

KOREA 10 YEARS AFTER: A DIVIDED COUNTRY







Jesuit Missions

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ASSIGNED THEM BY THE HOLY FATHER

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Page 2	<i>Korea—The Divided Country</i>	Jerome E. Breunig S.J.
Page 8	<i>Christmas in Red China</i>	George V. Donohoe S.J.
Page 10	<i>Cinci Goes to Chiapas</i>	Charles E. Ronan S.J.
Page 14	<i>Window on the Mission World</i>	
Page 16	<i>A Thing of Beauty</i>	Richard A. Welfie S.J.
Page 20	<i>The Changing Northland</i>	John P. Fox S.J.
Page 22	<i>Christmas Around the Mission World</i>	
	<i>Honduras—The Children's Story</i>	William J. Brennan S.J.
	<i>India—King of Justice</i>	John A. Morrison S.J.
	<i>Alaska—Calvary at Christmas</i>	Paul C. O'Connor S.J.
	<i>Philippines—Missa de Gallo</i>	John F. Moran S.J.
	<i>British Honduras—On a Caribbean Cay</i>	Ronald T. Zinkle S.J.
Page 31	<i>Meet A Jesuit Brother</i>	
Page 32	<i>Holy Father's Mission Intention</i>	

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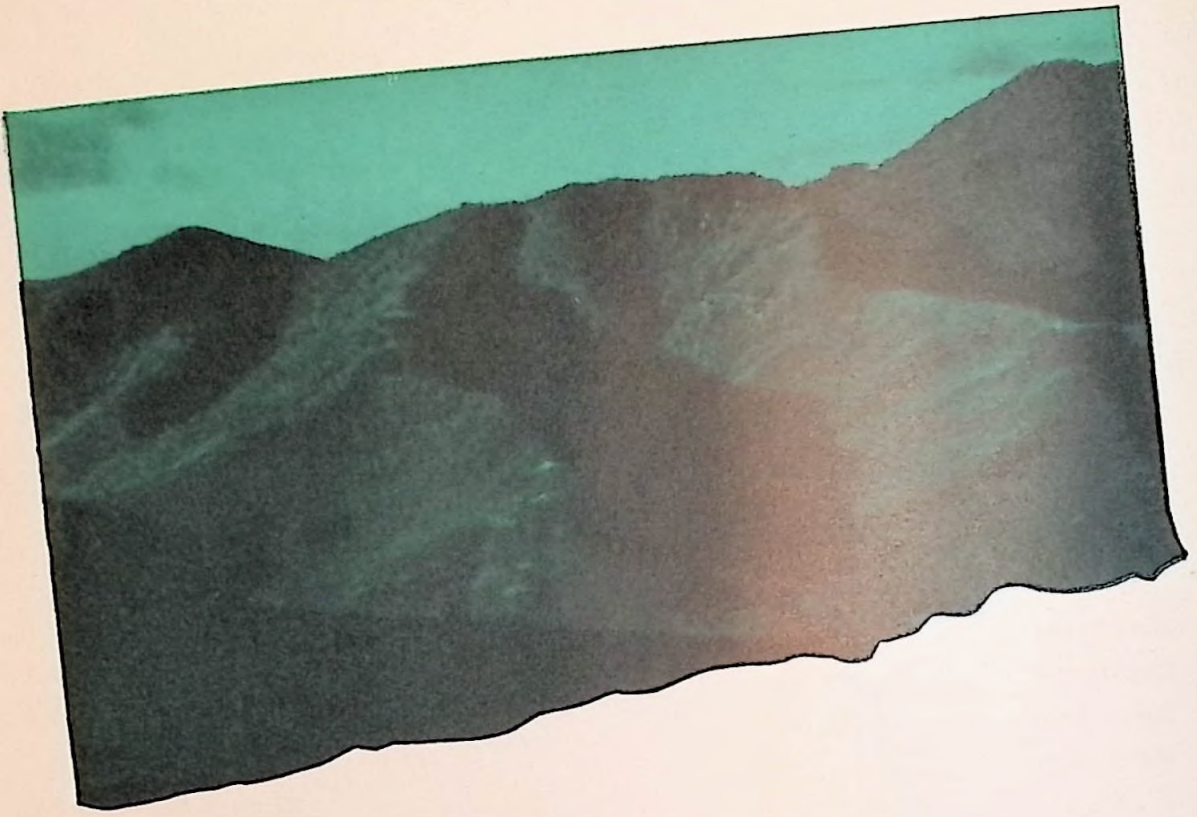
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Distractions can occur even in the holiest moments. Father Fred Foley caught two wandering glances during the Christmas pageant in Hsinchu, Taiwan. But perhaps Mary hears the shepherds and Joseph awaits orders.

