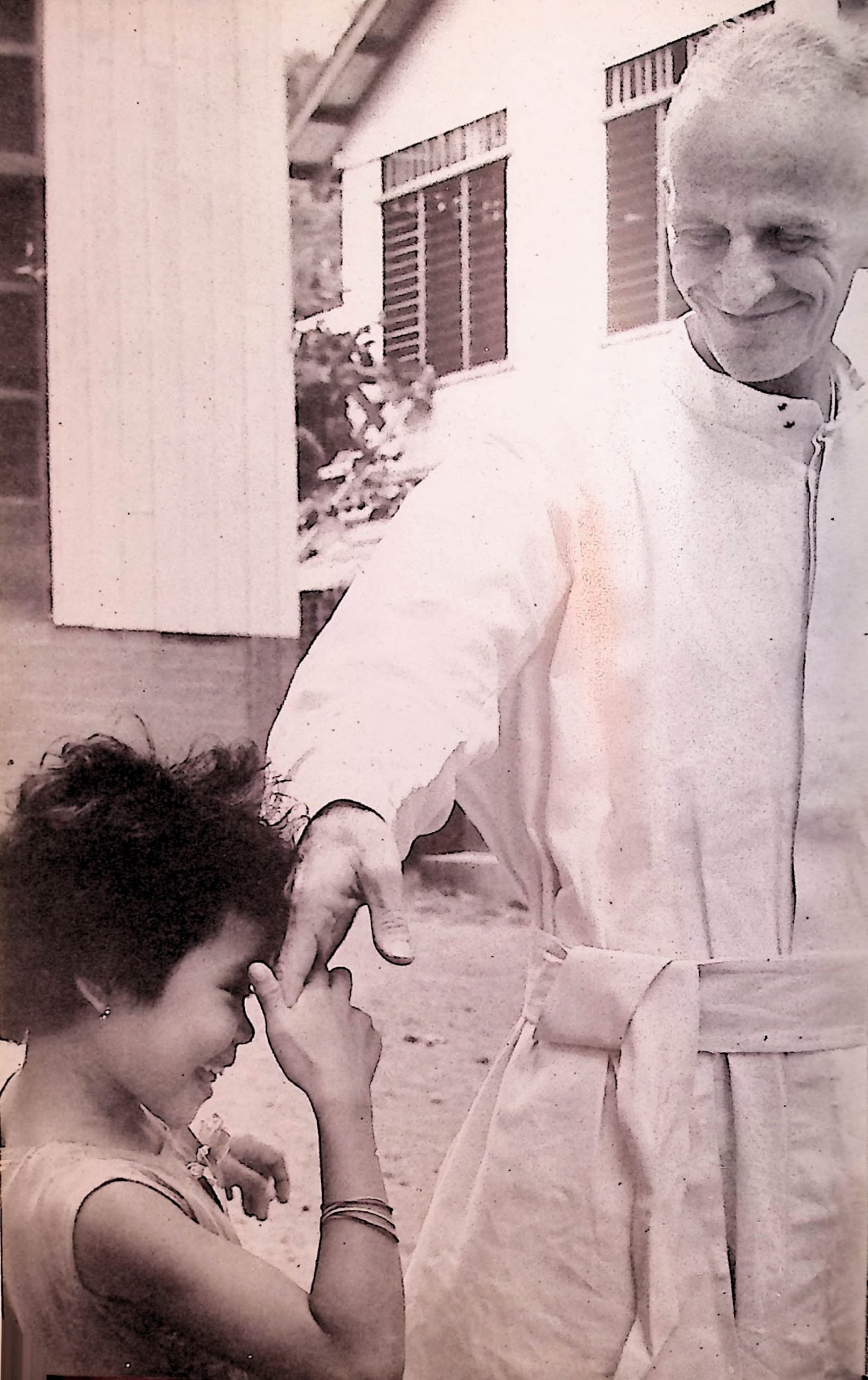


JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1963



THE RISE OF THE CHURCH IN THE EAST





Jesuit Missions

NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS IN THE MISSION FIELDS
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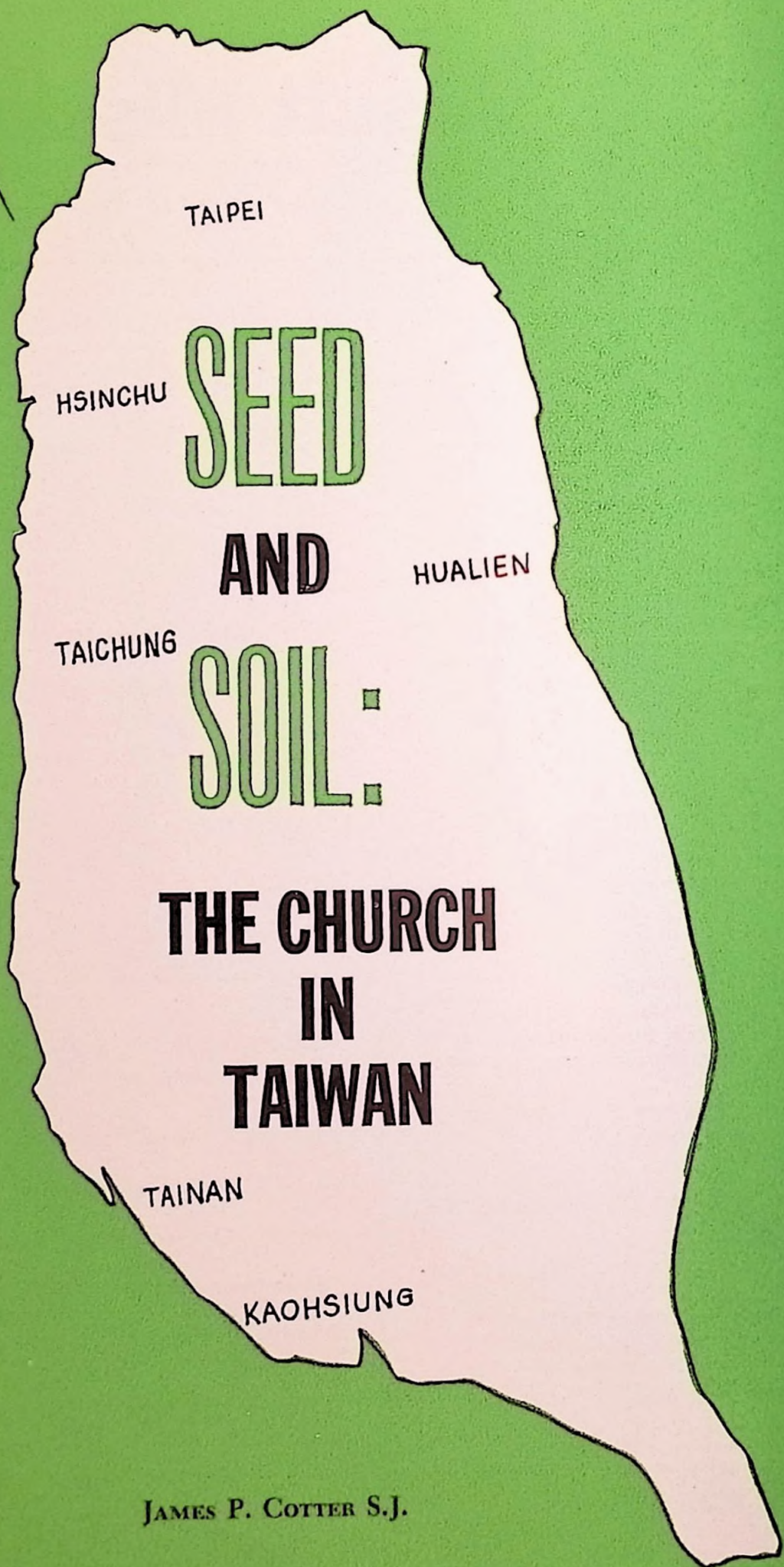
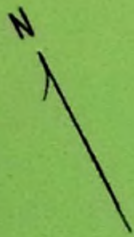
◀ In the Philippines Father Gordon Koller S.J. is greeted in the traditional fashion by a young admirer. Photo by Fr. Donelan S.J.

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TAIPEI

HSINCHU

HUALIEN

TAICHUNG

TAINAN

KAOHSIUNG

SEED

AND

SOIL:

**THE CHURCH
IN
TAIWAN**

JAMES P. COTTER S.J.

Since 1948 the Church in Taiwan has enjoyed an almost unprecedented growth. This is the story of that growth.

SINCE 1948 THE CHURCH on Taiwan has enjoyed an almost unprecedented growth of more than 1800%, from 12,000 members to over 220,000 in 1963. Fifteen years ago Catholic Taiwan was not sufficiently developed to become a diocese. Today there is one archdiocese, Taipei, and five dioceses: Hsinchu, Tainan, Kaohsiung, Taichung and Chiayi. The sixth ecclesiastical area, Hualien, will soon become a diocese.

The scene of this remarkable development is a rather small island, scarcely 240 miles long and, at the most, 85 miles wide. It is shaped like a leaf. A mountain range, which rises to 12,000 feet at one point, runs down its spine, separating the rugged eastern coastline from the fertile and well-watered lowlands of the western side. When Portuguese navigators first sighted Taiwan off the coast of China in 1590, they were so taken with its green mountainous beauty that on their charts they identified it as "Ihla Formosa," beautiful isle.

Today's growth is the result of a third "seeding" of the Faith which was first planted in 1626 by five Dominicans who landed with a Spanish expeditionary force. They had good success working among the inhabitants, descendants of Malayan immigrants, and the more recent Chinese immigrants. In 1642, when the Protestant Dutch drove the Spaniards from Taiwan, the young Church was uprooted.

In 1859, two Dominicans returned to begin anew. During the two intervening centuries Taiwan had become Chinese territory and great numbers of settlers from South China had driven the original inhabitants into the mountains.

This second growth of the Church was to be torturously slow. Opposition to foreigners was deeply ingrained in the Chi-

nese. Civil administration was far from effective and bandits were common. There was extensive missionary work by English and Canadian Presbyterians. By 1895, when the Japanese won control of the Island, the intrepid Dominicans had recorded the small total of 1300 baptisms.

Under Japanese rule the island prospered. The new overlords improved agricultural methods, stimulated the production of sugar and expanded irrigation. During the 1930's and early 1940's, Japan thought of the island as a southern base for expansion and heavy industry was encouraged. Roads were improved and extended, railroads and bridges were built.

