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National Magazine of the American Jesuits



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Staff

Editor, Calvert Alexander. Managing Editor, Clement J. Armitage.

Associate Editors, Leo Birney, Thomas J. M. Burke,
Cecil H. Chamberlain, Edward S. Dunn.

Business Editor, Coleman A. Daily.

Business Office, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

Editorial Offices, 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N.Y.

COVER. To artist Phil Franznick the face of the emerging Africa is made up of various strains, of races different in color and temperament but all wondering about what the future holds for their continent. The United Nations picture (left) of Liberian boys is typical of those differences.



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Facing the future with optimism and eagerness is this Liberian student. (United Nations photo)

Africa: With the Dawn, Desire

*New nations have come into being at a pace so fast
that it may also be unsettling and the 1960's have
been most aptly termed "Africa's Decade of Destiny"*

WORLD HISTORY has never seen the like, new nations springing into independence at the average of one a month over a year and half. But that has been the situation in Africa since 1960 to the present time. With good reason could an experienced prelate such as Archbishop Denis Hurley, O.M.I., of Durban declare that "the 1960s are Africa's decade of destiny." The dawn has come to what was once called "The Dark Continent" and with that dawn has come desire, desire that needs understanding.

There is a twofold aspect to desire. A man can look outward and upward or his longing can take an inward and downward direction. The first is good, the second has its inherent dangers, and not enough time has yet elapsed to see which aspect will prevail. Until that becomes clear, Africa will remain a question mark.

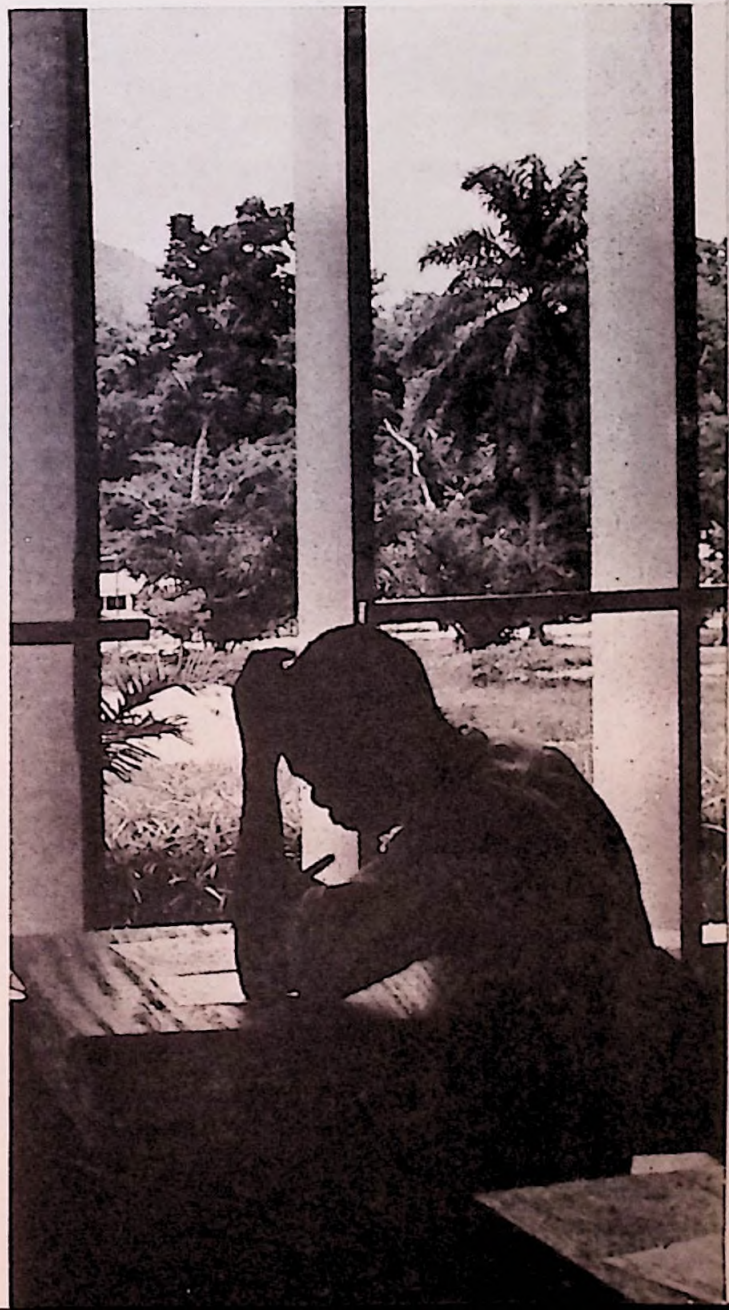
Let us look at the situation from the positive side first. Over 115 million people have achieved independence within the last five years. It has been, for the most part, a sudden thing and so in many cases there was a varying degree of unpreparedness. But many Africans are keenly aware of this and they have the honest desire of facing up to their new responsibilities as best they can. But that means education, for the unschooled man is nearly as dangerous as the badly schooled one. A glance at the annual budget for most of these new nations indicates their serious attitude towards education; from one-fifth to one-quarter of the entire budget is to be spent for educational purposes.

Last spring the African nations held a meeting in Ethiopia to discuss this all-important subject of education. They recognized their own shortcomings in the field (and no one will place the entire blame for that on the Africans, by any means) and they drew up a long-range plan which looked twenty years into the future. By 1980 every African youngster will have a chance to attend primary

school at least, whereas at the present time only two out of five have that opportunity. The main reason for the present dearth of schools can be understood in the light of past history. Education up until very recently was pretty much a mission school setup. There were few public schools, as we understand the term, and they did not have the reputation of the mission ones.

The pursuit of studies outside of Africa is becoming more and more popular. One interesting by-product of this was last summer's seminar at Xaverian College in Washington, D.C. The brainchild of Jesuits Carl Hemmer and J. Patrick Cotter, it brought together 32 students from

The key to success is education and this boy of Togoland finds that it is not an easy path.



Kenya, Ethiopia, Ghana and Tanganyika. It was not an ordinary seminar for these were not ordinary students. They were all Catholics and on their return home they can expect to hold key positions in their various fields. They held discussions, heard State Department experts and they clarified the role of the Catholic lay leader in emerging Africa. They even had an Ignatian retreat and at the end of the whole proceedings the enthusiasm was such that another meeting is scheduled for next summer. This is typical of the good aspect of desire.

But simply because desire is a human thing therein lies its weakness. Freedom brings with it the opportunity to loose the defects of man as well as his virtues. This is especially likely to happen when the emergence is a sudden one like that of these new nations. The wrong kind of

leader can do immense harm to a people suddenly awakened to a vision beyond the wildest dreams of their fathers. We have been only too conscious of this possibility during the past year owing to the situation in the Congo. And it might be interesting to note that the size of the Congo is larger than the states and territories of our own country at the time we attained our independence. Yet Africa is bound to be a mighty force in the world and all of us may be profoundly affected by the direction this force takes.

At the present time no one can foresee what the future years will hold. For one thing, some of the new nations have no significance as far as their boundaries are concerned. They are artificial and the end of the colonial era has not meant the disappearance of the tribal and linguistic differences which tended to smallness

Singing in chorus is not exactly the same as working out their destiny together and one of the dangers which confront the newly independent peoples is their tribal, not national, past.



rather than the largeness of a unified nation. It will be a long time before democracy in Africa resembles that which we have known. And that means the power now is being grasped by individuals—and human weakness is more quickly noted in the individual than in a nation.

The explosiveness of Africa's sudden surge towards independence indicates the tremendous pressure of nationalism that precipitated it. Now that it has burst into the open it is all a question of desire. Which side of the coin of desire will be the winning one, the one which is bright with all the natural and noble yearnings of God's image or the one which looks to itself alone and downward to the things of this earth? The dawn has come, and with it desire—but we must pray most ardently that Africa's inner longing be lifted and directed towards God.