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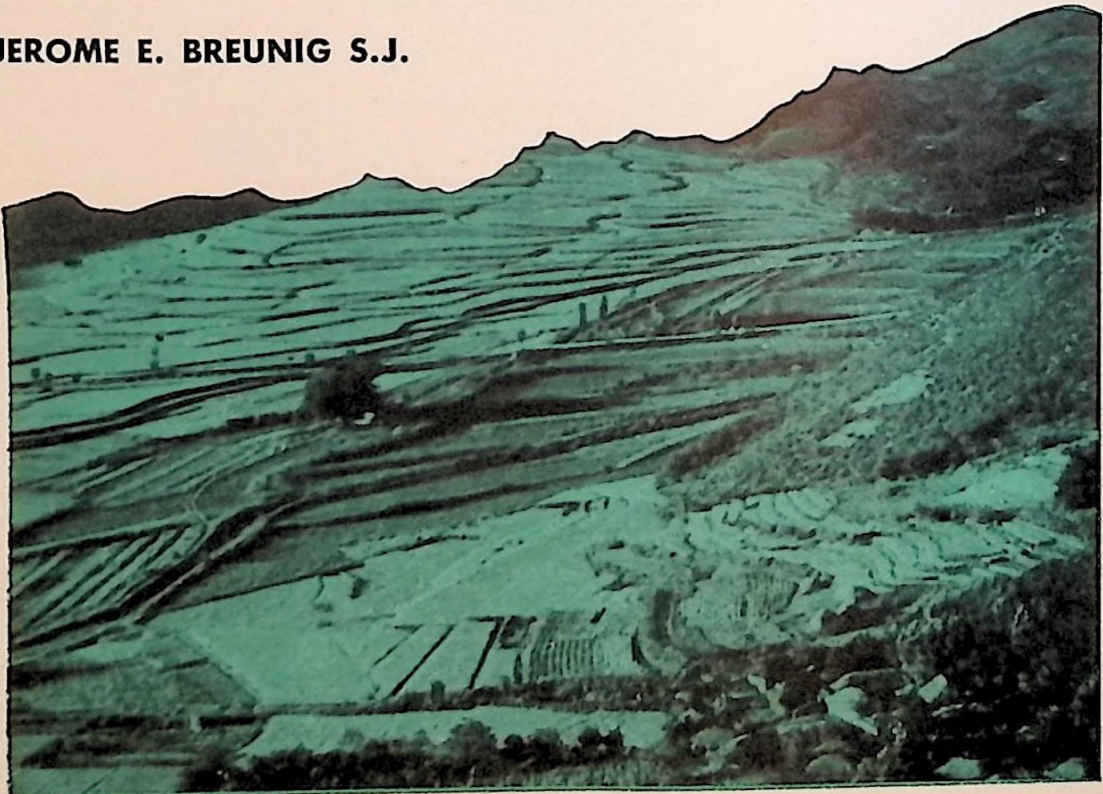
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KOREA A DIVIDED COUNTRY

*Ten years after the fighting ceased in the Land of
the Morning Calm men still stand guard on the borders
and to the north the storm clouds are still massed*

