

JESUIT MISSIONS

OCTOBER 1963

*...Every Christian,
joined in a
personal mission
to sanctify
all men*



CHRISTIANITY... A PERSONAL MISSION





Jesuit Missions

NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS IN THE MISSION FIELDS
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Land ho! In the Philippines Father Frank Lynch, anthropologist from the Ateneo de Manila, scans the shores of a lagoon of the Sulu Sea. Moros dominate this region. Photo by Father Donelan S.J.

MISSIONS ASSIGNED TO THE AMERICAN JESUITS BY THE POPE:

Baghdad - Ceylon - Alaska - Belize - Japan
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 Jamaica - Jamshedpur - Korea - Patna
 Philippines - Marshall Islands - Nepal - Yoro
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Everyman . . .

*The mission
of a Christian
is to live
Christ
Who lived and lives
that everyman
black, yellow,
red, white, brown
in Tokyo and Rome
Chicago and Bombay
today, tomorrow
for eternity
might be a son
of God.
The mission
of a Christian
is to live
Christ
in the marketplace
of time*

*to be Him
for black and yellow
red, white, brown
for men too hungry to care
too oppressed to see
to know
Christ
Who has missioned
every Christian.
But how will they
to whom we are missioned
sent
care, see, know
Christ
if not through us
who are sent
to live
as witnesses
Christ-bearers
other Christs.*

Christianity

a personal mission

The Mission Secretariat, an organization of the various mission groups, will be holding its annual meeting at just about the time you receive this issue of J.M. The Secretariat is an important organization in spite of the fact that you may never have heard of it. It works to bring about cooperation, greater efficiency in the fulfilling of Christ's command and heartfelt desire to unite all men in His love.

At this year's meeting more than 800 men and women are discussing "Christianity, A Personal Mission." The conviction expressed in this theme is an essential one for all Christians and non-Christians to understand.

For the outsider sometimes and all too frequently for the insider, the Church is understood as a "free-ride." You climb aboard at some point in life and then hold on. If your grip is strong, well and good; you will get to heaven. To be sure, there is some truth in this appraisal. Heaven will be gained only through the Church. The Church does nourish us and does bear us through life. It is Christ and only in Him can we achieve that union with God for which every man's being yearns.

The trouble with the "free-ride" mentality is that it suggests that members of the Church, of Christ, are passive. They may be, but they should not be. To be a Christian is to undertake a responsibility for others. We are united with Christ not only for our own salvation but also for the salvation of our neighbor. So true is this that it is a contradiction to speak of a Christian who lives for himself.

Recently in the *Catholic Herald* of Calcutta, India, there was a letter in which the writer observed that we sometimes hear, "Of course you can't help having a large family—you are a Catholic." But then he asks how often we hear it said, "You can't help being just, charitable, forgiving, dutiful, paying just wages, etc., because you are a Catholic." A good observation.

The world is not going to be united in Christ by a handful of men and women, nor by Pope Paul. It is not going to be converted tomorrow. But when it is, it will be because Christians have become aware that membership is not a free ride but a responsibility. It gives us a personal mission and that is what the Mission Secretariat reminds us of this year. It is a good theme for a conversation with ourselves.



How Wide is the Word

"Mission"?

*a review of
current views*

CALVERT ALEXANDER S.J.

A characteristic common to many of the best writers on the missions today (Danielou, Retif, Ratzinger, Congar, etc.) is that they spend as much time describing the "missionary" situation in Europe and the United States and in exhorting their readers to respond to it, as they do in exposing the problems of the Church in Africa, the Middle East and Asia. Some find this method of treating the missions a bit confusing. The suspicion arises that the term "mission" is being used in one sense when they speak of Japan or Nigeria and in quite another (applied or metaphorical) where there is question of the priest-workers in France or those who work with groups of scientists or technicians in Germany.

The confusion arises from the fact that we have here a genuine deviation from the traditional method of treating the missions, and it is not based on the ambiguous use of a term. Rather, it is founded on the perception of a profound movement of history which has made it no longer accurate or meaningful to speak of missions in the exclusively geographical sense as existing in some countries and not in others; or of missionary action as something

proper to pagan countries but of little value in Christian countries: it is an action that belongs to the whole Church, as a property of its essence. Nowhere, moreover, is a consciousness of this truth more needed today than in the West where a genuine missionary situation exists in the emergence of a secular civilization, world-wide in scope, which needs to be penetrated and marked with the seal of the Gospel.

A. M. Henry, O.P., the author of *A Mission Theology* (Fides, 1963, translated by A. J. La Mother, Jr.) belongs to this school of thought; he has, indeed, been for some time one of the most eloquent exponents of the modern phenomenon sometimes described as "the integration of the mission concept into the whole Church." He has given us in *A Mission Theology*, a very provocative and valuable study of this phenomenon and its implications for the whole Church. We shall stress in this review only one of the many values that make the volume important, namely the extension in scope and the enrichment which this modern view of the mission has given to the traditional missiology.

"Two major facts," the author observes in his first chapter, "urgently demand the development of a mission theology: on the one hand there is the prodigious increase of unbelief in the world, and on the other, the seeming lack of credit attached, in this same world, to the Word of truth which is our salvation."

Both of these facts have previously been noted by the older missiologists, especially those who wrote in the decade prior to World War II; they had already stressed the tremendous population increases in pagan areas of the Far East and Africa, greater than the rate of con-

version, as an additional motive for increased mission activity on the part of Western countries; they pointed to the relative slowness of the missionary advance, especially in countries of higher culture, as evidence that methods of evangelization needed improvement in the form of a more careful adaptation of the Christian message to the genius of these cultures so that its import and relevance could be more readily understood. Father Henry does not neglect these aspects of the situation nor is he unappreciative of the contributions these missiologists have made to mission theory and practice. However, his view of the total missionary situation of the Church today is much wider in geographic scope than this.

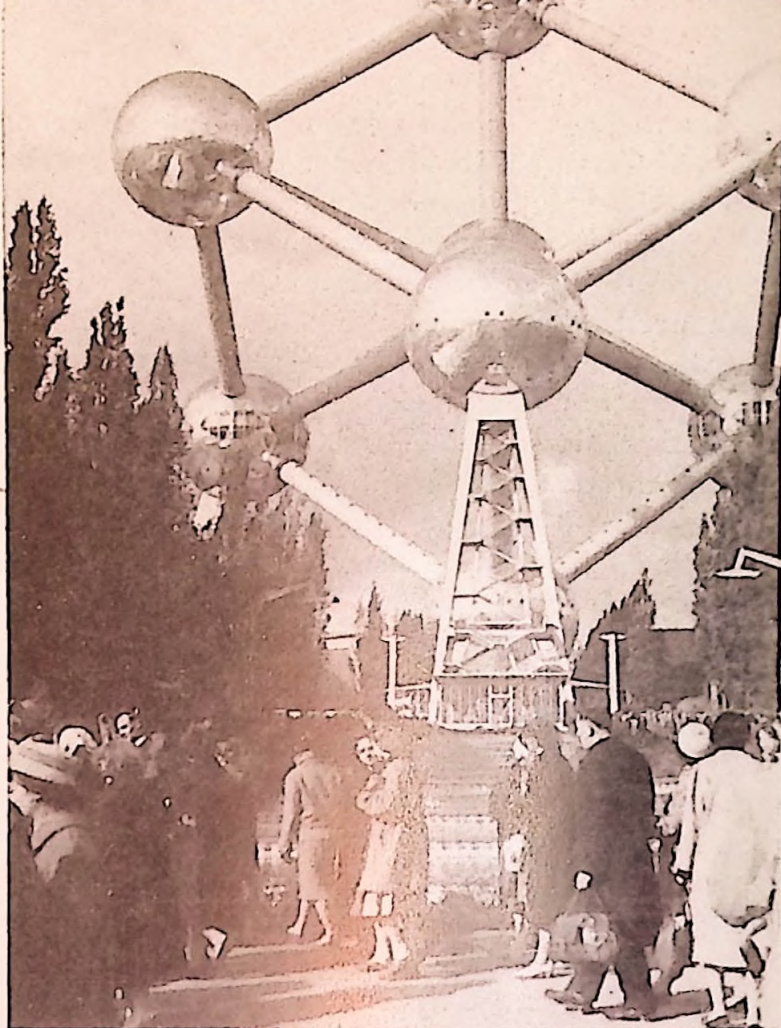
He is as much concerned with the increase of unbelief in France, Germany

The East—mission lands with Western overtones



The Western lands...

