JESUIT MISSIONS

Jan.-Feb. 1961

The Sacrifice Is Worldwide

JM

JESUIT

National Magazine of the American Je

MISSIONS

the Mission Fields assigned them by the Holy Father

issions assigned to the American Jesuits by the Pope:

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uary-February 1961, Vol. 35, No. 1

GE 2 JOURNEY INTO YESTERDAY ..... Bishop Vincent I. Kennally S.J.

GE 6 TRAGEDY ON THE KUSKOKWIM

GE 8 HOW THE WORD CAME TO ROSA ..... William J. Brennan S.J.

GE 11 ELECTION YEAR ECHO ..... Edwin G. McManus S.J.

GE 12 SNAKE CLINIC NOW OPEN ..... Francis J. Wieman S.J.

GE 16 THE LITURGY AND THE MISSIONS ..... Edward L. Murphy S.J.

GE 20 OUT BEYOND NOWHERE ..... Wargiss Kappammootil S.J.

GE 24 THEY FLED TO FREEDOM

GE 26 THE MOUNTAIN MEN

taff

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ater and joy light up the faces of this mother and child (left)
e island of Puluwat in the Carolines. This picture was taken
g Bishop Kennally's visitation of the Western Carolines and he
he story on page 2. Father John Fahey is Puluwat's pastor.

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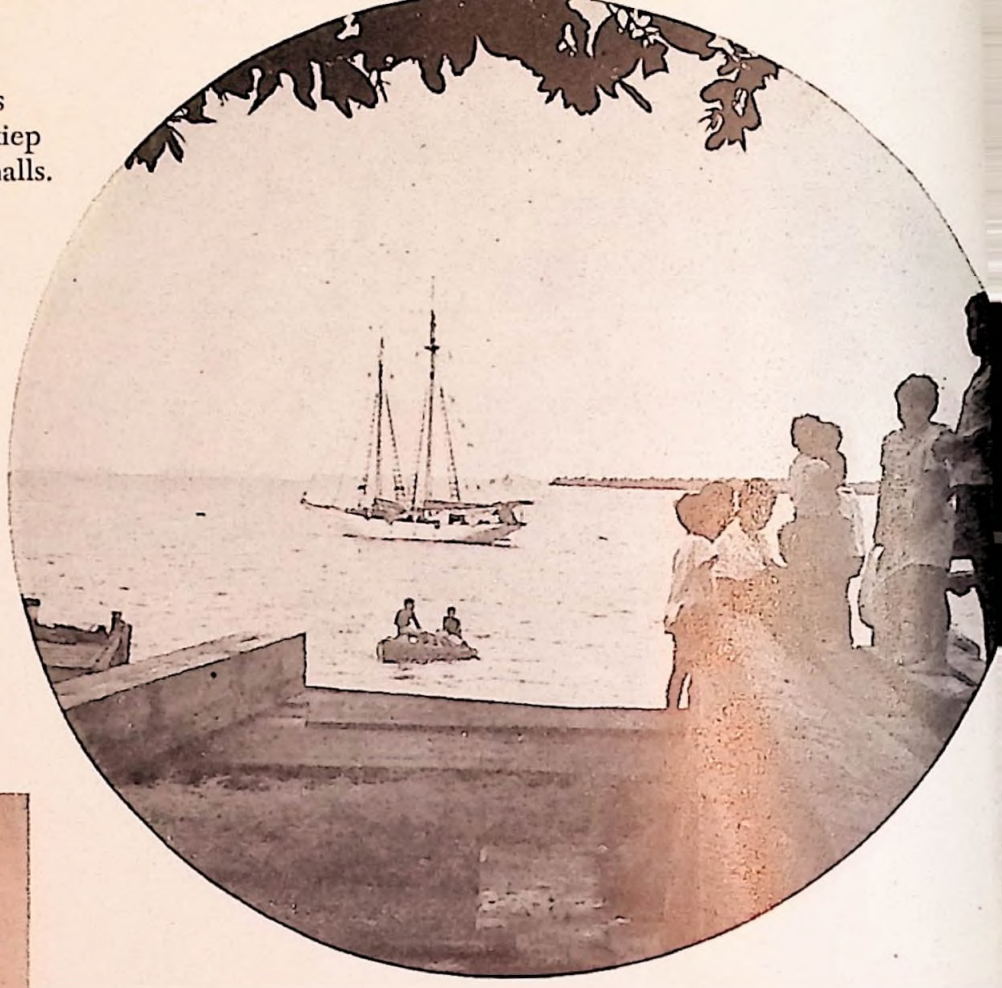


Star of the Sea rides at anchor in the Likiep lagoon in the Marshalls.

The Bishop describes his first official visit to the Western Carolines and its way of life

Bishop Vincent I. Kennally S.J.

Journey into Yesterday

WE HAD LEFT TRUK on the mission boat *Star of the Sea* for the first episcopal visitation of the Western Carolines. The missionary of these islands and atolls is Father William Walter S.J., and we had arranged a rendezvous with him on Satawal, the most easterly of his missions. On board were Father John Fahey, hitch-hiking a ride back to his mission on Puluwat; Brother Raymond Whalen S.J., Captain, engineer, navigator and photographer; our interpreter Hilary, originally from Ulithi and now at school in Truk; a crew of six and myself.

On the overnight run to Puluwat, a heavy roll of the boat snapped our radio antenna and also our contact with Radio Truk. But the versatile Father Fah came to the rescue with a whole roll antenna wire at Puluwat and he spent t day restringing the aerial so effectiv that throughout the entire trip our sig was received "loud and clear" by Tr

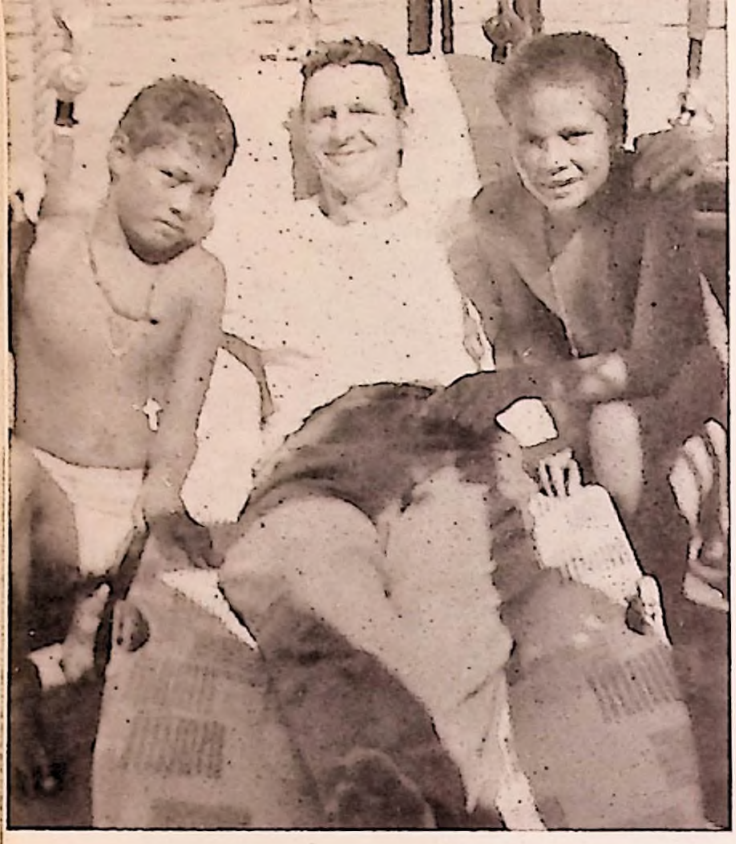
Good navigation brought Satawal early in the morning and our meeti with Father Walter followed. Satawal no protected anchorage, so after goi ashore for Mass in the small chapel a viewing the construction work underw for the new church, it was decided t the *Star* would proceed to Lamotr replenish diesel fuel from the stock t had been placed there, and return i week for Father Walter.

It was about a six-hour sail to Lamotrek so we reached there in good time for a Sunday evening Mass about seven o'clock. The greeting here was typical of all the islands. As soon as we anchored, Hillary and I went into the beach in the boat's dinghy. All the people were lined up right down to the water's edge. There were flowers and songs and as I moved slowly past, every man, woman, and child, and babes in arms, kissed my ring and received my blessing. Then all trooped into the church for a brief prayer of thanksgiving and a greeting from me through the interpreter.

After a few quiet days at Lamotrek, we went over to Elato, an atoll only a couple of hours away. There are only 35 people here. It has an idyllic anchorage with deep clear water very close in. As in many of these islands, the sandy soil under the coconut trees is covered with a soft green carpet of grass that never grows high. It gives the island a park-like appearance, ankle-deep in green.

I had the opportunity here to watch the skill of a master boat builder fashion-

Rendezvous at Satawal by Bishop and Father Walter (left). The Lamotrek church shown below.



Rare moment of relaxation is seized at Elato by Bro. Whalen, Captain of *Star of the Sea*.

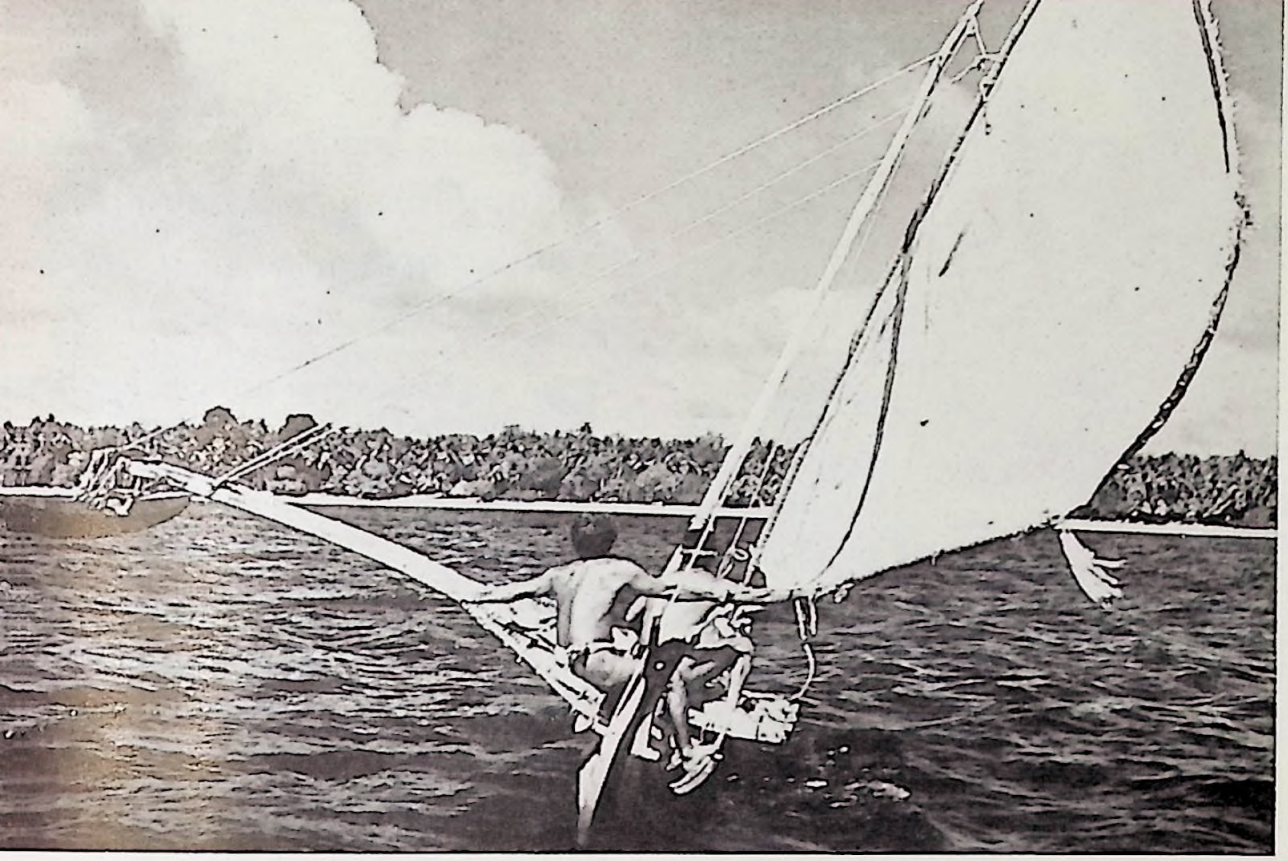
Over the reef at Ngulu goes an outrigg and the boy's face shows his concentratio

