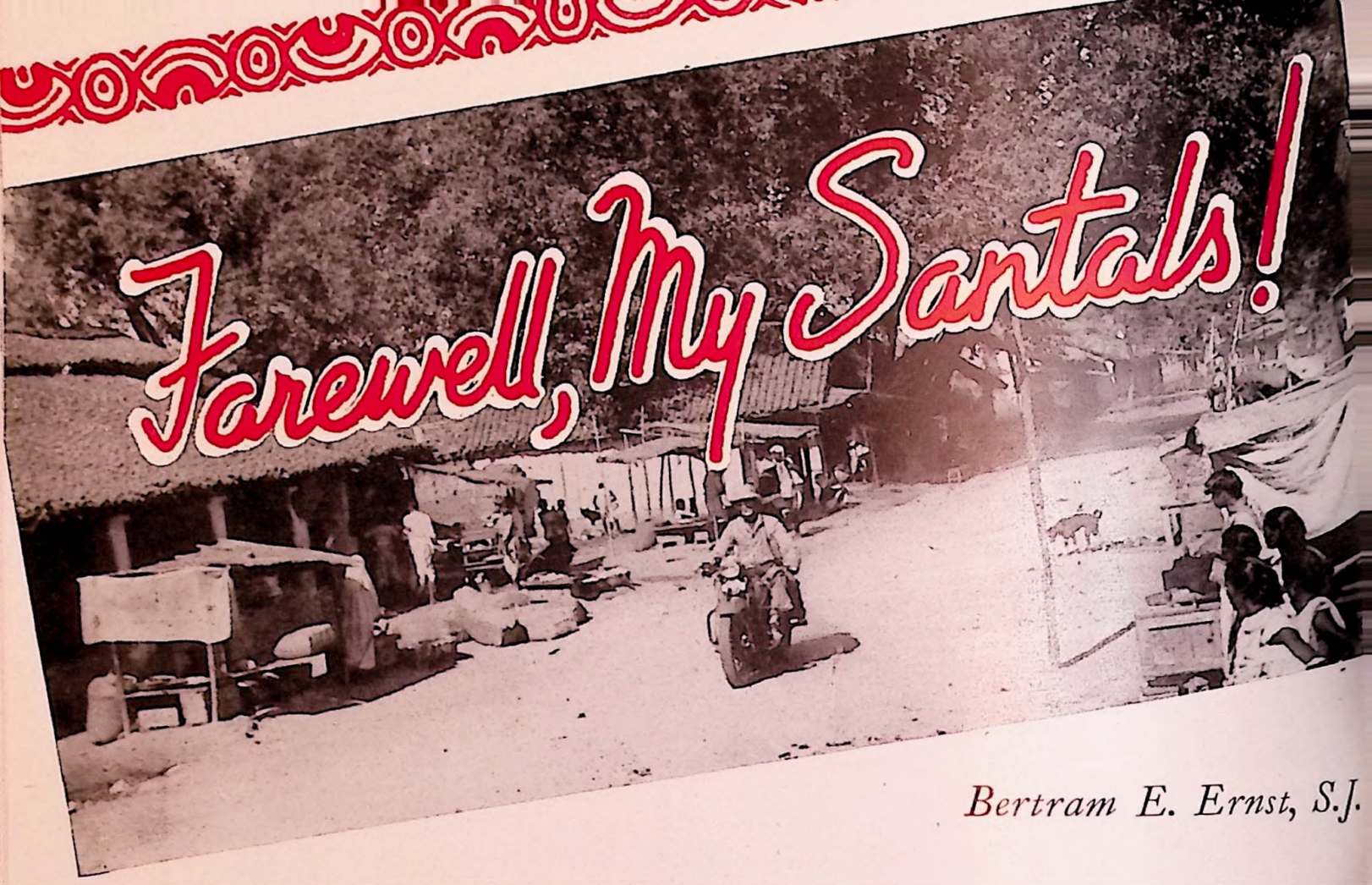
A LIST of the sub-topics discussed by the 23 missioners would fill several pages. A few headings will indicate the practical nature of the discussions: soil conservation; hybrid seed corn; egg candling; Farm Credit Administration; loan sharks; specialized training of missionaries; accommodation to native customs; native clergy; English colonial policy; the United Nations Charter as it affects mission lands; UNRRA; visual education, and medical dispensaries.

The assembled missioners did not spend all their time in the class-room. Over the St. Louis University station WEW, six representatives of the Institute spoke on the Sacred Heart program. Their talks were recorded and will be carried by 160 outlets in the United States and foreign countries.

Five hundred and fifteen nuns attending the St. Louis University summer school, and nuns from all the convents in the city were invited to a world mission symposium held on July 23 in the University auditorium. On the panel, with a battery of microphones before them, were Father Sullivan, as chairman, and Fathers Hickey, Barrett, Guisto, Weber, Fuller and McFadden, representing the Society of Jesus, the Society of the Divine Word, the Society of St. Columban, and the Maryknoll Fathers.

The inaugural session was a triumphant success!

Farewell, My Santals!



Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.

I've said goodbye to my Santals. From now on they will be under the capable direction of the Third Order Reformed Franciscans. But it was not easy to leave. They were my people most of my missionary life in India. Their final marks of gratitude made it harder than ever to go. Every Christian in the village turned out for the last Mass in the new church I had built for them at Sundarmur, and that night they all came back for the farewell celebration. My final attack of malaria left me weak all day but nothing could prevent my attending or keep me from going to Godda next day where others wanted to bid me godspeed.

One man and woman left their work to walk about fifteen miles just to say farewell. When they arrived they didn't have much to say, but their act spoke more than words could ever do. They just wanted to see me once more before I left. Just a year ago I had baptized them. Once, earlier, I had saved the life of their little boy when he was deathly ill. They wanted me to know how grateful they were, stood silent and sad before me for a while and then turned and departed on their long tramp home, hoping I would understand.

How well I understood my Santals! Some of them were splendid Christians. Susannah, for example, had four little children of her own. Yet without the slightest hesitation, she took into her home a new-born baby whose Christian mother had just died. And there were others whose brave, good lives made our missionary work so important and so worth while. But now, as I look back, incident after incident comes to mind, not only of the good Santals, but of the others, who were so numerous. These, too, I loved though they tried my patience to the limit at times, though they often exacted more ingenuity and tact than I ever possessed. But as a missionary, it was all of my people who were given into my care, not just the best ones. All of their lives were part of mine, their troubles, squabbles, weaknesses and triumphs. They were all my people.

The missionary loves his people, all of them . . . the good, the bad, the weak. Leaving them is difficult.

Henry, for instance. We finally convinced Henry that getting his sick wife to the hospital was altogether an accepted way of combatting her illness. He had heretofore preferred the "cat" treatment and had employed it extensively but to little avail. Cats had been frequenting his house of late, and cats are, as everyone knows, quite likely to be evil spirits with fur on. Their presence does you no good, they bring with them famine, fever, sudden death, inclement weather, illness and general bad cess. You get rid of all these nuisances (a) by simply driving the cats away; (b) by sacrificing a pig or fowl to the evil spirit who is behind it all.

HHenry had been working like a beaver at both these teechniques, but his wife only got sicker. Now at last shhe's in the hospital but, at this late date, may not recoover even there.

When Henry was baptized, some eight years ago, hiis wife was away. Then she came home and learned wwhat had happened. Thereupon she threw all the cooking pots outdoors and refused to prepare any food. HHenry, shrewdly guessing that this moody action indiicated disapproval, presented himself and his probleems at the mission next daybreak. We turned him ovver to some native helpers who understand the diplomaatic niceties involved in dealing with pot-throwing Saantal wives, and eventually Henry's wife was recon-

ather Bertram E. Ernst, S.J. (left), driving though a Santal town in India, and (above) surrounded by a group of his beloved Santals.

leed and even received baptism herself. Like a comaanding general, I was aware of the major moves of iis campaign; but about several little details of execuonn I am still hazy. What honeyed or barbed words eere whispered to effect the change? And what ever appened to the pots?