Mission overtones?



and the United States as he is with the same phenomenon in Indonesia or the Congo: he insists that modern missionary methods are as essential to Europe as they are in India. History has brought it about that unbelief is a world-wide condition, not something confined to certain countries. Non-Christian cultures and civilizations which need to be Christianized are not confined to the Far East; they are also a characteristic of the once Christian West.

Father Henry points out that up until the end of World War II, the foremost missiologists in the Church adhered rather strictly to a geographical and ethnic concept of the missions, which in the words of Father George Naidenoff S.J. was founded on a distinction between the evangelizing countries and those being evangelized. This view of the Church's missionary situation had its greatest validity in the 16th and 17th centuries during the period when the Americas and the Orient were being

opened up to evangelization and when Christian Europe was doing the evangelization. Pius XII in his famous Christmas message of 1945 referred to this situation as a "former state" of the Church when its life or missionary effort seemed to flow in a one-way direction from Europe to the ends of the earth. Although subsequent history has considerably altered the simple view of the missions, it is still more or less the popular view of the situation, and we might add, with some justification.

Would it be correct then to say that the chief contribution of the "new missiology" to the scope of the missions has been the more or less recent "discovery" that the West, which has always been the area that did the evangelizing, was in itself now in grave need of evangelization, thus creating a situation in which the whole Church was in "a state of mission"? This is a possible explanation of the situation but a partial one. In that part of it which is correct it would

seem to illustrate what Pius XII called the change of direction in the life of the Church which has marked our period of history, in which, instead of a one-way flow of missionary energy from the West to the rest of the world, there is now evident an *interchange* of life and energy between all the members of the Mystical Body. In this instance it would be the so-called mission areas of the Church, which formerly only received, giving to the West the benefit of their long and fruitful experience in establishing or planting the Church in countries where it is not established.

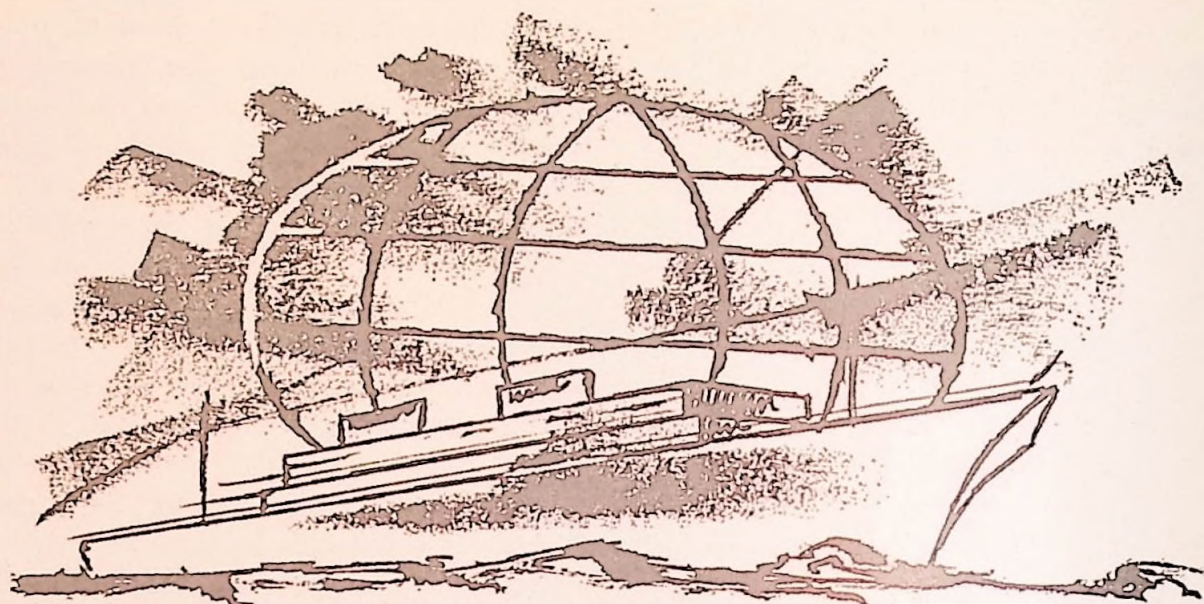
The doctrine that the ultimate purpose of the missions is the establishment or planting of the Church and the complex of methods of adaptation to local cultures to be employed in the process, it should be remembered, is the great contribution that the older or classical missiology has given to the Church. There is a sense in which it is correct to say that the new missiology has appropriated the doctrine and applied it to the missionary situation in the former evangelizing countries. But in doing so they have also added to the doctrine and enriched it.

This has been particularly true in their perception that there are in modern society, in addition to the nations and races of the older missiologists, other human areas which need to be evangelized and where the Church needs to be planted. These, for want of a better word, are called by Father Henry "sociological" areas or worlds; they transcend national and racial boundaries and have grown up and are consolidating themselves throughout the world. An obvious example is the world of the worker, which has been so successfully exploited by international Communism. "The implantation of the Church in geographical areas," he asserts, "is not the only missionary effort that is useful or necessary today." There is the world of science and

technology, the world of communications (radio, T.V., movies, the press) the world of the rich nations and the underdeveloped nations, the worlds of commerce, international politics, etc. These areas are perhaps more observable in our Western society but they are not confined to it; they are global in scope, they are the extending fingers of the new world civilization that is in the making.

It is their clear comprehension of the truly universal character of these "sociological" areas that points up the signal contribution the new mission theology is destined to make to the old, especially in the field of missionary adaptation. Ratzinger, among others, has observed that missionary adaptation, in the sense in which it was employed by Ricci in China and DeNobili in India, is hopelessly inadequate in mission countries today, chiefly because the ancient cultures of the East are not the static things they were two or three hundred years ago. These cultures have been and are being transformed by the intrusion of the technical civilization of the West which is fast becoming the world civilization. The missionary in the Orient therefore faces a double task. He must not only know the language and culture of these oriental cultures but also have some experience in how the new technical civilization of the West can be Christianized. Until recently he has been given very little help in the latter project, but the new missiology holds out distinct promises in this direction.





ON THE OUTGOING TIDE

ONCE AGAIN SHIPS have slipped away on the outgoing tide and planes have sped away beyond the horizons and another contingent of American Jesuits has departed to reinforce their brothers in mission fields. This year they number 55 and their destinations are the four corners of the earth. Over 1,100 other American Jesuits welcome them to the greatest job in the whole world.

There is one common denominator to the various fields for which they are headed, from Alaska and the Indian Reservations of the U.S. down through Central America, the Caribbean and South America; from Africa to the Middle East, India, the Far East and the stretches of the vast Pacific. In no one of these places will the job be an easy one. The difficulties will vary but they will always be there: the snow and ice, the tropical heat, the desert, the mountains, the insects beyond number, the food, the diseases, the forever foreignness. These men know this; the years of mental training accentuate and delineate the kind of life which lies ahead for them. A calculating man would not walk wide-eyed into such a life. But cal-

culatation is an intellectual exercise and these men are answering the call of the heart, the call of Christ's heart, and the outgoing tide on which they sail is made up of love and sacrifice.

Their going is a very personal thing. If you were to ask any of them what it was that prompted him to this action the answer would undoubtedly be evasive. It is not the American way to open up one's own heart to others, to speak of what Christ means to him, of the debt to be paid that is forever outlined against a hill called Calvary, or of the woman whose name is carved with a capital M in every missionary's heart. Rather than words, let the action itself provide the unequivocal answer.

No one of us will know, until the Day of Judgment, how important their going is. God needs them in His work on these far fields, the only work that really counts on this earth. "I am come that they may have life . . ." To these men is entrusted that sacred task of bringing that Life to others, of bringing all men to Christ. How much the world needs them today, these Christ-bearers! Go with them on the outgoing tide!

American Jesuits

Departing for Missions in 1963

Africa: (Nigeria)

Fr. Joseph C. McKenna S.J.

Fr. Joseph B. Schuyler S.J.

(Northern Rhodesia)

Fr. Joseph P. Logan S.J.

Mr. Joel B. Jordan S.J.

Alaska:

Fr. John J. Morris S.J.

Mr. Charles J. Peterson S.J.

American Indians:

Fr. James P. Hurley S.J.

Fr. Kenneth T. Walleman S.J.

Mr. James W. Douthit S.J.

Mr. Francis J. Goetz S.J.

Mr. William P. Kelly S.J.

Mr. James J. Kleinsmith S.J.

British Honduras:

Fr. John C. Ruoff S.J.