During these years the Dominicans continued their work. There were too few of them and they had to contend with some governmental restrictions. By 1938, however, the Church had grown to 9,000 Catholics.

The Second World War almost shattered Taiwan's economy. The island was squeezed hard for contributions to the war effort and Allied planes inflicted considerable industrial damage. In 1946 the economy, which had given its people Asia's second highest standard of living in 1938, was operating at less than half of its pre-war peak. Restoration of rule to mainland China, where the government of Chiang Kai-Shek was involved in a life and death struggle with the Communists, did not promise much in the way of an answer to Taiwan's problems. Ironically, however, it was the defeat of Chiang by the Reds that brought the solution to those problems and which also led to the Church's new growth.

When China fell at least 2,000,000 people fled from the mainland. They included not only soldiers, but also governmental officials and industrialists, the

TEN YEAR GROWTH OF THE CHURCH IN EASTERN ASIA

	1951			1961		
	CATHOLICS	TOTAL POPULATION	%	CATHOLICS	TOTAL POPULATION	%
Cambodia	—	—	—	54,108	5,050,000	1.08
Hong Kong	43,004	2,013,000	2.20	174,279	3,128,000	6.10
Indonesia	842,035	77,100,000	1.18	1,436,674	95,189,000	1.58
Japan	157,341	84,200,000	0.22	287,981	94,053,000	0.33
Laos	9,566	1,360,000	0.77	25,223	1,850,000	1.57
Malayasia	99,981	6,356,000	1.58	162,376	8,787,000	1.90
N. Borneo	29,683	1,017,000	3.30	72,085	1,351,000	5.70
Phil. Is.	15,278,331	20,962,000	73.00	21,577,910	28,727,000	76.00
S. Korea	150,000	20,671,000	.73	487,958	25,378,000	2.25
S. Vietnam	—	—	—	1,337,965	14,400,000	10.00
Taiwan	16,663	7,717,000	0.24	200,119	10,971,000	1.82
Thailand	82,599	18,837,000	0.44	113,406	26,258,000	0.45

type of people needed to direct Taiwan's recovery. From the viewpoint of the Church, the most important group was a contingent of expelled priests, Brothers and Sisters, experienced missionaries who spoke at least one Chinese dialect.

In 1947, before the refugees arrived, there had been a total of 17 priests and 8 Sisters on Taiwan. In mid-1952 priests numbered 95, Sisters 166 and there were 6 Brothers. In 1957 their numbers had increased to 508 priests, 305 Sisters and 30 Brothers. The totals for June 1963 were 628 priests, 549 Sisters and over 50 Brothers.

They were from the United States and Canada; from Hungary, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, France, Austria, Czechoslovakia; from Australia, Mexico, China, and Ireland. They were diocesan priests and Chinese "Disciples of the Lord"; Dominicans to help their brothers who had been laboring so long; Jesuits, Maryknollers, Franciscans, Vincentians, Oblates of Mary and religious

from ten other congregations. By 1962 there were Sisters from 41 different congregations on Taiwan!

The missionaries found three groups of people among whom they were to work their "miracle" of conversion: the mountain-dwelling aboriginals, the old Chinese-Taiwanese who had come to the island several centuries before, and the new refugees from the mainland. This population was mostly an urban one, since a large number of the refugees had settled in the cities and more and more of the Taiwanese country people were moving into them seeking work.

Religiously, the atmosphere was Buddhist-orientated with the "popular" religion polytheistic, "of a hundred gods." Perhaps the most popular of these gods was Mat-Su, "Queen of Heaven," whose veneration dated back 1000 years to Fukien on China's south coast.

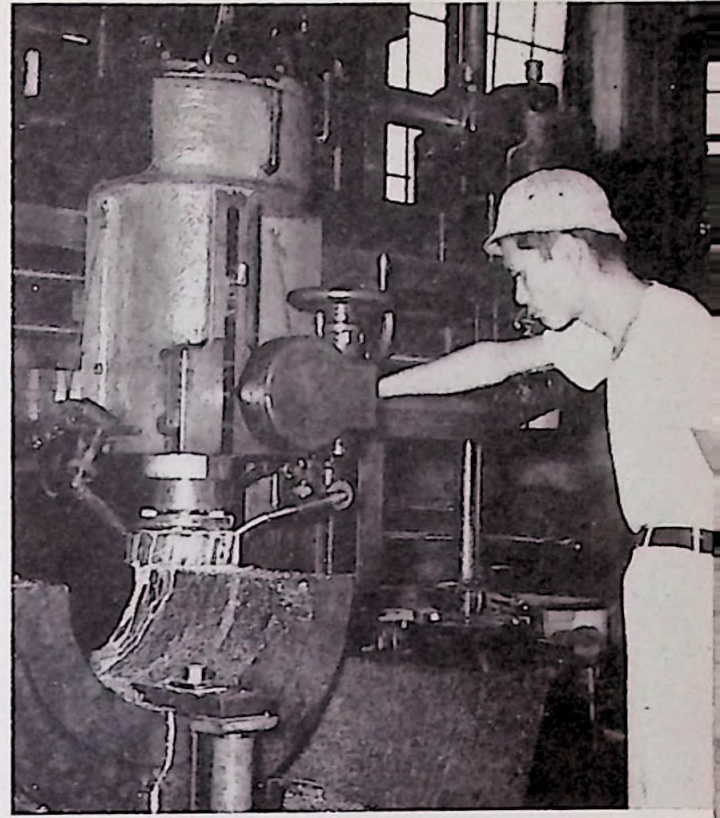
Taiwan's people were once again working toward the second highest living standard of the East. This does not mean,

of course, that they were "well off" by Western standards. We would consider them poor. But the combination of the improvements made by the Japanese, Chinese diligence, the mainland refugees, and American aid had helped the island toward economic recovery.

The new growth began in humble circumstances: store-fronts and small homes in city and rural districts. Aside from the old Dominican areas in the south and in the north at Taipei, there were almost no churches nor evidence of the Church. Most of the people had never heard of Christ, much less of Christmas—which day, incidentally, became a national holiday in 1962.

The missionaries used mobile loudspeakers, radio and press; they showed movies and organized food relief programs; they built catechetical and information centers; they taught in universities. By every conceivable means, new and old, they sought to stimulate the interest of the people.

In the early days most of the converts were from the mainland refugees. They were people torn loose from their social roots; the old prejudices that may have made them deaf and blind to the Church in China were not so strong in their



■ Paralleling the church's increase, Taiwan's economic growth has been extraordinary.

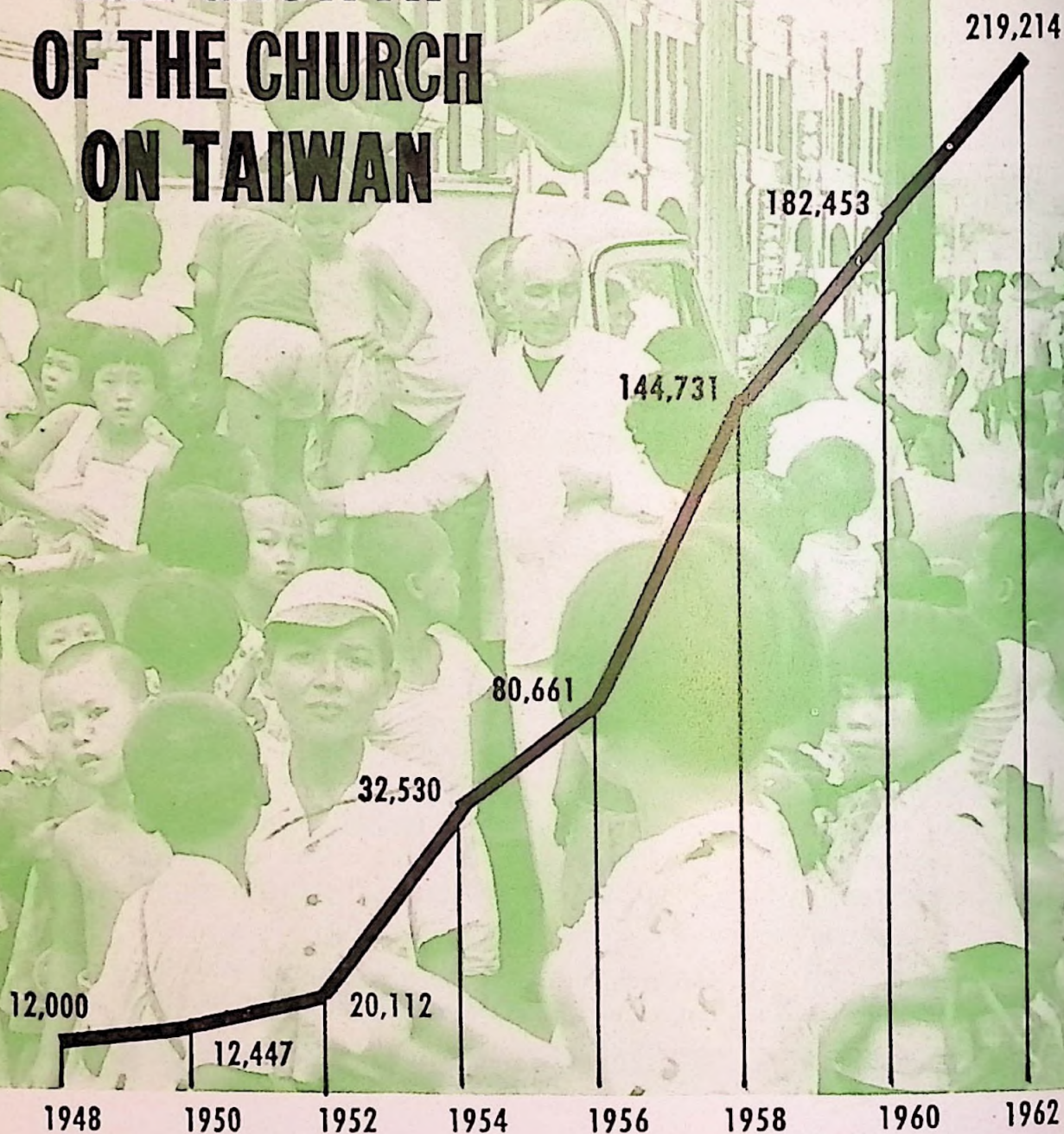
island sanctuary. Later, particularly in the Dominican, Maryknoll and Bethlehem Fathers' territories, there was a widespread conversion of aborigines in their mountain fastness.