)ER take Gervasius and Louisa. Everything was rosy heen Gervasius and Louisa were married three years go.. Then they went home to the groom's father's ouuse, as is the unhappy custom here, and into their ress some rain began to fall. Mother-in-law trouble, I thher. The pay-off—and a literal one, too—was the tuurn of the bridal price by the girl's father and a uttual signing of a bill of divorce. This, supposedly, tts everything back where it started. And, of course, st no one was to blame. The girl's father had been rceed into returning the bridal price by the husband, d the husband had been forced into accepting it by e father. One sees them standing there, each twistg the other's wrist until he gives in.

Soon Gervasius repented and wanted his wife back. This involved practically international negotiations. After much planning, we moved into the combat zone. Preceded by a small scouting force consisting of Father Hugh and a catechist on cycles, we brought up the main body in a car. Arriving at the front, which was the girl's father's house, we deployed. Then we sent in the husband to get his Louisa. No luck at first, but finally he discovered her hiding coyly under a rice bag. Calling to him to bring her out, we turned the car around. Along about here the lightning movements of our attack got stalled. The wife wound herself around her sister-in-law, apparently hoping to grow there; her brother began whistling a bamboo through the air to indicate that he would be only too glad to enter more whole-heartedly into the arrangements; and a small ground force of three or four women moved in to keep the husband from his wife. This crisis we met in masterly fashion. We simply undeployed our troops, reloaded them, and retired for meditation and reinforcement.

Later the thing worked out. The wife unstuck herself from the home set-up, albeit slowly and unwillingly, and we took the couple to Bettiah, miles away from all in-laws, where Father Pettit was waiting with a new house and a sari and jacket for the wife. These gifts and the absence of their families healed all wounds.

Louisa's father, together with his chief adviser, has been in to see us about a little business matter. The little matter in question is, of course, the bridal price. The contrite father now looks on the whole affair as a horrible mistake, and could he please have the bridal price back? It turns out that when he was called on to give the money back to Gervasius and send him packing, he was just a 'leetle' short of ready cash, so he borrowed the amount from money-lenders. Now, while wolves are not actually at his door, he hears that the money-lenders are looking for some. We let him simmer for a spell. He, like all the others, knew quite well he was doing wrong, and a little anxious brooding about past misdeeds has helped him no end.

There were many others whom I recall so well . . . all my people. They will always be in my heart and in my prayers, even as they are now while I look forward to meeting for the first time my new people.

World Mission News for American Catholics

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEW

Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J. (left) President of Fordham University, presenting the Doctorate diploma to Father Edward Haggerty, S.J., President of the Ateneo de Cagayan.

IN A SIMPLE AFTERNOON ceremony held in the President's office on August 2nd, Fordham University conferred on Rev. J. Edward Haggerty the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. A week later Father Haggerty left New York for the Pacific to take up his new duties as Military Delegate of the Armed Forces for the territory embracing the Philippines and the Japanese islands. The degree citation read in part: *". . . Overnight the College President became the Guerilla Padre of Mindanao. Most of the gallant Filipinos who were resisting in the hills were his own Alumni of the Ateneo de Cagayan; it meant fatigue and thirst and danger; it called for intelligence, nobility and Grace. What he accomplished was recognized by the American Command, and cherished beyond telling by the desperate Filipinos."*

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HIROSHIMA, JAPANESE CITY targeted by the first atomic bombing, housed two Jesuit seminaries, whose personnel numbered 33 in 1940 when word last came through from the Jesuits there. At press time no information had been received as to the fate of these houses.

WITH TRAVEL ROUTES reopening as the war closes, this summer saw departure of the first units of an army of American foreign missionaries expected to go forth in the post-war era. Besides the 53 recently appointed American Jesuits (four more were named to mission work since the September issue's tally was printed), fifteen Maryknoll priests and brothers have left for Bolivia, Chile, Peru, Guatemala, Central America and Hawaii; eight Holy Ghost Fathers have gone to the Vicariate of Kilimanjaro in the Tanganyika Territory on Africa's east coast north of Madagascar; and six priests of St. Columban's Society have set out for Manila, Philippine Islands, where five of their associates were killed by the Japanese during the war.

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THREE MISSIONARY SISTERS of the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station, N. J., have been awarded the highest Chinese decoration by the People's Political Council of China for their devoted and heroic care of Chinese soldiers during the war. For Sister Maria Electa McDermott the award was posthumous. She died in 1941 at Yuanling from a disease contracted while caring for the wounded.

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IN AN AUDIENCE granted to Herbert H. Lehman former New York governor, now director-general of the UNRRA (United National Relief and Rehabilitation Administration), and the members of his staff Pope Pius XII emphasized that relief work is truly and essentially Christ-like.

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WAR RELIEF SERVICES of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, a participating service of the National War Fund, packed and sent off to Manila in August relief materials totalling 60 tons and valued at over $66,000. This was the first of four or five such shipments scheduled for ensuing months.

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BOSTON CATHOLICS will build a new home for the Good Shepherd sisters whose two Philippine convents war has razed. The nuns, residing in Boston since their liberation last spring from internment camp, are originally from America and Ireland, have been in the islands for years. Archbishop Cushing promised them building funds when he learned that the Manila archdiocese, with 20 large churches destroyed in the city alone, could not immediately handle the project

Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for October:

CHRISTIAN KINDNESS TO CONVERTS FROM ISLAM

It is an old saying that Catholics who have lived all their lives in the Catholic religion are very frequently cold toward those who have recently become converts. In this country converted Jews especially have noticed this aloofness.

When one becomes a convert to Catholicism in a Christian land or a country where the people are imbued with some Christian principles, the convert must make certain readjustments in his life, at times very difficult. He needs a helping hand especially in the early stages. In a pagan country, let us say China or Africa, even more help must be given since embracing the Catholic faith segregates the convert from his former pagan associates. But in lands where Islam holds sway, embracing the Catholic faith means still more than segregation. Among the followers of Mohammed there is a law of apostasy, which condemns to death the Moslem who forsakes his faith. How operative this law is we cannot say, for converts from Islam are so few. But whether it is operative or not it is a constant threat—a bogey from the past that makes the convert's lot a miserable one.

Apart from this law of apostasy, which one authority says is operative in only one or two countries, other ostracisms make the path of the convert from Islam difficult. He is almost sure of facing loss of employment and commercial boycott. For charity in the Moslem creed is to be practiced only towards Moslems. This means that the converted Moslem is left without the means of support for his daily livelihood. His life, unless he is befriended by Christians, may become a very lonely and very disheartening condition.

Some Protestant groups who are seeking converts among Moslems have hit upon a compromise plan which places certain converts in the class of "secret believers," that is, Christians living externally as Moslems but at heart believing the Christian doctrines. With Catholics there can be no such compromise. If to be a true follower of Christ means being disowned, disinherited, publicly ostracized by his former Moslem companions, then Catholics must alleviate this condition and that not by a mere dole but by truly Christian charity. And for how long? Until the Church in Moslem lands has been sufficiently established so that it will no longer be a badge of ostracism to become a Catholic, but a step of true progress for the convert spiritually, economically and socially. For this the Pope would have us pray this month.