Fr. Charles A. Woods S.J.

Mr. Paul P. Rodriguez S.J.

Mr. John H. Willmering S.J.

Honduras:

Fr. J. Patrick Carney S.J.

Mr. Stephen H. Gross S.J.

Mr. Raymond A. Pease S.J.

Caroline & Marshall Is.

Fr. John F. Curran S.J.

Fr. Francis X. Hezel S.J.

Fr. John Nash S.J.

Formosa:

Mr. Baxter Rice S.J.

India: (Patna)

Mr. Paul J. Faulstich S.J.

Mr. Robert H. Schmidt S.J.

Mr. Edmund J. Te Pas S.J.

Iraq:

Fr. Eugene P. Burns S.J.

Fr. Joseph J. Flaucher S.J.

Fr. John T. Hamel S.J.

Fr. Walter R. Pelletier S.J.

Mr. Richard P. Carroll S.J.

Mr. Patrick J. Nugent S.J.

Mr. Yusuf H. Raphael S.J.

Mr. David A. Skelskey S.J.

Jamaica:

Fr. Brian S. Duffy S.J.

Fr. Horace A. Levy S.J.

Fr. John J. Mullen S.J.

Fr. Francis X. Sarjeant S.J.

Mr. Andrew B.

Charbonneau S.J.

Mr. John P. Day S.J.

Mr. F. Paul Fuhs S.J.

Korea:

Fr. Thomas L. Power S.J.

Fr. William H. Quiery S.J.

Mr. William T. Kolarec S.J.

Peru:

Fr. Jules H. Baumer S.J.

Fr. Kevin E. Gallagher S.J.

Mr. Daniel J. Coffey S.J.

Mr. Robert E. Nolan S.J.

Philippines:

Fr. William P. Klintworth S.J.

Mr. William M. Abbott S.J.

Mr. Christopher A. Conroy S.J.

Mr. John J. Keane S.J.

Mr. William H. Kreutz S.J.

Puerto Rico:

Mr. Charles J. Beirne S.J.

Mr. Thomas J. Kearney S.J.



Sisters are Essential in Chad

■ Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady of the Apostle with Fr. M. Fournier S.J. at Maro.



DAVID B. KNIGHT S.J.
as told to Harry W. Peter S.J.

*Even in the very heart of Africa there is a woman
problem which can only be solved by another woman*

PERE, REGARDEZ!" The catechist of the African village of Mahikolo was pointing up into the evening sky. A luminous cloud stretched from one horizon to the other. This stumped me until I saw the sputnik in the middle. Ever try to explain a satellite to people who have never even heard of a rocket? Drawing on all my American ingenuity at explanations (I'm from Texas), I told them it was an airplane shot out of a rifle that went so high it didn't fall down.

Communication between the missionary educated in a foreign culture and his

flock is often a problem. Here in Chad, it is a special one. It isn't so difficult to talk with the men. In fact we have had some very successful Catholic action meetings in the parish at Danamaji in which we discussed the problem of polygamy quite frankly. The women, however, are another question. "Femine Psychology" is hard enough anywhere, but out here to get inside the head of a woman is like trying to pierce a hickory nut with a pipe cleaner!

Marital problems rank high on the list of any pastor's worries. In Danamaji

■ Texas-born Father Knight, a member of the New Orleans Province, is now stationed at Danamaji in Chad. Here he celebrates Mass in the flimsy chapel of outstation Moussafoyo.





■ The architectural drawings on the slates (left) may not be of the Frank Lloyd Wright school but no one can deny the concentration. In the workshop of the Ladies of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Baro a Sister supervises the work of a girl of central Chad.



they are one of my biggest. The women of Chad are good-looking, graceful and have a wonderful carriage that comes from balancing heavy loads on their heads. But many families are broken because the wife leaves her husband. When asked by the priest why they left, the answer is just "Kari"—"Nothing." Actually the trouble the priest has in talking with women is only part of a general difficulty among these people. Men and women just don't seem to talk with each other in this country, especially about the things of the soul that lead to personal understanding.

Who can talk to the women who have problems or to the girls who are preparing to become wives? Another wo-

man. But it will have to be another woman who has Christ's solution to the difficulties of family life, who can hold up the Blessed Virgin as a model. The woman we need is a nun—several of them. Any Catholic and every pastor knows how valuable is the work that the Sisters do in a parish. A group of these dedicated women will be the solution to our problem in Danamaji because the Bishop has promised to find Sisters to work in our mission, if I can provide a convent for them to live in. But such a house will cost about five thousand dollars and right now I'm getting an allowance of thirty-six dollars a month to run the whole mission—thirty dollars is required for gasoline!



■ (Left) Marie-Francoise, orphan of Bediondo, feels secure in arms of Father Raison. (Above) Mother Claudia, new Superior at Maro, with Father Rozee-Belle-Isle, S.J.

The people of Chad are very generous and would like to help with money, but all they have to give is their labor. Thinking of their readiness to share what they possess reminds me of an All Souls day when I was saying my third Mass in the evening at the little village of Benduma. The altar was set up in the cemetery which had been especially cleaned for the occasion, and the people were kneeling in a semi-circle around the priest. By the time Mass was over the stars were out, and I was getting pretty hungry. I soon learned that in my haste to leave the mission I had left my supper at home. The villagers readily gave me part of what they were having—nine feet of sugar cane!

Speaking of food calls to mind one other important job the Sisters will help take care of, if we can find a way to build a convent for them. The pastor at Danamaji has three villages to take care of, and he is on the go from morning to night trying to make the most of the precious amount of time he has to give each community. Sisters will see to it that Father gets something to eat, and he will spend less of his scanty time in the essential but un-priestly task of seeing that food gets on the table. You can easily see that Sisters are essential for Danamaji.

Say a prayer that the Lord will help us to provide a house for them, won't you?

Window on the Mission

IF YOU EVER DRIVE up the New York Thruway into the Mohawk Valley, be sure to get off when you see the big sign, "Auriesville Shrine." One of the sights of this most inspiring and holy place where America's only canonized martyrs died, is a rosary made out of stones laid out on the ground in the middle of what was once the ancient castle of the Mohawk Indians, Ossernenon, now called Auriesville.

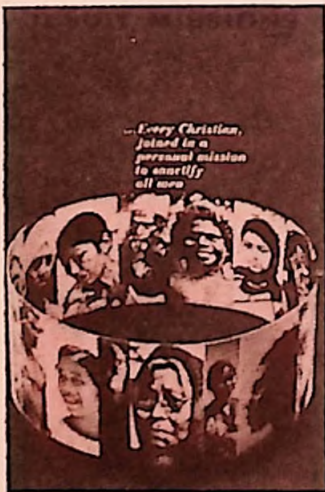
This rosary of stones tells a story of love. The Indian maiden, Kateri Tekakwitha, whose cause for beatification is now being considered, was born at Ossernenon of a Catholic mother, an Algonquin Indian who was captured near Quebec and brought down as a hostage to Ossernenon where she was married to one of the Mohawk chiefs. Losing her mother in the plague of 1660, Kateri became the ward of a hostile pagan uncle.

When the Indians took away her rosary, Kateri ingeniously made a rosary of stones which she arranged on the ground. She used to say this rosary in front of the Indians going from stone to

stone on her knees. The savages used to ridicule her and laugh at her, saying she lost her mind when she found Christianity. The story of Kateri's rosary brings to mind the modern story of the matchstick rosary made by one of the missionaries tortured in Communist China.

Falsely accused of stabbing, of murder, of being an American spy; turned on by his former faithful sacristan and interpreter; brutally tortured with tourniquets on his arms impeding his circulation; blinded by the bright light treatment; confined in a dark cell on a starvation diet—in these black hours of desperation, the Communists used to suggest to the priest that he take his own life. They would cite again and again the impossibility of escape, the finality of his doom, the inevitability of his suffering and death.

One day when the missionary cried out in his heart, "How long, O Lord, how long?" he spied five big burnt matchsticks strewn on the floor outside his cell. Taking them into his hands, he broke each stick in two. He then placed the ten sticks on the floor about a half foot apart. One by one, on his knees, the priest would kneel before the decade of matchsticks and then begin all over again. Each decade was said for a special intention—that he would not deny the Faith, for confidence in God, for strength for his people.



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick chose this dramatic way to portray the union of all men in Christ. Take a single person away and the whole design is marred. We are united with Christ for our salvation and our neighbor's.