In more recent years, as the language schools of the Jesuits and other groups

■ Catholics of the aboriginal Ami tribe dance for photographer Fr. Fred Foley S.J.; the man in the foreground, a fine dancer and improviser, pretends to be blinded by the flash.



THE GROWTH OF THE CHURCH ON TAIWAN



began to "graduate" missionaries eloquent in the dialect of the Taiwanese-Chinese, they too came into the Church in great numbers. Their conversion was much influenced by the example of their mainland "cousins."

Today on Taiwan there are over 300 parishes with resident pastors and 895 churches or chapels. A Catholic University is being built. The Church's institutions dot the landscape; Cardinal

Agaganian says that the Taiwan countryside is more Catholic than that of Rome!

The Church's third "seeding" has taken root; the light that is Christ is rising on Taiwan. Although Catholics today are only two per cent of the total population, there is great promise in the growth of the past fifteen years. That promise will be realized if the charity and zeal of Catholics in Taiwan and all over the world are equal to the challenge it offers.



■ Msgr. Fahy S.J., unnoticed by the crowd, at a pagan temple in Hsinchu; he later wrote: "Ours is the task of turning them from their gods of mud and gaudy paper to Him alone Who is."

THE NEW GROWTH

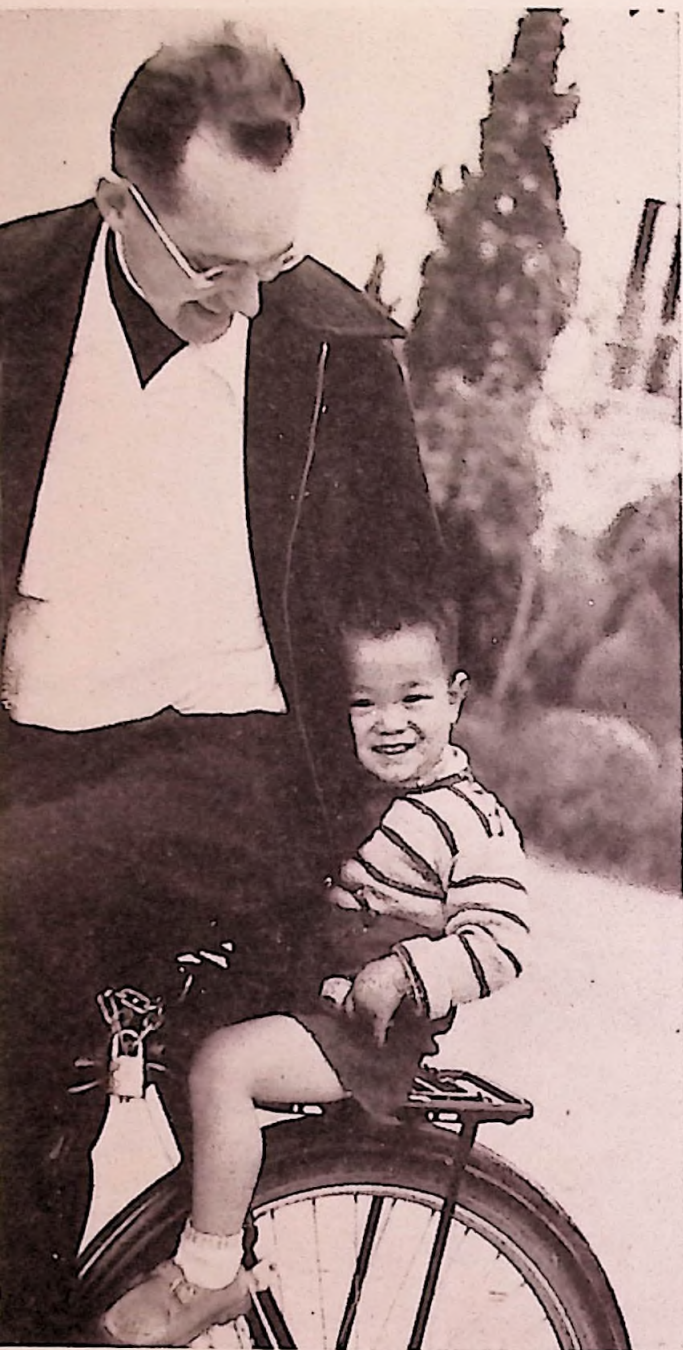
A missionary works to put himself out of a job. He works to bring a local Church to a level of development sufficient to enable its members to maintain, administer and staff their own Church and bring their nation to life in Christ. Then he steps aside.

Californian Monsignor Eugene Fahy S.J. is a classic example of the successful missionary. After imprisonment by the Communists in China, he came to Taiwan in 1952 and was assigned to direct the growth of the Church in Hsinchu (Shinjew) County, a civil district on Taiwan's northwest coast. (See map on page 2). Within nine remarkable years

he was out of a job and Hsinchu was ready to receive its first Bishop, Monsignor Tou, a Chinese diocesan priest.

Although Hsinchu's story cannot yet be fully told, we present a summary of it in tribute to Monsignor Fahy and the other Jesuits still "writing" it. The dated excerpts in what follows are from Msgr. Fahy's diary and other sources.

Nov. 1, 1952: I have been in "New Bamboo" (Hsinchu) for three days. Yesterday said my first Mass here. Missal opened at Aug. 29th. On that day last year in China we woke up in a filthy Communist prison.



Hsinchu means "New Bamboo" in Chinese. To Msgr. Fahy it symbolized the new growth the Church could expect on Taiwan to replace the growth cut down by the Communists on the mainland. In Hsinchu city, with a population of more than 100,000, he found one Taiwanese Catholic; in the whole country there were a mere several hundred Catholics. The first church was in a poor house on the city's east side.

Dec. 25, 1952: Christmas celebrated in Hsinchu perhaps for the first time since the birth of our Savior.

■ "How many times a day has he cycled up and down the streets and byways of our city!"

Feb. 14, 1953: Need for larger church more apparent. New pagan temples rise and beckon to passerby.

By March, 1953, more Jesuits had come to work with Msgr. Fahy; churches were opened in Hsinpu and Peipu and other towns in the country. In Hsinpu the first catechist was not even a Catholic! In Peipu there were three people at the first Mass, all mainland Catholic-refugees. The Fahy bike was becoming a familiar sight on the streets of Hsinchu as he cycled up and down the highways and byways looking for property for the growing Church.

Sept. 17, 1953: We moved the church to new quarters today—to a house near the canal.

By October, 1953 there were 236 Catholics in Hsinchu city. The first solemn Mass was attended by almost 200 Catholics, crowding the small chapel. The libraries and loudspeakers, movies and film strips were stirring people's curiosity.

Dec. 25, 1953: We had a Christmas crib downtown. Tape-recorded music and explanation of Christmas every hour.

May 19, 1954: Negotiations were proceeding for purchase of an ideal piece of property for a large church and central residence.

This property is located near the center of the city at a busy intersection. At the time it was host to Chinese Air Force families and an old warehouse. During the spring of 1954 work had been proceeding on a temporary residence for cloistered Carmelites. Attendance was increasing at the Chabanal language school.

Sept. 15, 1954: Before night prayers we went over our agreement with the authorities for the removal of the 18 families on our property.

Sept. 20, 1954: Word from Taipei: better look for another piece of property! Fr. Palm and I cried on one another's

shoulders as we talked of other possibilities that we had already tried or might try.

Sept. 27, 1954: I pedaled up one street and down the other looking for some spot that might have escaped our notice and would be suitable.

Oct. 15, 1954: Deal back on. Our lawyer explains why government transactions take so long. In America the head of a department can be responsible. But not in China. The initial request must start from the bottom and be approved by every minor official. When it reaches the top and is approved it goes back down through all departments again.

Negotiations for land for a permanent Carmelite convent were taking a great deal of time. The whole Archdiocese of Taipei now numbered 9,213 Catholics; there were 26 Jesuits working in Taipei and 47 in Hsinchu County where now there were more than 10 mission stations.

Feb. 14, 1955: Long awaited meeting in Taipei on our church property. All parties concerned agree to our proposition: to

provide housing for the families on the property so that it can be vacated and turned over to us.

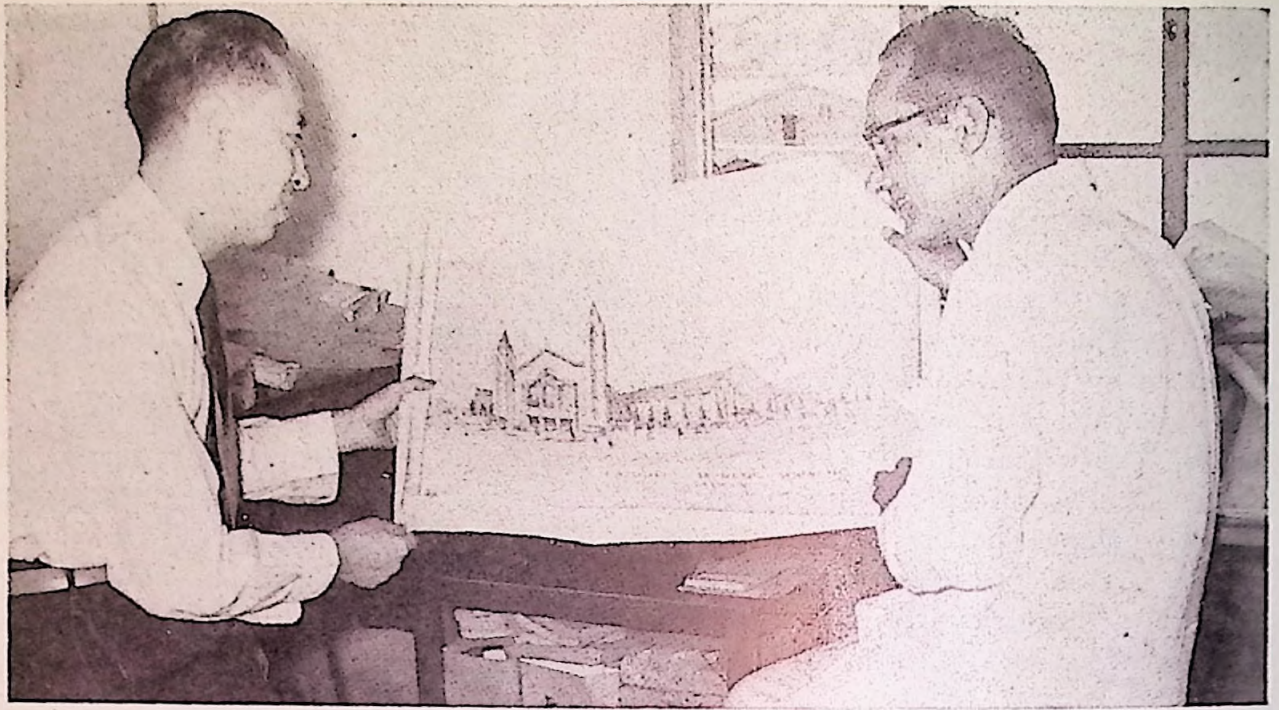
May 7, 1955: Bright and early in morning tried to make deal to buy property from city out from under the Air Force buildings. Later in day tried County bureau with same proposition. I had my fill for the day when Fr. Thornton suggested we go to see movie "On the Waterfront." Very apropos: A priest overcoming what at the beginning seemed to be insurmountable obstacle to establish Christ's Kingdom in a neglected field.