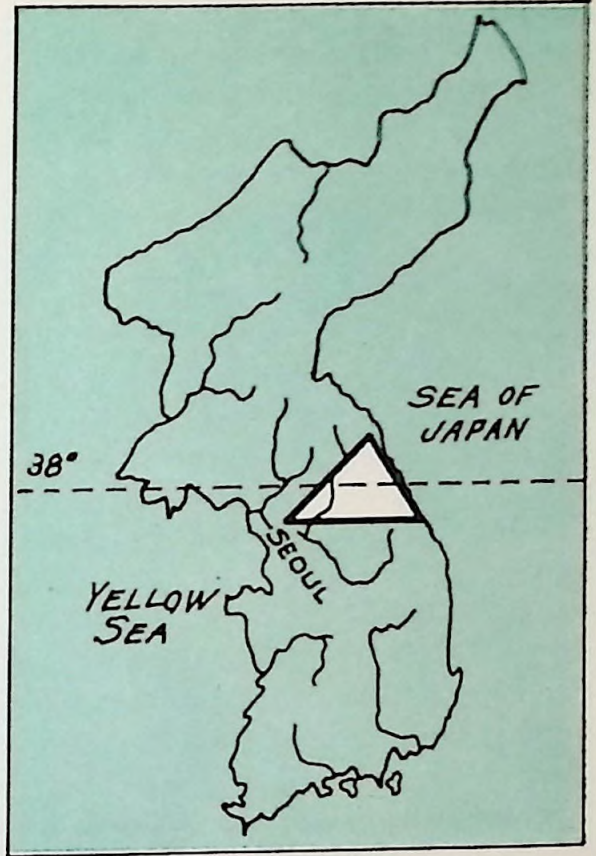
JEROME E. BREUNIG S.J.



WE WERE on the third day of a trip which was in the shape of a rough triangle. From Seoul we had headed east 180 miles to the Sea of Japan coast; turned north along the shore for about 70 miles; and the southwest leg would extend about 200 miles more.

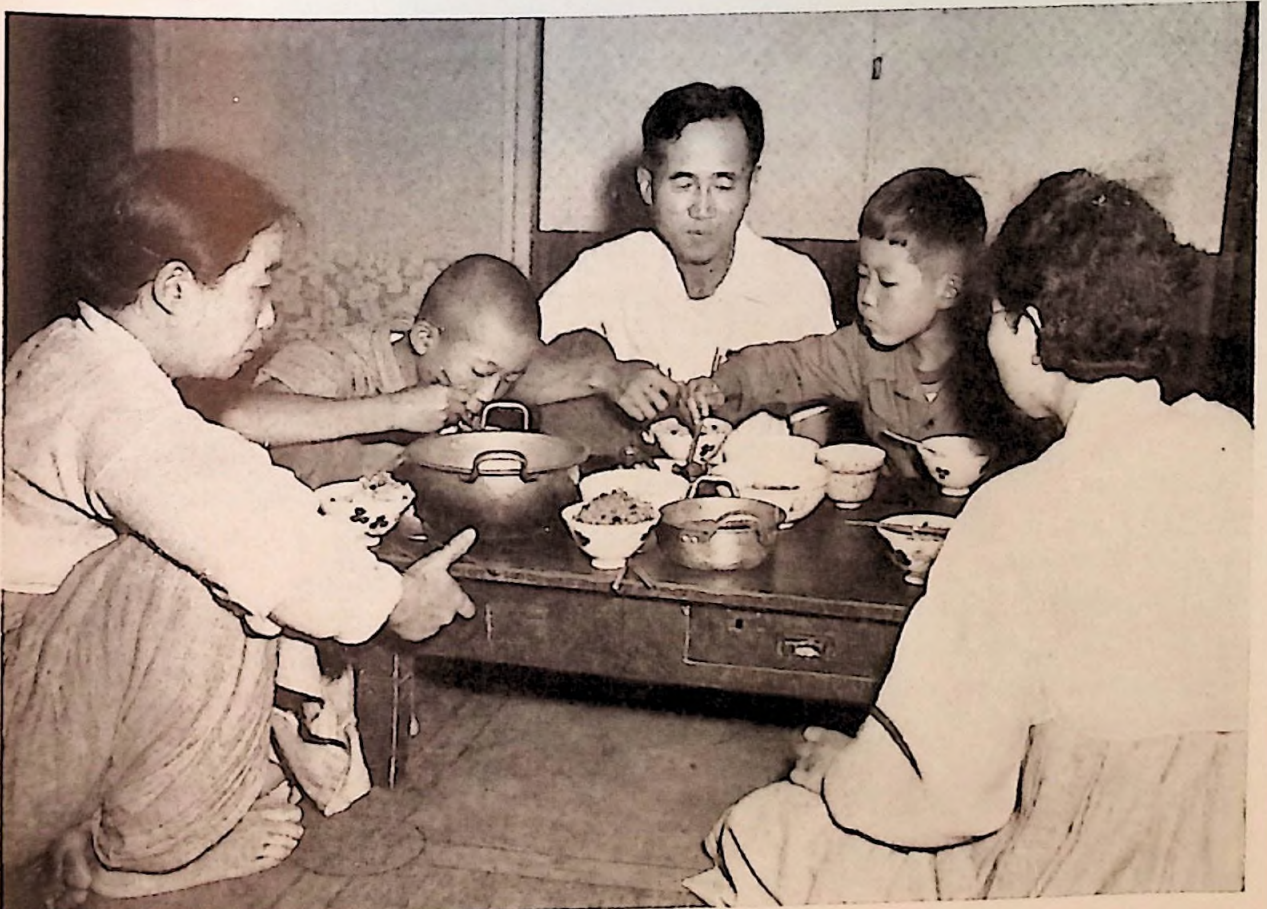
Strangely enough, it was Good Friday and the spirit of that day matched the physical surroundings. About half of our seventy-mile swing north had been above the 38° parallel and we were almost as far north as we could go. A few more miles and we would be in Communist-held territory. The weather was ominous and so were the surroundings—only more so. Grimness was the keynote.