As the guards looked through the prison bars, they wondered what the priest was doing kneeling before the ten matchsticks. The higher officials just smiled. The mind of the priest had at last snapped. They could let him alone. Little did they know the secret hidden in the burnt matches.

The missionary, of course, was saying one of the most powerful prayers of the Church—the rosary. People pray to Our Lady for everything. The expressed petition of the Hail Mary itself is for final perseverance. The official prayer of the missal in honor of Mary asks for continual health of mind. The rosary is a therapy for soul and mind. It is the prayer for everybody, young and old, educated and illiterate. Although there are some people who find difficulty with its recitation, experience has shown that the Lord wants us to hold on to the recitation of the rosary and that Mary loves it.

Great saints like Alphonsus Rodriguez made the rosary a great instrument of their sanctity and sanity. The rosary entertains and soothes the soul. It keeps the gifted from becoming religious high-brows. It helps the less educated in a very important way by keeping them going with a physical continuity of simple vocal prayer that helps keep their minds on the mysteries of faith. It is a perfect prayer for group recitation because of the simplicity of its least common denominator and its unlimited possibilities for people like Saint Teresa. It is also a most fruitful private prayer suiting itself to the capabilities and the personal opportunities of the moment.

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■ At Colegio San Jose in Arequipa the youngsters of the neighborhood gather for catechism on Saturday afternoons, taught by San Jose students.

Arequipa / City of Revolt

AREQUIPA, THE number-two city of Peru, is known as the source of revolutions. Every successful revolution, so they say, has begun in Arequipa. And every revolution begun in Arequipa, they say again, has been successful.

Be that as it may, it is no accident that both the Communists and the Jesuits have chosen Arequipa as a center of activity. Both have centered their attention on the same areas: the slums, or *barriadas*, that ring the city, where tens of thousands live in crude huts of stone and mud amid choking clouds of dust, and the schools. Jesuits fight side by side with other Catholics against Red in-

filtration of the small but powerful state university and of the public schools.

But centuries of experience have taught that Catholic leaders for this type of warfare must ordinarily be trained in Catholic schools. And so the largest number of Jesuits in Arequipa have been concentrated in a school for boys, Colegio San José. Here over 600 boys come each day to be taught by 14 Jesuits, plus Catholic lay teachers and, for the younger students, Sisters. Alumni of San José are important leaders in the city and the nation, and the present students prepare to take their place among them and to extend the influence of the Church.

Some 50 of the day students of San José receive all their expenses completely free. Another 100 students receive financial help. All 200 of the evening students pay nothing, not even for the bread and milk served as their supper. Both the charity of Christ for His poorer members and the needs of the Church dictate that San José should turn its efforts to helping the poor, who, in their need, are in danger of being led astray by false leaders. But this entails a financial sacrifice which strains the means of the school to the breaking point. For this reason, the Colegio must turn to outside help. To teach a boy for a week, it needs about \$2; for a month, \$8; for a year, \$100.

The extinct volcano of El Misti, 20,000 feet high, broods over Arequipa. It has not erupted within the memory of man, and stands serene, its peak covered with snow. The city too appears serene for the most part; but it has erupted more than once within Peru's history. Whether the next eruption will be a Red takeover or a campaign to extend the reign of Christ over the land will depend on the outcome of the struggle now going on for the soul of a city and its people.

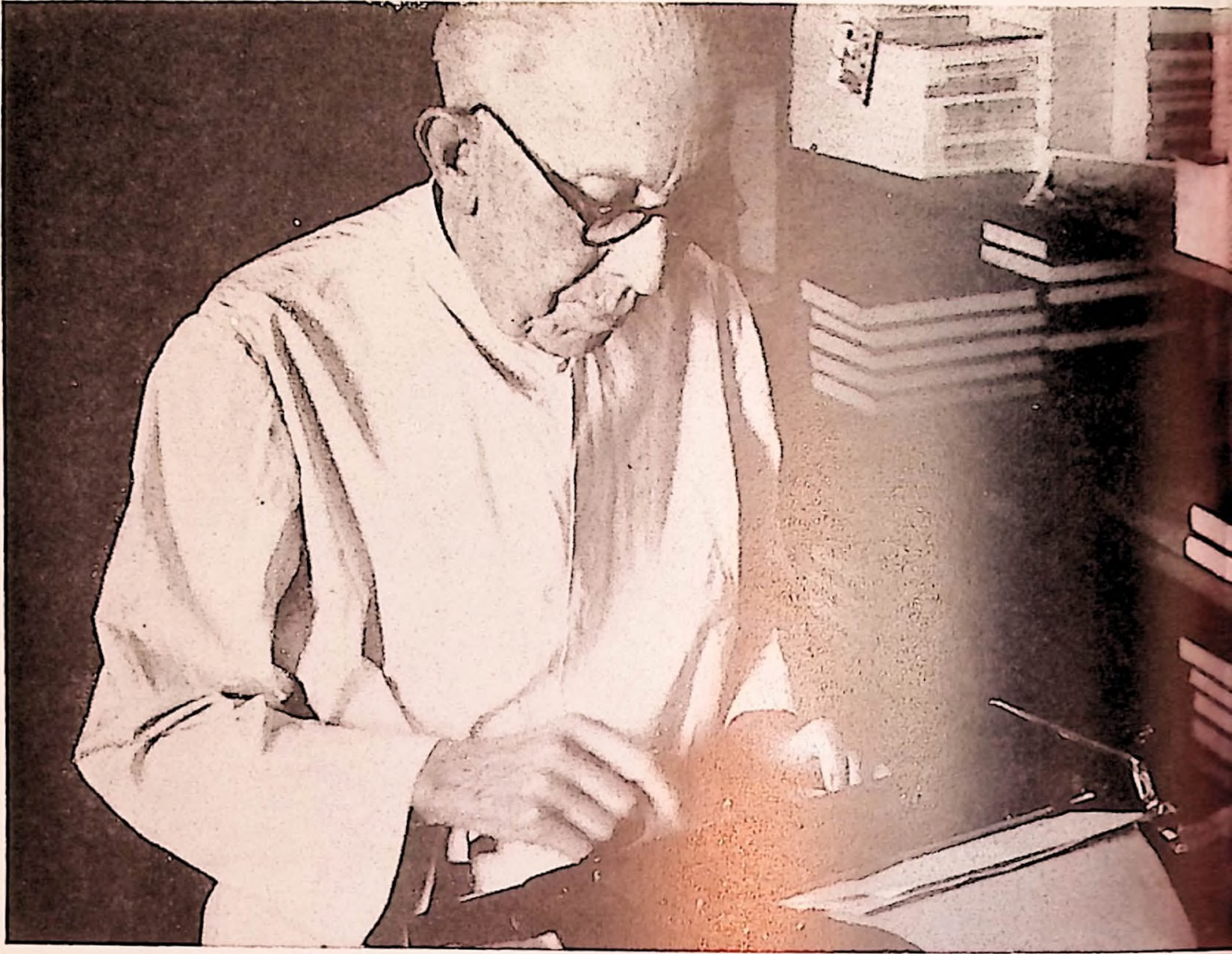
James R. Brockman S.J.

■ In background Mt. Misti broods over San Jose buildings and the needy Arequipa boys.



■ Frank Chamberlain S.J. supervises young folk of the *barriada* on a Sunday morning. (Below) Jesuits Murtaugh, Foley and Polinger coach soccer players at San Jose.





■ Father Peter Sontag, God's letter-writer, in his room at Poona. In the last fourteen years almost four million letters and pamphlets have gone out to India's many villages.



■ One of the families that "adopts" an enquirer and sends him each week's letters. The enquirer is especially remembered in the evening family rosary.

God's Letter- Writer

JOSEPH UEBELMESSER S.J.



■ Mr. Edward Francis runs the Poona branch of the Institute of Home Study. There are scores of replies from soul-starved enquirers.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PLACE and an extraordinary event: the great World Fair of St. Louis in 1904. A young man stands at the terrace railing of a power station, and looks down on a group of toiling, sweating laborers below. They look just like ants. And Peter Sontag—twenty-five years old and working as assistant postmaster—cannot help being moved by the sight. “Poor devils,” he mutters, “working like slaves. And what do they get for it? A few lousy dollars!” And then it seems to him as if a voice, distant but clear, breaks into his thoughts. “Peter, why don’t you go down and tell them?” “Yes,” the young man stammers, “yes, that’s what I’ll do. Just that. I’ll go down and tell them!”