ing one of their large ocean-going canoes. Practically his only tool is a small adze with razor-sharp edge with which he can cut and shave odd pieces of seasoned breadfruit lumber into a perfect pattern to build up the sides from the single-piece hollowed keel. Holes are then drilled into the pieces and tied tightly with twine made from coconut fiber. These holes are then packed with a waterproof clay. No nails or screws are used. The big outrigger is fashioned in the same way with its balancing platform. It is a complete job of native workmanship from materials produced on the island itself. The skill and patience that goes into the operation is a tribute to a master-workman.

After Rosary in the chapel, late in the afternoon, the people brought palm fronds and water to be blessed. The palm fronds are fastened to the doors of the houses. The holy water is stored to be used to bless the coconut trees and as a protection against sickness and storms.

Finally, it was time to return to Satawal so back we went, arriving early in the afternoon. While the schooner laid d shore, I went in and was astounded see what Father Walter and the peop had accomplished in one week. The post roof trusses and purlings, all pre-fabrica ed, had been raised, bolted into plac and the entire roof covered with zi sheets. The entire section of the san tuary and part of the church floor ha been laid in cement. The altar was place. The candidates for Confirmati were ready with their sponsors and seven in the evening, Confirmation w administered to 27 new Christians.

It was a rush then for Father Walt to pack up his gear and say farewel a long process, as each has to kiss t Father's hand and my ring. In the dar on the beach, the people went throu their whole repertoire of hymns wh we waited for the canoes to be loade All three hundred and ten people Satawal are now Catholic and proud have their new church. Much remains be done, further instruction, deepeni of the Faith, but the foundation has be laid. It was a black moonless nig



herit the wind but never leave your sense of balance and skill ashore when you go illing. The same care which goes into the making is needed in the sailing of this craft.

od we had to paddle far out to find the *tar of the Sea.* At last aboard we headed ack for Lamotrek as Father Walter still ad his work to do there.

We were at anchor early in the morn-gg and after Mass, confessions, another lass, Father Walter settled down at the oor of the little church for what became regular routine. He took out his book in hich he had listed, from the canonical ooks which he kept safely at Yap, the ames of all those baptized, confirmed, arried from the island (each island has s own section). The people sat around n that carpet of grass and as each name as called, someone would identify the erson. Those who had died were marked ith a cross—later the graves were essed. Newly-born children or newly-structured Christians were noted for bap-sm. Those already confirmed were ecked and a list for Confirmations made tt. Happily there were very few mar-age problems. Couples on these outer lands stay married and remain faithful each other. Then each person to be nfirmed was given a slip of paper on which his baptismal and "island" name was written, his sponsor and his chosen Confirmation name. This always produced great interest and there was a searching of the religious calendar for an appropriate heavenly patron. We were surprised at the recurrence of the choice of "Fenian"—no Irishmen on these islands —until we found that there were a number baptized Patrick and the Saint marked for March 16 was St. Fenian. Patrick Fenian! Now there is a name to live by! When the confirmandi were finally listed, all went into the church in order and everybody else crowded in also. Then there was the usual instruction on the Sacrament by me, translated by Hilary (with a few developments of his own) and the ceremony followed which I am sure found souls ready to receive the fulness of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Always, there was a seriousness and sense of reverence and awe that was truly inspiring.

At Lamotrek, 74 were confirmed, then we set off for Faraulep.

(To be continued)

Father Paul Linssen S.J. left his native Holland to be a missionary in Alaska and died in its icy sea.

Tragedy on the Kuskokwin

The young Jesuit priest died in th line of duty and another mysteri is added to the annals of Alaska

PAUL LINSSEN WAS a young Jesuit w came to the United States from native Holland in 1947. He had volu teered for the Alaska Mission and h worked there for some years until t morning of last September 16th when the age of 40, he started down river w a pilot, Bernard Nevak of Chiforn This is the story as it is known, fr the time he left Bethel.

It was a calm, clear day, and t weather remained the same for seve days. His boat, the Klutch, was load heavily with stove oil plus some dru of kerosene and gas, intended for Fath Deschout at Tununak. On top of t drums was a load of lumber being se

the Department of Aviation to build ane docks at several villages.

Some men who came up river in the xt day or so mentioned seeing the utch on sand bars. Other than that e boat appeared in good shape. They ould have reached the town of Kwi-llingok one or two days after leaving thel. On the 20th and 21st heavy nds, with gusts up to 40 and 50 miles r hour, hit the coast. And for the xt two weeks the weather was very steady. Plane pilots were asked to eck on the boat, and on the 23rd it as sighted by Don Murphy, flying a ssna 180.

The boat was abandoned, on a sand r in the open water at the mouth of e Kwigillingok, toward Bethel, and out four miles from shore. The boat, npty even of freight, had anchors off e bow and stern. The water from the les could fill and empty the boat rough the opened seams. Murphy land- near it, found nothing. Another plane nt by Northern Consolidated also land- „ and this time a monstrance was found bottom of boat, still in good shape, d some Stations of the Cross, all in-nded for Tununak.

During the next three days planes arched at varying intervals. On Oct. dl the teacher at Platinum while walk- g along the beach spotted a body float- g near the shore. It was recognized, t with difficulty due to immersion and me bruises, as that of Father Linssen.

Just exactly what happened is hard to ll. The boat could have been on the nd bar and then swamped by the high ves of the storms. There might have en motor trouble. There is a possibility at they made a raft from the lumber d were blown out to sea, after they uldn't float the boat. If they had had radio, a life boat, or better still an-ner accompanying boat, the tragedy ght have been avoided. Father Linssen ll request a pilot and boat from Chifor-

On the trail the late missionary was pictured as he and his dogs took a quick lunch.

nak: the men came, and then, because Father was not ready to leave when they wished, they returned to Chifornak. Father then had to wait for a week or more till he was able to get Bernard Nevak who came by plane.

A man searching around the Klutch found some Stations of the Cross on the sand, overshoes and pants and fur cap. There is the possibility that Father tried to swim or make it to shore from the boat since he had nothing on when his body was discovered. The Klutch unfortunately had no life boat and we don't know if there were any life preservers. In that cold water, however, a person couldn't live for more than five minutes or so.

To date the body of the pilot, Bernard Nevak has not been found. Debris was found for about ten miles along the shore near Platinum. The men at Platinum made a coffin and next day the body was shipped to Bethel. Requiem Mass was offered on Oct. 5th, in packed church. Father was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Bethel. May his ardent and generous soul rest in peace!

A child's heart is a tremendous treasure that is easily won by those who live close to God and know that His kingdom is made up of little ones.

God touched a little girl's heart and won her for all time

How the Word Came to Rosa

William J. Brennan S.J.

NOTHING LOOKS SO SMALL as a little girl on the wharf beside a Caribbean freighter. And Rosa was a very little girl. She stood with a basket under her arm beside a fruit company boat that had just put in at Puerto Cortés. All around her were leather-aproned men, stripped to the waist, heaving heavy cargo on to motor-driven dollies. Behind Rosa was a box-car filled with bananas, which a long line of workers were unloading with their usual clamor.

The bustle of the fruit company doc
did not awe little Rosa. Often she ha
come for some reject bananas for h
mother. But this day she was oblivio
even of the errand which had brougl
her. With a childlike fixation, Rosa w
staring at the diagonal steel ladder whic
passengers descended. A strange grou
was picking its way down the stairwa
Each one wore a peculiar garb. Ro
watched the funny-looking tourists thre
their way along the cargo-strewn wha

across the railroad tracks behind the banana car. Her eyes never left the new tourists until they had hailed taxis on the corner where the rum shops and bad women were.

Rosa started home, deep in thought. When she arrived she had no chance to ask about the tourists because the empty basket was greeted with harsh words and a slap. But Rosa didn't cry as she usually did on such occasions. In fact, she hardly felt the slap. She walked slowly into the back yard where she stood for a while.

At last Rosa decided to go see the Padre. He was so wise; he could explain all kinds of complicated things to a little girl. And he never became impatient with questions. So Rosa set out for the little unpainted frame house with the rusty tinc roof where the Padre lived. Padre Vincent was seated on the porch in a rocker, reading his Office.

"Good morning, little Rosa," he said as he looked down over the rim of his glasses. "What's on your mind today?"

"Padre," she began, "who were the new tourists with the funny clothes?"

"Tourists—funny clothes? Rosa, I think you have stumped me for good this day. I really can't tell you."

"But, Padre, you must tell me. I want so much to know."

The Padre thought a while.

"Sit down Rosita, there on the step. You have asked me an especially hard one this day." He took off his glasses and put down his breviary.

"Perhaps you better describe those tourists for me."

Rosa jumped up and began to describe them as fast and as accurately as she could. As she went on, the Padre had a light. He had heard from the Bishop of a group of Sisters coming from Germany to work in a hospital in Tegucigalpa.

"I have it, my little Rosa. The tourists were Sisters who have come from a far-away country called Germany."

"Sisters?" queried the girl. "But why does their mother make them all wear the same heavy clothes?"

"You see, Rosa, they are not sisters from one single family, but they live together, they work together, and that is why they are called Sisters."

"But where are the little Sisters, then?"

"The little Sisters, Rosa? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Well, Padre, whenever I am at the dock and I see tourists come, they always have little children with them, but there were no little ones with the Sisters."

"Rosa, Sisters not only work for God, they live for God too. They are women like your mother, but they don't get married and they have no children."

"Do you think I could be a Sister, Padre?"

"Yes, when you grow up, and if you have been a very good girl, and come to Mass and Communion often, and if God calls you, you can be a Sister."

Two years later Rosa disappeared from

Pointing the way to a good life and an everlasting salvation by teaching the Way, Truth and Life.

Tegucigalpa is the capital of Honduras and somewhere today in its hilly, narrow stre is the one who years ago stood on a wharf and marveled at the strange group of Siste

her home in Puerto Cortés. It was ten o'clock in the morning before her family missed her. She went to Mass every morning, so her mother thought that something had kept her around the church. Perhaps she was asking some of her perpetual questions of the patient Padre.