June 16, 1955: Called on our Catholic lawyer to ask what she thought about delay on our proposal. She did not think it extraordinary.

New churches were being founded at an amazing rate. During 1954-1955 thirteen new ones were opened or begun. Monsignor Fahy was visiting every corner of his territory, encouraging, appraising (he came to the conclusion that he knew every piece of property in Hsinchu) and building. In the early days he could

■ Ever larger churches were constantly needed for the growing number of Christians; here Msgr. Fahy offers Mass on the Feast of the Assumption, 1956, in a crowded store-church.





■ George Chen, architect, and Msgr. Fahy go over plans for Hsinchu's new church; pagans had asked: "If your God is the true God, why don't you build a beautiful temple to Him?"

have visited all the mission stations on one day. Now it took a day just to visit the nooks and crannies of one station! On Christmas Eve, 1955, there were 375 baptisms, 212 mainlanders and 163 Taiwanese, in the entire Hsinchu Mission. Catholics had increased to 1,391 and 12,000 people were under instruction of some sort.

March 30, 1956: Good Friday: The crowd outside the church was several persons deep and the need for a larger church again was emphasized. As a pagan said to Brother Griffin: "If your God is the true God, why don't you build a beautiful temple to Him?" Right between the eyes!

In March there was a great celebration in Hsinchu to pay tribute to Pope Pius XII on his 80th birthday. Thousands of the baptized and catechumens took part; it was a tremendous public demonstration of faith.

June 7, 1956: To Taipei for another play in the game of moving the Air Force families from our new church site. In principle all has been agreed, but there are different ways of working out \$\$\$!

July 30, 1956: To Taipei to make final selection of architect for our church. One architect put in a lot of effort but churches are new to him. On one of the sketches he had drawn the Star of David!

Catholic population of the whole Hsinchu Mission had increased to 2,501; the proportion of converts from the Taiwanese and Aborigines was greater. The number of new churches in the city and the outlying districts increased by 11 during 1956. Monsignor Fahy was spending more and more time biking, busing or walking from one station to another. The Carmel property question was settled and construction work began; the land for Father Dowd's youth center-to-be was also acquired.

Aug. 27, 1956: Air Force families still on our church site. Ball had to be started rolling again from the top. Architect hard at work.

Nov. 27, 1956: Checks cashed today for property! Would you believe I could be so joyful to see our money spent?

Catholic population of Taiwan was now over 80,000 and the baptismal records of Hsinchu were over 3,000.

Jan. 29, 1957: To Taipei with lawyer, Brother Bencze, our chief building supervisor, and two live ducks. We were shopping for a contractor.

March 1, 1957: The families are actually moving off our church property. The negotiations which began in early 1954 are finally reaching a happy ending.

Monsignor Fahy had by this time moved his own church seven times as he sought to keep ahead of the increasing number of Catholics! The baptismal rolls for Hsinchu showed 5,236 Catholics, 100% more than at the same date last year. Some of the new churches were already too small. Carmel was ready for its roof; the language school was being expanded.

June 4, 1957: To Taipei to put the final seals on the contract for the Church.

June 12, 1957: Heard yesterday that there was a city plan to have a road running through the middle of our church! Today it has been moved back and it seems we have 30 inches more land than we expected. Called architect to see how we could stretch church to fit.

June 21, 1957: Worked all day in government bureaus trying to settle position of church. It will be either 30 inches longer or about 47 inches shorter.

June 22, 1957: Another weary day spent hopping from one bureau to another, back and forth across town, pleading, coaxing, threatening, doing everything possible to hold on to our 47 inches.

June 23, 1957: We've waited a long, long time for this day! Ground breaking ceremonies for the church.

Sept. 8, 1957: Cornerstone day! Apostolic Internuntio presided at ceremony. When it was all over we said a grateful "Amen!"

Dec. 16, 1957: Fathers and Brothers have been after me to increase height of towers. I gave in. Up they go 10 feet.

Dec. 17, 1957: Yesterday the towers

stretched; today they shrink. Architect and engineers don't think soil can bear extra weight.

The Carmelites moved into their beautiful new monastery on Dec. 24. The whole mission had 888 baptisms at Christmas time; 7,264 Catholics now.

Jan. 16, 1958: Tomorrow will be long awaited meeting to decide width of street threatening our church. Spent day visiting officials.

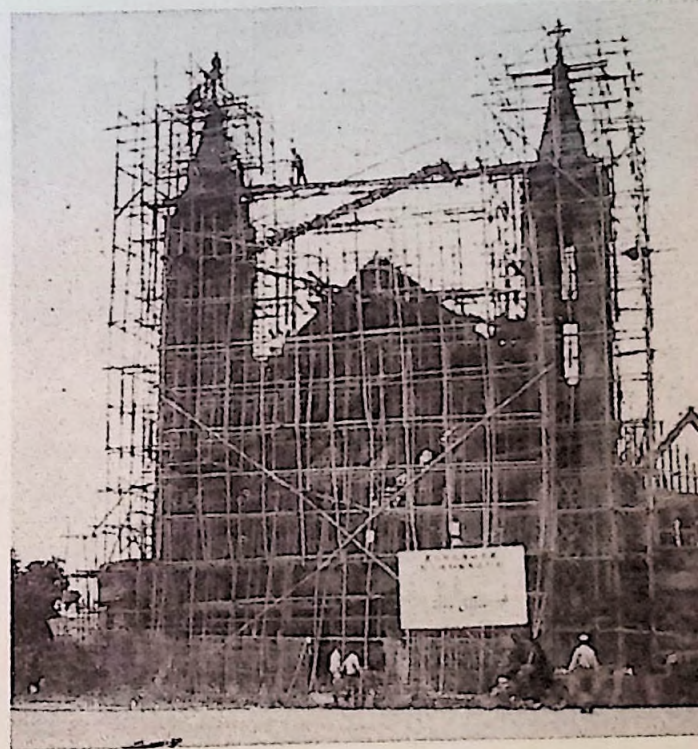
Jan. 17, 1958: Meeting was favorable!

April 6, 1958: Easter Sunday; without windows and interior still rough, the new Immaculate Heart Church was used for Holy Saturday Vigil services and Masses today.

By June 30, 1958, there were 8,591 baptized in the Mission. Two new churches were recently established.

Oct. 21, 1958: Preparations for dedication of our Cathedral on Oct. 26th. Parishioners busy preparing. Leaflets will be distributed to every family in city.

Oct. 26, 1958: Ceremonies began at 9:00 a.m. Church blessed; Archbishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass. Then parade began. Many floats, firecrackers and children!



■ By Christmas, 1957, the church's towers were finished; in Hsinchu 888 baptisms.

Building continued but at a slower rate. More Jesuits came to Hsinchu. Number of converts grew; less than three years after dedication of the Cathedral there were almost 17,000 baptized in the Jesuit Mission. (An increase of 10,000%.) First "church" was old house; in June 1961 there were 9 churches in Hsinchu City, 33 more in country area. Convents, a language school, catechetical centers, youth centers, a technical school had been built. Every parish had a kindergarten. In the Spring of 1961 it was announced that the direction of Hsinchu "diocese" could be turned over to the diocesan clergy.

Sept. 5, 1961: A rainy day at Taipei. Our new Bishop received a grand welcome. He will stay in Taipei until he "enters" his new diocese next week.

Sept. 10, 1961: The Bishop's day! Perfect weather. Bus and truck loads of Christians began to pour into Hsinchu in early afternoon. When new Bishop arrived exactly on schedule at East Gate at 3:30 p.m., both sides of street lined with people from there to Cathedral. The throng of Christians so flabbergasted Bishop that he instinctively stood up in the open car and remained standing the whole way, blessing his people.

Msgr. Fahy looks for another job!

■ The Cathedral neared completion in the Spring of 1958; it was used for the Easter services that year. A few months later there were almost 9,000 baptized Christians in the mission.



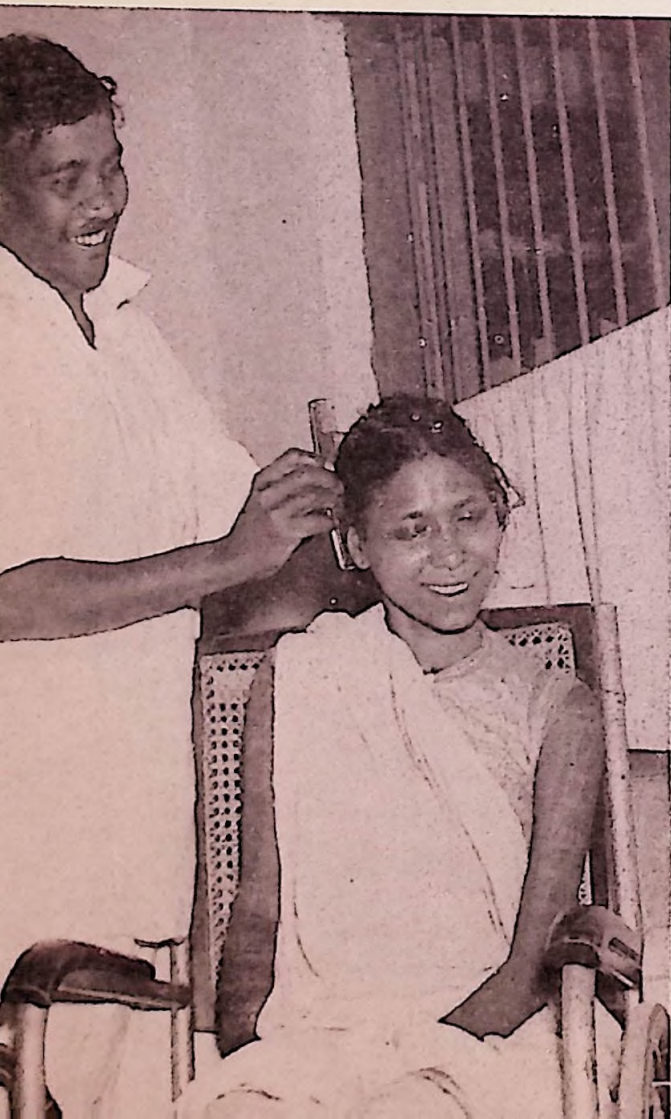


■ On Sept. 10, 1961, not quite nine years after the arrival of the Jesuits, Hsinchu Catholics welcome their new Bishop, Msgr. Tou. The crowds that line the street are in sharp contrast to the unseeing crowd that surrounded Msgr. Fahy when he arrived. (See the picture on page 7.) Below, Msgr. Fahy S.J. looks toward new horizons for the Church in Taiwan.