The experience during that World Fair gripped Peter Sontag for the rest of his life. It inspired his vocation to the priesthood, it became the driving force of his missionary career: “Go and tell them, tell all men, give them the message of a higher and better life, the good news of the kingdom of God.” That was his life’s motto.

Almost fifty years later: this time there is nothing extraordinary about the place. Just a room, ten by twelve feet, as any other that each of us young Jesuit scholastics has in DeNobili College. And there we find our Father Peter Sontag again. He is now seventy-three years old and he has been gently “pensioned” from his active mission life. But that voice

of the World Fair still rings in his ears, his crusading spirit is as ardent as ever. And Peter gets ready once again to fling out his net for another big catch—now, at the end of his days, and after a long and hard missionary life. He looks back on that life of work and dedication. There were the untouchable tribes of North India, for whose social rights and for whose eternal souls he had fought so doggedly. Retreats, too, he will hardly be able to give any more. It was a thing he had done so often and so eagerly. He has preached over three hundred retreat courses to all types of people. Yet still that voice: "Go down and tell them." And no more can he shape the policies and guide the destiny of the missions, as he has done as long-time Superior of Patna Mission of the American Jesuits. But then, as he sits at his table, he realizes that there still remains enough desk-work to be done for God's kingdom; that he can do as well as any vigorous youngster. He could become God's private secretary, the letter-writer of God.

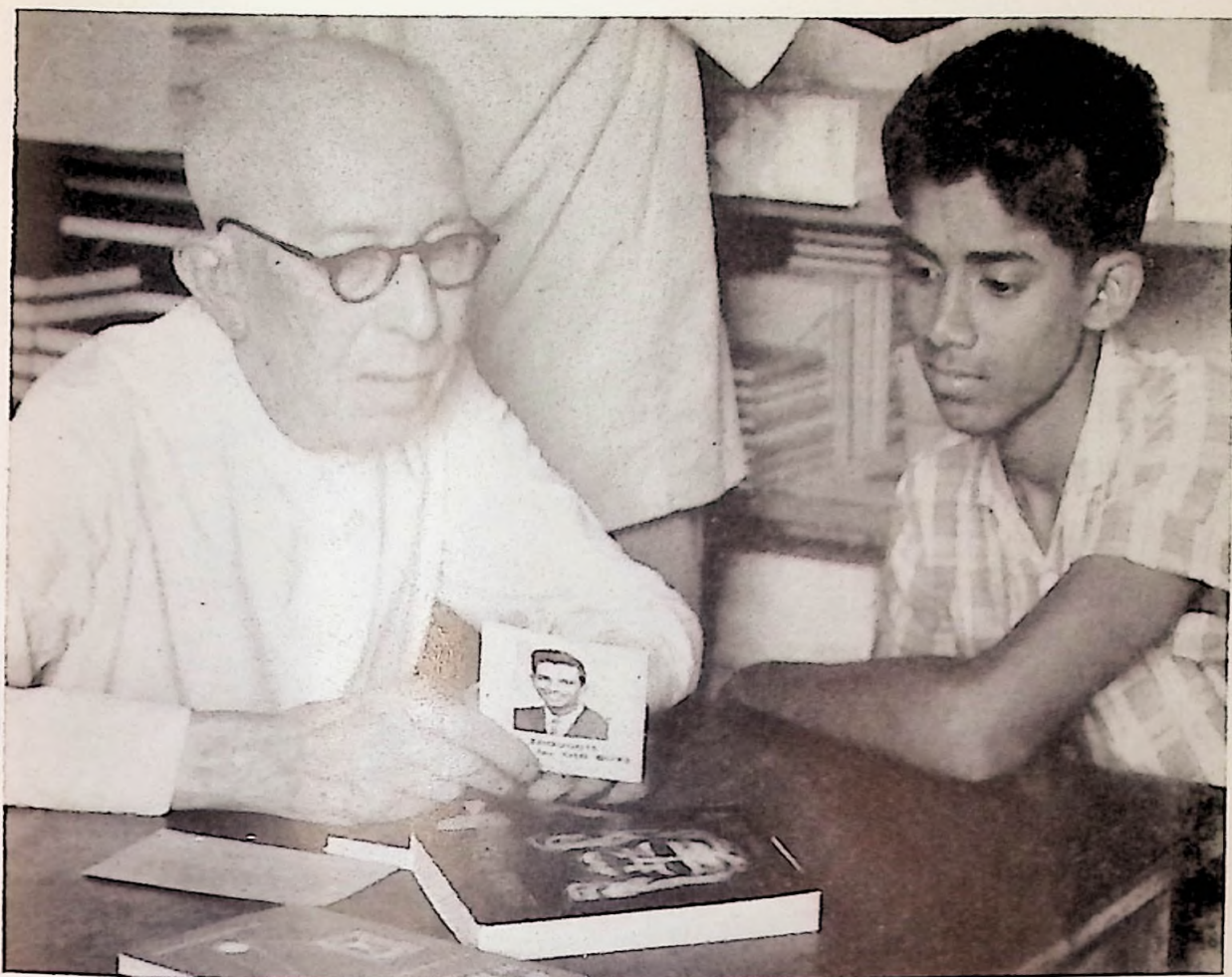
Yes, he would write letters to the many whom he could not reach as an active missionary. He would write to the millions other missionaries would, in the normal course of events, have no chance of reaching; and to those others still more inaccessible, on account of the numerous barriers of social and religious prejudices. He would write letters from God the Father of all men, and from His Son Jesus Christ, who came to show them the way to their real home. Thus, once again, the old missionary—still young in ideas—gets down to work and, reaching out for his pen, becomes God's letter-writer.

Almost four million letters and pamphlets have gone out in the last fourteen years from that small room to the many towns and villages of India. Father Sontag began with a course of twelve letters, aimed primarily for students and intellectuals. Questionnaires and test-

papers were added, for he did not want to lecture impersonally to the enquirers, but to come into correspondence for God with them. It had to be far different from those one-way postal campaigns that one experiences in mass scale propaganda.

Soon the replies he wanted began to pour in—requests for further information and advice. At the same time, other circles too began to grow interested in these courses by letter, and once again our letter-writer took up his pen, rearranged his course and prepared for simple people a set of fifty letters on the Catholic Faith. Question after question he was asked: "What is the Church's position in regard to social problems, divorce, birth-control?" and he was always at it, giving the Church answers.

Then came a time when God's letter-writer realized that his correspondence was growing to such proportions that he alone would be unable to manage it. His letters had been translated into five different Indian languages and his method had already been adopted in similar enterprises in Hong Kong and Japan. This was when the lay people, first of Bombay and then of Poona, came to his aid. At their head was Mr. Edward Francis, who in his own house set up the most active office of the "IHS"—Institute of Home Study—and became Postmaster General for God's letters. Twenty-one such offices are now scattered all over India and it is chiefly lay groups that take on themselves the dispatching work and the postal expenses. Sodalities, Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, the Legion of Mary—all take an active part, but priests and nuns also do their bit. Actually, it was Father Sontag's secret dream that, as far as possible, every Catholic family in India would "adopt" an enquirer, pay for the postage of the letters to him and pray for him every evening at the family rosary. Postage is a problem, and the



■ Father Sontag explaining a new pamphlet to a young helper. He used the pen-name "Uncle Dan" in his pamphlets and letters for boys and the name stuck. (Photos by E. Pinto S.J.)

IHS cash-box chronically empty. But, no wonder, for the monthly report reads: "In April we received on an average one hundred and fourteen letters daily." Yet the tempo of the work does not slacken, for it is helped by contributions from friends and supporters of God's letter-writer from all parts of the world. But the climax of his great work was made possible recently by a very generous gift of the Catholic youth of Germany. "This is going to put the real corner-stone to our work," Father Sontag beamingly exclaimed to me. The result is a course in dogma for non-Catholics and at the end of it they will be given a serious test, earning, if they pass, a copy of the Bible. "You can be sure that these Bibles will be read from cover to cover," remarked our great letter-writer. "We have not made it easy for our enquirers and when

they have ploughed through this course they will know more than many a Catholic. They will then read the Bible not only with avid interest but also with great profit."

Father Sontag was just eighty-four when he began this new project with his pen—it was his last. Now the untiring letter-writer of God has gone home. On the first of July, 1963, the Lord took the pen out of the hand of his faithful secretary. He has left his work to us, as well as the great duty, here in India, to be God's ambassadors; perhaps, also, like him, to write letters for God. However, for us scholastics in DeNobili College, Poona, the most cherished gift Father Sontag has left us is the example of an ardent priest and missionary, full of zeal for God's greater glory and the salvation of souls.