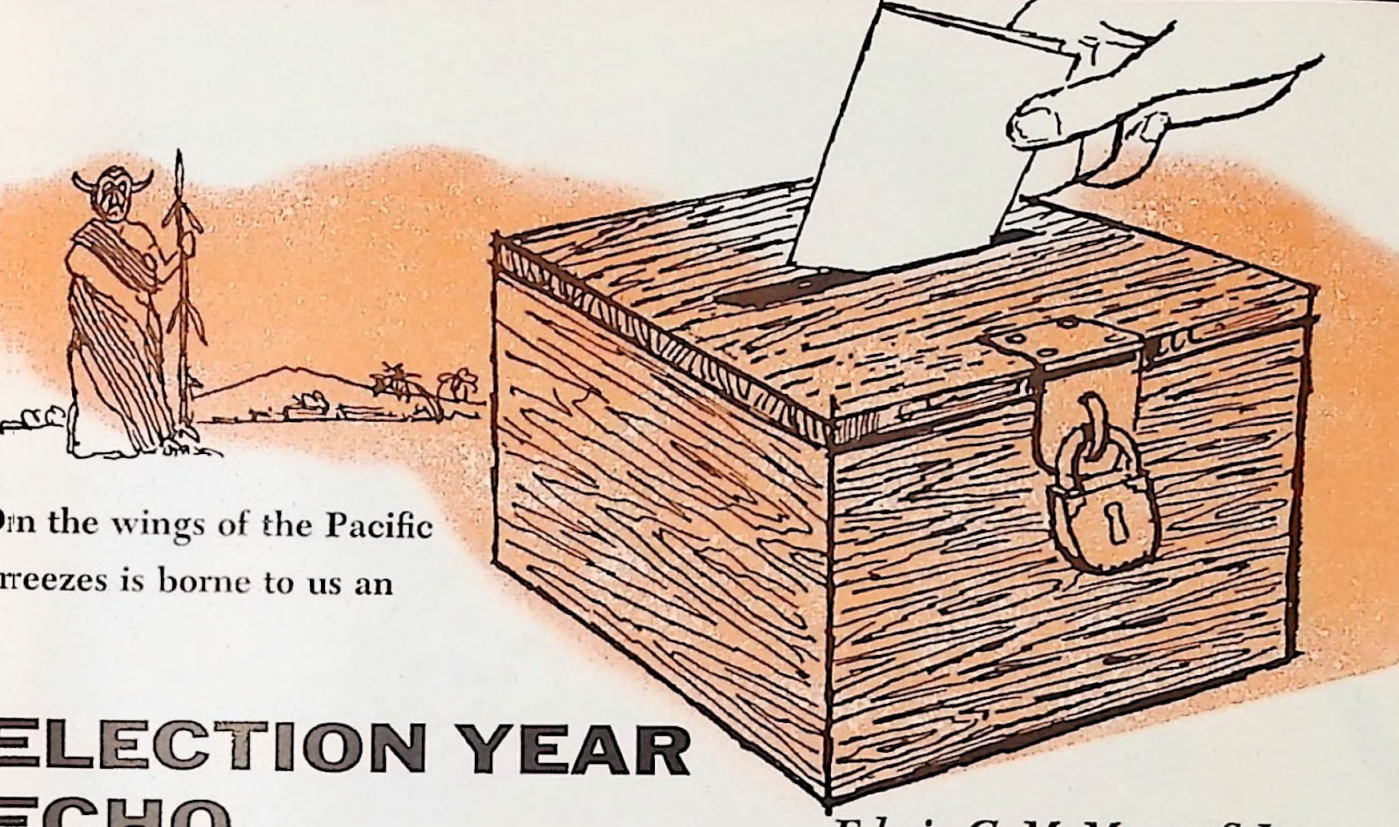
In the passenger train that runs from Puerto Cortés to San Pedro Sula, a little girl had stepped in among the mob that jams the platforms, hangs out the windows and sits on the roofs of the train cars. Without money or extra clothes, Rosa had set out for the number two city of Honduras. She had heard that there were Sisters in San Pedro Sula.

After the train arrived, the determined little girl found her own way on foot to the convent of the Sisters of Charity, "God's Geese." The Mother Superior listened to the amazing story of this child so bent on finding a convent. But more amazingly, the girl refused the offer of shelter and food. This was not the convent she wanted. She was looking for the other Sisters. As strangely as she had come, Rosa found her way back to the station and slipped in among the passengers for the afternoon return trip Puerto Cortés. She was completely su prised on arrival to receive no slaps fro her tearful mother.

Many years have passed since litt Rosa stood on the dock, staring at t German Sisters arriving. Today she is hospital Sister of the School Sisters Saint Francis in Tegucigalpa, the capit of Honduras. Her present status is t culmination of her childhood experien on the docks of Puerto Cortés. When s had reached the age of thirteen, a Scho Sister of St. Francis passed through t port town, collecting funds for the ho pital. One of the generous offerings c lected was little Rosa, who insisted being taken along.

Nine years Rosa spent as a part-tir student and servant girl in the Francisc convent of Comayagua, the original cap tal of Honduras. After the probatio Rosa was received into the Order.

Another nine years have passed sin her reception and vows. Today, Sist Rosa handles the night shift of the ho pital with the same aplomb and coolne of her counterpart anywhere in the worl



On the wings of the Pacific
rreezes is borne to us an

ELECTION YEAR ECHO

Edwin G. McManus S.J.

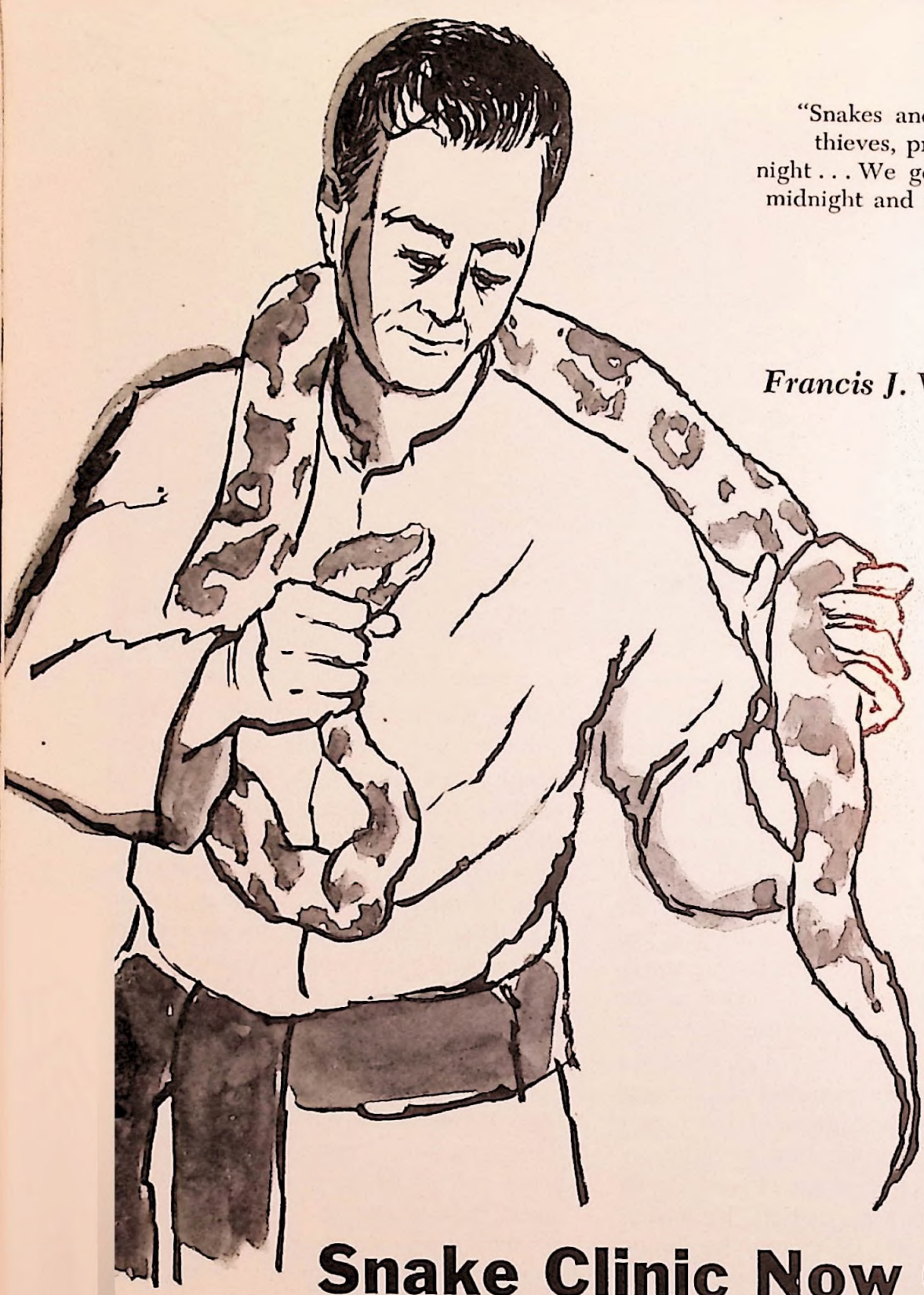
EVEN ON KOROR in the Caroline Islands, one is reminded of the political jitter-ıgging of the recent campaign. Recent- I was at a meeting that might be in-ıresting to any of you with an anthro-ɔological bent. To begin at the begin-ıng, many years ago perhaps 100, the fficial "medicine man" of a village called rrai had a vision in which the spirits ffformed him that the #3 chief of the lllage should take over the first spot. Vhen he announced the vision, chief #1 ɔligingly stepped down and #3 became œ ruler of the village, and his family ıs continued to rule until now.

But now the chief of the old #1 family aants to regain the position. He claims æat as a Catholic he cannot be bound ' what the spirits said long ago in ggan days. (I hate to be cynical, but nave some difficulty believing that love the faith is his sole motive.) At any tːe there has been a series of meetings the village elders to discuss the pos-ɔle change of authority. I listened in one and found it absorbing.

The present chief, a Protestant, said aat the spirits put him into power and ve cannot disobey the spirits." The ı:imant for the royal throne (the Palauan throne is a large rock outside the community house, and only very important people are allowed to sit on it) said that Christians should pay no attention to the spirits; therefore the scepter should return to him. Each of the elders was asked to speak his piece and the almost universal Palauan reluctance to "stick one's neck out" was all so obvious. With some minor variations practically every elder gave the same speech, and although it lasted some 10 minutes, it can be summarized . . .

"We are Christians now and do not have to obey the spirits, but we know the spirits guided our ancestors for many years and perhaps we owe them deference. In this matter it is not easy for me to say whom I want to be chief, for each one is a good man and has done a lot for the village. In conclusion I would like to state that I want for chief the one who will be best for the village." He sat down to universal applause.

And what was the conclusion of the meeting? A decision to have another meeting later on! With that the waiting women brought in the food and the men fell to, as though they had earned the banquet. It's a good thing time isn't precious to the Palauans.