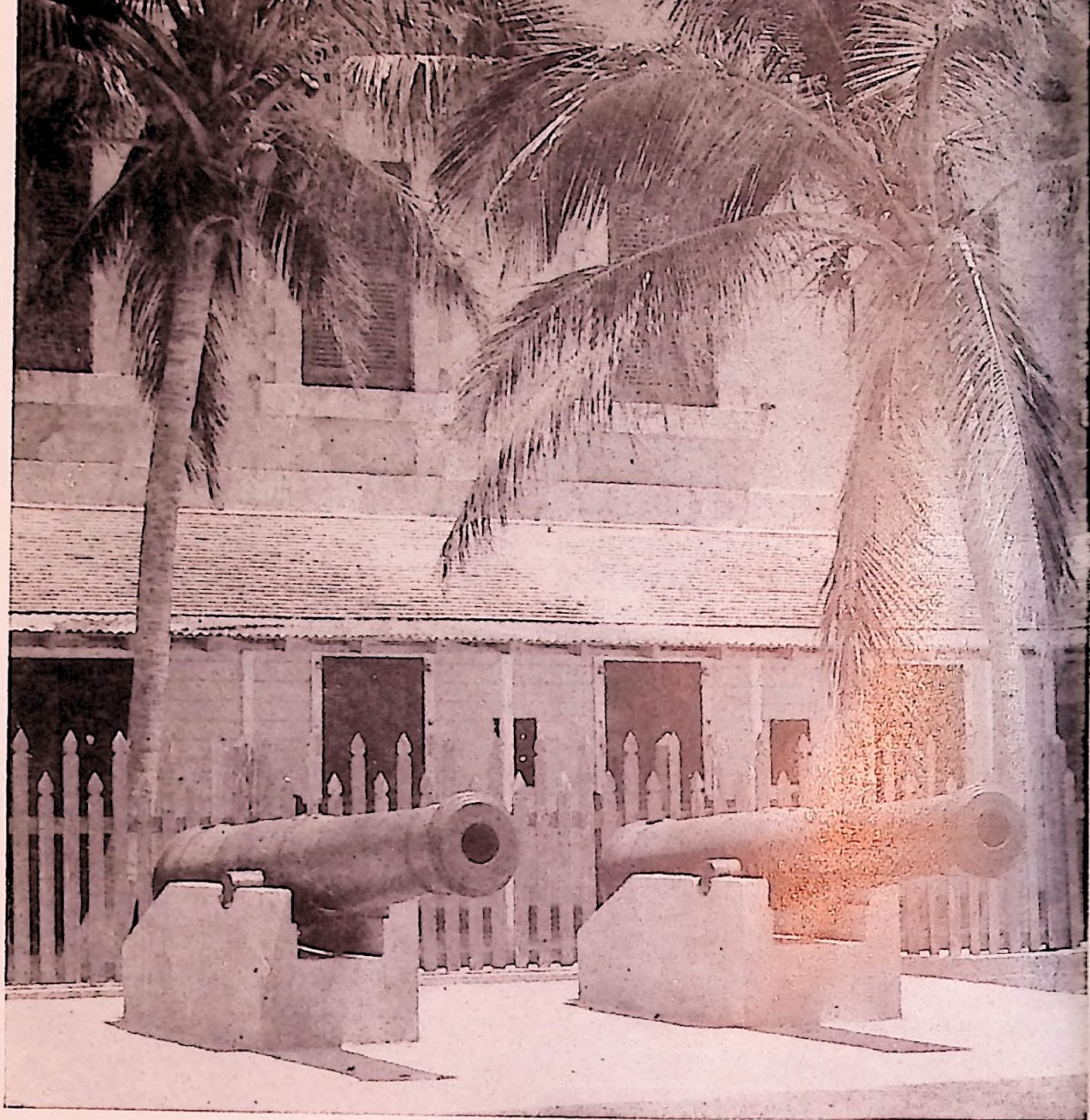
CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



Future leaders at Jasikan Teacher-Training College at Trans-Vota in Togoland (above) must guide their more primitive fellows like the Madagascan Antandroy tribesman below.

Foreign aid is given to these students in Monrovia, Liberia, by Denmark's Dr. Pihl.





Ancient reminders of early colonial struggles are these cannon before Grand Turk Post Office

of Cannons and Cornflakes

FRANCIS J. OSBORNE S.J.

*A Caribbean missionary can find
strange places and queer things*

WITH A SIGH of relief I headed for a hideaway in the mountains of Jamaica in order to make my annual Retreat. It's always a pleasure to get away from it all and spend a few days where nobody knows who you are. That is, almost nobody. I was in the midst of Retreat when a message from my Superior penetrated my mountain fastnesses. I was to go to Grand Turk Island in the Bahamas for ten weeks or so.

With a different kind of sigh I headed back for Kingston and nonchalantly dropped into the airline office to pick up a schedule. But all I picked up was the

information that there were no schedules, simply because there were no flights to Grand Turk. I could see the logic of that but I was somewhat bemused when further questions elicited the fact that no one knew how to get to Grand Turk by any possible mode of transportation. The picture in my mind of my assigned destination was not getting any brighter.

Finally I stopped in at the offices of the British West Indian Airways. Certainly they had a flight to Grand Turk. How often? Well, a plane was going out there in about two weeks with some Members of British Parliament who were conducting a survey of the Turks and Caicos Islands. I quickly signed up.

Two weeks later we left Kingston Airport on the four hundred and fifty-mile flight to the last island in the chain of the Bahamas. The opening gambit of my seat companion's conversation was to the cheery effect that on a previous flight the pilot was half way to Bermuda before realizing that something was wrong and he had missed Grand Turk. That spoke well for the size of the island and I figured that in my ten weeks there I would be able to cover it quite thoroughly.

This time our pilot hit it right on the nose and everybody was pleased, especially the VIPs who were gathered on the air strip as a welcoming committee. But I soon discovered that it was the British M.P.s for whom the red carpet was laid out. By the time I got off the plane only one of the five motor vehicles of which the island boasts was in sight. It was a dilapidated truck, ordinarily used for hauling salt, and on that I jounced into "town," to the house of the kindly Protestant family who had offered shelter.

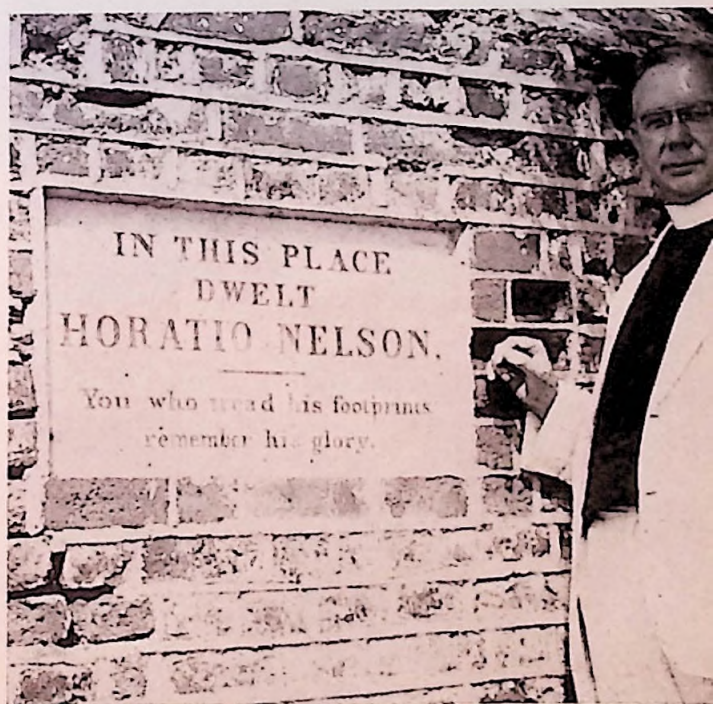
Grand Turk is a tiny island, right out in the Atlantic, devastated through the centuries by hurricanes so that scraggly scrub bush is its main vegetation now. The burning tropical sun had seared the wooden houses and as I gazed at the old cannons which stood in place still I

couldn't help wondering why anyone had wanted to defend this remote spot. But once it had been an important salt center, although today it is very poor.

Exactly how poor I experienced at breakfast which consisted of cornflakes and tea, period. I learned that the food ship from Jamaica had not arrived and whenever it slipped up on its two-week schedule then the island was in trouble. So there was nothing to do except settle down with cornflakes for a few weeks. I actually didn't see an egg until the last few days of my stay. And even more precious is fresh water.

When my stay was ended a new problem arose—how do I get back to Jamaica? The only means was the salt ship but the captain of the 400-tonner was "agin' parsons" and the bad luck which they usually brought. But I looked back at the rusting cannon and thought of cornflakes without end during the long winter. Then as I pondered the unenviable situation a Coast Guard officer told me of a Navy plane off to Puerto Rico where I could change to a Kingston-bound plane. Bless him! Ever crisp be his cornflakes!

History abounds in the Caribbean and it is fitting that Father Osborne specialize in it.



Operation Roof

JOSEPH P. O'NEILL S.J.

The unusual thing about it was not what was done but the kind of people who joined together to do the job



Careful inspection of construction work is made by Fathers Del Corro and Henry (left).

IT IS DAWN at a construction site in southern Chile. Working men with stubble beards move along a muddy road between half-finished houses. On a hill above the site stands a long green tent. Inside the tent twenty or thirty men roll up their sleeping bags and then straggle down the hill.

At first glance this building operation is no different from a hundred similar projects the world over. But there under a beech tree near the bare bones of a new house, a priest is standing before a crude wooden altar and vesting for Mass.