Mission Intention for November:

MISSIONARY WORKS AMONG EDUCATED MOSLEMS

While many of the people inhabiting Moslem lands are peasants occupied with tilling the soil and while in some cases they are still nomadic, not all of them are such. For generations the followers of Mohammed have had their schools, their philosophers and theologians. They have an educated class as well as an unlettered class. The former must not be neglected. If all converts to the Catholic Church were recruited from the so-called lower classes, the Church would make very slow progress indeed in pagan lands. In dealing with the Moslems we must not forget the apostolate among the educated classes. They must be made curious about Catholicism, its doctrines and its practices.

This wholesome curiosity can be aroused in various ways. First of all there is personal contact with Moslems which has a definitely limited field. Living among them as the followers of Charles de Foucauld or Cardinal Lavigerie offers one means of arousing an interest in things Catholic. The apostolic work of preaching and teaching in the land of Islam can be achieved more effectively in the classroom than in the pulpit as is accomplished in the University of St. Joseph in Beirut where Moslems are admitted to its courses and where publication of periodicals in the Arabic language achieves an influence which can not be measured by mere statistics. More reviews, more pamphlets, more diaries and biographies of Catholics in the Arabic language must be produced by Catholic writers if the Catholic Church is to have an influence among educated Moslems. Works such as these need preparation, long preparation perhaps, but they must be undertaken with apostolic zeal so that the educated Moslem may be reached as well as those of the depressed classes. That these works and others of a similar nature may be fostered among the educated Moslems is the intention our Holy Father would have us pray for during the month of November. *Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.*

Your

Every hour of your day and through the night a mass is being offered at some Jesuit mission around the world.

"I WILL *go unto the Altar of God.*" Seven a.m. Eastern War Time. Your weekday Mass is just beginning. In the half light of the early morning you walked to church through the city's silent streets. You did not walk alone, nor do you now kneel alone at Mass. Here in this church, in New York's several hundred other churches and chapels, in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Wilmington, Del.—in all the cities and towns in the eastern time zone from Maine to Florida and as far west as Cleveland and Cincinnati, it is the hour of weekday Mass for thousands of your fellow Catholics who work in the nation's offices, factories and homes.

It is the day's most eloquent and satisfying hour. In this your sacrifice of praise to God offered with the Eternal Priest, His Son, there is a sense of fundamental accomplishment and of peace which we wish would persist throughout all the rest of our working day, sanctifying and elevating the ordinary things we do into acts of praise and adoration. That, of course, is why we go to Mass; and that, too, is why we strive during the day to unite ourselves every hour with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as it is said around the world. We are con-

Mass Around the World

Calvert Alexander, S.J.

viinced that this effort is a fruitful one, increasing our owwn sanctity and bringing the blessings of God on our faamilies and our nation.

Still it is difficult to make the sacrificial spirit of this hoour endure. We are aware, of course, that somewhhere in the world during every hour of the day there is a Mass being offered; that the earth, as it spins on itss axis, brings morning with its hour of sacrifice to eaach successive land from New York to Shanghai and frrom Shanghai to Casablanca, so that the whole world attt some hour is an altar of God where sacrifice and a cldean oblation is offered.

It has occurred to us that this effort to unite yourseelf with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass during the day wwould be helped considerably and made more vivid if you would only advert to the fact that it is being saaid during each hour by a priest you know, by a missiionary whom you have read about in the paages of JESUIT MISSIONS. This can be done. Fo'or it is an inspiring fact, arising out of our wworld apostolate, that the missions of the AAmerican Jesuits are so placed that they almmoost encircle the entire globe; and in the few tiime zones where they do not have missions, thhere are other Jesuit priests of various natiionalities. During all your working day and faar into the night some Jesuit priest is offering the HHoly Sacrifice of the Mass.

So let us follow the sun as it moves majestically from eaast to west, bringing a different hour to us, but the saame hushed morning hour of sacrifice to some Jesuit mmissionary in distant parts of the world. We will not foorget as we go along that the single Mass we are uniting ourselves with is but one of hundreds or perhaaps thousands of Masses which will be offered in thhis particular region of the world. We unite ourseelves with one in order to make our round-the-clock MMass more real.

Eight a.m., Eastern War Time. We have left the clhurch and are preparing to eat our breakfast. It is 7:00 a.m. in St. Louis and New Orleans. In British HHonduras, which is in the same time zone, Father RRobert McCormack, S.J., is beginning his Mass in BBelize, beside the blue waters of the Caribbean. At 9:00 a.m. at the base of the snow-covered Grand TTeton Rockies, Father George Prendergast, S.J., will be at the altar of St. Stephen's Indian Mission in Wyoming, just as we are going to work. At 10:00 a.m. the Coeur d'Alene Indians in Idaho will be assisting at the Mass of Father Cornelius Byrne, S.J.

Meantime Alaska is awaiting its morning hour of sacrifice. It will come to Juneau, in southern Alaska, at 11:00 a.m., our time, with Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J. saying Mass at the Cathedral. At noon, when we are at lunch, Father Francis Menager, S. J., with Eskimo altar boys, will ascend the altar of his little chapel at Bethel. At 1:00 p.m., when we are back again at work, it is just early morning in the flat tundra region along Alaska's Bering Sea coast—at Hooper Bay, at St. Michael's, at Nelson Island and at Kotzebue, the most northern mission in the world where Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., is just beginning the prayers at the foot of the altar.

At 2:00 p.m., our time, Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., will be saying Mass in his Eskimo church perched high on the cliffs of King Island in the Bering Sea. He is saying Mass at 8:00 a.m. instead of 7:00 a.m because we are now in what is the most uninhabited region in the world, the great ocean wastes of the Pacific into which Alaska juts out until it almost touches the mainland of Asia. Were it not for our missionaries in Alaska there would be from three to four hours in our eastern seaboard afternoon where very few or perhaps no Masses would be offered to God.

Our clocks in New York are now at 3:00 p.m. but in the Solomon Islands, New Caledonia and the Marianas, it is time for Mass. Father Tardio, S.J., will be saying it at Saipan for his Chamorros, for the Marines who rescued him from the Japanese last year and for the crewmen of our B-29s. At 4:00 p.m., it will be Mass time along the populated west coast of Australia, where Father Boylan, S.J., will be saying it at Melbourne. And at 5:00 p.m. when our workday ends and the millions pour out onto the streets and jam the subways and buses of the eastern cities, it will be Mass time in Central Australia, Western New Guinea and Japan. Father O'Keefe, S.J., will say it for us at Adelaide, Australia.

Six p.m., Eastern War Time—Mass time in the Philippines and along the coastal regions of China. The day

is drawing to a close for us now; we take our evening meal and rest from the labors of the day. But in the vast and crowded Orient morning is just beginning for millions. More people live in this area which the sun is now lighting than in any other place in the world. They are just beginning to praise God when we of the western world are thinking of sleep and the long night. Father John Hurley, S.J., will say Mass for us at this time amid the ruins of Manila.

THERE is something significant in the fact that the oriental day comes first to the Philippines. Many Masses will be said at this hour because it is a Catholic country, in fact the only Catholic country in the whole Orient. During the ensuing hours of our evening and night many Masses, of course, will be offered in China, Burma, India, Iraq, Egypt and along the east coast of Africa. But they will be few in proportion to the number of people in this huge area. It is a disturbing thought and yet, too, a spur to our missionary zeal. We ask God to bless the labors of our missionaries there that more and more Masses may be offered to God during these hours of the evening and night when our half of the world is dark—at 7:00 p.m. when Father Thomas Ryan, S.J., says his Mass in Chungking, China; at 8:00 p.m. when Father Lechien, S.J., is vesting in the Cathedral of Calcutta, India; at 9:00 p.m., when Father August Wildermuth, S. J., says the community Mass at St. Xavier's in Patna, India. Many other American Jesuits from Chicago and New Orleans will be offering the Holy Sacrifice in this vast Patna district, in Jaipur and Ceylon at this same time and up until 10:00 p.m. when we leave India and go to the Island of Maritius, off the coast of Madagascar, where Father Chanut, S. J., is beginning his Mass.