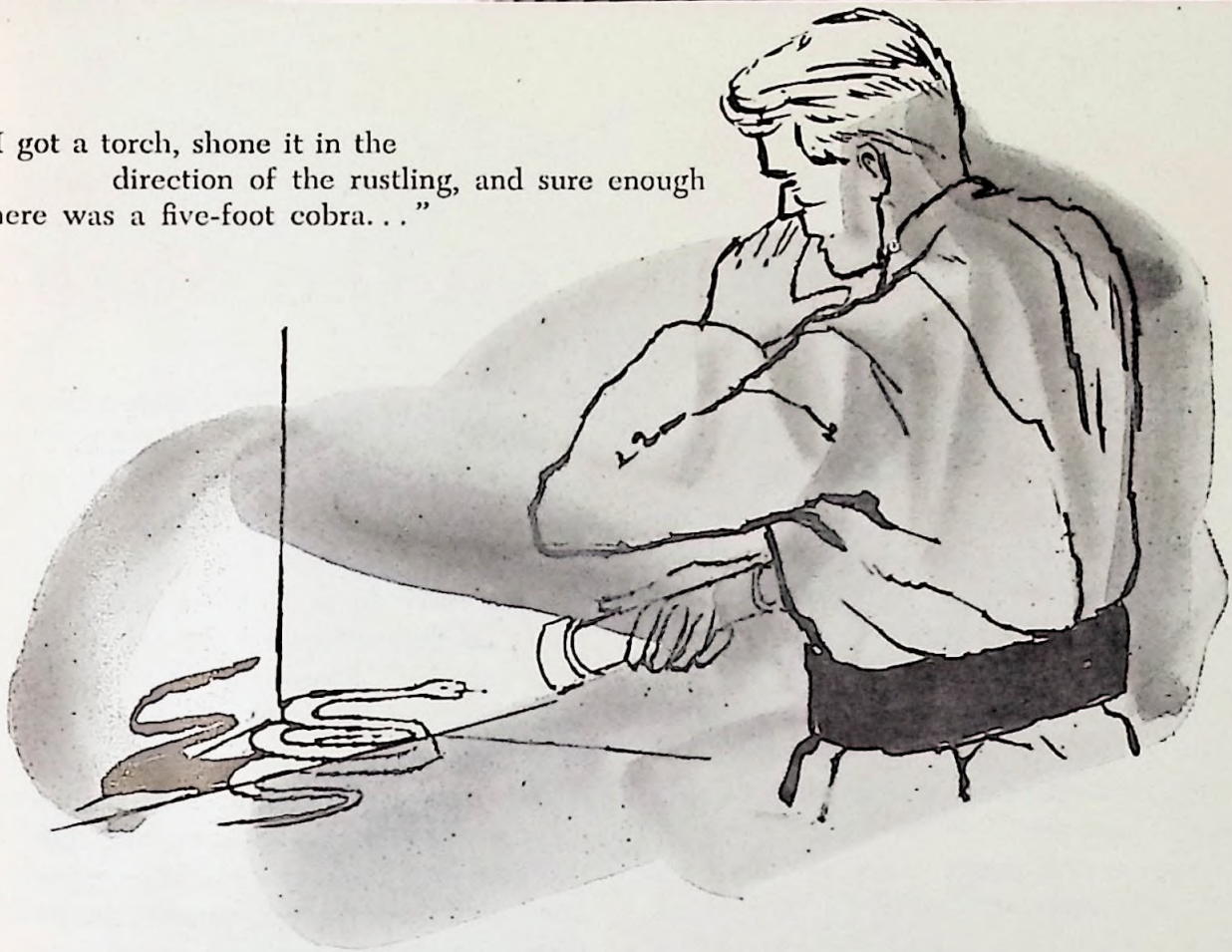


"Snakes and scorpions, l
thieves, prefer the dark
night . . . We get calls betwe
midnight and two o'clock . .

Francis J. Wieman S.

Snake Clinic Now Oper

JNTIL ABOUT THREE WEEKS ago I thought that all the snakes and orpions had left this Sheikhpura dis- ict of India. Then suddenly they turned again en masse. The first one turned right inside the house. I was walking ıg the veranda that connected my m with the church when I heard ıething rustling in the potted flowers along the edge. At first I thought it w the cat and was reaching down to pet when my Guardian Angel warned me get a light. I got a torch, shone it in tl direction of the rustling, and sure enou there was a five-foot cobra. For son reason he was more scared than I, a wriggled off into the little room th serves as the parish office. There he g



'll got a torch, shone it in the direction of the rustling, and sure enough here was a five-foot cobra. . . "

himself entangled in a corner behind a box, and my cook came running with a heavy stick and bashed in the cobra's head with one blow.

A few days later, just at dusk, I heard shouting from the front gate. A group of people were coming in, and in the midst of them was a man walking straight as a ramrod balancing a brick on his head. A snake had bitten him in the foot, he explained, and the weight on his head was intended to keep the poison from rising. It turned out that he had been bitten by a harmless snake, but to this day he probably thinks he was saved by wearing a brick. How did I know it was a harmless snake? Well, one of the medicines we use has the remarkable quality of tasting sweet to one who has the poison in his system, and of becoming increasingly bitter as the poison is counteracted. Thus from the patient's reaction to the taste of the medicine you can tell how close he is to being cured and whether he has been bitten by a poisonous snake or not.

Snakes and scorpions, like thieves, prefer the dark of night. Nowadays, since the rains have started, hardly a week passes that we don't get several calls between midnight and two in the morning. One of these, a scorpion bite case, was brought in on bullock cart from about four miles away. The pain through his whole leg was so intense he couldn't walk, but within half an hour he was ready to return home. In the course of treating him I overheard the conversation his friends were having. One of them was skeptical of God's wisdom in creating snakes and scorpions. Another was something of a philosopher. He argued that snakes and scorpions were very necessary, because their existence deterred many a man from slipping out at night and harvesting his neighbor's grain crop.

Another midnight case was a young man who had recently had his entire head shaved. A scorpion had worked its way into this man's bed, and bit him right on the head, giving him a headache to beat all headaches! All of which leads up to the conclusion that this mission of Maria Ashram is not exactly the Garden of Eden in its pristine glory. So say a prayer for us.

Window on the Missi

Welcome, 1961!

In the past few months many dire prophecies have been made; various world conditions have resulted in many a shaking of the head; and the crystal ball of the future is tinged with tell-tale gray for many. We prefer to start the year off on a lighter note and from our vantage point of the Window view the international scene with the reassurance that people are still human.

Even at this early date we have already selected our Man of the Year. Lest we be accused of undue haste, etc., let us merely state the facts and leave our sword of challenge in plain sight on the field. Our choice, by a wide margin, is Father Q of Jamaica. His young men's Sodality was holding a social and had invited the girls from the Sodality of a nearby school. One hour and a half after the opening of the social the head count totalled 12 girls and 40 boys. On that score the Social threatened not to even live up to its name. So Father Q, his curly hair beginning to show a very reasonable touch of gray, decided to rescue the affair. He drove over to a girls' boarding school and in his characteristic soft and quiet way entreated Mother Superi to allow some of her girls to attend t social. Did *you* ever try to pry loose fr any Mother Superior some of her precio charges at an advanced hour of the nigh It may have been the shock of the r quest or the unnerving facing of a ne and unheard of problem but after co siderable reflection Mother decided put it up to the girls themselves. Abo twenty Spanish-speaking lassies immec ately jumped at the chance but then, the way of women the world over, took good half hour to get ready. So by tl time the group arrived at the soci enough Jamaican girls were on the scer to balance off the number of boys. As tl young men didn't know Spanish th shied away from the boarding scho group who promptly became wallflower but far from silent ones. Father Q w acutely conscious of the eyes flashir daggers at him.

When the Cinderella hour came, he had faithfully promised Mother Sup rior, he drove the boarders back hom But no one had informed the gatem that the girls were out so the gate w locked. Father Q led them to a small ga about a quarter of a mile away an through the darkness up to the house. was not a silent procession by any mea and Father was grateful that he couldn understand the Spanish words, althoug the tones were unmistakable. Farewel were extremely brief, and Father escaped into the friendly darkness. Bu

COVER. Artist Phil Franznick graphically depicts the Holy Father's Mission Intention for January. At the heart of the world created by the Triune God and holding all peoples in the tender bonds of Love Incarnate is the unbloody Sacrifice of the Mass, as worldwide as the Cross.

orld

we think he deserves commendation of the highest kind, not only for devotion above and beyond the call of duty, but even of prudence.

Flashbacks

A former contributor to JM, Mr. Welcon Heald ("Surprise in Mexico"—Jan. 1959) was asked by a magazine to do a story on Father Kino, the great Jesuit missionary of the Southwest who died 250 years ago. Mr. Heald went to the Tucson Chamber of Commerce to see what was planned for a commemoration. The publicity director was busy at the moment so a girl in the office volunteered assistance. Mr. Heald explained the situation and the girl promised that the director would get in touch. Her final question left Mr. Heald somewhat bemused. "And what is Father Kino's telephone number?"

Do you remember the story of Bumble Bee in last September's issue? The young colored boy in Alabama longed to attend Most Pure Heart of Mary High School in Crichton but he was not a Catholic and local conditions prevented his enrollment. We asked our readers to help educate him and others in similar situations. Your response was wonderful. As a result, Bumble Bee is a Catholic, attends Most Pure Heart of Mary, and his mother is now taking instruction! Your kindness has also helped others in Crichton. Can you see now why we don't think it is such a dark old world, after all?

February Mission Intention:

"That people striving for political liberty be guided by a spirit beneficial to the common good."

JM

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PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS
Rev. Joseph J. Walter S.J.
39 East 83rd St.
New York 28, N.Y.

The Liturgy and the Missions

The January Mission Intention is "that worthy liturgical celebration of the Sacrifice of the Altar ma lead all peoples to the true Church of Christ."

Edward L. Murphy S.J.