By the time he has pulled on his chasuble, the area in front of the altar is crowded with construction workers. Most of them are obviously just out of bed. But neither the sleep in their eyes nor the rough surroundings hinder them from

participating in the liturgy of the Mass. From among the half-finished houses and bare uprights echo the Latin responses and the Gelineau Psalms.

This scene was re-enacted every day for three months in four cities of southern Chile. But these men were no ordinary construction roustabouts. All were students from Chile's Catholic University. Over two hundred of them, the country's future doctors, lawyers, scientists and business men, gave up their summer vacations to help build homes for the earthquake victims of the South.

Their leader was a rugged 43-year-old Argentinian Jesuit, Father Alexander Del Corro, who has spent most of his priestly life working in the slums of Santiago, Chile. People call him "the priest who builds houses" because of his efforts to

get decent housing for the poor. But he laughs at this title. "I can hardly drive a nail straight, much less build a house," he says. But from the length of Chile, from Antofagasta to Ancud, the bishops have called on him to build workers' communities.

From his experience in the Santiago slums, Father Del Corro is convinced that it is not enough just to build houses. "What really interests me is not the houses so much as the kind of community that will grow out of this group of houses and the families who live there. Who will win their allegiance? Will this community be Communist or Christian?"

In Santiago he has watched section after section of the city's vast slums being taken over by Communist leaders, because they go out and organize the uprooted and unlettered slum dwellers into many little communities. The people see the outside world through the eyes of their Communist directors and follow their lead.

It is the poor tenant farmer or *campesino* who is Communism's easiest prey. Lured to the city by tales of higher wages, the *campesino* is lost when he gets to town. He is used to the close-knit, almost feudal society of the big hacienda. There everything was on a personal basis. The owner provided him with some sort of dwelling and a plot of ground big enough to raise some vegetables and keep a few chickens. In the city there is none of these. No house, no garden plot, and frequently enough, no work.

Illiterate and afraid of the law, the *campesino* looks for some one to guide him through the impersonal maze of the city. It is here that Communists step in. They will bring him to a section of the city that is already organized by the party and try to make the *campesino* feel at home. They will try to act as a buffer between the simple farmer and a society he does not understand. From buffer to leader is for the Communist one easy step.

Faced with this situation, Father Del Corro saw that it was not enough just to build houses for the poor. As each workers' village is built, he sets up a cooperative system that will be Christian, rather than Communist, orientated. As the structure of each village emerges, he trains its leaders in Christian principles.

But Father Del Corro does not stop with training in ideals. After the donation of a few sewing machines, he organized the women of the different communities into a small clothing industry. After two years of development the women have made more than 100,000 dollars worth of overalls.

Until May, 1960, Father Del Corro's efforts were largely confined to Santiago where officials estimate there are more than 100,000 homeless. Then on May 21 and 22, earthquakes destroyed tens of thousands of homes in southern Chile. At the invitation of the bishops of the South, he brought his organization in to help the homeless. He calls it "Techo" which,

Cleaning up is a routine task but Maria Rodas is a psychology student who volunteered help.





The day begins with the volunteer workers assembling for outdoor Sacrifice of the Mass.

roughly translated, means "Operation Roof." But it is not a one-man operation.

With him came not only the university students but also leaders from his cooperatives in Santiago. They came not so much to work *for* the earthquake victims as to work *with* them. "Techo" is a do-it-yourself organization. It provides the

land, the tools and the lumber, the future home owner does the work.

"I'm not interested in hand-outs," says Father Del Corro. "I try to provide what the poor can't get for themselves. But I want them to work along with me. If a man is not willing to help build his own home, then I don't want him around."

Happy teamwork is displayed by workers, two of whom saw while other two steady the posts.





Lunchtime music by fiddler Jose Riquelme.

The funds needed to get construction started came from all over Chile, the United States and Europe. The students at the Catholic University collected 15,000 dollars. Friends of American Jesuits in Chile gave another \$7,000. Farmers handed over stands of timber and big landowners donated building sites. Prisoners from the local jail got into the act by helping to dig drainage ditches. And to literally top it all off, the bishop of Osorno donated the zinc roofing of his damaged Cathedral. It was enough to cover 30 houses. Last of all came fifty co-eds from the Catholic University to interview the new residents and form a Women's Club.

By the end of the summer nearly 200 houses were completed. In Osorno, Puerto Montt, Ancud and Valdivia families began moving out of shacks into homes they themselves had built. Their new neighbors were not strangers but old friends who had lent a helping hand in the construction. Already these groups of families were a community. With direction and the grace of God they will be a Christian community.

Though happy with his work, Father Del Corro was far from satisfied. "The problem of the homeless is enormous. Out of the tens of thousands living in shacks I have helped only a handful. It is a work of more than one lifetime. I can only hope at the end Our Lord will say, 'Come you blessed of My Father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world. For I was homeless, and you gave me a roof.'"



AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS AND MISSION DIRECTORS

AFRICA

Rev. Joseph Conyard S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Ore.

ALASKA

Rev. Paul C. O'Connor S.J.
P. O. Box 4408
Portland 8, Ore.

BRITISH HONDURAS, YORO AND U. S. INDIANS

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Today's Mission Challenge

RICHARD CARDINAL CUSHING

EDITOR'S NOTE!

The readers of JESUIT MISSIONS are not unaware of the fact that the modern Popes, especially Pius XII and John XXIII, have been striving to awaken the whole Catholic body to a new vision of the mission of the Church—a vision which is more in conformity with the progress of the Church in the world and the direction taken by contemporary history.

In the interest of deepening our awareness of this development and what it means to Catholics in the United States, we begin herewith with the publication of a series of statements by American Church leaders. Although originally issued in the closing months of 1961, this statement of Cardinal Cushing is of such significance that it deserves to be reprinted and re-read.

ONE DAY twenty-two years ago, while I was still Director of the Propagation of the Faith Society for the Archdiocese of Boston and not yet a bishop, the world, without our knowing it, entered a new age.

The day, as we know, was January 6,

1939, the Feast of the Epiphany of Our Lord—the day on which, in a laboratory in Nazi Germany, a team of three scientists—two men and one woman—split the uranium atom for the first time. It was the beginning of the nuclear age.

The years that followed brought other changes, so many in fact that change—often revolutionary change—has become the characteristic of our age. With the decay of old forms of colonialism, almost forty new nations have come into existence; with the rise of a new colonialism, almost one-third of mankind has gone Red. The foundations of society are in upheaval as well as the foundations of science; yet more important than either may be the upheaval in matters of the spirit.

Men gladly die seeking a new earth. The search for justice, however, is a sign of the search for God, as much of our present turmoil stems from an awakening of man's need for God. It is even a march toward Him, for all that it often has the appearance of a riot. We are, in truth, confronted by a mystery that cannot be explained solely in terms of dignity of the individual or the natural order, nationalism or supra-nationalism. But that can, to a great extent, be understood in terms of man's supernatural destiny.

Worry we must whether this new era will be an Age of uneasy Peace or terrible War, an Age of material Progress or a Dark Age. We are certain, however, that it will be an Age of Struggle—of struggle for the minds and souls of mankind.

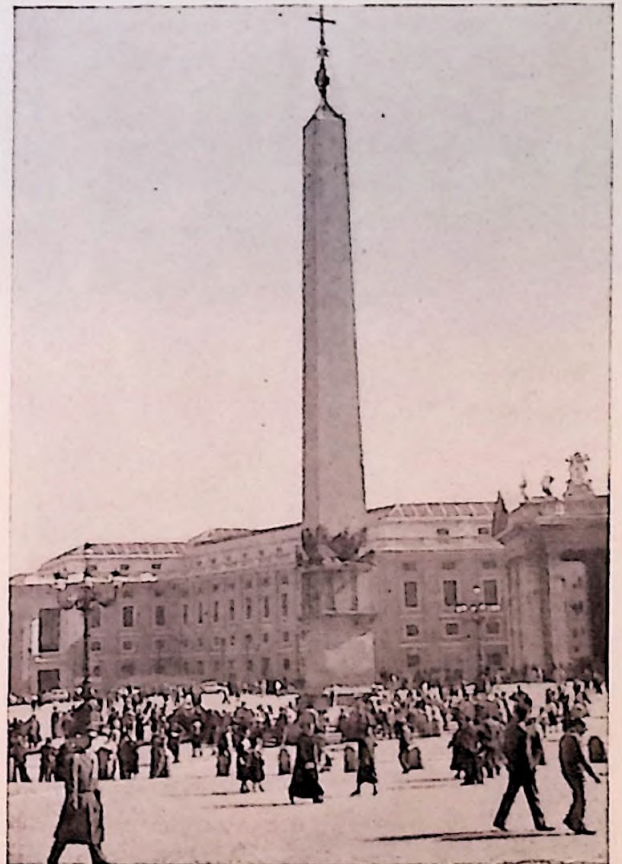
Great, indeed, is the vocation of the missionary. He is called to teach Christ and Him Crucified, to establish the Church where it does not exist and entrust it in due time to a holy, well trained native priesthood. For the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, is the hope of the world. Think then, missionaries of Christ, of the modern challenge of the Missions, and of the spirit that should guide you.