At 11:00 p.m., if you are still awake, you can unite yourself with the Masses that Father Sarjeant and the other New England Jesuits are then offering at Baghdad and Basrah, Iraq. Twelve midnight finds us in Cairo, Egypt, with Father Francis Anderson, S.J. at Mass. At 1:00 a.m. we are in Leopoldsville, Belgian Congo. Father Moers, S.J., is beginning his Mass in one of the chapels of this famous mission.

AT 2:00 a.m., our time, we are still in Africa with Father Joseph Devillard, S.J., saying Mass in Algiers. Three a.m. brings us to the Canary Islands, off the coast of the Dark Continent—at Las Palmas and Father Gabriel Vilallonga, S.J., saying Mass. Four a.m. and we are in the midst of the vast Atlantic with only sparsely populated Greenland far to the north. But now South America comes to our aid. In Brazil to the south, our Mass at 4:00 a.m., our time, will be offered at 6:00 a.m. at Rio de Janeiro by Father Carlo Rossi, S.J., of San Francisco. At 5:00 a.m. the English Jesuit priest, Father Morrison, will celebrate Mass in sultry Georgetown, British Guiana; and at 6:00 a.m. Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., of New York will be at the altar in the College of St. Ignatius in Santiago, Chile.

Seven a.m. Eastern War Time—Kingston, Jamaica lies in semi-darkness behind its west mountain wall. But the early Caribbean sun is peering over it to color the red and brown rocks of the Palisados across the bay. It's lighting, too, the high towers of New York. It has been around the world, and we have been with it as it went, bringing the morning and the hour of Sacrifice to many peoples and many lands. It is now our turn again.

"I will go unto the altar of God"—all along the eastern seaboard of our country, in the Bahamas, Columbia and Peru, our Mass is beginning again to continue throughout the day and unto the end of time.

Father Tardio, S.J., missionary on Saipan, rescued from the Japanese last year by American Marines. In our Masses around the world, Father Tardio (below) will be saying Mass at 3:00 o'clock (our time).

Missions Mean People

Most of us would trade many years of life for the ability to say what is beautiful and fitting at the proper moment. Instead, we think of what we should have said a day later. Not so little Joanna who, with her young husband, stood watching the missionary, who had baptized and taught her, climbing into the mission car to leave for another assignment. Tearless she said: *"You go, Father; do not come back. You go again, we could not live."*

Jean is of mixed English-Negro-East Indian blood . . . and altogether delightful. She lives in Spanish Town, the across-the-railroad-tracks section that is the butt of many a wit in Kingston, B.W.I. *"Poor Jean,"* someone said pityingly, *"not to live in the big Cathedral parish, but in the City that God Forgot."* Jean grinned and then was serious. *"How can anyone say God forgot it? He comes there to Mass each day just as well as to your Cathedral."*

In the cool Indian dusk the elders of the village sat in an interested circle for the missioner's instruction. Suddenly one leaped up. *"Do you mean I will have to give up worshipping the devil?"* Yes, he would have to. He debated the point hotly; but the answer, now soft, now sharp, now reasoning, was always the same. He turned, pushed through the silent, watching men. The Father caught him at the circle's fringe for a last word. He listened but shook his head. *"I'm sorry, Father. What you say is good, very good. But the devil . . . I've been worshipping him all my life. And he has so few friends, he can't afford to lose even one more."*

Pugiartuk is an exceedingly devout Eskimo who was anxious to have absolutely all the ministrations of the Church for his sick wife. In he marched one evening clutching a bottle of Holy Water given him only ten hours before. *"Please, Father, bless this."* *"But isn't that the same one you brought this morning?"* *"Yes, Father, but you bless it again good: my wife, he is very much more sick and wants it stronger."*

Every Saturday night is movie night at St. Francis Indian Mission. Like all young Americans, the Indian boys love wild west shows. But they are usually pretty glum by the end of the picture: the palefaces always seem to win, the braves get the worst of it. One night, though, they were all smiles. *"Hey, Father, we did all right* that *time!"* The picture was They Died With Their Boots On, a dramatization of Custer's last stand.

The Japanese have great respect for the average American's mechanical know-how. This led, during the days they held Manila, to their commandeering Americans as chauffeurs. It also led to their obtaining, for free, dramatic performances that Hollywood or Broadway would have envied. A Jesuit Father was passing a resplendent military car parked before Japanese headquarters, when his eye was caught by the grinning American driver. Looking straight before him the American sang exuberantly, to the tune of Here We Go Gathering Nuts in May: *"Watch me make them push the car, push the car, push the car. Watch me make them push the car early Sunday morning."* As he finished, three exceedingly dignified Japanese, complete with lots of epaulet and evident authority, emerged from the building and mounted to the rear seat. The driver earnestly tried the starter. Only a tearing sound. Again . . . same effect. Clutching his brow he leaped out and buried himself under the hood amid a crescendo of significant clankings. Finally he surfaced and tried again. In vain. He turned and with frantic hands bespoke his passengers. The last the Father saw of the car, it was laboring around the corner under the sweating efforts of three high-ranking Japanese, while the driver sat solemnly at the wheel, lighting humming Nuts in May to himself.

Contraband radios in internment camp were built completely of parts taken from official Japanese radios Americans had been called on to fix. "This tube no good," the operating American would decree. "Sh, sh, so sorry," the Japanese official would say; and immediately a new tube appeared. The repairman would appropriate the discarded tube together with such other parts as his need required until his pockets were bulging, and home again to internment after a busy day in Japanese headquarters.

"casualties were light"

Edward J. Laskowski, S.J.

The report said:
"casualties light"—but Lyn
was a heavy loss for us.

BEGINNING at Normandy and racing through France, the United States 5th Armored Division drove on to Luxembourg in August and September of 1944. So rapid and spectacular was the drive of this unit that, on October 1, 1944, *The New York Times* said: *"Military men will be charting that armored campaign for years. The 5th Armored Division started its operations from assembly area in Normandy's hedge-bordered fields on August 1. Tanks plunged through St. Lo gap and reared south to drive deep into enemy held territory. . . . In this drive the division lists 2,800 Germans killed and 4,300 prisoners of war, with its own casualties extremely light."*

As the tanks drove relentlessly onward, a Sioux warrior, from the Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, Corporal Francis Lyn White Cow Killer, plunged onward with them. He was to become one of the "light casualties." In less than a year Francis had carved his name on the halls of eternity. The biggest event in his life was his entrance into the United States Army immediately after graduation from Holy Rosary in 1942. As a student at Holy Rosary, Francis was quiet, unassuming, typically Indian, and went his way without causing any trouble. He was above the average in his studies, in behavior, as a basketball player, as secretary of the Sodality, he was more than ordinarily active, but there was apparently nothing spectacular about him. Francis was just a good, clean American boy at Holy Rosary High, and in the language of the boys, a "real guy." It seems that only one, a Jesuit Father, penetrated deeply enough through the placid and non-committal exterior to find within the boy a tremendously strong, solid spirituality.

In his letters to his family, to his relatives and to his friends, after entering the service, he began to reveal the definite, strong, characteristic tone of true spirituality acquired at Holy Rosary. Two elements prevail in his correspondence: his interest in Holy Rosary and his ever increasing appreciation of the Mass. But let Francis reveal himself through his letters.