Clinical Report From Honduras



■ Dr. Philip Mulholland of Long Island with his wife and child and (left) Margaret Frederickson, R.N. at the El Progreso clinic.

(At El Progreso Father John C. Murphy S.J. set up a medical clinic some months ago. Dr. Philip Mulholland is on the scene now, assisted by Margaret Frederickson, R.N. Here is his first report.)

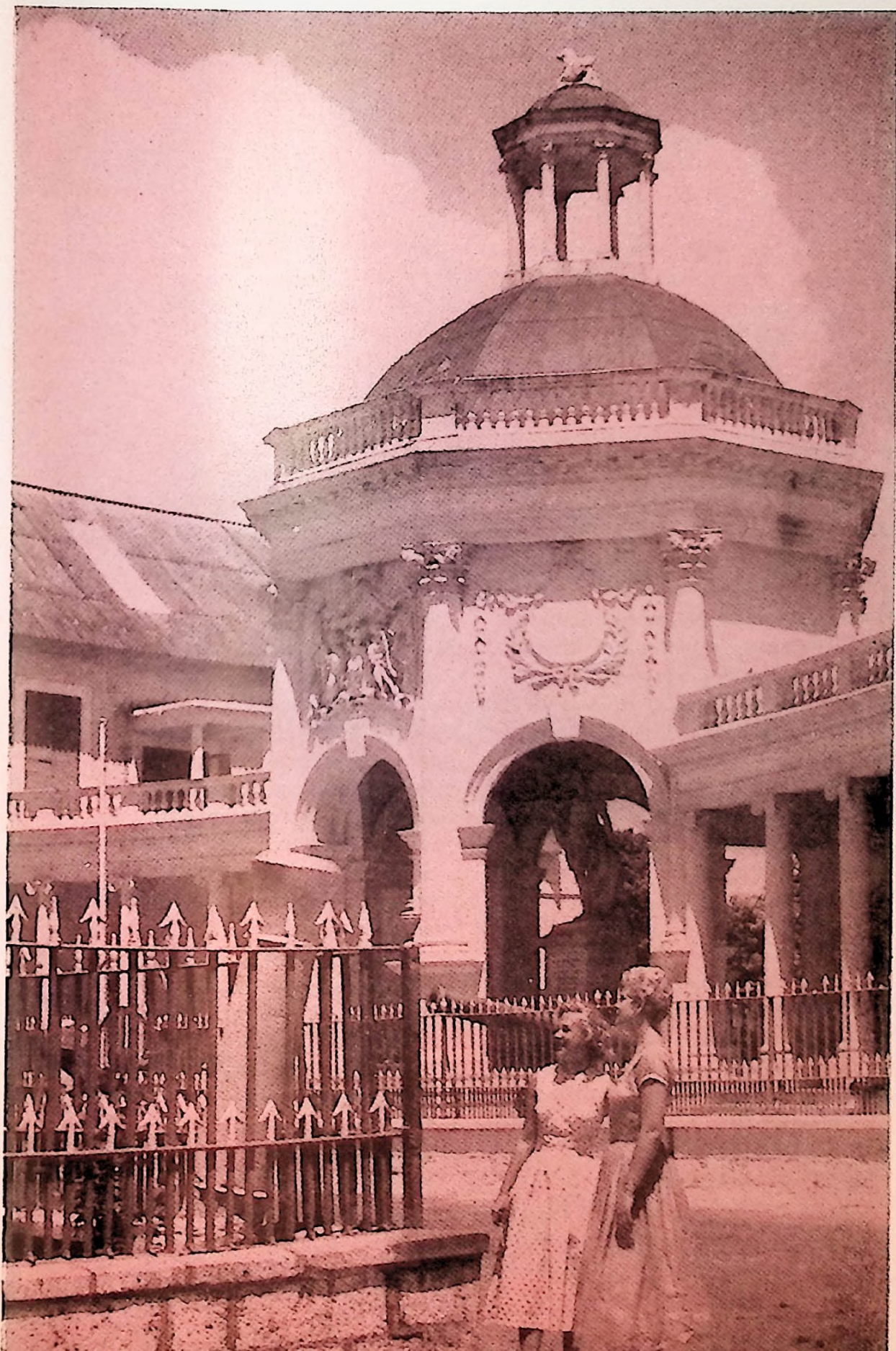
THE WORK IS VERY enjoyable and rewarding in that the vast majority of our cases are very real and life-threatening problems. A good percentage of our cases are children and among these, diarrhea and dehydration often superimposed on a severe anemia, is a frequent finding. I have made a list of over 20 infants with less than 4 grams of hemoglobin. The intestinal parasites most frequently associated with these anemias are tricocephalus and hookworm. I have two children now in the outlying aldeas who were found by Father McShane, who makes the circuit of all the peripheral small villages. One is a 12-year-old girl who weighs 22 pounds, the other

a 14-year-old boy not much better.

The clinic is functioning well and for the moment I feel that our capabilities are quite good. Our pharmacy is stocked quite well in some fields but I don't think we can ever get enough worm medicines and iron preparations for these anemias. Our laboratory is working out quite well and I am getting a lot of experience with the microscope. At this time our nurse, Bunny Frederickson, and myself represent the sum total of our personnel and this places a limit on our capabilities. Soon we hope to train a native Honduran to help us and conduct some prenatal and well-baby classes under supervision. Our Spanish isn't that good yet.

All in all it is a very satisfying experience. I feel we are making a contribution here and I can foresee great potential. We send you, our benefactors, many thanks for making this possible.

In Our Little Spanish Town



DEAR BILL, Peace of Christ,

Now that I'm settled here in Spanish Town, I can write to assure you that my arm is not broken as you suggested in your last letter. It was almost injured—not sufficiently to be used as an excuse for not writing, but certainly enough to elicit a modicum of sympathy from my class-mates. I'll tell you about it during this letter.

I reported to my new assignment here three weeks ago. I could have come earlier except that my Rector at St. George's College failed to accept my suggestion that the best way to get me moved was to simply board up my room there as it was and retire it, much as the Yankees retired Joe DiMaggio's uniform. However he did assign Alvin, who takes care of the faculty residence, to help me. Alvin's a fine worker except when he hears the organ playing at the Cathedral. Then he's off to learn a new hymn. He has a little trouble with the Latin words so it's not at all unusual to hear him singing reverently to the tune of Tantum Ergo, "Alvin Campbell, working ha-ard, Alvin Campbell hard work-ing." Fortunately, there were no ceremonies at the Cathedral that week, so we packed up quickly and away I went.

Spanish Town looks as if it were planned and built by a delirious Salvador Dali. During the last war it was said that an American pilot, looking down on the city, rushed back to his base to report that the Germans had bombed it. The mistake is understandable. The main square, flanked on one side by an imposing memorial to British

naval hero Rodney and on another by old King's House, is quite impressive. But the wall of King's House is just a facade hiding the rubble of what was once one of the most beautiful buildings in the Caribbean.

My pastor here at St. Joseph's Church is Father Frank Jackmauh, who you'll remember taught us at B.C. High. When I first arrived I overheard a conversation between him and a parishioner which I since learned is repeated at least weekly:

"No, No, No. It's not Father Jack Mauh. It's Jackmauh, Francis Jackmauh."

"Oh, I see. I know to write Father Hashe A-s-h-e and Father 'Iggins H-i-g-g-i-n-s. But it's only now I find you are Father *Francis* Jack Mauh." Here strange things happen to the language. A man with a headache, for instance, will put some "Hice on 'is 'ead."

When the parishioner left, probably to report his conversation with Father Mauh, Father came out to welcome me. Almost abstractedly he went outside, picked up my trunk and carried it in. Since it had taken four of us to lift it on to the truck at St. George's, I decided right there and then that any differences of opinion were going to be settled amicably. He seems to be the only one in Spanish Town who isn't conscious of his tremendous strength. The other day he came along carrying a moderately large box which he asked me to hold for a minute. I took it from his unstraining arms, immediately jack-knifed to the ground and had to ask him to lift it off my hands.