Your task is a triple one. You are, perhaps, most familiar with the aspect of it that has primacy: that of preaching Christ. But you are more than a bearer of good news. "I have set thee over nations," said God, "and over kingdoms, to root up, and to pull down, and to waste, and to destroy, and to plant, and to build." Thus you are also to be a forger of men and maker of nations. What a commission to give to "the foolish things of the world," "the weak," "the base," "the despised"!—for such we are.

"The foolish things of the world has God chosen to put to shame the wise, and the weak things of the world has God chosen to put to shame the strong, and the base things of the world and the despised has God chosen, and the things that are not, to bring to naught the things that are; lest any flesh should pride itself before him."

We are but living tools in the hands of the Almighty. Take courage from the

More enduring than the most powerful rocket is the power behind St. Peter's Square, Rome.





First African Cardinal is Laurian Cardinal Rugambwa, now 48 years old, spiritual leader of nearly 23 million Catholics but that number is only 10% of entire population.

knowledge that the Church knows what she is about, and is ready—or on the brink of readiness—for the work He has entrusted to her.

Surely, we have noted how she throbs with the new strength.

People draw closer to the Mass and the Sacraments. There is a return to the Bible. The laity have acquired a new awareness of their apostolate, the clergy more and more begin to see their role as a universal one, not as a local or parochial one divorced from the battles of the Church elsewhere and everywhere. There has been a remarkable revival of monasticism and of interest in the liturgy; the cause of Christian unification wins sympathy; there are martyrs again in multitude; more “saints” than in any previous

age; and we shall have a General Council in the near future to emphasize the essential mission that Christ gave to His Church, to the whole Church, to every member thereof—“to preach the gospel to every creature.”

To what purpose, all of this?

In the main, it is that the Church may be able to mobilize all the faithful for that work, “which of all Catholic works is the most Catholic, of all apostolic work the most apostolic”—the work of the missions. All-out mobilization for an all-out struggle for immortal souls.

“We need you—the Church needs you!” Pope after Pope has cried to us, especially in the past half century, making the aims and anxieties of the Church the concern of the most humble member of the

flock. Our generation did not always respond as it should have. Nevertheless we set a pretty good mark.

I can recall, for instance, the time when this land of ours was itself, officially, a mission country. I remember when we had only 10 million Catholics here; today we have over 40 million. I remember when we had fewer than 20 missionaries overseas; today we have over 7,000. Back in 1900, Catholics in Africa were less than a million; today they are 24 million. Even by 1925, the number of native priests in Africa was only 159; today there are 30 Black African Bishops, headed by Cardinal Rugambwa, with 2,000 priests and some 5,000 Sisters. The Church has come a long way in half a century, as these figures show. Yet we haven't, I think, seen anything yet!

There is, it would seem, a tide in the affairs of God, as of men, a season when, though the elements rage, all is Spring. The season is here, I do believe. For—as if the gains of the last half century were not enough—the Church has now been given a bright new vision of her mission, one that will inspire the faithful to new heights of participation, the missionaries to new heights of achievement, perhaps, even, make the next half century the greatest Age of the Missions.

Two passages from Pope Pius XII, taken together, express this new vision.

The first is from his Christmas message of 1945.

“The Church,” said the Pope, “is the mother of all nations and peoples, no less than of all individuals, and precisely because she is a mother, she does not belong, nor can she belong exclusively to one people or another, for she belongs equally to all.” Then occurs what Cardinal Agagianian calls “the great passage.” Here it is:

“Nowhere is the Church a foreigner,” declared Pius XII. “She lives and develops in every country, and every country contributes to her life and development.

In former times the life of the Church in her visible aspect, deployed its strength preferably in the countries of Europe, from which it spread like a majestic river to what may be called the periphery of the world. Today, on the contrary, the life of the Church is manifested by an exchange of life and energy between all the members of Christ's Mystical Body on earth.”

The second passage is from a talk given in September, 1955.

“The Catholic Church knows that all events take place according to the Will or permission of Divine Providence,” the Pope said. “God is truly the Lord of history. We declare that the Church knows her mission penetrates to the very heart of human history.”

What's so new and epoch-making about all of this, you may ask? And I will have to reply, it may take a lifetime to uncover even a part of all that's new.

This much, at least, is crystal clear. In marking an end to the old age, the Pope

First Chinese to be raised to the cardinalate is Thomas Cardinal Tienchensin, S.V.D.





Silent and unsmiling, these children of Tokyo ragpickers have found life on the bitter side.

also marked an end to centuries of retreat and restrictions imposed from outside. In committing the Church to the full dimensions of her universality, he also committed her to the offensive. In defining her mission in terms of "an exchange of life and energy," he put both giver and receiver on the same footing: or more precisely—on their knees.

The word, "foreign," in connection with either the mission of the Church or her missions, is now seen as false and misleading. Nowhere is the Church a foreigner, nowhere is she at home. She belongs to all equally, and all share in the

one economy of grace. Nor may Christian lands be thought of as givers only, others as receivers too poor to make a fair return. One is not dealing in handouts. One is not rich, the other a pauper. Their relationship is one of interdependence; and to live a life of grace, all must exchange.

Let's put it another way. Have you, heretofore, acted as though you were a Dives of the Faith, these others a Lazarus who lay at your gate, "covered with sores, and longing to be filled with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table"? And was it "crumbs" you gave?

Cardinal Cushing's suggestions for missionaries:

"My first suggestion is:

"Revitalize whatever we have as national organizations of missionaries, so that they will be productive of large-scale cooperative action.

"My second suggestion is:

"Let the mission societies come together and establish a committee charged with the duty of planning a Mission Center, or Institute, that will serve the mission cause at home and overseas.

"Thirdly, task-forces have become the order of the day. When shall we have task-forces of clergy or of Sisters, apart from strictly society task-forces? And when shall we have task-forces 'prepared for the more diverse and therefore more difficult ministries' of Catholic higher education, Catholic Action, and the Catholic Press—as Pius XII pleaded for in Fidei Donum?"

"Finally, I propose that a study be made of the logistics of mission support. The situation tends to be chaotic, and the whole machinery of mission support needs, I feel, a thorough examination."

Or did you offer an "exchange" that brought you and some far-away "Lazarus" closer to life everlasting? Think well on it. Your soul, too, is at stake in the exchange.

The Church is not bound by geography; nor is she bound by history.

The second passage from Pius XII proclaims that the Church is the lord, not the slave or the plaything of history. Everything that happens, happens for her sake. Everything finds its perfection in

her. She will not rest, therefore, until she has penetrated not only past all frontiers, not only to the heart of people, cultures, institutions, but "to the very heart of human history."

When I was a child, a great Power could veto the election of a Pope. While I was still in the seminary, so dependent was the Church on one great Catholic country, that thousands of her missionaries had to come home to fight for that country in the trenches. And it is not so long ago that a Stalin could ask in mockery: "How many divisions has the Pope?" Count your own divisions, I say to his successors in iniquity: we have the men who, under God, will ride the storms of the age!

The Church equally a mother to all . . . her mission an exchange of life between all . . . a penetration to the very heart of history—such is the Church's concept of her mission in the world today.

It is a great and splendid concept. We lie under command to match it with great action.

Before he died, Pius XII called for "a new ardor for the missions" and for "great legions of apostles similar to those which

South American Indian mother and child are reminders that these lands are in danger.



the Church knew at her dawn." More recently, Pope John XXIII, calling a General Council, prayed that it would prove to be "a new Pentecost." Those prayers will be answered, those challenges will be met. From "a new ardor for the missions" shall come the "great legions," and

from both shall come "a new Pentecost."

Even already, "great legions" are taking shape around us. Are not the Legion of Mary and the Young Christian Movement "great legions"? Are the Papal Volunteers for Latin America not the nucleus of a "great legion"? Indeed, it may be

Life is real and hard and oftentimes there isn't much to look forward to but there will always be hope and a comforting warmth when there is a sister to protect her tiny brother.



but a decade before lay missionaries will be in a majority overseas. This is only as it should be. If history is any guide, the "great legions" have always been lay. But the Church needs "great legions" of priests and Religious, too. The layman's vocation is, for the most part, to the world. The priest's pertains to the things of God, the sacred. Latin America alone, according to a recent estimate, needs 200,000 priests. It will, indeed, take "a new Pentecost" to supply these. Pray the Lord of the Harvest that there be no long delay between our new vision of our mission—and our response to it.

And how about Catholics who can't head for the far fields?

They can be totally involved, too. They can begin by forming themselves intellectually, so that they understand the concept of Mission versus Missions.