THE WITCH WHO BECAME QUEEN

HANS HENDRIKS S.J.



She was a victim of primitive passion yet in her tragedy she evoked the noblest in mankind

THE "MONSTER"—A BIG, ugly, converted Weapon-Carrier—rumbled along the drive of De Nobili Theological College in Poona, India, churning up great clouds of ash-dust as it went. Nearing the front-porch, it hesitated momentarily, then, respectfully veered off into the grass patch on the side, bumped a little further and stopped. The cabin door sprang open, and a slight bearded figure in khaki leapt down. There were deep lines of fatigue on his face . . . after all he had just steered the "monster" 1,200 miles.

But those tired lines rippled outward from a deeply satisfied smile. Belgian missionary Father Van Oostayen began to laugh as he bustled round the back to let out his passengers. There were three men, all looking about shyly: this was their first trip out of the jungle fastnesses of Central India. The last one, Tolo, turned back and then lifted another passenger, his wife, down onto the ground—she had no hands or feet. The rest of the story we get from Tolo . . .

A lean and hardy rice-farmer, Tolo lived with his wife Manjo in a tiny mud-housed village, tucked away in the remote hinterland of Madhya Pradesh. Tolo had been visiting relatives and was due back in the evening. Manjo walked over to the house of Mongol, one of the richer neighbors, to borrow a handful of spices. As she waited at the door, she noticed Mongol's little daughter lying asleep on the ground. "The girl's not well," she was told. Manjo nodded, then thanked Mongol's wife, and was off. That night there was a happy reunion in Tolo's

■ Love shines through the curtain of tragedy as Tolo combs the hair of his crippled Manjo.

home. That night, too, Mongol's little girl developed a severe attack of dysentery. Three days later she was dead.

To Mongol and his wife, this sudden tragedy could have but one explanation—evil spirits. People at once began looking round for a source. Mongol's wife remembered Manjo and her interest in the child. Fingers began to point; and lips whispered: "Witch!" The village sorcerer was called in. He picked up leaves, poured oil on them, and watched the flow; and finally managed to confirm the general opinion: Manjo was the witch.

Thursday was market day, and Manjo, all unsuspecting, joined a group of women on their way to the bazaar. Towards evening, they began the two-mile walk home. This was Mongol's moment. From behind the bushes, where he had been hiding, he leapt out at Manjo as she passed. The other women fled, screaming. In Mongol's hand there flashed a small black hatchet. Like a madman he was on her, and she fell to the ground. Stiff with horror, she could neither move, nor even speak. Mongol

■ Tolo's parents had originally arranged his marriage but Heaven showed interest, too.



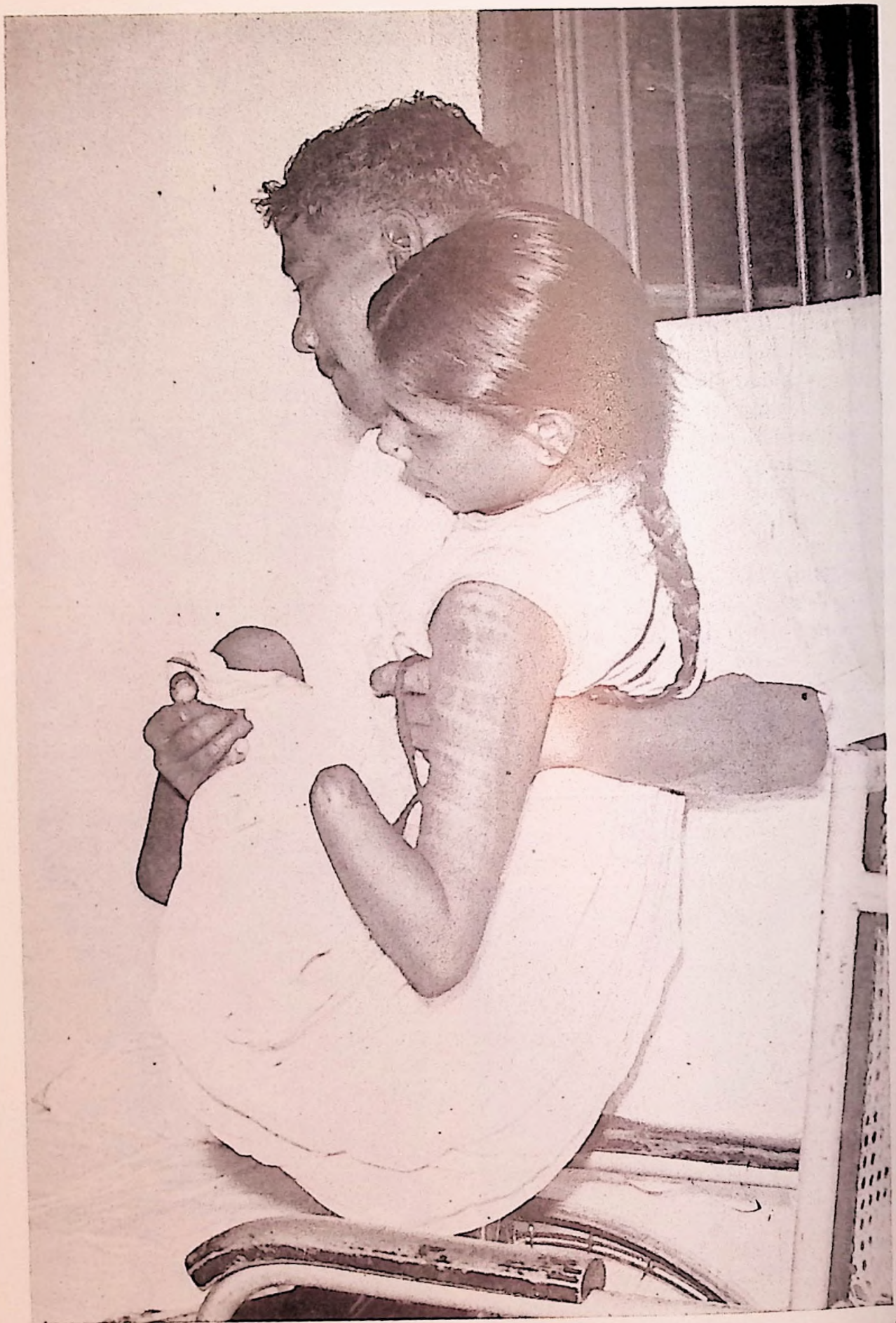
■ Father Van Oostayen drove for six days, from the jungle to a new world for Manjo.

hacked away at her feet, and then her hands, crying all the time: "These hands have done it! These feet have done it!"

The cries of the other women had attracted attention. Some men rushed to the spot, but Mongol had finished his work, and was gone. So they left Manjo lying there, bleeding and alone. People have nothing to do with a woman who has no hands or feet. They fear her.

One hour later Tolo came, and stayed by Manjo. At last he was joined by some fellow villagers. They lifted Manjo onto a bamboo bed and set out for the hospital at Kunkuri, some 6 miles away. That was a good sign. People do not carry witches.

In the hospital Tolo stayed by Manjo in her agony. It lasted three days. Tolo could not understand this thing. What had *he* done? No one would have blamed him for abandoning her now. But Tolo stayed. For in his heart there was love, it was great now and very deep. Ten years of marriage had done that. All that day the Mission Sister gave Manjo blood-transfusions, and all the next night. Three



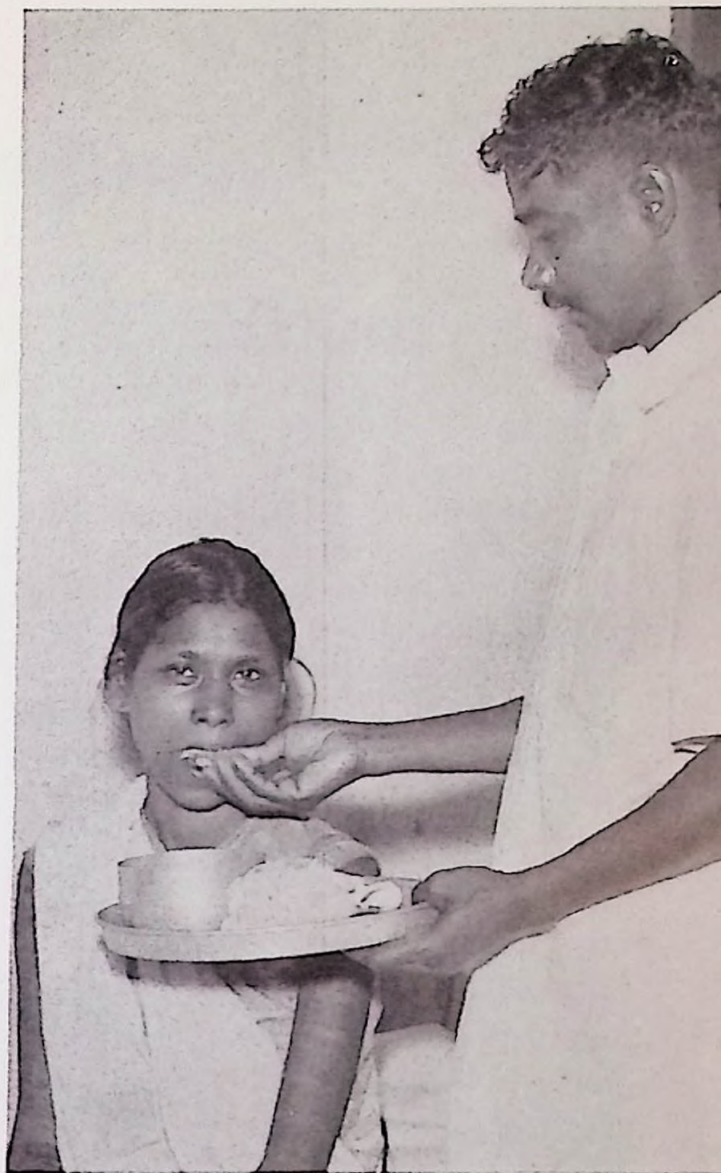
■ At the Kunkuri hospital people pitied the poor couple; the Sisters gave Manjo a new sari and the policeman gave her a bag of rice but what were those beside Tolo's love and loyalty?