The presence of the military dominated everything. Soldiers and more soldiers, army jeeps and trucks, tank hideouts, machine gun installations, camouflaged can-



■ Triangle shows route taken by Frs. Killoren, Breunig, Skillingstad and Bro. Dethlefs.

■ Despite the usual privations in a country recently torn by war, this South Korean family still manages to share a rather abundant meal at home in Pusan. U.S. Army photo.



non, and scores of austere barracks seemed everywhere. South Korea alone has 600,000 men under arms, many of them along the northern boundaries. There is unfinished business. Ten years have passed since the armistice was concluded but there has been no peace as yet between Communist-dominated North Korea and the South.

I don't know who really won World War II, but I saw and see evidence that one country has been victimized in the aftermath and that victim of a cynical international injustice is Korea. Why was the country broken in two in the first place? I was told the original idea was simply to share the duty of receiving the surrender of Japanese military forces occupying Korea, and help form a new government. You know from recent history how ruthlessly the Communists used this handle of an excuse to absorb the whole of North Korea and actually swoop down on South Korea after Uncle Sam first pulled out most military forces. And it was only with force and considerable bloodshed that the Reds were driven back. The Korean War was not a police action; it was one of the Holiest Wars in history.

The area we were in on the third and part of the fourth day is one of the few places in the world today where territory once committed to Communists is now reclaimed and free. In one of the coast villages there is a beautiful statue of a mother and child commemorating the freeing of this area in east Korea above the 38th parallel.

A sadder and much costlier "monument" of World War II that obtruded itself on our attention just about every inch of our 70-mile stretch along the coast was a superb engineered railroad bed complete with embankments, concrete bridges, trellises, even a few stations. In fact, it had everything but rails. The rails and the steel bridges had been taken back to Japan to make bullets.

Soldiers and Army camps multiplied. Only now the contact with the military was no longer mere observation. In re-crossing the mountain ranges there were regular check-points and armed soldiers on hand to forbid passage on mountain roads until traffic clearance ahead was given. Only one-way traffic was permitted on most stretches of road. If someone was driving towards us on a stretch we simply had to wait until he reached our check-point before we could proceed. At the first major check-point, one of the guards asked us to take an ROK soldier along. He rode with us for most of the trip, was friendly enough, and to our surprise knew of Sogang Jesuit College.