Keeping informed—through their Catholic newspaper—lending support through

prayers and gifts, interesting others in mission work, stimulating appreciation of a mission vocation as a normal part of the Church's life, not an extraordinary calling—all these can be accomplished.

One thing is bound to result. It will mean the end of the kind of parochialism that limits Catholic life to the parish.

And the Catholic who claims, "I pray for the missions all the time"?

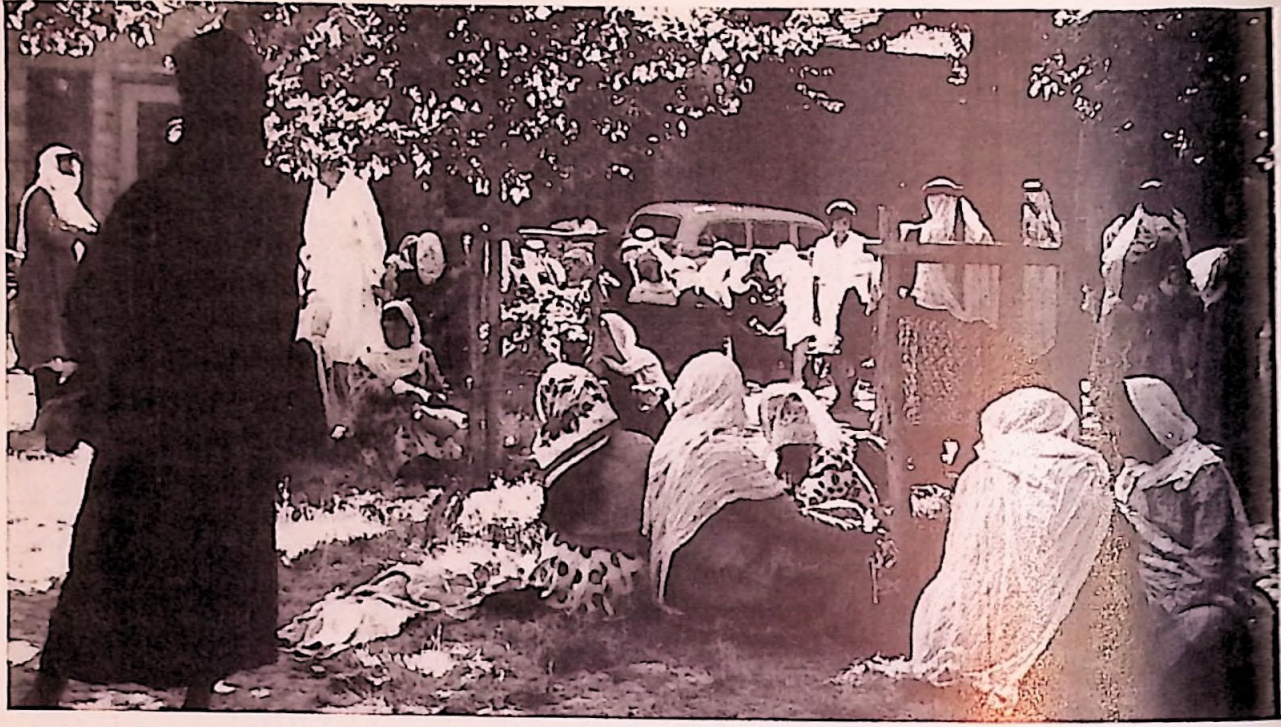
That's not total involvement. The devotional life and the sacraments are a support for the apostolate, not a substitute. Even people flat on their backs in hospitals have found ways to do more for the Church's mission than simply pray.

Emerging nations, the Communist threat, the battle against world poverty and disease—such factors have thrust the Church into an age that must dismiss "ghetto Catholicism" and clerical exclusiveness.

The whole Church is missionary . . .

A great missionary, Richard Cardinal Cushing distributes Holy Communion, assisted by Father Duffy, at St. Anne's Church, the poorest parish in Kingston and the whole isle of Jamaica.





In the Bekaa Valley

ELIE MAMARY S.J.

*This place in Lebanon is rich but its people are poor
and they sorely need this man who has come to help them*

IT WAS GOOD to be home again. I came through the pass of the Lebanese Mountains and the valley of the Bekaa lay before me, 110 miles stretching away to the Anti-Lebanese Mountains. The valley embraces over 40% of Lebanon's territory and for over fourteen years it had been home for me. Now I had finished my tour of thirteen countries, thanks to the World Health Organization, and there were many things in my study of rural hospitalization there which I could put to good use in the Bekaa.

The valley is rich but its people are poor. About 80% of them are farmers who must pay heavy rent to the owners, many of whom are absentees. The rest of the population are workers, hired by the day

for wages of about \$1.20 and knowing that they will be hired only one out of every two days in the year. Their one-story houses are built of earth, usually with only one room, and are on the same level as the poultry yard and stable.

The basic food of the people is bread, the livelihood of the large families (8 members on the average) depending most often on the work or salary of one or two in the family. It is considered adequate if some olives, cheese or green vegetables can be found to go with the daily bread. Even so, a family can be sure of only one such meal a day and clothing, soap, etc., fall under the head of luxuries. Naturally they cannot provide the means to care for their sick.

Only three of the 234 towns and villages in the valley have drinkable water, electricity and sewers. Many villages cannot be reached by car for their only link with the main roads is a path. The result of all this is that, in all Lebanon, the Bekaa is the region most afflicted with sickness. Let us look at the figures for 1947, the year after we started our clinic or dispensary of Notre Dame de la Consolata, on the main road halfway between Beirut and Damascus.

In 1947 80% of the people were swamp dwellers and of these 69% had dysentery. All the people in 27 villages were afflicted with intestinal parasites. All of the valley population suffer from gastro-intestinal troubles and half of them also have urinary difficulties. Typhoid is endemic all through the year and tuberculosis, whooping cough, measles and chicken pox are by no means strangers. Hundreds of women are victims of unprovoked abortions and miscarriages, the result of too heavy labor in houses and fields. Infant mortality was seventy percent. Almost half of the people suffered from goitre.

To combat these evils, an army of doctors would be needed, as well as midwives, nurses and social workers. But most of the doctors are far away in the large cities. Besides, the sick often wait too long before calling for a doctor, preferring the cheaper prescriptions of charlatans. For want of midwives births often take place in a miserable hovel, with the assistance of matrons entirely ignorant of the fundamentals of hygiene.

So you can easily imagine the task that confronted us when we first opened our dispensary at Tanail. First of all, the people were uneducated or at least had very little schooling. They are the type of fodder upon which Communism feeds and easy promises always look rosier to a hungry man. We had neither the equipment nor the means to publicize our beginning. We could only hope that the word of our

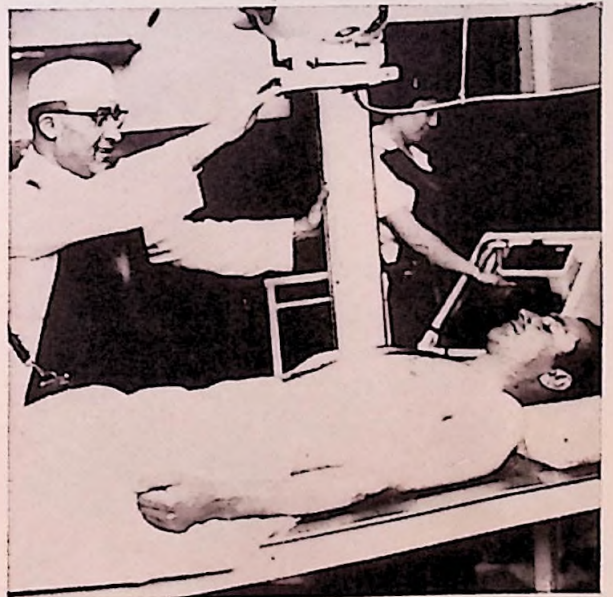
endeavor would spread fast and that the people would respond.

Although they were not familiar with modern medicine, 15,000 consulted us in our first year in spite of many difficulties; difficulties of transport, opposition by the enemies of modern medicine, the natural reluctance of showing oneself to a doctor, etc. In 1947 the number almost doubled of those who consulted us and it increased each year in proportion as ways were opened to them. There were 55,000 in 1959 and 65,000 in 1960.

We accept everyone, without distinction of nationality or religion. Lebanese Christians number about 30% of those who come to us, Lebanese Moslems of all sects another 30% and Palestinian refugees 40%. They come to our dispensary by every possible means, by bus especially but also by bicycle, cart or truck, muleback or on foot. Some patients even come on camels. People from villages still without roads often arrive exhausted, having had to begin their journey before dawn.

In all, people come to the dispensary from 422 villages of the Bekaa and the slopes of the Lebanese and Anti-Lebanese Mountains. The most distant village is about 65 miles from Tanail. On the days

Expert radiologist is Brother Mamary S.J., Director of the Bekaa Valley dispensary.