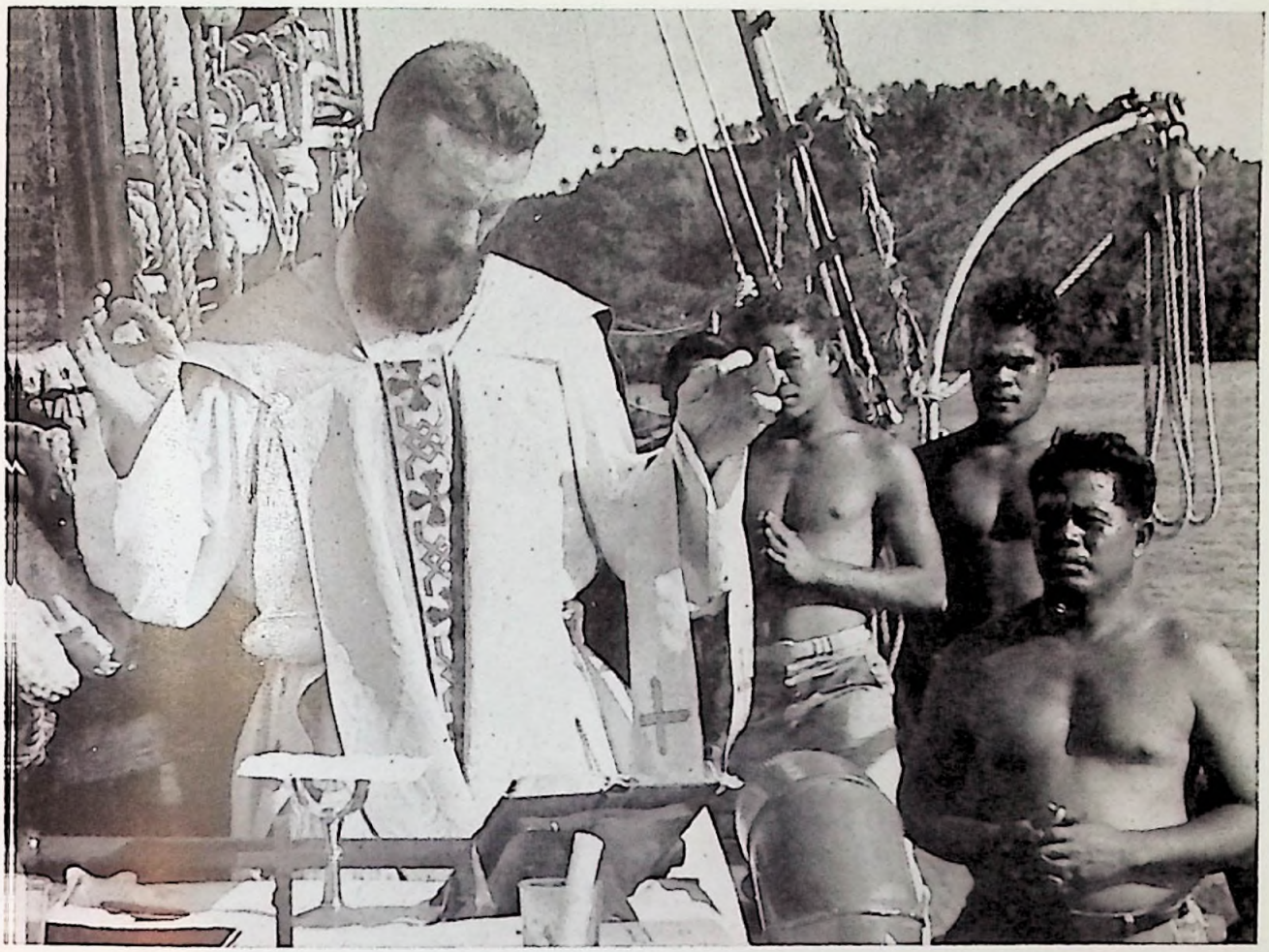
Into a mud hut in India comes the loving Eucharistic King. Father Elias brings Holy Communion to his catechist James.

FOR CENTURIES, before the majority people could read and write, tl Liturgy and the spoken word were tl textbooks of Catholicism. We are so a customed to catechisms and books th we can scarcely imagine how people other centuries could have learned tl truths of the Faith without them. Yet moment's reflection on the great even and truths which are commemorated our act of worship through the ye shows how frequently the truths of o religion are refreshed in our minds.

We can read the Gospels and, wit the grace of the Holy Spirit, embed in o minds the knowledge of the life an teaching of the Lord. But the Liturgy a peals to more than our minds. It cal to our senses, emotions, our heart an soul. We can read about the mysteries the Incarnation and Birth of the Lor But when we are gathered together the midnight hour on Christmas, ho much brighter and more thrilling is o realization of these mysteries in the jo ous celebration of the solemn ceremoni of that night. How deeply we experienc the presence of the Lord among us an His union with us!

Again, how profoundly our souls ar stirred by the Liturgy of Holy Wee which the Church has surrounded wit such instructive and poignant ceremonie The sufferings, the death and the triu

> *"From the rising of the sun ...in every place is offered in My Name a clean oblation."*

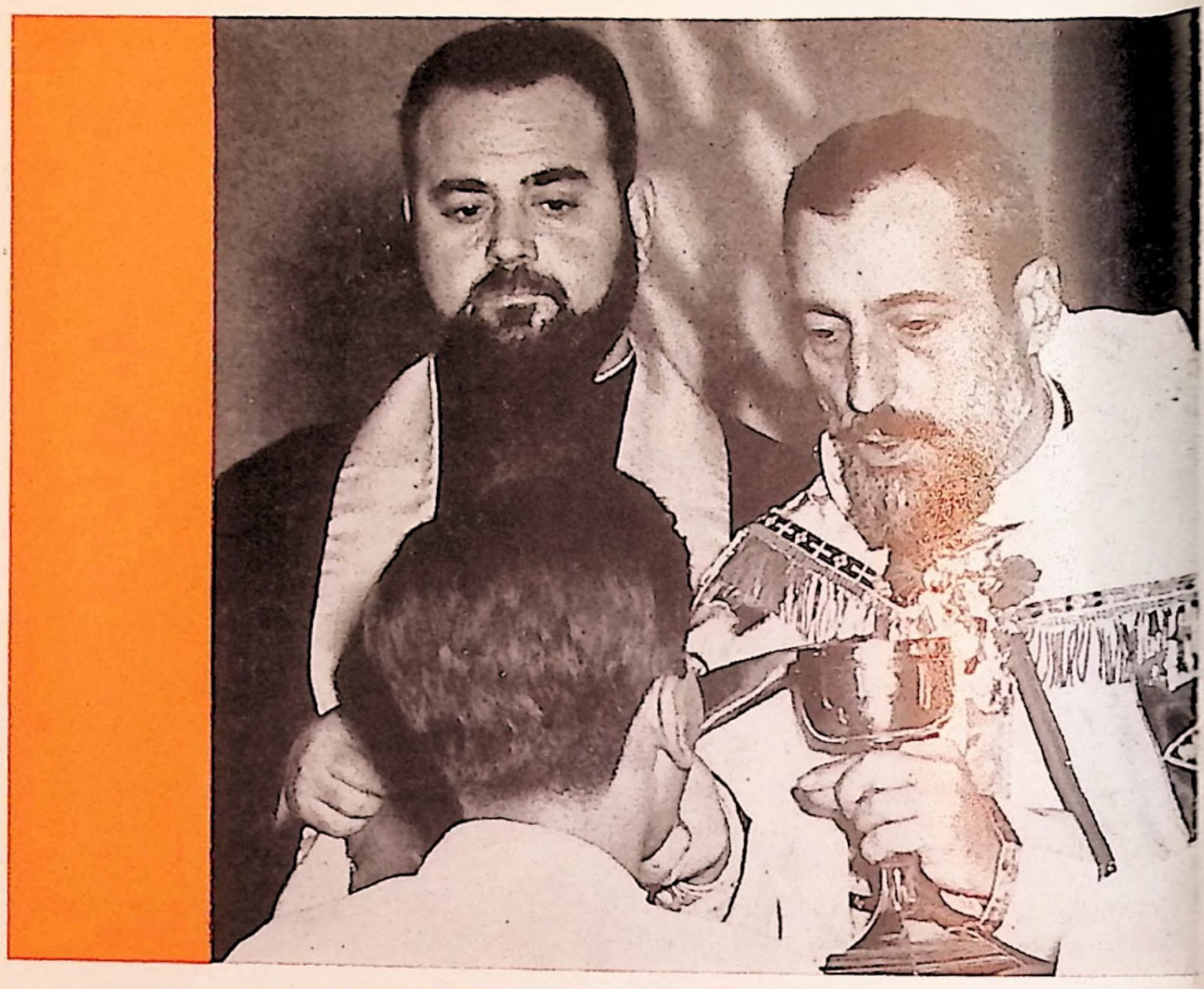


Shipboard celebration of Mass by Father Rively while visiting islands of the Pacific.

phant resurrection of the Lord are not distant memories, but very piercing facts, made present for us in the Liturgy. One has but to recall how real the mysteries of our Faith become even to children in the yearly cycle commemorated in the Mass. The mysteries of our Faith are not just revealed truths of the past but become living and vibrant events.

The liturgical life of the Church also embraces the Sacraments. The rites with which the Sacrament of Baptism is administered are filled with a beautiful symbolism and doctrine. For instance, the exorcisms in the beginning of the rite remind us of the doctrine of original sin and our inheritance of it. We recall again that in Christ we are transferred from the kingdom of the devil to the kingdom of God, reborn from spiritual death to everlasting life and made sons of God. The pouring of the water and the words spoken in the central act of the Sacrament remind us of our sin-condition from which we are purified by the merits of the death of the Lord. Mystically sin is destroyed and buried in the saving death of Christ and we come forth in new and triumphant life. The imposing of the white cloth symbolizes the putting on of Christ, a newness of life and the innocence and the sinlessness of the newly-redeemed soul. The lighted candle recalls to us the words of the Lord, "You are the light of the world," and the necessity of living a life enlightened with the wisdom of God's truth. Such teaching is contained in the other Sacraments.

To this day the Liturgy is still the most exciting and beautiful textbook of Catholic belief and life. This is especially true in mission lands. While all of us, as human beings here on earth, must have gestures and ceremonies which ex-



press God's relationship to us and our relationship to Him, most people in non-Christian lands find these external things so much a part of their religious expression. So the celebration of the Liturgy in these lands with solemnity and dignity is of primary importance. Thus the majesty and holiness of God are impressively proclaimed. At the same time, the goodness and nearness of God to us are assured in the Eucharistic communion. So many religions of the non-Christian world reach out for some experience of God. But their efforts are the result of man's effort to ascend to God, whereas in Catholicism the experience of and union with God are seen to be God's personal action of giving Himself to us in His Beloved Son. The distance between a supreme being and man, which plagues the souls of so many non-Christians and leaves them uncertain and insecure, is obliterated in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass Therein God is glorified and praised mos perfectly. He comes down over the in finite distance between His majesty and our littleness to lift us up to glory and personal union with Himself; He is known to be truly our God and we are His be loved people.

All are familiar with the insistence by the Holy See on the more perfect celebration of the Liturgy and on the active sharing by all in the action of the Holy Sacrifice. As we are told in the words of the Mass, it is "our sacrifice." It is especially necessary in mission lands that the people have the sense of offering the Sacrifice together with the priest. In many of the religions in those lands the people do actively participate in the rites. That is why missionary bishops and priests are introducing methods of participation in the Liturgy. The more peo-