■ To “wait on someone hand and foot” has a far different meaning for this now happy pair.

days passed and Manjo began to revive.

No one in that country had ever heard of artificial limbs; no one had even dreamt of them. But Sister remembered something of a place: it was in Poona, more than 1,000 miles away. Then the Father, too, remembered that the Jesuit College in Bombay had once offered him their old organ for his church. Bombay is near Poona: Manjo would be able to make the trip too.

At last they struggled into Poona; and the “Artificial Limb Centre” eventually agreed to accept Manjo. It was not going to be easy. Neither she nor Tolo were literate. Everything here was so very different. Nobody in all these big buildings understood their tribal dialect. But Manjo was going to get new hands and feet. After a year she would be back. That would be a sight: she had gone outside her tribal country, right over the horizon . . . she had seen the great city . . . she, the biggest wonder, had new hands and feet. All her life, people would admire her—now, not a witch, but a queen.



■ Tolo's primitive village in the remote hinterland of Madhya Pradesh where tribal law is strong and all-embracing and where one Thursday grief turned to anger and frenzy.



Window on the Mission

LETTER FROM RHODESIA

FROM ILONDOLA MISSION in Northern Rhodesia Father John O'Leary of the Oregon Province writes: "How we got here and what we are doing now that we are here is an African story because it has dropped us into the swirl of African life. It began with a bus ride a month and a half ago. John Leonard, Jerry Nadravitch (an American from Chicago), and I left the Broken Hill terminal on the 9:05. (The fact that it was then 12:09 does not alter the fact that this was the 9:05. From now on we are in an African world, and we are traveling African time.)

"Our destination was north and would take us within a half a mile of the blue hills of Katanga where Tshombe was about to capitulate to U.N. pressure. It was only a four-hundred-mile trip, but it was to take us two days and there were a few African reasons why. For centuries the African has not traveled in a hurry, and today he remains anchored in the firm tradition that "What was good enough for good old Dad is good enough

for me." Our bus poked its way into village after village, stopped to visit the bus driver's girl friends, restocked a number of times with African beer, and rolled on and on through a maze of African one-act plays.

"On the second day we were getting used to our world of banana peels, empty stomachs, animals (some dead, some alive), and feeding babies. All around us was the dizzy whirl of Chibemba words and song, but we felt adopted and content. In this peace we were suddenly launched into a first-class political rally. We were in the U.N.I.P. (United National Independence Party—the largest political party in Northern Rhodesia) stronghold now and became forcibly aware of this. Swinging through the door came a young African, chanting, "Cha Cha U.N.I.P." (Cha Cha is short for Kwacha—meaning "dawn"—and is the symbol for African freedom in our part of the world.) Immediately we were treated to a first-class political free-for-all. I did not understand a word, but it must have been a roaring success because the Africans were weaving back and forth whispering, "Cha Cha," while Mr. "Fire-in-His-Eyes" banged his head against the handrail, kicked banana peels out of the way and glared down at us all. After the harangue, he started down the row checking U.N.I.P. membership cards. Of course, they all had them ex-



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick makes use of the Chinese character meaning "The East" (a combination of the two signs for "sun" and "tree") to depict the rise of the Church in the East, especially the fast growth of the district in Taiwan entrusted to Monsignor Fahy.



cept those three rather stupid looking white men. When he got to me, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "You're all right. You are a man of God." Guess who was visibly shaken.

"Here we learn (if not Bemba) something of African life and African ways. As we move in and out of African straw-thatched mud huts, we never know what we will find. Sometimes it is a beer party to which we are always immediately invited. Other times it is a child huddled under a blanket and smelling of smallpox. He is just one of countless young children that lack the physical strength to throw off the diseases that creep slowly through the villages. Your first reaction to a spotted face and puffed eyes is to find a doctor, but then you remember that the closest doctor is fifty miles away and far too busy with his own medical problems to be bothered with Ilondola—and even if he could shake himself free from his hospital duties, there are ten other villages on the way that cry to be cared for first.

"After such a day, you return home frustrated because of your progress in Chibemba, because of these people's patient suffering, because there is so much to do and you seem so far from having the tools to accomplish it all. But then there is a satisfaction because these people can sing and dance and laugh, because they can call "Mulekosa" (May you be strong), and "Shalinipo" (Be well and happy), and because these people are on the rise, carving out their own political destiny. Out of this swirl of mixed emotion comes a deeper meaning to: 'Pray for us and all the Africans.'"

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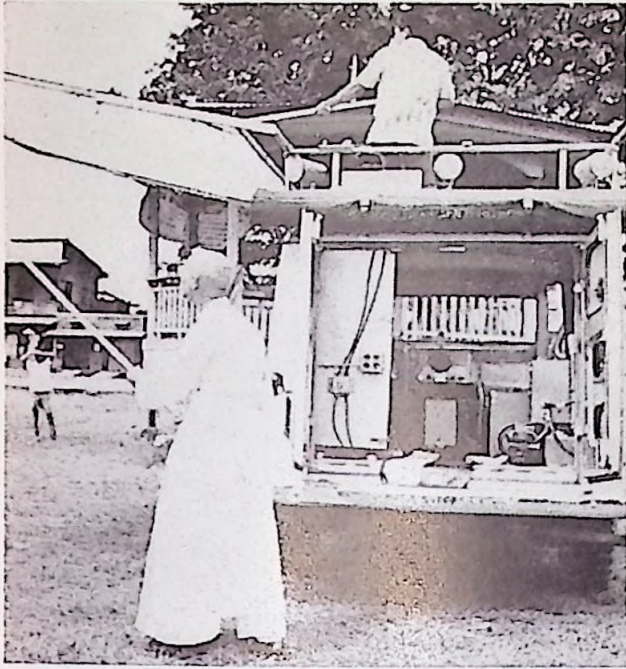


■ This is the present Audio-Visual Mobile Unit, the second one which Father Stoffel has used in his work. He had plenty of experience with the former Unit so he knew exactly what improvements to make on this one. Often the performances are given in the pouring rain so he must take precautions to protect both the valuable machinery and the operators.

Rolling Out of Malaybalay

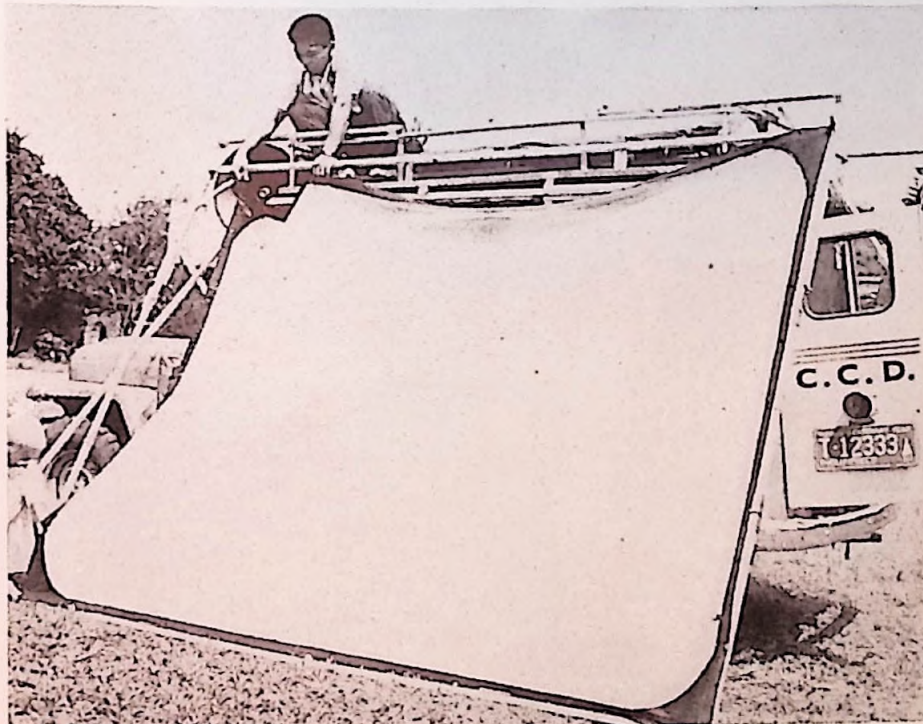
Deep in the mountainous Bukidnon district of the island of Mindanao in the Philippines lies the town of Malaybalay. It is the home center for Father Joseph Stoffel, once of Philadelphia, but most of the time it serves as his departure point. The veteran Jesuit missionary is the Director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and he is constantly bumping over the hilly roads with his Catechetical Mobile Unit. It is a most popular and effective way of spreading the teachings of Christ.

The Unit is completely up-to-date and furnished, through the generosity of benefactors, with all the modern appliances, as can be seen from the accompanying pictures. Father Stoffel drives to an outlying barrio, arranges his apparatus in the afternoon, and the people eagerly gather when darkness falls. There is music first, then films both religious and otherwise, and at the conclusion Father climbs to the top of the truck and over a loud-speaker explains the various points of the Faith as seen on the screen.



■ The screen assembly is conveniently swung up into position by means of guide poles. Inside, the cabinet houses optical and electronic apparatus and accessories. A 2½ KVA electric generator powers the Unit.