IN November, 1944, he simply asked for a special remembrance in the prayers of December 8th. After Christmas, he began to open up: *"I do hope you will write and let me know of the happenings around Rosary. I have often thought of the hard days spent*

(left) Francis Lyn White Cow Killer, Sioux Indian from Holy Rosay Mission, who was killed in action when his tank was shelled in the race across France. (right) Lyn, as leader of Sodality discussions at Holy Rosary. He is seated, second from the right.

where and I am proud to say I have no regrets. It might seem untrue, yet I can remember back and think of the talks at our general (Sodality) meetings. . . . I have been lucky so far to be able to assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass whenever time permits. Gee! I sure feel lonesome. The same Mass, yet the familiar faces are not present. Now I don't care what they say, we were lucky and fortunate to be able to attend Mass every morning at Rosary."

The same theme is repeated in a letter of January 5, 19945. Francis wrote: *"Any part of the States is home to us now. Did you hear from Edsel? Boy! I miss them all. I do not know just where Clem and Dave are now, but I did hear Clifford White Face joined the Navy."* (Clem Crazy Thunder was killed at Iwo Jima March 12th. His brother, Dave, came home on convalescent furlough after participation in the battle of Guam.)

"A fellow doesn't appreciate things until he is almost forced to do without them. I have been fortunate in attending Mass whenever possible. Wherever it may be, it's the same Mass I have been hearing at the Mission. It might be in different surroundinigs, among different people who speak different languages, but it is still the same Mass. . . . Have you been having general meetings or the weekly Sodality meetings? Wish me luck and remember me at Mass."

THE Lenten season came upon him suddenly on February 13th: *"Sitting here and doing some hard thinking. One of the boys mentioned that tomorrow is Ash Wednesday and also St. Valentine's Day. So if possible, I am going to attend Mass every chance I get."*

On February 17, 1945, Francis wrote at some length: *After going through everything that a human being could go through, a fellow thinks a lot. If you can go through the terrific bombardments where shells fly through the air with a 'To whom it may concern' written on them, boy! you're lucky! I had some narrow escapes, I know, by a second or two—but thank God, that particular shell was not meant for me. . . .*

"Please send me a prayer book. I still have a rosary and medals given to me by some of the monks in one of the villages we passed by early in our run through France. . . . I missed having my throat blessed but I did attend the Forty Hours' Devotion. The next morning was Ash Wednesday. . . . I cannot understand some of the old customs of the people of the places here. During the Stations of the Cross, they hold their arms outstretched, which I do not understand yet.

"Some of us have been singing for the Masses. We do not always have books but we do our best. The other day we had a High Mass and we came through all right because, as you know, the books were written in Latin."

A LETTER of March 17th begins, *"I'm all right. I wish, though, that I were back at Rosary. . . . I sure changed my mind after arriving in France in July. I was eager for action then. Well, I was soon cured of that. But someone must go."* On March 8th he expressed a little pride in his Catholicism. *"A great many of the boys in the outfit I belong to are Catholics. They appreciate the Mass and proudly carry medals and rosaries. I know the fear of death is nothing as I experience it. But the fear of losing sanctifying grace and not finding ourselves among the chosen ones in heaven has changed many."*

Francis' final letter was written to his sister. It was dead serious. *"Never leave God for one moment. Never put Him aside to do anything wrong. . . . I am all right and at every opportunity that presents itself, I receive the sacraments. You girls have all the advantages for this, so be thankful."* This was his farewell.

We Won't *Forget* The Padres

Sgt. Howard Crouch

Last month a missionary wrote about Sgt. Crouch; "Unbeknownst", the sergeant also wrote about the missionary.

I LOOK forward each month to reading JESUIT MISSIONS. Especially since I have spent almost three years on an island where the work of the missionaries is so outstanding—Jamaica, B.W.I.

From the moment our ship docked in the harbor of Kingston on November 21, 1941, we were aware of the Jesuit priests and their work. Two of them, dressed in tropical garb of white, were there to meet us at the dock. In a few minutes we were at home, some thousands of miles away from it. You couldn't mistake that Boston accent. You couldn't resist the American sport of teasing and joking and story-telling about the various parts of the country from which we all had come.

For a while, we had our own chaplain, Father Joseph Daly, C.SS.R., but when he was transferred, arrangements were made to have the Jesuits take care of the spiritual needs of the Catholic servicemen. It was not very long before we got to know them all and they in turn to know us all by name. One of the Fathers from Kingston used to come out to the Base on Saturday afternoons to hear confessions and next morning to say Mass. Everyone, of all faiths, soon looked forward to their visits, eager to swap stories of home.

Father Kiely, from the near-by mission of May Pen, used to come over every Wednesday to say Mass and conduct novena devotions. He used to stay overnight, visit the hospital patients, and say Mass next morning for us before returning to his own parish. Once he conducted a seven-day mission for the men. Our Commanding Officer, Colonel J. V. Dallin, though not a Catholic himself, had nothing but the highest praise for the work of these priests, and when Father Kiely gave us the mission, Colonel Dallin was in the front pew every night.

When they were busy and couldn't come out to the Base, we used to go in to Winchester Park in Kingston to see them. Their house was open to us 24 hours a day and was the scene of many a memorable "bull session." There we gathered around a radio and listened to football games, enjoying the friendship of the Fathers in the informal atmosphere that is always present when a group of Americans get together. For these Fathers, too, are Americans, but they belong to another army, the Army of Christ. They didn't get a hash mark for every three year hitch, or 20 percent foreign duty pay. But they received a much greater reward, the devotion and respect of thousands of converted people and the gratitude of hundreds of American servicemen.

ON a Sunday afternoon several of us would take a nice bike ride over the dusty bumpy roads to Father Kiely's mission in May Pen. The Chapel was small and not like the grandeur of the churches of this great country. In a back room of the church itself were Father's living quarters. Bedroom, study, living-room

Sgt. Howard Crouch and a leper child in Jamaica. For such as these, he is organizing his Leper's Aid Group. (right) Father Philip Kiely, S.J., in the days when he toured Jamaica in a Chapel Car. (below) A Marist Sister from Bedford, Mass., and one of the leper patients in Jamaica.

all in one. To the rear of this was a schoolhouse and the living quarters of Father's housekeeper, Virginette. Nothing but primitive means of cooking were available, and the menu—well, goat meat, rice and yams were the main bill of fare. The shower was in a little shack and was merely a pipe that ran from a bucket of water suspended overhead. I was always an inquisitive sort of person and asked Father if I could watch him count the collection. It didn't take long I can assure you—it was only sixty cents. And Father said that this was a good Sunday collection. How do they exist? Only through donations from their friends back home.

The church needed a coat of paint which Father was unable to afford. The Holy Name Society got together, took up a collection and bought some paint. Miss Anne Hines, our cafeteria hostess, got up a good lunch and the week before Christmas a whole gang donned their fatigues and travelled by truck to Father's mission. He was astonished to see all these men and women bearing down on his little Chapel with buckets of paint, ladders, brushes, and an electric spray gun, which incidentally was lent to us through the permission of Colonel Dallin, to paint the church. The Blessed Sacrament was removed from the altar and in two shakes the gang started to paint. Varied were the strokes but the result was excellent. I wonder what God must have thought as he watched this group munching sandwiches, singing carols to the accompaniment of the organ and painting His church? Just one of the many little things that meant so much and cost so little. After the mission given by Father Kiely we took up a collection on the side which netted over $100. We gave this to Father for his personal use. Did he use it for clothes or personal needs? Not, he built an addition to his little school, just like a missionary!

This article was written with the hope that you will help in whatever way you can to aid our missionaries in the work. Since my return, with the help of many friends we have organized a Society for Aid to the Lepers which has met with favorable response. Our job will be to provide for the material needs of the lepers throughout the world and especially in Jamaica where it is needed so much.