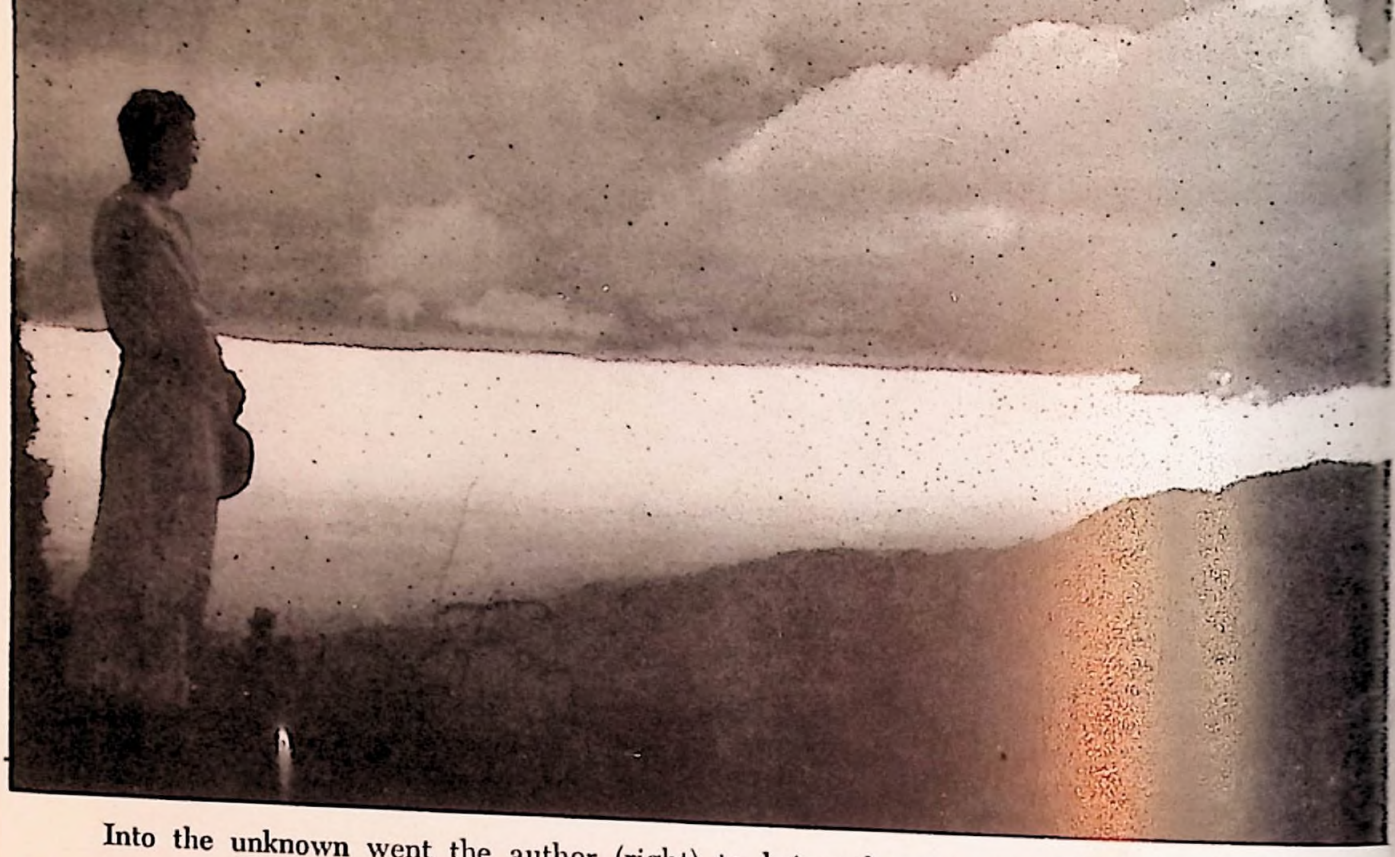
ple understand our mysteries, the more surely does the Eucharistic Sacrifice become what Pope Leo XIII called it, "the heart and center of our religion." It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the Holy Sacrifice in the history and present life of the Church. The very beauty of its solemn celebration touches and draws the souls of people to Christ and the Church. Above all, the vivid belief in the presence of the Lord in our midst through the Mass incites us to unite ourselves with Him from whom all graces comes. Thus holiness is increased and the heart is stirred to share with Christ the task of drawing others to the way of salvation in His Church.

When fully understood and lived, the Liturgy is necessarily missionary in its vision and purpose, as the Church is necessarily missionary. Every day in the offering of the wine the Church prays that the offering may rise before God with a pleasant fragrance for the salvation of all the world. The Church, then, in her worship and sacrifice gathers all the people of the world about her and prays for their salvation. The Lord who is offered is the Savior of the whole world. His sacrifice was and is offered by Him for the sake of the whole of mankind. It is offered for the remission of the sins of many. It is difficult to go through any Mass and not find evidence of the Church's concern for all nations.

At this time of the year, the Epiphany season, the mind of the Church reaches out to all nations, to all the islands of the seas, as she rejoices in God's calling to all mankind through the gift of the Son. Our sharing in the Liturgy will mean that all the members of the Body of Christ carry in their hearts the spiritual need of all peoples. This will make all of us truly Catholic in our prayer, truly missionary in our vision and actions. So let us pray and act this month.

In the Philippines Father Fitzpatrick baptizes an infant in the Bukidnon mountains.

In Alaska Father O'Connor distributes Holy Communion to Eskimos at famed St. Mary's.



Into the unknown went the author (right) to bring the message of God's Good Tiding

Out Beyond Nowhe

Into the hinterlands of I without a church, a hous live in, and no Christian

"Meet and talk with people. All are very nice . . . My work is very hard and slow. I have to be very patient. So kindly keep on praying for me and my work . . ."

ırrgiss Kappammotil S.J.

My mission of Saran in the Patna Mission area of India is really out beyond nowhere. Take a map of India. Find the great Ganges river. Near Patna, which is on the Ganges, there are two rivers, Gogara and Gundak, tributaries of Ganges. Saran is almost hemmed in by these three rivers. The district is over 22,600 square miles with a population of over three million. There is not a single Catholic. The nearest church, Muzaffarpur, is about 125 miles away. I had never even once gone into the district. I knew no one. So in every respect it was a virgin district for me.

My first problem was to find a house to stay. There was a Maharaja, an old student of St. Xavier's, living in Patna. Through a Father, a good friend of the Maharaja, I got permission to stay in one of his houses in Hathua, near Siwan, in Saran. I travelled by train, bus, cycle, bullock cart and on foot, visiting important towns and places, spending nights at railway stations, tea shops and in houses of poor but charitable people. When I found no place I simply continued my journey.

Once I was held up for fifteen hours, at a small railway station. I could not even get a cup of tea. At 8 p.m. a gentleman, taking pity on me, took me to his house and gave me tea and supper. Another time I was held up for hours. I began to read my Breviary. Attracted by the gilt-edged book, a crowd soon gathered round me, some even trying to read the book over my head. I gave the book to one and soon all had their turn but none could read Latin. In one place I was taken as a decoity (highway robber). I explained myself, showed my address, named the persons and places I know. But the people did not believe me. I had to leave the place. I do not blame them for they might have been cheated before. Whether I waited for train, or bus, or took tea, there were always 15 to 20 to "admire" me. These people had never seen a Catholic priest in cassock. Now this "admiration" is slowing wearing away.

In my travels I was always on the lookout for a small house. After many attempts and failures I explained the situation to a friend of mine. In a fortnight he got me a small house in Siwan, a Subdivisional headquarters of the district.

I had nothing in the house, not even a broken chair to sit on. For two weeks I said Mass on my suitcase, 22x18 inches. Now I have a small desk to serve as an altar. For Mass I am the priest, the server and the congregation. I cannot keep the Blessed Sacrament for want of a suitable place and tabernacle.

Since I have a house, I thought now things would move a bit better. But before six weeks I was asked to vacate the house. Again my friend found a house for me where I am at present. How long I will be in this house God alone knows. I want to buy a piece of land and put up a small building.

Lift their hearts and thoughts to God and away from the petty discussions about stic

Since I have not a single Catholic, no school, hospital or any sort of Catholic life to tie me down to Saran, the Bishop asked me to do some pioneering works in another district, which is not assigned to me. The Bishop had heard that there are Catholics who have never been visited for 15 to 20 years. Their existence came to light only very recently. I went to that place towards the middle of November. Part of the journey can be made by train and bus. The rest must be made on foot alone. The country is very hilly. No roads at all. Plenty of rivers with no bridges. In rainy season the place is almost inaccessible. Plenty of thick forests filled with wild animals like tiger, leopard, pig, etc. From every part of the district the snow-clad mountains, Everest and its satellites, are visible. I spent more than a month visiting villages. I had two men of the place to accompany me.

We reach a village at about four or five in the evening. Soon the Catholics of the village gather together and exchange greetings. These people have 20 to 30 different ways of greetings differing according to age, relation, status and sex. Then the wife of the headman of the village comes with a basin and jug full of water. She washes the priest's legs. This is one of the greatest respects shown to priests. By 8, supper will be over. Once again all gather together. Rosary, instruction, confession, etc., follow.

The district is a rice producing on When I went there, it was just about t reaping season. I could see miles a miles of paddy fields ready for harve ing. When I walked through the fie the Gospel words again and again ca to my mind. "The harvest indeed is gr but laborers are few." If a priest remai there and works I am sure within a y or two we will have a very flourishi Catholic community.

Back in Saran, the whole day passes deep silence between books, without ev uttering a word. In my silence I thi of those great and heroic men like Fath M. Ricci, who spent 30 long years China. They are my strength, courag and comfort. I wish I had some of the holiness and learning. I go out daily the evening when people are free. Me and talk with people. All are very nic So far only thus much. My work is ver hard and slow. I have to be very patien So kindly keep on praying for me an my work. I think prayers and ferven prayers only will dispel the thick dark ness and allow the Light to shine full on the millions. When? In His own swee time, when He thinks fit to call the mil lions, as He once called the three Wis Men from the East by a special light. Le us hope and pray that day is not far o for dear Saran.

"I don't know how long I can go on like this..."

"People here know full well that we Catholics can perform many social works with sincere love and affection, but due to lack of funds, I never commit myself when they ask about a school or hospital or dispensary."

This is an excerpt from a letter by Father Kappammootil S.J. outlining his many plans for his people in his underdeveloped Mission. Starting from scratch is a very costly affair but Father must begin immediately if he is to win these souls for Christ. Will you help launch Father's "Mission in Saran" with a gift of $5 or more?