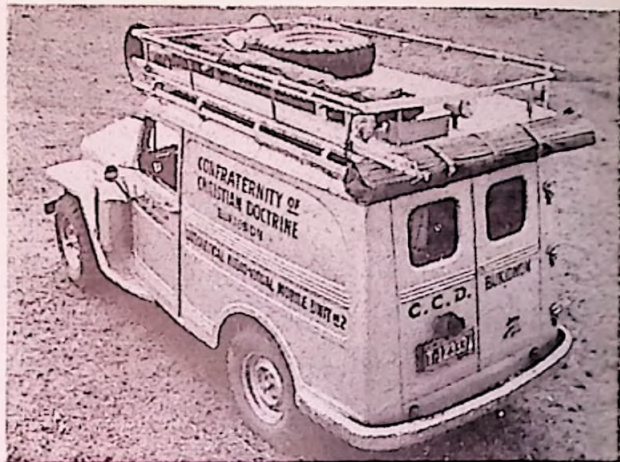
■ Stretching the screen on frame (below). The screen measures ten feet wide and is seven and a half feet high. It is made of polaroid translucent plastic sheeting and is designed for viewing on both sides of the screen. Slung above the rear doors is a roll of canvas which becomes another rain canopy. A fire extinguisher is also carried.



■ The projection apparatus is set up fifty feet from the vehicle with connecting cables. A portable projection booth is used in rainy weather.



■ Mounting the screen on the roof in this fashion is another improvement on the original Confraternity unit. The proof of the Mobile Unit's popularity is the fact that people have stood three hours in the pouring rain on occasion.



■ Mr. Cesar Caharian (left), Father Stoffel's long-time assistant, adjusts the controls of the tape recorder and main sound amplifier. All packed up (above) and ready to roll. The spare wheel and projection booth are lashed down on the roof platform. The speakers in front are ready for spot announcements without calling for any change of position.

■ Father Stoffel checks the canopy which protects the sound apparatus. A radio tuner has been installed which makes the unit useful as a mobile broadcaster for big processions. Hymns and prayers can be directed from a central radio station with the signals being picked up and re-broadcast by the unit. Come down to Malaybalay and see for yourself.



How to Build A Youth Center

or the case of a stubborn Irishman



Even when he wears his Chinese fedora, you know he is the son of a distinguished religious Irish house. Father Murphy was kicked out of China in 1951 and soon after began working with university students in Taipei, Taiwan. At present he is working feverishly for a youth center for his students. Can he count on your help for his gargantuan task ahead?

One cold, dry, red brick \$0.10

We need 475,000 bricks!

One sack of cement \$1.50

We need 36,000 sacks!

Note: One sack of cement is required for every 15 bricks

Therefore—a package deal—15 bricks + one sack of cement = \$3.00

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

*Please accept my gift of \$..... towards the purchase of
..... and my blessings and prayers for Fr. Murphy's success.*

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■ Jamaica is a beautiful land, bathed in tropical sunshine, and who can be blamed if the beauty and warmth occasionally steal into a man's soul and he thinks long thoughts?

“Just Where Is Heaven”

FRANCIS X. SHEA S.J.

IT WAS A CRICKET DAY, but the two philosophers were unable to climb over the wall and so, although all Jamaica, it seemed, was cheering their gallants, they were left with nothing to do but philosophize. Jamaica may well be one of the last outposts for the philosophical mind. There is something, I think, in the belief that the mind triumphs in the debasement of the body. I know this is not exactly in line with the kindly truth of the social encyclicals, but I have observed that often broken shoes and ragged shirts are an indication, or a warning (take it

how you will) that one is about to hear a profound, searching examination of the great questions. The appearance may well be tatterdemalion but the metaphysics are often immaculate.

“Just where is heaven? On the far side of the moon, or right here? Why don't the priests talk about real things? If a man cuts his finger does he lose some of his soul? Is never the truth I hear.” Actually I was busy and it gave some color to my impatience. I had just discovered that a scrim which had been painted for the Dramatic Society's performance at the Schools Festival had shrunk from a handsome, pleated curtain to a shriveled and

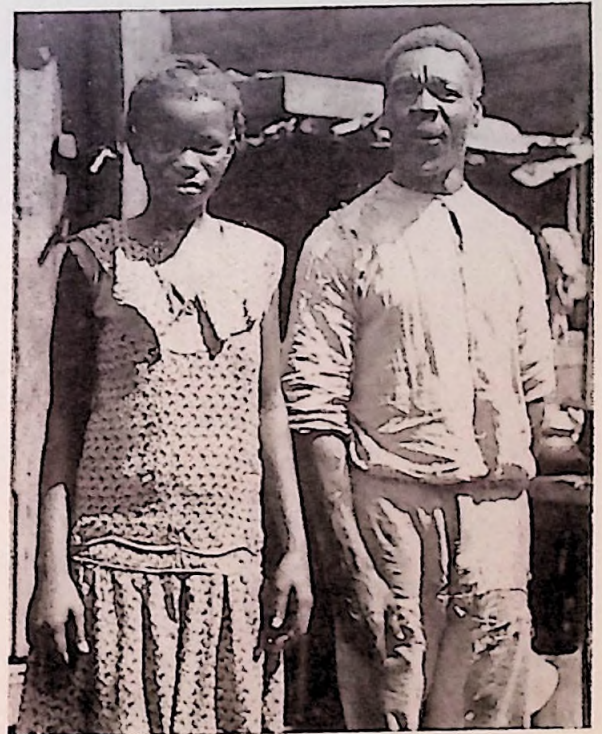


■ The pace of the tropics is beguiling and it is not difficult to find the essentials for living so there is time for general reasoning.

warped rag. It was a mistake to put glue in the paint—a good thing to know, but the Twenty Pounds already invested had to be recovered and mere knowledge was not worth Twenty Pounds. So, despite the cricket, the Dramatic Society had been dragooned into a complicated attempt to save the scrim. Goal posts from the football field had been lined with brads and used to form a huge curtain rack; the curtain was wetted and the delicate process of stretching it was now going on. The location of heaven, a question of eternal significance, could not help but seem impertinent to a missionary trying to save Twenty Pounds. But gradually the charms of philosophy won me away.

The heaven question was a real stumper. You see, your true philosopher is not interested in any Biblical evasions—"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard." If it existed and if we were going to live

■ The author finds that the appearance may not match the immaculateness of metaphysics.



there in a body resurrected how you might, it had to be somewhere. Now where was it? The squeeze of logic was implacable. They had much more. I don't remember that the angel capacity of pin-heads came up, but the wires did get finally drawn during the two hours the boys of the Dramatic Society coaxed the curtain back to something approximating Seventeen Pounds Ten Shillings value, and the cheers of Jamaica booted up the score against the Indian cricket team.

The talk turned to (inevitably) the true problems of Jamaica and the philosophers, not surprisingly in men of their profession, felt all would be solved by a deepening appreciation for truth and education. Indeed, in addition to the usual handout (which of course I had anticipated from the beginning) the philosophers asked for an education. Would it be possible for me to give them one? (I think they hoped it would be presented along with my old pair of shoes, the Ten Shillings and the sandwiches.) Having been challenged and pressed so strenuously on the geography of Elysium, I was anxious to challenge back. Yes, I could give them an education. I would find someone to pay their tuition in the evening classes at St. George's College. They would begin with English. I outlined it all: English, Mathematics and History; finally after some years, the ex-

aminations. They were well ahead of me. The most vigorous of the philosophers, the most acute and cutting logician, could already see himself a doctor! "Of Philosophy?" "No sah. Is the doctor of medicine make the money." Ah well, not even the philosopher can be expected to have the highest motives all the time.

One, of course, never came back, but the swordsman of logic was there at the opening of school, and one philosopher out of two is a pretty good average these days. But my disillusion was to be complete before too long.

Three weeks after school had opened I was called to the parlor early one morning. There he was, my pilgrim of the spirit, without staff but with scrip. He had a brand new Pan American flight bag, a little blue canvas job. Was he emigrating? No. As he quickly showed me, the bag was empty. That was the whole point. Here it was a brand new, excellent but empty bag. Now if he only had something to put in the bag he could sell it; not the bag that is, but what he would have if he had something to put in it. The grammar was authentically that of the philosophic man—precise and complicated—but the soul, alas, the soul was of a merchant. I gave him two new shirts and he went off, an entrepreneur! It is hard for a philosopher to keep up the game in these commercial times.

Do you know of anyone—an incapacitated friend or a recent graduate or someone likely to be interested—who does not receive *Jesuit Missions*? Why not enroll that one as a subscriber? It would be a thoughtful gesture and would be appreciated on all sides. *Jesuit Missions* is only \$1.00 per year, \$5 for six years. Send your enrollment to

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MEET A JESUIT BROTHER

Brother James J. Cornwall



Back in 1940, at the age of 36, Brother Cornwall entered the Society of Jesus at Shadowbrook Novitiate, Lenox, Mass.

Beginning in the late 1940's Brother has been applying his talents to work of the Society in Japan. He has found it easy to keep busy as an engineer, chauffeur, plumber, carpenter, electrician, etc.—and has been very happy with his life there. While it is not necessary to be able to perform all of the tasks of which Brother is capable, he is a fine example of the varied services needed on the missions. It is not difficult for one who has a supernatural motive—the desire to serve and

honor God, save his soul and help others save theirs; generosity—willingness to work without counting the cost and seeking no earthly honor or reward; and humility—the willingness to do whatever he is asked, to find a place in religious life.

By their labors Jesuit Brothers supplement the work of the priests of the Society throughout the world. A Jesuit Brother is a religious in the full sense of the word; he takes the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

For further information send the following to:

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■ In the village of El Golanchan this is the hut where the "Tatic Padre" stays on his infrequent visits and it is the headquarters for registering baptisms and marriages performed.

Among Mexico's TZELTALS

*Close to the border of Guatemala live tribes of
Indians whose pitiful existence is little known*

HENRY TORRES S.J.

THE SOUTHERN PART of Mexico is shaped like a boot and Chiapas is the heel which rests upon Guatemala. Flying to the wilds of Chiapas is risky business. The pasture that serves as a landing field is sometimes dotted with holes, puddles, or cows. The flight immediately after mine never even reached the field, but crashed in a mountain canyon.

My previous thoughts about the mis-

sion were romantic, but the reality meant riding a horse for ten straight days, up and down the hills, hungry and worn out. When I came in sight of the first Indian village, a barrage of fire-crackers announced my arrival. A group of boys came to meet me: "Bin awilel, Tatic Padre? How are you, Father?"

As I entered this village of el Golanchan, a cheerful crowd gathered around to kiss my hand. Then I realized what a priest means to them, and I began to



share their joy, forgetting my exhaustion. They had not seen a priest for six months. I've never seen a chapel so crowded. It took me a long time to hear all their Confessions, since there were about two hundred and fifty people and their language is so difficult. But how marvelous is the hidden work of the Spirit in these abandoned sheep!