Palestine refugees find clinic a godsend.

of consultation, three times each week, the numbers often surpass 500, not counting the small number who come for vaccinations or dressings and who are not a part of the statistics we keep. In every case the sick person is given a thorough examination by specialists who use, when necessary, the most modern methods: laboratory analysis, X-rays, etc. Then each patient receives, free of charge, all the medicines prescribed.

We do as much social work as medical. Taking advantage of the presence of a crowd, always growing larger, we give instructions in the kind of hygiene which the situation demands—prenatal, maternal and infant; food and dental; work, sleep and marriage hygiene. We insist on pre-

ventive medicine against contagious diseases and we make trips to the villages for collective vaccinations.

In the East the problem of the unmarried mother is an acute one. It is not unheard of that she be killed by her own family. So by getting her to come to us she saves her life as well as her honor and that of her family. We provide hospitalization in special homes and during the past fifteen years over 300 unmarried mothers have not only been saved but even married off!

Today there are twenty doctors, of all specialties, who come from Beirut, 30 miles away, to assist in our clinic. One nursing nun, one midwife and 25 nurses assist them. We also train practical nurses, special young women chosen from the villages. They return home after their training and have proven themselves excellent helpers. Since 1946 we have trained 216 of these nurses. This teamwork has meant much to the valley people.

Before our clinic was founded the population of the Bekaa was almost entirely ignorant of modern medicine. In one way, the hope which we had in the beginning has been fulfilled. The unlimited confidence of people of all faiths plus the results obtained in the fields of both medicine and social work have been most encouraging. On the other hand, our resources have been so limited that we were not able to take advantage of the opportunities which opened up before us. In the early years of *Jesuit Missions* there was often a mention of the Bekaa and the orphanage conducted by the Jesuits at Tanail. Well, today that is the clinic of Notre Dame de la Consolata—and you can easily imagine that an orphanage two generations old does not readily lend itself to the establishment of a modern dispensary and clinic. But the past has been bright enough to reflect some of its glow on the future. New hopes are built on old hopes which came true—so we keep on hoping and praying.



There are many ways in which our readers can help the missionaries around the globe. For many of you who have always wanted to help in some way, why not make 1962 the beginning and put your charity to work?

One effective measure is to get your group to back a particular mission or priest. Another method is to spread your interest in a work that belongs to all of you—the missions. This can be accomplished by subscriptions and gift subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS.

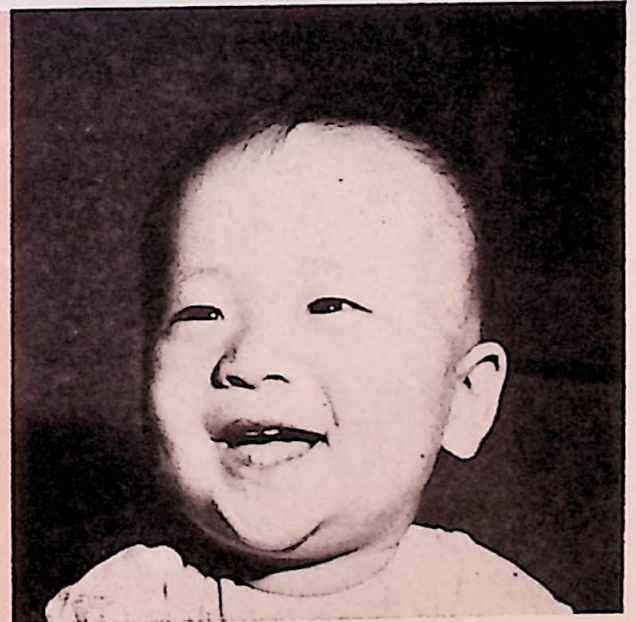
In 1962 What Will You Do For The Missions?

Many readers keep Jesuit Missions in mind when they have their wills prepared. How about your will? Perhaps many prefer Mass stipends for the missionaries. These are several of the many ways American Catholics can help the Church with her chief function . . . the Missions!

The mission zeal burns bright in the hearts of our missionaries overseas but they cannot work alone. They need each and every one of you to think about the tremendous tasks confronting the Church and then ask yourselves: "What part can I play in God's plan?"

**And to YOU
A Happy
'62**

*with the blessings of
all Jesuit missionaries
throughout the world*





At first glance there appears to be a contradiction between the sanyasi robes and crucifix but this is a priest and Jesuit.

Sanyasi with

EDWARD PINTO S.J.

YOU CAN SEE him every once in a while in the streets of Belgaum, a town in the north of the Mysore State of India. At first glance you would take him for one of the many Hindu sanyasis that wander through the towns and villages of India, the men who have left all their worldly possessions to adopt a life of penance and prayer and who hover around the temples, fairs and market-places begging from the pious populace their meager sustenance.

Like them he is garbed in the coarse saffron robe that reaches down to the ankles, his head swathed in a turban of the same color, with a shawl draped over his shoulders. His toes cling to the knobs on his strapless wooden sandals, as they go clip-clop over the hard road. He allows his black hair to grow right down to his shoulders, and a bushy beard to cover most of his face. To complete the picture there usually is in his hand a crude bamboo staff. Yes, as he moves briskly along, his head bowed in prayer, he looks ever so much like a Hindu sanyasi. But he is different. If you look closer, you will see, hanging from his neck, a shining crucifix. This sanyasi—Swami Animananda is his name—is a Catholic priest and a Jesuit.

As the missionary of Deshnur, a small village near Belgaum, Swami (Father) believes that unless Christianity is presented to the Hindus in an Indian garb, they will look down on it as a foreign religion, inferior to theirs. And so he approaches them as one of their own. His

a Crucifix

In India a Jesuit missionary lives the same kind of life, down to its last detail, as a Hindu holy man

dwelling is a simple, tin-rod structure in which even simple chairs and tables are conspicuous by their absence. There, on the mat-covered floor, he sits, works, prays, eats and sleeps; and if you call on him, be sure that you remove your shoes before you cross the threshold. His food is such that, without scruple, any Brahmin would partake of it, as is often the case, for Swami is a strict vegetarian, abstaining from all forms of meat, fish and even eggs. His own name too he changed from Father Alvares to the more native Swami Animananda. In English it would

mean "the Teacher who finds his joy in small things." His modest chapel has lamps and decorations that could easily find acceptance in the near-by Lingyat temple. Everything in his "ashram" (hermitage) is so arranged that the villagers would feel as much at home there as they would in the sculptured temple-quarters of their own priests.

Let us consider the people Swami must work with. They belong to the Lingyat sect of Hindus, and are mostly landed cultivators. They pride themselves on their special devotion to the god Shiva,

Hunger for truth can be read in the faces of this rapt Indian audience as they listen to Swami Animananda (left) reading from the Holy Book in his simple hermitage.





Simple and unpretentious, the hermitage or "ashram" is the place where men of all creeds may feel at home. In the rear can be seen the chapel which was begun but not finished.

their strict observance and deep religious spirit. So in contrast to the missions in many parts of India, where conversions are made almost entirely among the lowest—untouchable—strata of the people, Swami is working to win over the respected high-caste Hindus and priests.