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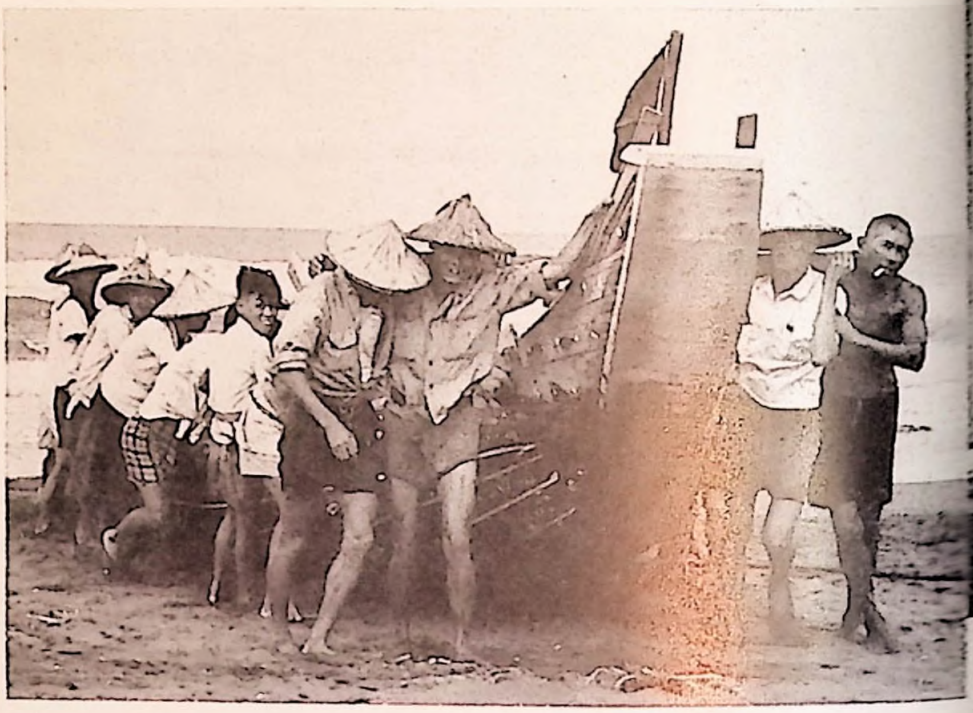
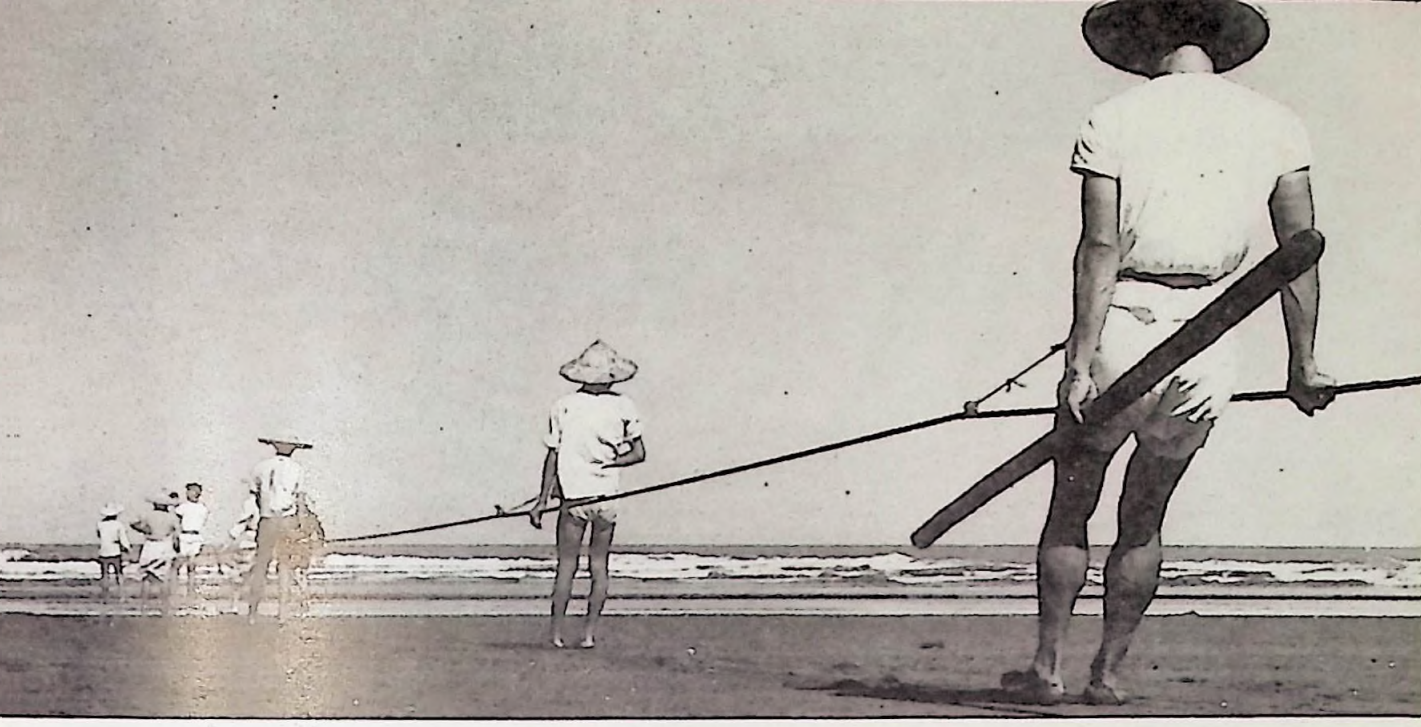


All together and the labor of hauling the boat up the sand cannot take the smile from a free man's face.

They Fled to Freedom

Ta Chen was an indefensible island and nobody argued the fact—so its people acted

Harvest of fish is dragged to land and owner of boat, of net, and helpers get set shares



Strong legs and backs are needed for landing fish pouch. All photos by Fr. Stevenson S.J.

Ta Chen is one of the many small isles at the mouth of Shanghai's bustling harbor. It had a way of life which had remained the same for generations. Its people belonged to the sea and they depended on the sea for their living. But suddenly on the Chinese mainland, whose remote activity had never concerned them deeply, a new power had come into existence. Even in Ta Chen the crushing fist of Red Communism was felt. Those who knew the tides foresaw freedom waning.

Quietly the men of Ta Chen gathered and discussed the situation. Then, in equally quiet fashion, they stowed what possessions they could on their small fishing craft and they sailed away. They landed in Taiwan—and there was no need there to tell their story. It had been lived a thousand times before by others. The Nationalist Government found a place for them on the east coast, as close as possible to the way of life in Ta Chen, and again they live as free men.

Dragging in net on Suao shore. Refugees are located south of towns of Lotung and Yilan.

THE MOUNTAIN MEN

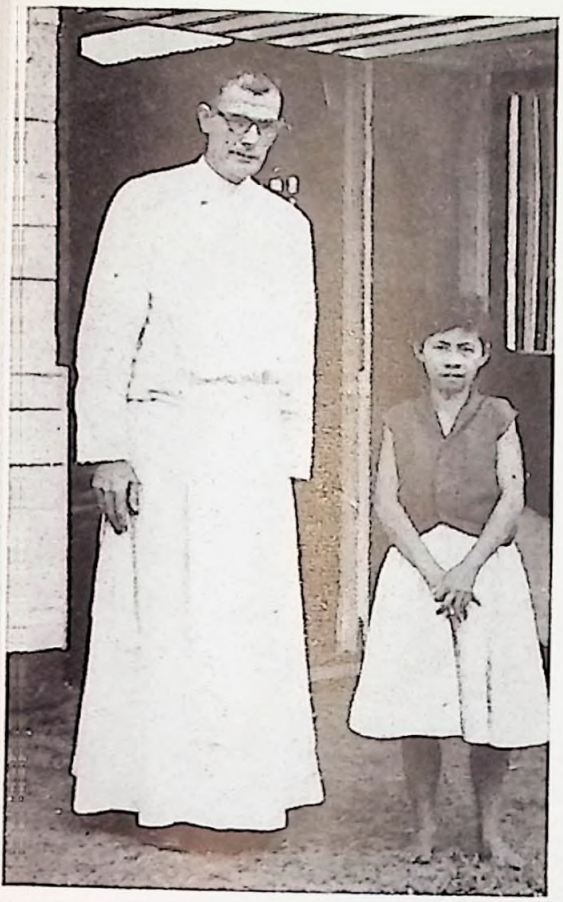
Deep in the rocky terrain of the Bukidnon in the Philippines a score of missionaries carry out God's work in quiet fashion

In the Mindanao interior Father Harold Murphy of New York holds a catechism class outdoo

NCWC supplies are distributed with a smile by Father Vincent Cullen, once of New York.

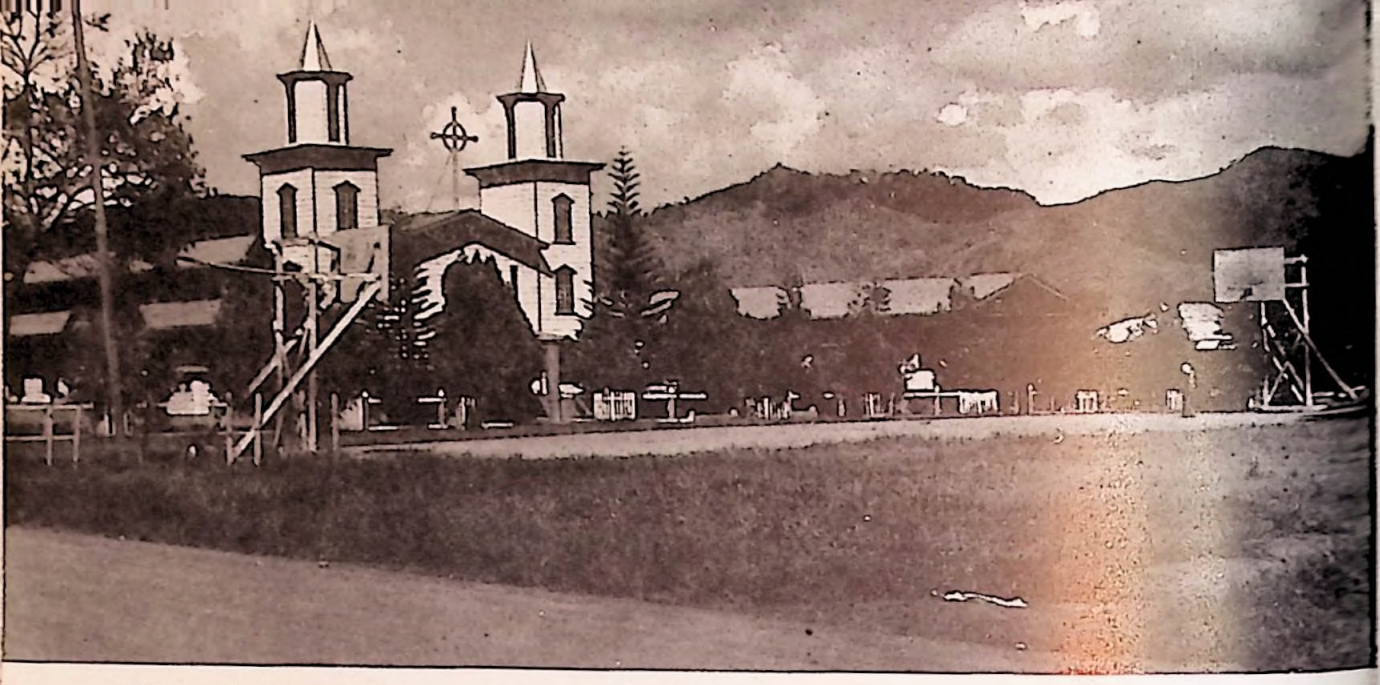
ONE GROUP OF MISSIONARIES who rar ly make the headlines are the Jesui who work the Bukidnon area of Mi danao in the Philippines. This is a mou tainous region, picturesque and wild bu highly potential in its natural richnes and fertility. Its isolation was exempl fied during the Spanish-American War 1898. When American troops pressed u the Bukidnon mountain trails the thought they were the first white men t penetrate that area. What was their sur prise to discover Spanish Jesuits who ha been laboring there for years.

During the first part of the America rule of the islands the Bukidnon suf fered spiritual stagnation from lack o priests and Sisters. Now American, Fili pino and exiled Jesuits of the China Mis sion are covering the remote towns an outlying barrios. Their ranks are stil thin but the people of the Bukidno know God's mountain men are with them



Long and short of it exemplified by Father Fenton Fitzpatrick of Philadelphia and his catechist at his Malitbog parish. Lavish rectory is pictured above.

Tracing the future is Father Philip Boyle of Pennsylvania for Father Harold Murphy (left).



Storm clouds brood over Malaybalay, the only town of any size in Mindanao's interi

Drawing lots during May fiesta is this elderly lady. Father Joseph Stoffel of Philadelphia supervises.