When he started outlining the scope of

The above letter, written by a Jesuit stationed at the time in Spanish Town, Jamaica describes the Memorial on page 23 and other interesting features of the Mission



■ Rhythm band of St. Catherine's Elementary School. Priests of the Mission are responsible for this school of 1,300 students plus five other schools in Spanish Town area.

the mission, though, I began to wish that one of us could add bi-location to his strength to cover all the ground. Briefly we have between us the main church here and three mission stations, the nearest 5 miles away and the farthest 14 miles. Then we have six schools from infant school for little tykes of four and five, through high and commercial school. The government helps with the elementary school here and at the Port Henderson Station and with the High School, but we're on our own for the rest. The boss is planning new High School buildings (finished since this letter: Editor) which are going to be the trick of the decade to finance. The two of us also cover the Hansen Home for Mass, confessions and instructions, and the large Government prison where one of our more unpleasant tasks is to pre-

■ Father Francis Jackmauh S.J., Pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Jamaica's old Capital.



pare condemned prisoners and accompany them to the gallows. There are also a smaller prison and a poor house for our attention. "But," said Father Pastor, who would rather swim than eat, "when you're in Port Henderson you can always enjoy a swim." I objected that I had heard that sharks are occasionally seen there. "Don't worry about them," he assured me. "Even if they do get into the harbor, they'll only be looking for food."

But all this isn't telling you how I almost injured my arm as I promised. The Hansen Home is a hospital for victims of leprosy which is now called Hansen's disease and, incidentally, can be and is usually arrested by proper treatment. Years ago, the Home was a grim place of no return along the lines of ante-Damien Molokai. The then Governor General, who had seen the work of the Marist Sisters in the Pacific, asked them to come and staff the hospital for the Government. They accepted and made such a show-place of the Home that Queen Elizabeth decorated the Superior, Sister Mary James, in recognition of the work of the Marists. The nuns have brought hope and happiness to the Home. Given a choice of living there or in any of the hospitals I've seen, I'd certainly choose the Hansen Home.

But that's now. My first morning in Spanish Town the only knowledge I had of Hansen's disease was what I had read in the Bible or a book or two about Father Damien. And none of my information was pleasant.

After breakfast that morning as I was musing about the total evangelization of Spanish Town which I undoubtedly would effect, I received a call from Sister Mary James who told me that one of her patients was very low and not expected to live. With much more courage than I felt, I told her I'd be there shortly.

The Superior met me at the door of the compound with Sister Magdalena.

The latter, a medical doctor, is a native of Martinique and she has, along with a cute little accent, a wry sense of humor I have discovered.

"Tell me, Father," she said as we walked across the compound, "you are not afraid, are you?"

"Of course not, Sister," I squeaked indignantly. "But while we're on the subject, what are the chances of catching this disease?"

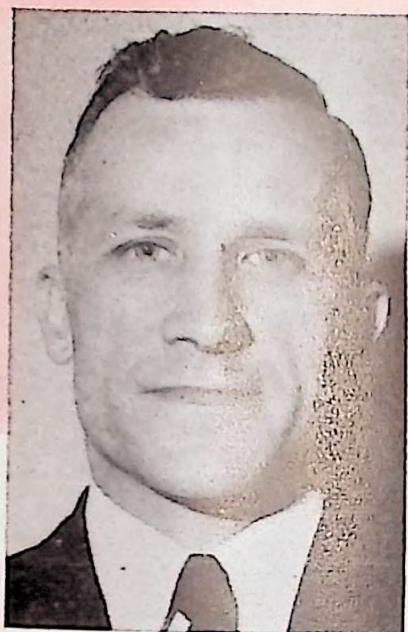
"Oh, none at all, Father," she assured me, "unless of course you are susceptible to it."

I know now that none of the many nuns who have worked with the patients ever caught Hansen's disease and that Damien himself seemed to try to catch it and succeeded only after years. But this was my first day and I was beginning to imagine symptoms developing already. But, somehow or other, I administered the Sacraments to the poor old man and after washing up with a lot more care than usual left the hospital.

On the way home, trying to disassociate the rest of me from the hand that had done the anointing, I bumped into two tourists. The woman was so happy to see a fellow American that she grasped my hand and seemed determined to take permanent possession of it. We were having a little tug of war when her husband asked me what type of work I did. Thoughtlessly I answered that, among other things, I had just returned from anointing a leper. Well, I won my tug of war but the lady got rid of my hand so violently I thought my arm was out of joint. And that's how I almost injured my arm.

So, you see, William, this is a perilous life we lead on the Missions. All the more reason for an increase of your prayers for us. You are, of course, remembered daily at Mass.

Sincerely in Christ,
Tom S.J.



Meet a Jesuit Brother

Clyde C. Croy S. J.

AS THE FIRST WORLD WAR was drawing to a close, an infant son was born to Clarence and Alma Croy in Little Rock, Arkansas. Within a few short years, the family moved to Advance, Missouri. Clyde attended Denver University for one term and then transferred to St. Louis University where he earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Commerce.

Retreats that Clyde made at the Jesuit Retreat House in St. Louis influenced him profoundly and led him to inquire about the life of a religious Brother in the Society of Jesus. After prayerful consideration and consultation, he applied for admission into the Order as a Jesuit Brother. He entered the Society's Novitiate of St. Stanislaus at Florissant, Missouri, in 1949 and pronounced his first vows in 1952. Brother Clyde C. Croy S.J. is presently working side by side with the Jesuit Fathers and Scholastics who staff St. John's College at Belize in British Honduras.

Brother Croy is but one of many American Jesuit Brothers laboring for Christ and His Church in the foreign mission fields manned by the eleven Jesuit Provinces of the Society of Jesus. At home and in the missions Jesuit Brothers consecrate their skills to God. Won't you join them?

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■ A Catholic procession in a Vietnamese village. The faith of these people is so vital that they might be called "natural" apostles and the spiritual welfare of their neighbors is of deep concern to them. (Below) The serious faces of the children veil a gay spirit.





■ The people of the plateau, the *montagnards*, are considered by anthropologists the most confusing mixture of races and cultures in world.

"CATHOLIC-DOMINATED" VIETNAM?

The complete picture of the problems in war-torn

Vietnam has not yet been presented to our own people

IN RECENT MONTHS the secular press in this country has appeared to have its foot glued in its mouth whenever it refers to events in Vietnam. In reporting the controversy between the Buddhists and the government, there is always one tag which must be appended whenever President Ngo Dinh Diem is mentioned—"who is a Catholic." The implication is clear that it is Diem's religion which is motivating his actions—and the implication is false. It has been further asserted that the "Catholic-dominated" government is intent on persecuting, suppressing, or at least hampering the practice of Buddhism in that country.

Fortunately the N.C.W.C. News correspondent, Columban Father Patrick O'Connor, on the scene in Saigon, promptly demolished the "Catholic-dominated" assertion with a barrage of facts—less than one-third of the cabinet

ministers are Catholic; only one-sixth of the generals are Catholic; other Catholics of high rank in the armed services number less than one-third of the total, etc., etc. Of course this answer was never given the same space in the secular press as was the original assertion. The Catholic papers carried it to their more limited circulation, together with an expert analysis of the entire situation in Vietnam. It became quite obvious, to any unprejudiced observer, that the current tensions in that country were not the result of actions taken from religious motives but rather from political ones.

It is not our intention to review this aspect of the situation, already expertly done by, among others, Father Vincent Kearney, associate editor of *America*, both in that Catholic weekly and in the New York *Herald Tribune* of July 28th. But there is a background to Catholicism



■ Father Paul O'Brien S.J., veteran China missionary, is now Rector of the Pontifical Seminary of Pope Pius X in Dalat. This is a diocesan seminary for the Vietnamese clergy.

■ Young Catholic couple at Catholic University in Dalat make a good-looking pair.



in Vietnam which borders on the unique and to fully understand the present situation there we must see it in the light of past events.

Catholic missionaries came to Vietnam in the early part of the 17th century. Foremost among them was the famed Jesuit Alexander de Rhodes, the "Apostle of Cochin China," who mastered the language and customs of the people, brought about the romanization of the native tongue, set up a school for lay apostles whose influence seems woven even today into the very fabric of Vietnamese Catholics. At his death there were four hundred thousand Christians in the communities for which he was responsible. This was the beginning of that Church which Pope Pius XII was to hail as "the eldest brother of the Church in the Far East."

Afterwards for decades the Church of Vietnam endured almost uninterrupted atrocious persecutions in which over 80,000 martyrs died. That is not a figure to be read and forgotten. These were men, women and children who loved life as much as anyone of us does. They died for their faith, in torments only the Oriental could devise. They did not die in ignorance; they clearly understood both their faith and the reason why death for that faith was more important than earthly life. It was not an empty tradition they bestowed on those who followed them in that faith but something terrifically vital which is in full force today.