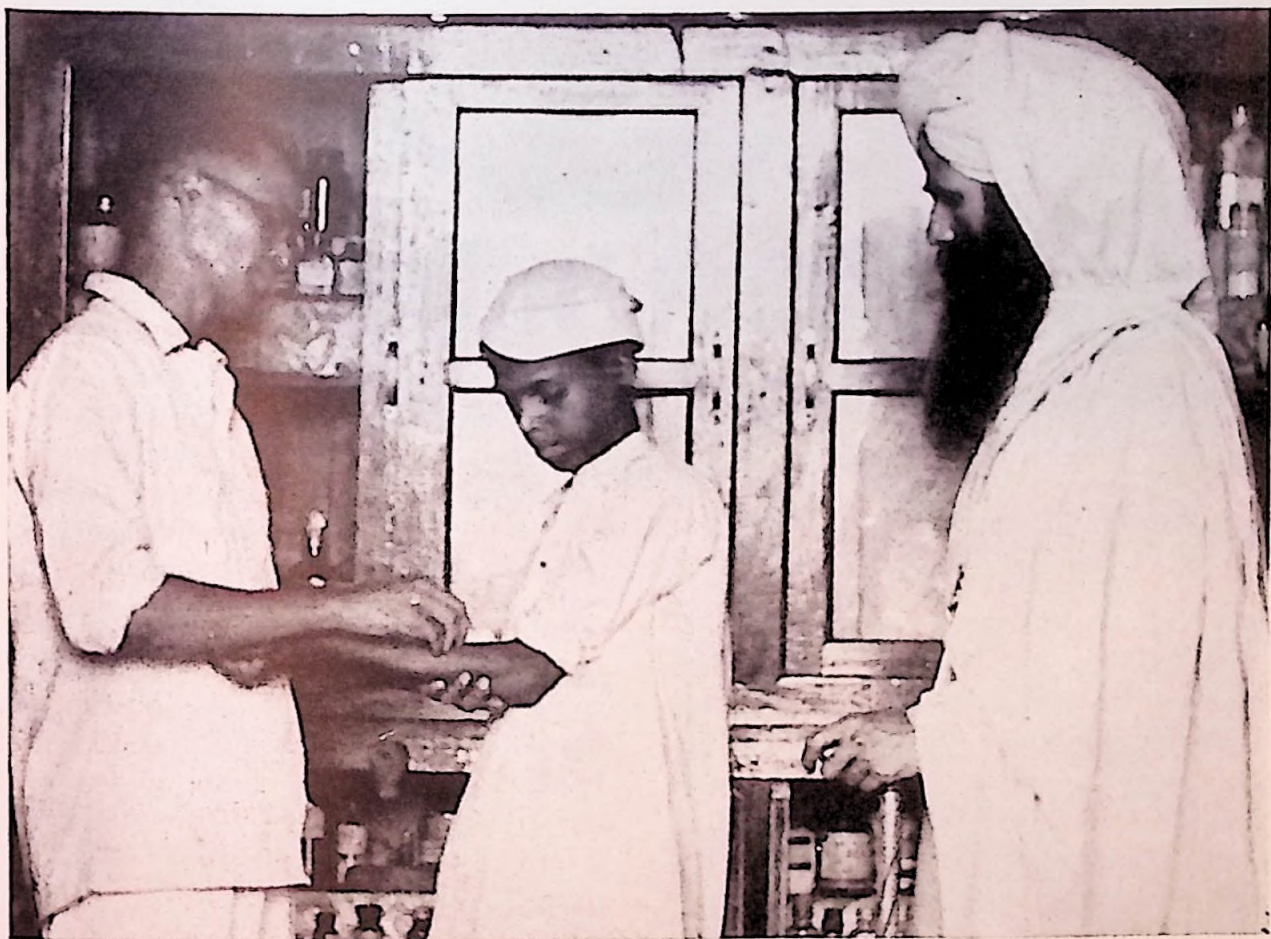
Swami began his work fourteen years ago. It must have required a great deal of courage and trust in God to walk alone into Deshnur and establish himself there as one with a religion different to that of the entire village. But Swami was little deterred in his purpose. God would help him to overcome all difficulties. He became a master of the native language—Kannarese—which enabled him to meet the Hindu priests on an equal footing. Soon the initial suspicion and hostility gave way to a deep respect for his evi-

dent austerity and genuine dedication.

Swami had to wait quite a time for his first converts, but they came all the same. He made sure that it was the Faith that they desired and not any material gain. His catechumens had to go through detailed instructions and rigid tests before he admitted them to saving waters of Baptism. Now, at last, he had Lingyats who still belonged to their high castes, but professed themselves to be followers of Jesus Christ. Swami made it very clear that they were not to throw overboard the rules and customs that their caste imposed on them, unless, of course, they were idolatrous. As a result, everyone reveres Swami Animananda as a true man of God, who is, at the same time, devoted to his fellow-men in a very practical way.



Patron and model is St. John de Britto S.J. whose statue can be seen in background as Swami Animananda preaches to former and present members of the Lingyat sect of Hindus.



First breakthrough was made by caring for the sick and distributing the modest supply of medicines which Swami Animananda brought with him to this northern India apostolate.



Pacific Rock 'n Roll

There is a universal language which all peoples readily grasp but sometimes it can be heard in faraway places and one wonders

KENNETH J. HEZEL S.J.

KAPINGAMARANGI is the name of an island in the Pacific that is pronounced just as it is written. "Redwing" is the name of a hit pop record that was playing in many jukeboxes in the States around 1953. It would not be so unusual if a traveller heard someone humming this tune eight years later on the island of Bermuda, or Japan, or even New Guinea. But Kapingamarangi is not a pseudonym for any of these islands; nor

does it resemble them. Unlike sunny Bermuda, outside visitors are not allowed to come to "Kapingi." Unlike bustling Japan, it is almost isolated in the wide mid-Pacific with neither radio, newspapers nor magazines to keep the inhabitants informed of the latest rock 'n roll hits. Unlike hilly New Guinea, it is but a string of low coral islands, and its 400 or so people dwell on only two of these about the size of two city blocks.



Light up, lucky! This fisherwoman made a good catch and she celebrates her fortune.

So it was unusual during Bishop Kennally's first visit to hear the natives singing this tune. Yet, it was still more unusual in that the singers were the handful of Catholics from the island who had gathered on the coral floor in their neat thatch-roofed church to attend Mass and the song they sang in almost raucous voices was a Polynesian hymn to the snappy tune of "Redwing."

Though strange, it was not completely unexpected. This was the third group of islands Bishop Kennally had visited by the mission schooner, *Star of the Sea*, in the 7-week, 1600-mile trip through the island-dotted waters of the Truk and Ponape districts of his Caroline-Marshall Vicariate. And at Lukunor a week before, the Mortlockese (a people island-



Fish is fresh, in fact it's raw but that is customary way of eating before it goes bad.

Quick lunch is enjoyed by begoggled fisher-boy who has done some successful skindiving.



renowed for their singing) sang a high Mass in excellent four part harmony. Then, at a feast following the Mass, the various villages had a song contest, and here, Florian, the Richard Rodgers of Lukunor, had written another hymn, this time to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Three weeks and some 700 miles later, while walking on a sandy path past the only Protestant church on the Island of Ngatik, I heard another hymn. The Ponapean words were unintelligible, but the tune was a familiar one—"Old Black Joe."

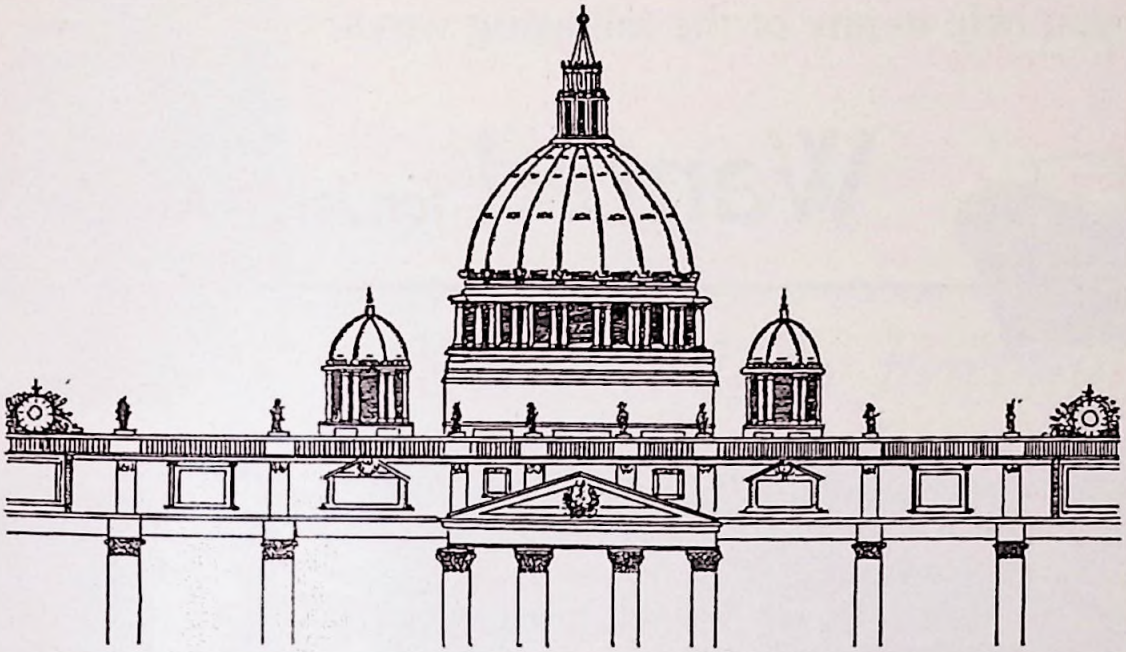
I became more and more curious as we travelled as to *how* the people had learned these tunes, especially on such an isolated island as Kapingamarangi. A clue was given one evening when we were aboard the mission schooner which was anchored in the Kapingi lagoon. While eating dinner about dusk with Bishop Kennally and Brother Whalen, the captain of the *Star of the Sea*, a dozen men, clad only in their flower-patterned lava-lavas, silently paddled out to the boat, boarded it, and huddled about attentively as our six Trukese sailors sang all the hymns they knew. When it comes to music, all natives seem to understand,

though the language may be as foreign to them as the proverbial Greek. The next evening, the same group returned, this time with a Japanese lantern, a small song notebook, and pencil. They listened, copied down the Mortlockese words, listened again, and joined in the harmony as sailors repeated the same song over and over.