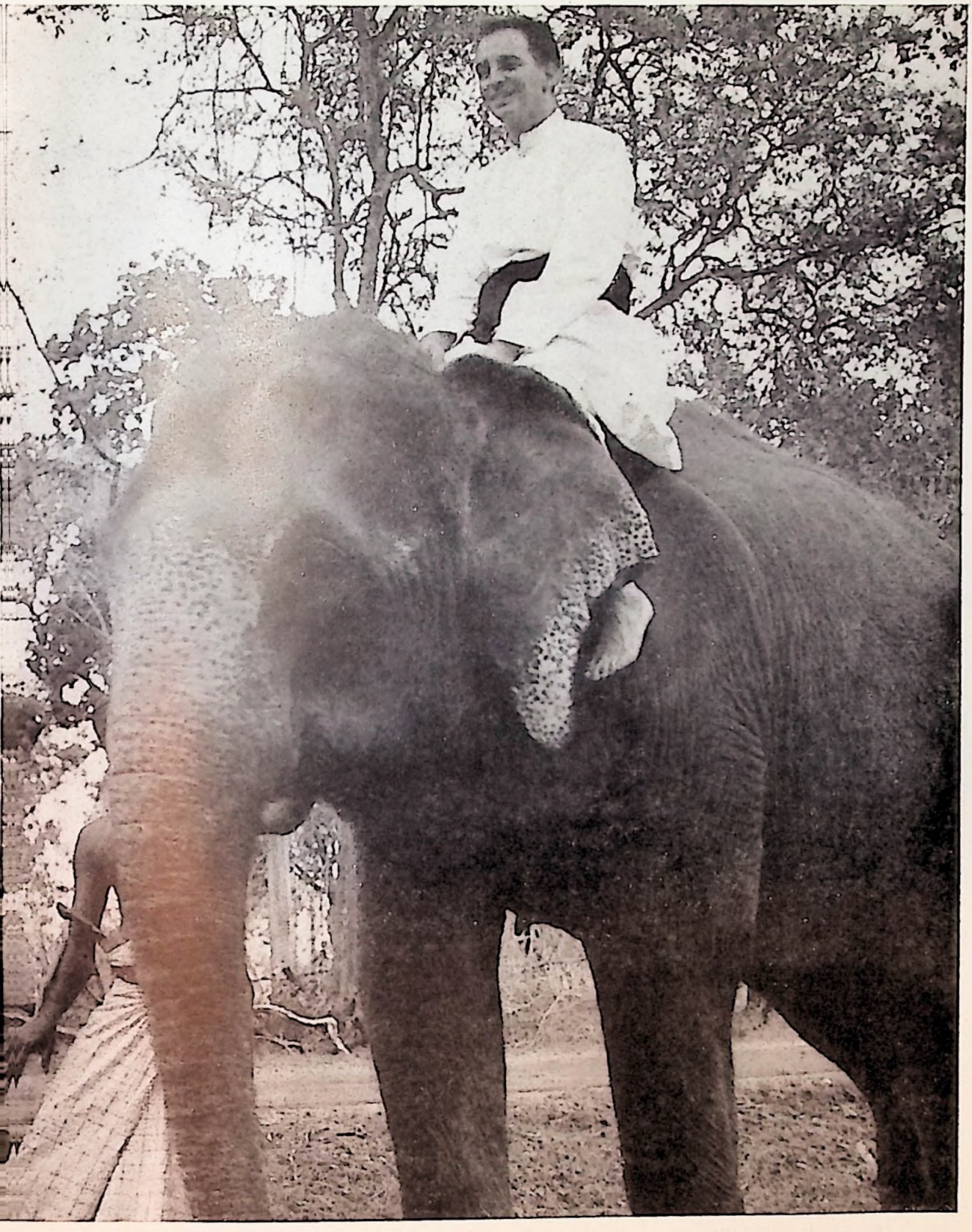
Operator of Father Stoffel's cat chetical mobile unit with his wi

Pottery trader from Bohol takes time out to go to confession to Fr. William Ahern of Musuan, once of Buffalo.

Sixteen years of devoted labor were recently recognized when Father Lawrence Edwards S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission in South Dakota, was honored with the Freedoms Foundation Award. The Sam White Bear Post of the American Legion in Pine Ridge, acting in the name of the Freedoms Foundation of Valley Forge, bestowed the award in recognition of Father Edwards' work in the field of Indian education. Shown above (l. to r.) are Chief Charlie Red Cloud, descendant of the famous Chief Red Cloud; Father Edwards; Mr. Vincent Brewer, Legion Commander who read the citation; and Mr. Leslie Towle, Superintendent of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation, who presented the Freedoms Foundation Medal. It was an award richly deserved.

Still swinging is Father Claude Daly S.J. of the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon—and here at JM we can testify, from the monstrous tales he sends us, that he leads the league in foul balls. So we appreciate the item in the "Trinco Mail" concerning the list of deceased priests of the Mission which was sent to all pastors. Since 1895, 36 Jesuits of the Mission have gone to their reward.

Father Daly in Muthur received hi copy of the list and promptly hung it in prominent place in the sacristy. Nex day he noticed the sacristan studying th list assiduously—spelling out each wor from top to bottom. Then he turned t Father Daly with a very disappointe look. "Fine list of people, Father," h admitted reluctantly, then added sorrow fully, "but they've left your name off it!



Elephant's memory is not going to be tested by Father Del Marmol of New Orleans with any American slang. The Ceylon missionary was recently given a parcel by Mother Superior at the Nursing Home and told it contained something for supper. Sometime later, Mother was surprised to see Father still there so she advised him to depart in a hurry for the contents of the parcel had to be *cooked* for supper. Father looked at her, exclaimed "Holy cow!" and ran. Then it took a patient a full day to convince Mother that he was *not* referring to *her*.

Can you help in any of the following ways?

Wanted *for Jesuit Missionarie*

The story of Rosa as told by Father Brennan on page 8 underlines the great need for Sisters on the missions. Now a group of generous Honduras Sisters are helping out in Yoro. But the Jesuits there cannot afford a convent and have rented a house—unfurnished. Could you help put a chair, a table or dishes in the temporary convent with a little gift of a few dollars?

A quarter century in Alaska is Father Llorente's record. In that time he has seen his people leave the tundra and concentrate in villages. Now he finds that his tiny chapels cannot accommodate all his flock. He must enlarge his churches at Kwiguk and Alakanuk. Could you help him achieve this very necessary work with any donation within your means?

Another veteran of the missions is our old friend, Father Ernst of Patna. He is now 66 years old and he mentions wistfully that his bicycle is becoming too exacting on him. He needs a jeep—and we would love to see him get one. Have you $5 or more that could help ease the many trips he makes for Our Lord?

On Puluwat in the Caroline Islands (see page 2) Father John Fahey is finishing a two-story school. It will mean a lot to the islanders, especially for vocations. But Father still lacks the means of furnishing it and administering it. He needs about $2000. Could you aid this all-important project with $2, $5, or more?

The Matsu Island Chaplain, Father Jo Dahlheimer, is trying to provide t Catholic Chinese fighting men with a Su day Missal in their own language. would appreciate any help in financi it. Perhaps some Veterans' group, someone who has lost a dear one in Far East, would be interested.

For over two years Father Rochkau lived in a kind of passage less than feet wide. It has been bedroom, kitch storage room and school combined. new deal is in order for this priest Dillingham, Alaska. Could you help h with a gift of any amount?

Deeply grateful to you are the Cricht Missionaries of Alabama for your ge erous assistance to Bumble Bee (cf. p. and others in a similar situation. If y are in a position to further aid th work they would very much appreciate

His Silver Jubilee as a Jesuit occasion a little checking up for Father Richa Neu in Adra, India. He found the wa of his bungalow sagging, the roof lea ing, windows ditto and the whole hou flooded. He hopes his next Jubilee wo occur during the rainy season. We ho that he can get another house—and b fore his next Jubilee. Will you give a helping hand on our Neu bungalo

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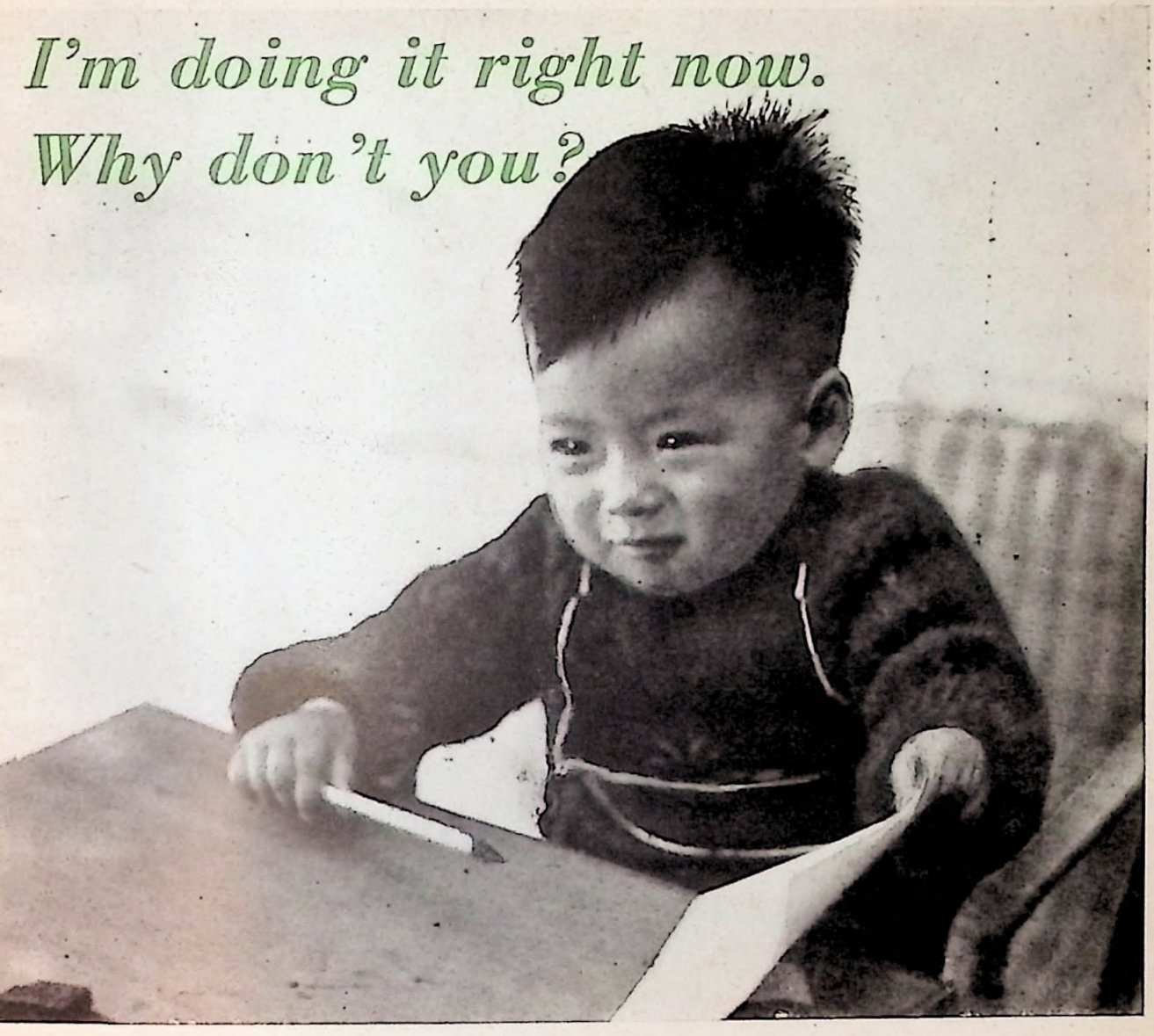

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THE TABERNACLE-A HOME

In some mission churches there is no fitting home for the Eucharistic King—so no sanctuary lamp burns there and it is a lonely place. The Presence of the Blessed Sacrament is the greatest comfort on this earth for a man who has given his life for Christ. Can you build a home for Our Lord for $175 up?

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