Just as it is impossible to describe the horrors of battle and make you actually feel it, so it is impossible to describe adequately the needs of the mission unless you can actually see for yourself. Today millions of American boys and girls serving in the remotest corners of the earth have been given an opportunity to see the work of these Soldiers of Christ who are also serving their country and their God. When they return they shall not forget what they have seen and they will become active members in these societies for the missions. They will tell you what they have seen and you will be brought closer to the work of the missions. For without your help the job cannot be done!

British Honduras Mission in Mid-America

Father Gregory Sontag, S.J., missionary and photographer.

If the triumph of heroism over disaster makes a mission glamorous . . . if elevating the lives of a whole people makes it interesting . . . give first place to British Honduras!

E. G. O'Donnell, S.J.

NEXT time you buy bananas at the corner fruit stand or purchase a package of chewing gum at your local drug store, think of British Honduras. From the hot lowlands of this British colony on the Caribbean Sea come thousands of bunches of this mealy fruit as well as tons of chicle, the chewy substance bled from sapodilla trees that goes into your favorite chewing gum.

Belize, the capital of British Honduras, is only five hours by air from Miami. If you are bothered too much by drab winter days in northern climes, try a few months in and around Belize, where the sun ever shines and the trade winds blow from January to June. You can hunt puma, jaguar, tapir (mountain cow), peccary, warree, gibnut, armadillo, deer, curassow, partridge, quam quail, curlew, pegeon, toucan, egrets, duck, teal and snipe. In the sea nearby, tarpon are numerous, as well as such species as kingfish, mackerel, barracuda ("Tiger of the Sea"), snapper, and swordfish.

Among the many interesting spots to visit throughout the colony are the sites of the civilization of the Maya Indians. This civilization flourished long before the white man came to the New World, and remnants of it may be found in the western and southern districts of British Honduras.

WHEN English buccaneers found piracy too dangerous and uncertain to be profitable, they made British Honduras, situated on the east coast of Central America facing the Caribbean, an English settlement, the only British possession in Middle America. On its landward side it is bounded by the Republics of Mexico and Guatemala. From north to south the colony is 180 miles in length; from east to west—sixty miles in width. Its area, including cayes or islands, is 8600 square miles, about equal to that of Wales and double that of Jamaica. Its distance from New Orleans is 860 miles; from New York, 1660 miles, from the Panama Canal, 800 miles.

For 160 years from 1638 to 1798, there was a succession of acts of aggression and treaty settlements between the English ex-buccaneers, pearl fishers and others who settled there and the Spanish who had earlier conquered Central America. Once, Belize was destroyed, its survivors were carried off to Yucatan and thence to Havana where they were released several years later. Undaunted they made a 660 mile return journey across the Caribbean back to British Honduras. The last Spanish attack in 1798 was unsuccessful and the colony grew in peace thereafter.

The casual visitor to British Honduras, is surprised to find the Church so well established with schools functioning in remotest villages, churches constructed in isolated places, even native priests and sisters doing the work of spreading Christ's Kingdom. What such a

New type hurricane-proof church

Father Knopp, S.J. & Carib children

viiisitor cannot see is the story of courage and conquest annd grace that made possible this success amid difficuulties that were at times inhuman and perhaps diaboolical. Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS know some of the seet-backs within recent years. On September 10 of 19931, Belize was all but obliterated by a hurricane, the laarge boarding school of St. John's College went to thhe ground, eleven Jesuits and 22 boys were killed, thhe church and school of St. Ignatius collapsed on a thhrong of children and burned like a funeral pyre; thhe convent, academy, and novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy fell building after building, and much of the pproperty around the Cathedral was badly damaged. Bbut within the month, children were reassembled for scchool, for college and for academy, the sisters were hooused in a Sodality Chapel, and the remaining few livive Jesuits carried on the work that was snatched from thhe hands of the dead. When three years ago another huurricane laid waste 57 churches, schools, and residdences of the missionaries, Fathers O'Connor, Hickey annd Corey set to work with determination to build mnore substantial edifices over the wreckage that surroounded them. Because the village was growing in siize and importance, a very substantial frame church annd school building was erected at Santana in 1938. Two years later a fire of very questionable origin consuumed the structure. The ashes were swept away and a new building rose on the spot. Its paint was hardly dry when the hurricane of '42 twisted its sidings and ziinc roof into jumbles of junk. But—Santana stands aggain and her children sing their tables and the Gregorian Mass beneath her new laid roof.

So it goes! Whether it was the early Italian fathers, onr the Jesuits of the English Province, or those of the Missouri Province of the United States (who have been in charge of the mission for a half century)—for every challenge there has been a response of daring which, with the grace of God, has spelled out achievement. The success of God's conquering grace is seen in the satisfactory progress today, when, from the original two priests and a handful of Catholics, there has grown a vicariate with 34,500 Catholic souls united under a bishop, administered to by 23 priests and three communities of sisters, and producing a harvest of 100 converts a year. To bring this offering to Christ, the missionaries have gladly borne the scorching tropical suns, the dangers of storms in dories, fought their way through the bush and up tortuous rivers, lived in thatched huts on native foods. Undaunted by schism, fire, hurricane, poverty, lack of missionaries and nuns, cholera, fever, and a new language, they persevered even when the patience of Job would have been tried by the drunkenness and concubinage of indifferent people, the ignorance of faith and immorality brought in by those coming from colonies without priests, and the deadening life of ease that tropics induce in the people living there.

THE Franciscans were the first to contact British Honduras as regular missionaries. One of them, the Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica in 1851, sent two Jesuits to care for the few Catholics in the colony.

In 1893 on the occasion of his Golden Episcopal Jubilee, Pope Leo XIII granted a request of lay leaders of Belize that they have a Bishop of their own, on the condition that the people of British Honduras would contribute $1,000 a year to support the Bishop. The following year the sum was collected and that was the last time for 50 years that the Bishop ever received the stipulated sum for his support. In 1899 the English Jesuit Frederick Hopkins was made Bishop

Old Style church at Stann Creek

Sisters are heroes, too

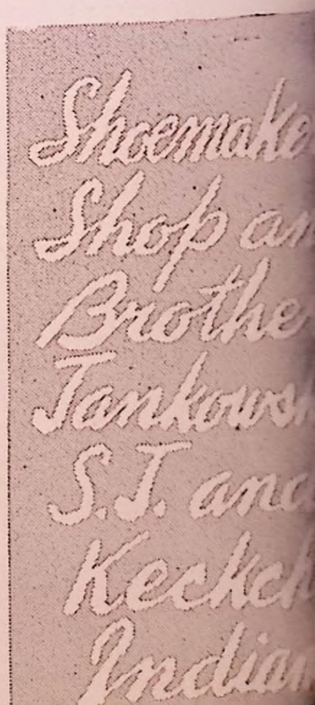
and for twenty-three years won the universal love, respect and homage of all creeds and races. He was drowned on one of his episcopal visits while traveling on an old hulk of a mail boat. Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., born in Ireland, educated in America, became the next bishop until old age forced him to yield his place to Most Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., of Boston.

The history of the mission is largely the story of men inspired with love of God. The first bishop, a zealous Italian with a pioneer spirit of a *"forty-niner"*, contracted yellow fever in his first two months in Belize and lay at death's door. He recuperated and was sent to Guatemala as Superior until the Liberals drove the Jesuits out in 1871. Next he shipped for Spanish Honduras where revolution again drove out the Jesuits. Back in Belize once more he carried a statue of our Blessed Mother in procession through the muddy streets of the city and from the day of that impulsive gesture of faith, the mission advanced in leaps and bounds. In 1882 he brought seven sisters of Mercy from New Orleans, four more Jesuit priests and 2000 dollars to pay the debts of the mission. The sisters began teaching two days after their arrival and had 400 school children by the end of the year. (They now have 1300 in this school, 350 in another Belize school and over 200 in their private academy.) In 1887 he sponsored the school for boys, opened by Father Cassin Gillet (one of four brothers who did magnificent work in the mission) with two day scholars and twelve boarders. This school was to be St. John's College, the best boarding school for boys in Central America.