When the Communists took over North Vietnam over 800,000 refugees fled south. Of these, 600,000 were Catholics. Why the disproportion? The total population of North Vietnam was 14 million. Yet three out of every four refugees were Catholics. They left their homes, their lands, the tombs of their ancestors, and, as they streamed south, observers noted how many clutched to their breasts a crucifix or a picture of Our Lady. These were the things they held precious, the symbols of what really counted for a people who would surrender everything except the freedom to worship God and to live their faith.

If anyone should doubt their sincerity he should study their actions when they arrived in the south. The voluntary exodus of so many Catholics from Communist domination had drawn the attention of the whole world to the life of the Vietnamese Church. It was natural that that attention should still be focused on them when they began a new life in a new region. Their heroic way of acting gave edification to both non-Christian and Christian. In their new home they began by building a church as the center of their activities. They were models of charity, patience and gratitude, and their truly religious spirit shone through all.



■ Aborigine girl who is one of many fleeing mountain homes often raided by Viet Cong.

The Catholics of Vietnam have never been content to keep their religion to themselves. They are intensely apostolic and eager to spread their faith, as is attested by the annual 30,000 conversions of adults who have followed catechetical instruction for at least a year. (It can be noted here that the decree against flying a flag other than the national one, a big point in the recent Buddhist controversy, was originally aimed at the Catholics and their zeal for displaying the papal flag.)

Vietnamese Catholics number only 10% of the total population yet is unquestionably true that they have exerted an influence beyond that proportion. It is estimated that one-third of the army is Catholic, something that can be readily understood insofar as the Catholics are admitted by all, Communists included, to be the one force which has always put up the strongest resistance to Communism. Without the Catholic Vietnamese, there would no longer be a free Vietnam.

It is a lesson the world should take to heart. A courageous people, whose faith gives them a true sense of values, are fighting for their country and for God.

Pope's Mission Intention

That the Society of St. Peter, Apostle, (for the training of native clergy) may be effectively helped by the faithful of the whole world.

Of the three different Pontifical Mission Aid Societies, the oldest, most comprehensive, and best known, is the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. All our Catholic people are aware of its existence and world-wide purpose. Next comes the Holy Childhood Association which appeals to children on behalf of children. The third, and least known, is the Society of St. Peter, Apostle. Begun at the end of the last century by two French ladies of Normandy, its purpose is to aid seminaries in young Christian countries and thus foster vocations.

The importance, especially today, of this Society, might best be seen against the background of the entire Church. In the whole Church, the Catholic clergy total about 400,000, a number reasonably proportionate to the 530 million Catholics. However, 340,000 of these priests are in Europe and North America. Latin America, Asia and Africa share the remainder, about 20,000 each, a far inadequate number for those areas.

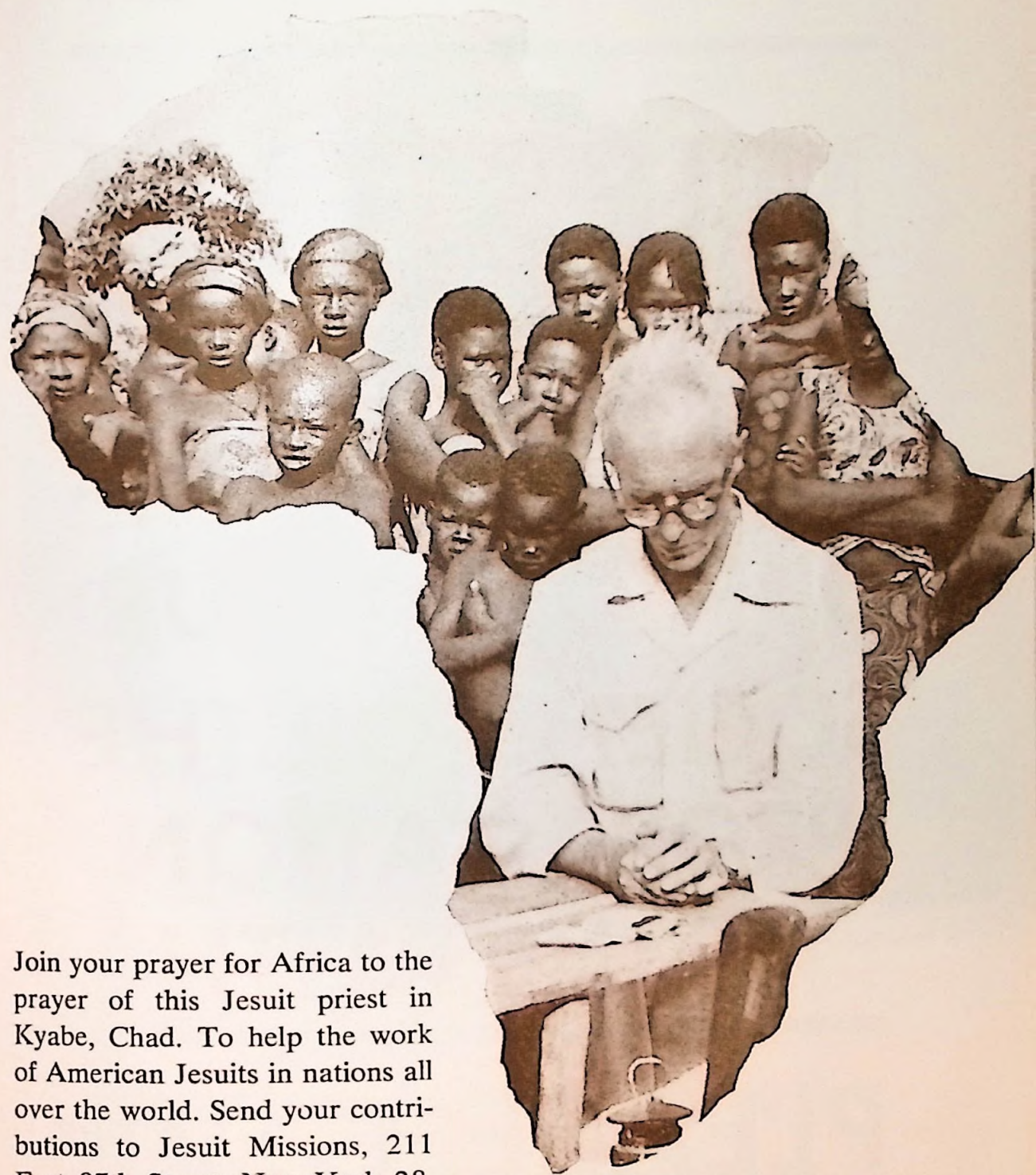
In the U.S.A. in recent years we have witnessed an attempt to alleviate this inequitable distribution by sending diocesan priests to those regions, especially in Latin America, which are spiritually starved because of the woeful lack of their own priests. The missionary orders have also doubled their efforts.

But everyone admits that this is necessarily only a stop-gap measure. For any permanent success each country must find

among its own citizens sufficient vocations for its spiritual needs. And this pinpoints the importance of the Society of St. Peter whose direct aim is to train the all-important clergy of the mission areas. The last few years have taught us that the many nations which have gained their independence intend to stand on their own feet and to run their own lives.

The Society of St. Peter has laid a good foundation for this particular day. Its job is to give every country a major seminary of its own and to provide a minor seminary for each of the larger ecclesiastical divisions. At the beginning of this year the only mission countries which, for various reasons such as lack of students or shortage of staff or funds, still have no major seminary of their own are: in Africa—Gabon, Guinea, Mali, the Central African Republic, Sierra Leone and Chad—and in Asia—Cambodia, Laos and Taiwan. Almost every diocese, vicariate and prefecture apostolic has its own junior seminary. Out of these seminaries have come about 9,000 priests, 180 bishops and four Cardinals.

The future of the Church in any country depends upon its local clergy, and the training of that clergy is the duty and responsibility of the Society of St. Peter, Apostle. It is a tremendously important task, and an extremely difficult one owing to the needs in the field and the lack of resources. You might remember, during this month of October, that part of your offering for the Propagation of the Faith will be used to bring another priest to a faraway altar among his own people.



Join your prayer for Africa to the prayer of this Jesuit priest in Kyabe, Chad. To help the work of American Jesuits in nations all over the world. Send your contributions to Jesuit Missions, 211 East 87th Street, New York 28, New York.

SUNDAY OCT. 20

**MISSION
SUNDAY**

**SUPPORT YOUR
SOCIETY FOR THE
PROPAGATION
OF THE FAITH**

**PLEASE GIVE
GENEROUSLY**