It seemed to make no difference what island we stopped at on our journey. It mattered not if the inhabitants were Polynesian, or Micronesian, whether their language was Mortlockese, Kapingamarangi, or Ponapean. There would always be singing. All of the songs were religious in nature. Some had an innumerable number of verses telling the story of the fall up to the redemption, or warning against falling into evil. The refrain in one of these always ended with the happy and recognizable word, *Paradiso*. But one thing was obvious: singing forms a most important part in the lives of the people of the isolated, outer islands. It is their recreation, their form of competition, their means of catechizing, and especially their liturgy when there is no priest (as is so often the case) to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass.



Thatched huts along shore is typical island scene as viewed from deck of *Star of the Sea*.



JANUARY MISSION INTENTION

That the Ecumenical Council may spread the true light of the Gospel truth even through the non-Christian world.

FEBRUARY MISSION INTENTION

That the rulers of new nations, moved by a desire for justice and equity, may provide for the true good of their people.

Mission Films

FROM TIME to time we are asked what mission films are available. At present there are five which may be rented by individuals or organizations for the nominal service fee of \$2.75 each. All are sound films, 16 mm., and in color.

"The Awakening" is a film of modern Japan which tells the heart-warming story of a Japanese boy in his quest for a college education in Yamaguchi, Hiroshima and Tokyo. Running time: 28 min.

"Tropical Battleground" is the story of American Jesuit missionaries in Central America and their efforts to bring Christ into the steaming jungle. The running time is 27 minutes.

"The Sisters" is a 12-minute vocation picture which is different. It presents the ideals and glorious works of the Sisters against the background of the Jesuit missions among American Indians. Eleven

Congregations are represented in picture or text.

"Blackrobe" depicts the Jesuit work on the Indian reservations in South Dakota and Wyoming and the efforts of the missionaries to restore hope and confidence—with the gift of faith—to a once mighty people. Twenty minutes.

The latest film is entitled "Dream Menders" and is the story of the Missouri Province Jesuits in their mission of Yoro in Honduras. This was the land of the Conquistadores and it is only fitting that Don Ameche should be the film's announcer. Running time: 24 minutes.

Please write directly to our central shipping office:

Jesuit Mission Films
c/o Swanks, Inc.
621 N. Skinker Blvd.
St. Louis 5, Missouri

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) The roof of the barn is falling in at Koath, India, but that means far more to Father Vincent Gallagher, the pastor, for the barn is his church. It is old, and its mud walls are giving way and the roof is dangerous now. Could you help Father with \$2, \$5 or more?

2) Rain is the problem for Father Meyer in another mission in India. It beats into his church, ruins his furnishings and is gradually wearing away walls and altar. His whole plant must be strengthened but he lacks the resources for such a big job. Any size donation to cover part of the work would be deeply appreciated.

3) Lack of tuition is a great handicap for many boys at Naga in the Philippines. Father Elsinghorst is trying to work out a program which will help worthy boys obtain an education. Have you a group or a class or office associates who would contribute a small amount regularly for such a cause? It is certainly worthwhile and your generosity will mean a lot.

4) A typhoon in Taiwan wreaked devastation on the mission buildings there. This is a hard blow to a mission field that is just getting on its feet. Windows, roofs, tiles and everything movable were swept away. Could you help the American Jesuits there to repair some of the damage?

5) A church and rectory for less than \$2500 sounds too good to be true. But in

districts of the Philippines it is possible because of several factors. Father Harold Murphy is trying to get that sum together for his place in Libertad where the Aglipayan sect is strong and the Catholics need a decent place of worship. Any gift which you could give for this would mean a lot to Father Murphy.

6) Forty plumbers giving one hour's pay would solve Father's Daly's problem in Ceylon of getting water to his house. But you don't have to be a plumber and you don't have to give an hour's wages. Father will be grateful for any gift.

7) His 75th birthday will be celebrated in February by veteran Indian missionary Father Pettit of Chakhni. Yet his big worry at the moment is financing the three very necessary schoolrooms he must erect right away. How about a birthday present for this grand missionary?

(The attached coupon may be of assistance)

Dear Father,

The enclosed gift is for the item(s) above numbered

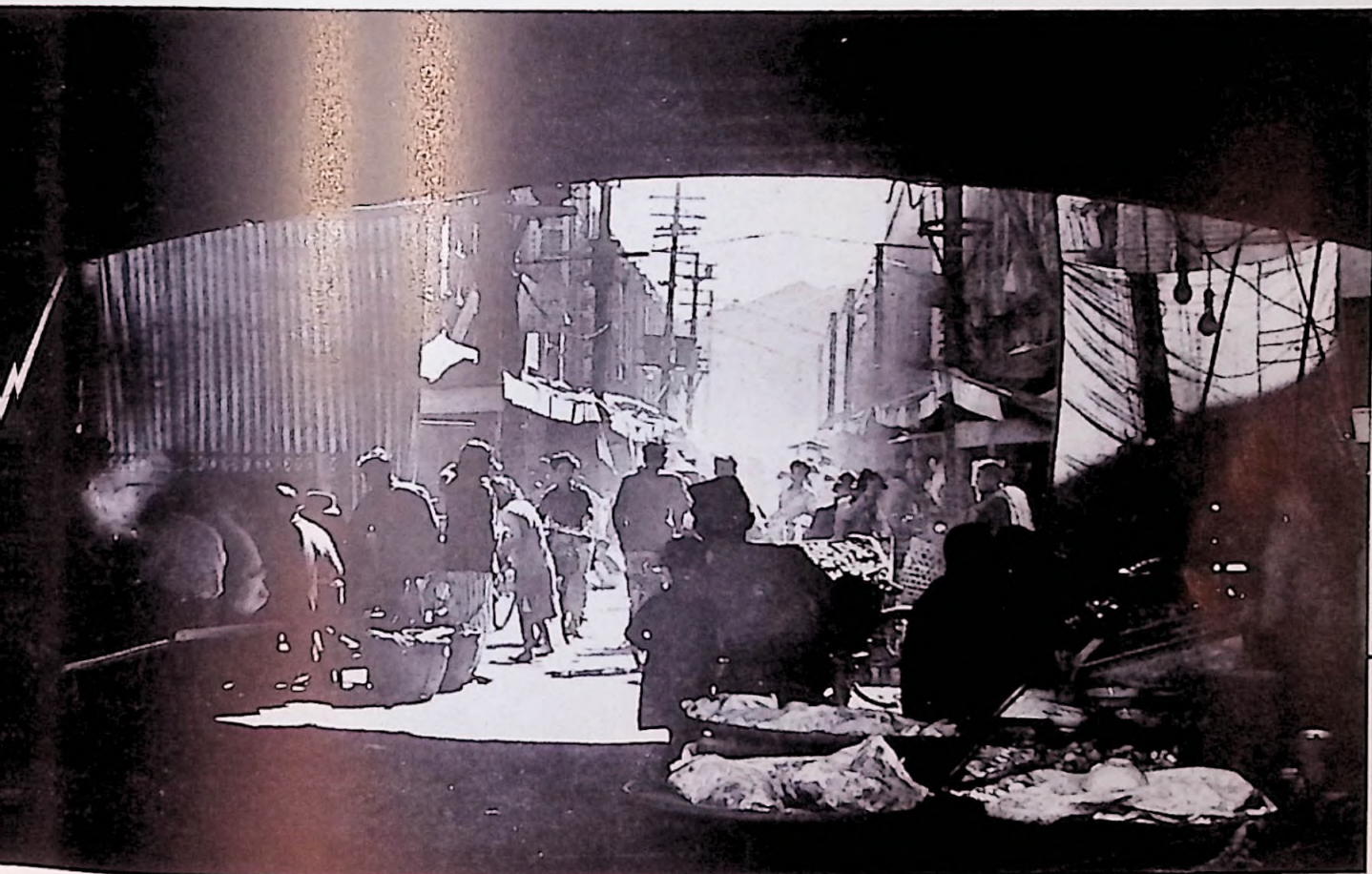
Name

Address

JESUIT MISSIONS
211 East 87th St.,
New York 28, N.Y.



WANTED: *A Live Foreman*



The crowded streets of Formosa are the worst traffic hazard in the Far East. Father Joseph Donohoe is supervisor of the Jesuit construction and must travel constantly. He badly needs a jeep for his work. Will you help with a gift?

JESUIT MISSIONS, 211 EAST 87TH ST., NEW YORK 28, N.Y.



That they may understand

*Large colored wall charts of Scriptural scenes
are urgently requested by Father Sommers in
Ceylon. They are a "must" for the young. Can
you help a child to better understand Our Lord?*

JESUIT MISSIONS

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