Corozal, next largest city to Belize, has had a long history of opposition and persecution. The first Jesuit there, Father Bertolio, was rejected by the people in favor of a roistering, excommunicated priest from Yucatan. But very shortly the people were on their knees begging for the return of the true father. Within the next year and a half they flocked to a renegade Catholic who set up his own church, accepted the inducements of a Wesleyan who offered free education to Catholic proselytes and went to the sacraments administered by a bad priest. In one year, 1874, three pastors died within three months at Corozal, all of the dread yellow fever, yet with the unconquerable courage that is the spirit of the Church it was here that a house was built for a Jesuit novitiate and here that a novitiate for native girls once flourished. Here Father Joseph B. Kammerer labored for fruitful years as teacher, pastor and builder and recalled with pride how Holy Communion increased from 3,973 in his first year to 16,305 seven years later, in spite of the ravages of anti-clericalism and the persistent Seventh Day Adventists' proselytism.

Nearby *Orange Walk*, with its huge stone church and monolith in front, is a monument to the colossal work of Father Piemonte, S.J., a priest of prodigious drive and zeal as a builder and organizer. He built the finest church in the colony only to have it burn to ashes three years later. Nothing daunted—he started at once planning for a new church, this time of materials that wouldn't burn. Within a few days he was dead. His successor, Father Joseph Mueffels, S.J., a young missioner who knew not a word of Spanish, was greeted by the cold ashes of a church, plans for a new one and notice from the sisters that they were closing their school because of insuperable difficulties and constant sickness. But the young priest learned Spanish, built the church as planned, got the Pallotine missionary sisters to teach in the school, rectified countless marriages, increased attendance at Sunday Mass, made house to house visits before every first Friday and ran a one man soup kitchen all during the influenza. Thirty-one years later, the boys of the college vied with one another for the privilege of carrying his casket on their shoulders to his grave, thereby giving him a small token of the honor a grateful people felt for him.

The Stann Creek mission among the black Caribs scintillates with names that have made mission history in British Honduras. Fathers John Genon, Eugene Biffi (later Bishop of Cartagena), Augustus Loontjens, Peter Brindisi, Aloysius Pairis, the four Fathers Gillet, John Robertson, John Balwin, Joseph Lynam, Edmund Cooney, Michael Schaeffer. Here the Sisters of the Holy Family have endeared themselves to



the people from the day of jubilation in 1897 when Catholics and Protestants welcomed them at the pier and led them into the church with the singing of the *Te Deum.* From their school came the first, so far the only, Carib priest to be ordained.

In the *Toledo* district to the south of the colony there are five racial and linguistic elements to deal with, English, Spanish, Carib, Maya and Keckchi. They are bush dwellers living in small communities quite remote from the central towns and quite isolated from one another. They maintain themselves by subsistence farming and can be reached only with the greatest difficulty on horseback through steaming bush or by boat along rivers filled with rapids. They have been reached however, and visited about every two months for the past fifty years by the sturdiest bush missioners; among them are Fathers Tenk, Stevenson, Krizek, Hodapp, Ruoff and Rochel. Father Tenk, long time Patriarch of Punta Gorda, did most to build up the station as it is today, and the late Father Stevenson knew more about the Indians and their lore than any other living soul.

In the west along the Mapan is the *Peten* district where the people are pure-blooded Indians. Their conversion dates back to 1697. Because of persecution and lack of pastors, their once clear knowledge of religion yielded to an admixture of Catholicism and superstition, evil customs and idol worship. They eke out a living and a supply of rum from "milpa" farming, chicle bleeding and mahogany cutting. The women folk have a good deal of affective religion and the men tolerate religious practices. But because it takes a fifteen day journey paddling a heavy boat along the twisting Belize river, only occasional visits by the priest could be made. But the old brown and frayed-edged records at Benque Viejo revealed visits by Bishop Hopkins and the unique Father Molina, a Mayan Indian from Merida in Yucatan, who became a Jesuit in the New Orleans province and spent twenty fruitful years on the Belize mission until he returned to his native country during the Mexican persecutions. A full length book and two pamphlets have been written about the famous Father "Buck" Stanton, who consecrated his life to these people. In the records of the Smithsonian Institute today, there are flowers named after him, and his fellow missioners can still regale you with stories of the pet snakes, alligators and bugs his scientific curiosity prompted him to collect at every opportunity. With Benque Viejo also are linked the names of Fathers Hennemann, Versavel and Kuenzel. It was Father Versavel who in 1909 began the parish of Cayo which has since outgrown Benque Viejo. There labored Fathers Bennet, Hermans, Ryan, Louis and John Newell, Leonard, Coady, Kemper and Sontag. Here the Pallotine sisters are now teaching in nine schools. For women, it is a most arduous assignment.

A cause of serious concern to the missionaries in British Honduras is the economic life of the colony. The country imports three times as much as it exports. Among its chief exports are mahogany, chicle, copra (dried coconut) and citrus fruits. Practically all manufactured goods and much of its foodstuffs come from outside. In recent years the export of mahogany has fallen off. The giant of the jungle, which first attracted pirates from the high seas, has been cut continually since the eighteenth century. All the good trees near the rivers have been cut long since, so that today's cuttings must be hunted out and carried long distances to the nearest river, making it difficult to compete with other markets.

Other natural resources must be developed. A larger proportion of food must be grown at home. Small industries must be set up to reduce the importing of manufactured goods. Tropical fruit exportation must be increased.

During the past few years a very promising begin-

ning has been made, through adult education and training in cooperatives, credit unions and the like, to improve living conditions and eventually to develop a financially independent Church in British Honduras. Missionaries now being sent to British Honduras are all being specially trained to take up this necessary apostolate. Progress may be slow at first, but it will certainly come.

ANOTHER major concern of the missionaries is education. Today they can point with pride to a system of schools which covers the colony so completely that there are no great stretches of inhabited territory that are not within reach of some Catholic school. In all, there are fifty-nine elementary schools, nine in towns of 1000 or more population, and the other fifty in rural districts. All elementary schools are under the supervision of the government. Annually each school is examined, and all teachers are obliged to pass government examinations before they are allowed to teach. Usually the priest of the district is the manager of the Catholic schools and he has complete control over them. An hour of school time is assigned each day to religious instruction. The government not only sees to it that standards are kept up, but also aids the schools financially, granting twenty-five percent of the original cost of the building and equipment, and the same percent of repair costs. Teachers in these government-aided schools are paid by the government, not by the mission. Actually in the colony today, fifty-three per cent of all school children are in Catholic schools.

The teaching personnel of the mission consists of 165 teachers, fifty-four of whom are Sisters and 111 lay persons. Three sisterhoods, the Pallotines, the Sisters of Mercy, and the Sisters of the Holy Family, form the nucleus of the colony's whole education system. Besides regular classes in the three R's, these teachers offer agricultural courses to 671 students, sewing classes to 1524, handicraft to 613 and cooking to 40. In secondary education, St. Catherine's Academy, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, offers high school training to girls, and St. John's College, conducted by the Jesuits, offers higher education to 112 boys.

THE third major concern is the question of vocations. Some day the mission must be able to stand on its own feet. In the past thirty years, eighty-five girls have entered the convent and a special native novitiate for candidates for the Pallotine Sisters has been opened. In the past fifteen years, seven native priests have been ordained, and three young men have become brothers. More vocations are needed, but the start has been made. The inspiration of generations of heroic missionaries has been poured out on the mission. Now by means of wider and wider education, supported by social programs designed to elevate living conditions, hope has been brought to the people of British Honduras, a hope that will lead to higher and higher aspirations and ambitions. Then the full measure of vocations will come to crown the whole mission achievement with fulfillment of its goal. Until that day comes, we offer our lives to God as missionaries in British Honduras.