At another check-point about half-way through the mountains while we were waiting for clearance we noticed a woman crumpled up in a heap at the side of the road. A few minutes later the officer in charge of the station asked us to take this woman to the nearest hospital. We were glad to oblige and make room for the sick woman and her husband. The woman seemed about thirty. She was numb, exhausted, out. Neither said a word all the way to the town of Inje, but both showed appreciation when I placed my warm wind-jacket over her light Korean dress.

We were not thinking as much of the scenery as we were of the fierce fighting that had taken place in these bleak mountains not so long ago. Still we were not blind to the fact that we crossed Korea's "Great Divide": the streams from the first mountain range rush east; thereafter the streams flowed west. And one of the canyons reminded me of the vision of the Cascade Mountains in Washington State that I had enjoyed from the dome of the Milwaukee Road's Olympian Hiawatha.

Because of the dark clouds it seemed later than it was when we arrived at the town of Inje (pop. 4000). We were in good time for Good Friday services at Columban Father Lynch's church. Again

we were with the congregation rather than in the sanctuary. We were inspired to find almost all the congregation stayed on in church after the services to make the Way of the Cross as a group sans priest. A Korean G.I. in uniform led these services. One clear advantage of not having pews is a freedom of movement for such a group service.

This sector of the battle line seems to be manned almost entirely by ROK troops. As far as the Army of Christ is concerned this is Columban territory. Of the nine dioceses in South Korea, four have Korean bishops (Pusan, Jeonju) or archbishops (Seoul, Taegu); one (Taejeon) a French Bishop; two (Inchon, Cheong Ju) have Maryknoll bishops and the present diocese of our trip (Chuncheon) has Columban Bishop Quinlan. Kwangju, where Father Bachhuber and Wisconsin Province Jesuits are conducting a diocesan seminary, has Columban Archbishop Henry. During my stay in Korea I hope to visit all of the various diocesan areas. All have problems and all have opportunities; but, speaking from limited knowledge, I think the Chuncheon Columban area is probably the most difficult because of the vast size and the terrain, among other things, but also one of the most promising because the people have not been so confused by splintered Christianity as they can be in urban centers like Seoul and Pusan.

How much has Korea changed since the open fighting ceased ten years ago? The greatest change, naturally enough, has been in the cities. But in the country life goes on as it has for centuries. Let me describe it as I saw it on our trip, not with the idea of arousing nostalgia in those who were here during the Korean War (that would be difficult to do) but solely with the intention of evoking the memory of "That's the way I saw it, too."

We must have passed through a thousand villages of straw. That is the dominant impression given by the thatched

roofs and mud sidings. Koreans would not agree with Robert Frost and his "There's something in us doesn't like a wall." The national song might be "Do Fence Me In." No matter how close together or how far apart, each homestead has a fence. Whether of boards, sticks, stones, mud or straw, there is something in them likes a fence.

Equally important as their homes and repeated a million times over, from the very outskirts of Seoul up to the mountain tops are the rice paddies. Mile after mile can be seen the ridged soggy patches of ground in various stages of moisture—fields for rice—the basic food, drink, and living for Korea's millions. There are paddies on the hills, on mountainsides, in valleys, gullies, in fact everywhere. And more often than not these precious lots were literally wrested, perhaps wrestled would be a better word, from the hilly, rock terrain. Since the fields are arranged for draining and have neat ridges along the side, it is not difficult to understand how famine would follow a flood, or a drought. I understand that each single plant of rice is transplanted from one bed to several fields.

Most important of all were the people, seemingly millions of them crowding the narrow spaces between their huts and the road through the villages, trudging along the road with their burdens, working in the fields and paddies. It was almost par to take in four generations at a single glance at almost any moment: Young pregnant mothers with a basket on their heads, a sleeping babe on their backs, and a toddler or two tagging at the skirts; middle-aged men and women whose sturdy faces reflected lives of honest daily labor; dignified great grandparents—white bearded gentlemen with horse-hair rimmed hats and stooped gray grannies with kindly wrinkled faces and traditional Korean garb. Marriages are early in life and sixty marks retirement. I read in a Korean paper that there are 200,000

people over 100 years old. Hard work does not seem to shorten life.