Finally, late that evening, I celebrated Mass while the villagers knelt around the altar holding their lighted candles. They do not fully understand what the Mass is, but they prayed fervently. Most of them received Holy Communion, and with such faith that I felt ashamed at my own lack of faith.

At 11 p.m. some were still in the chapel. Others crowded into the hut where I was supposed to sleep. But how can you sleep when people need you? The next day there were baptisms, mar-

riages, more Confessions, reconciliations of old enemies.

Things are not always as successful as this. The next day, a few miles from there, I was sitting on the grass, completely discouraged and hungry. It was 4 p.m. and I had nothing to eat. The Indians refused to accept me because I was a "cashlan," a white man, one of the race that persecutes them. Resenting my failure, I prayed to Our Lord. How I wished that I could at least baptize a child. As I rose to leave, I saw a poisonous "nauyaca" snake moving toward the place where I had been sitting.

None of the privations and refusals met by a missionary break his heart like the misery of an entire sick village. You can often find more than 80% of the population infested by parasites and infections. Whenever you enter a house, you see a skinny child waiting its turn to die; he might be the second victim in the family. The same pain and desolation stands in their eyes. Nothing shocks you more than the impossibility of doing something for them.

Since the Jesuit Mission of Bachajon was established in 1958, the social situation of the Indians has greatly improved. We have a small school, a dispensary, training courses for catechists. But there are only two priests for 13,000 Tzeltals scattered through eighty villages, some of them forty miles from the mission center.

However, even if there were many more missionaries, they alone could not solve the entire problem. The Indians also need medicines, sanitation, education, economic opportunity, and respect for their human dignity from all white people.

This will require years of hard, generous work, but we have confidence in the inner power of Our Lord's Church and we will do our best to help the Indians attain their full human and Christian rights—to live a life worthy of the brothers and sisters of Christ our Lord.

VESPERS IN KURDISTAN

LEO J. SHEA S.J.

*In northern Iraq descendants of the most ancient body
of Christians still carry on the traditions of long ago*



TUCKED AWAY IN the hills of Kurdistan among graceful poplars and thick scrub oaks is a village of Christian folk who are far removed from the world's sophisticated view. There you can lose yourself in reveries of ancient days—even those very old days of “our father Abraham,” for the people are Chaldeans and the language of their liturgical prayer is one of the oldest to survive in actual use. It is the Syro-Aramaic language, generally considered the nearest to that used by Our Lord and the Apostles.

There is no premium on time in those remote parts. Dressers of vines, herdsmen of sheep and goats, stonecutters and villagers of other humble occupations readily join in communal prayer. Their church is a lean-to that reminds one of the old New England carriage stables as if taking the Scriptures literally when they speak of the Lord “pitching His tent among His people.” For their own dwellings are a type of crude, covered enclosure with a roof of poplar trunks and oak leaves, sides from brush-wood and the plain ground for flooring. This is a temporary arrangement for the summer months when they move down from the barren heights of their winter quarters.

Out from the hidden recesses of the thickets they wend their leisurely way to “church” and take their customary places—rows of men in center front, women in rows to the rear, little boys clustered to the left front and little girls in a group to the right rear. They come every day to recite “vespers” but in greater numbers on the eve of a Sunday or a big feast.

Their garb, with distinctive traits distinguishing them from other villages, already marks them as a people of tradition. The basic outfit common to the northern villages is a close-fitting jacket and baggy trousers of home-spun wool girded at the waist by yards and yards of vari-colored cloth. Both men and women carry headdresses that are really

worthy of the name “dress.” They require spans of light-weight cotton that are wound around “beanies” in the case of women. Women sew into them rows of coins or trinkets and men sometimes add small tassels that lend a jaunty air.

Tradition carries over into other things besides their clothing. One non-Western tradition has practically come to a close—it is that of a married clergy, among the priests of the Chaldean rite. Seven generations in succession of the priest's family in this village have had at least one member each in the clerical ranks and now the present youthful pastor who is assisted by his grandfather as curate is a celibate by obligation since the decree of Pope Pius XII in 1949 extended the law of clerical celibacy to the priests of the Oriental rites.

Tradition is at work too in their liturgical music. Here we see before our eyes the way generation on generation of Chaldeans imbibe the tunes which are not written but learned by ear and memorize the long prayers of the Church's “office,” often enough without being able to read the Syriac and Chaldean. Grandfather-priest is too old to carry the tune very well, but his stout memory keeps others going when they falter or hesitate. Grandson-pastor shows the benefits of expert seminary training; and assisting the two of them are ordained lay-deacons who not only read and understand the prayers but also don the stole and chant the Epistles and on occasion the Gospels.

From this school of tradition come the groups who emigrate to the city and fill the local churches with their lusty voices. City-bred folk generally yield place before the trained mountaineers in the singing at Mass or recitation of the office until eventually the whole body of the faithful is able to join in and make the church resound with rhythmic swells. It all adds up to an impressive display of group participation in the Church's worship.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) As you can see on the chart on page 4, the Church in South Korea is growing rapidly. Educated Catholics are needed to make this growth a solid one. The library at Sogang American Jesuit College needs many books. You can help to educate Catholic Korea:

One vitally needed book—\$5.00

2) In Hooper Bay, Alaska, the people of Little Flower Mission are “good singers but hard on hymn books.” Fr. Norman Donahue begs your help in obtaining some second hand St. Basil’s hymn books:

Ten hymn books—\$25.00

3) Fr. Cy Dawson, an old Marine, writes from Raj Anandpur, India: “I’m having a tough time keeping school open. Crops have failed throughout the parish. I am feeding the people with American surplus food. No money for the 728 kids.”

One child, one year in school—\$2.00

4) For his poor parishes and mission stations in Jamaica, Fr. Bob Burke needs two sets of benediction vestments and two monstrances for the Blessed Sacrament. Perhaps you could donate them as a memorial:

One set of vestments—\$100.00

One monstrance—\$150.00

5) American lay volunteers are an invaluable help to Fr. Leo Weber who runs the Catholic schools in Br. Honduras, Central America. To support the men and women who are voluntarily giving years of their lives costs \$70.00 a month.

Support for one lay volunteer—\$70.00

6) A diocesan priest in India writes that he is enjoying great success working among poor villagers. He cannot expand his work because of the lack of money. For \$225.00 he could set up a catechetical program in three small villages that have asked for one. Could you help toward the Christianizing of a village with a gift of \$5.00 or even \$75.00?

7) Fr. Claude Daly is building a \$640.00 house in Sorikalmunai, Ceylon. This would be equal to the pay of one of his poor parishioners for three years! So he needs your help:

One Ceylonese house—\$640.00

8) Down in British Guiana on the northeastern coast of South America, *The Catholic Standard* is one of the strong voices of freedom in a troubled land. However it is in desperate need of a professional editor and financial help. If you are an editor and would like to volunteer, Bishop Guilly S.J. would welcome you. Even if you are not, your gift of \$10.00 can help to keep the paper and freedom alive.

Dear Father,

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

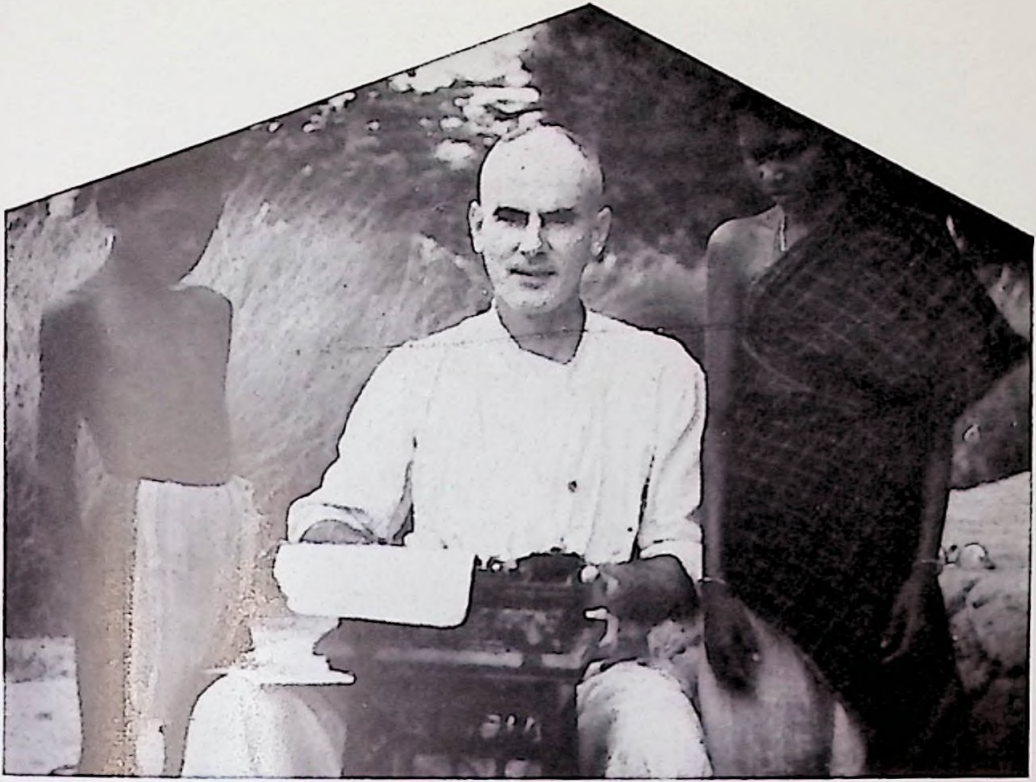
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JESUIT MISSIONS

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HE HAS NO HOUSE

Father Dan Rice's Santal settlement in Patna Mission, India, is progressing nicely; but he sorely needs a house of his own. He used to live in the 10 ft. by 4 ft. sacristy of his church. Now that is filled with medicines and seeds for agricultural projects. He lives on the porch. He has built houses for others but not for himself. We could build him a good mud-walled house for \$500. Any gift gratefully accepted.

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

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I WOULD RATHER BE UNCOMFORTABLE
I WOULD RATHER BE UNCOMFORTABLE
I WOULD RATHER BE UNCOMFORTABLE
I WOULD RATHER BE UNCOMFORTABLE
I WOULD RATHER BE UNCOMFORTABLE

Fr. Stoffel, whose story is on page 20, writes: "The things a missionary needs are the things that appeal least to the generous people who support him. I need efficient tools; if I had them I would rather be uncomfortable." Right now he needs a duplicating machine. He can get a good one for \$573.69. Your \$10. contribution can help him work more efficiently.

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