From month to month you meet a lot of interesting people in these pages of **Jesuit Missions.** But be sure your children learn what they are trying to do for God. Some day your children will have to carry on the task of supporting the missions from where you leave off. They can never begin too soon.

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JM

Editorial

Will We Do It?

THE eyes of America are upon the ends of the earth as never before in our national history. Isolationism has been buried officially. The hope for international peace has been aroused by a program of international cooperation for the social, political and economic improvement of all peoples without discrimination of race, color or national allegiance. The American people have been educated by press and radio to an understanding of, and sympathy for, this world project.

For many this may be a new vision and new inspiration. But for Catholics it should be an old story, an old ideal for which they and their forefathers in the Faith have labored for centuries. It goes back to Calvary where they saw a new charter of love between God and man written in the blood of the Son of God. For Catholics the new era began that day when the Son of God proved with His blood His right to be the head of a new humanity. And on the day of His Ascension into heaven they heard this Son of God proclaim that His kingdom, His new world was for everyone, was to be preached to the ends of the earth. Then, for the first time in history, the dividing differences of family, nation and race received a mortal blow. The plan for mankind was from that day forth union into the one great family of God, into the worldwide kingdom of Christ, into the royal race of the sons of God.

The Church has struggled for centuries to realize this divine plan no matter what the cost. For Catholics know that all men's plans for peace will never succeed until the kingdom of Christ everywhere is achieved and becomes the support of human efforts. The Holy Father in June, 1944, expressed his firm conviction and hope that after this blackest of wars we shall witness the greatest drive toward this end in the history of the Church. The years coming are missionary years.

AMERICAN Catholics are called upon today to give themselves as never before to this missionary effort. Up to now the great majority of missionaries have come from Europe. But war has choked off that source of supply. Seminaries and convents there have been devastated. Priests, sisters, brothers, seminarians have died. More, the work of reconstruction now beginning will suck up whatever resources in manpower do exist abroad. Yet it was from this wasted continent that more than 75 percent of the missionaries came before the war.

Obviously, if the magnificent and divinely-inspired hope of the Holy Father is to be realized, the United States must be the heart of the movement. Our country has not been levelled. The Providence of God has planned a day of outstanding missionary endeavor for the Catholics of America when we must reach out for the ends of the earth with more intense vigor and generosity. Until we do, we shall not have reached maturity in the Catholic Faith.

God is giving the graces and is waiting. The Church is waiting. The Holy Father is waiting for the Catholics of America to seize the glory of this hour. America must fill out the ranks of Christ's army of missionaries who have been marching ever since Calvary to the ends of the earth in God's cause of redemption. It is our moment in history: either we become a great missionary people, rise to the crisis, meet the need, or we become a disappointment and a failure.

Face the fact. The American Catholics's greatest contribution to world peace will be a tremendous missionary effort. The question is not: Can we do this? All of us know we can. But the terrifyingly important question is: Will we do it?

Edward L. Murphy, S.J.

Not Going Back To School ?

No—because there are no schools. Where our schools used to be there are now only horrible bomb craters.

As for books—they are burnt to ashes, every one of them.

And our teachers—they are only memories,

Mission of the Month

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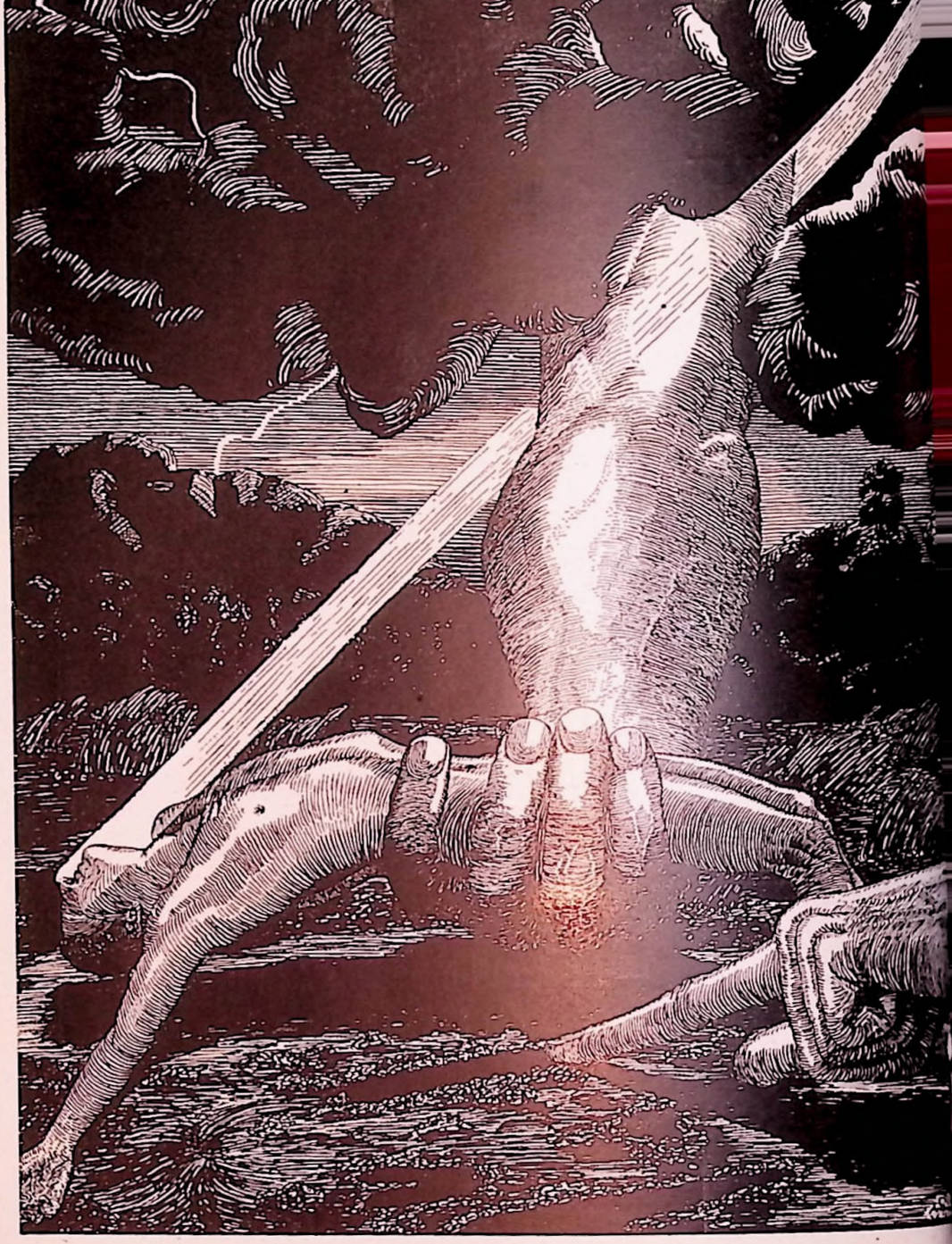
"And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul."—Gen. II, 7.

Creation

was a big job . . .
And it still is.



Creation goes on today. In some aspects of Creation God calls upon man to cooperate. Thus, the mother and father must cooperate with God to form a new person who shall never die. A missionary, too, shares in Creation. He must form and dispose a people to the point where God will pour in Faith to give life to their dying culture, will pour in Grace to give life to their souls.

Creation is still a big job. And the American Jesuit missionary in eight lands deals in this highest of adventures daily.

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