Throughout the entire agricultural area I didn't see a single tractor in the fields. I did see plowing by hand, with an ox, very rarely with two oxen. Once I saw two men pulling a plow instead. I learned that it costs three times more to rent an ox than hire a man for a day. In another case I saw a woman with a babe on her back leading an ox for her husband's plow.

I didn't see a single automatic washing machine or dryer. I did see a lot of washing and drying. At almost every stream and even in some villages where there is running water channeled right next to the road industrious housewives were beating clothes in the water and later hanging them almost everywhere to dry. Along one clear stream I saw more than fifty women doing their laundry. It seems to be merely routine for a housewife to gather up the dirty clothes, stack it in a yard wide pan, throw in some kindling



■ Korean grandmother reads story to granddaughter. The people are eager for learning.

wood to warm the water at the bank, put a straw holder and the huge burden on her head and walk erect, with ease and poise, for a mile or two to the nearest laundromat, or rather self-service stream.

■ When the government doctors arrive in a country village the farmers and their families flock into town for examination. But usually "folk medicine" is the only remedy available.





■ The hearse is a familiar sight on Korean streets. Sign on store is in Korean, a hybrid language comprised of ancient Chinese with Tibetan consonants of Sanskrit derivation.

What about the roads? Basically gravel for the most part, they lack a solid bed. They are hardly ready for the bus and truck travel they are punished with. Moreover, there is an almost constant danger of rocks breaking off the side of the cliffs. Remember Korea is not the land of the Great Plains, but rather of the Great Hills. It is apparent that to cut a path through the rocks exacted a grueling effort. Another hazard is the havoc caused by heavy rains. Even a light rain slicks the surface. I had been warned beforehand, but it still came as a jolt to have to bounce off the side of a road to cross a stream where a bridge is being built or where one has broken through.

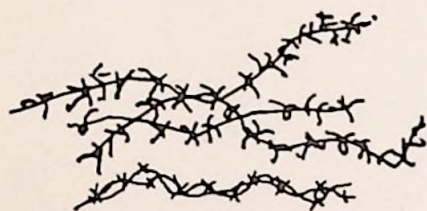
But the roads are being improved constantly. We met about twenty road graders and at least a dozen road crews. Along the coast we saw two road gangs of women. Most of this road work is hauling gravel in a basket slung over the A-frame strapped to one's back, filling in holes gouged out by rain, breaking up ruts two to three feet deep, widening the shoulders or stacking gravel at the sides.

One blessing of the Korean highways is the light traffic. Cross country buses always loaded to capacity, standing room only, leave at four in the morning and seemingly every fifteen minutes later. I heard that a wry Korean wit good-naturedly complaining of the crowding, shouted to the driver "Do you think this bus stretches like rubber?" About all we met along that way in *motor-driven* vehicles were buses, army trucks and jeeps. We passed two American Army truck drivers who were checking their vehicles in a dusty stretch. They didn't seem enthralled with anything. Giving a grim wave their faces reflected a SNAFU (Situation Normal: All Fouled Up) expression. These (one white, one Negro) were the only Western faces we saw on the first day of the trip. But somehow in them, and their expressions, they seemed to reflect the Korea of today—grim, matter of fact, waiting. One translation of Virgil's "*Sunt lacrimae rerum*" is "Tears haunt the world." That is Korea, the divided country, today. A people here need all the prayers you can muster.



Christmas

in Red China



GEORGE V. DONOHUE S.J.

IT IS LATE evening in the People's Commune. Another long day on the dikes is over. The evening meal has just ended and most of the workers have already straggled out of the long mud dining hall, slushed across the drill field to take refuge in the bunk house for the night. At the end of the mess hall, a small group of late-comers chat quietly. Chop-sticks scrape the last few rice grains from their bowls. The hall is empty now; outside, the guards pace back and forth; a flickering oil wick of a tiny lamp casts light and shadows across the faces, gaunt and weary after the long months of corrective labor.

How different the faces of this non-descript group! That elderly man with the bleeding hands was once a college professor. The one next to him had been a sharecropping farmer; that chunky rough looking youth used to pull his own rickshaw through Shanghai's crowded alleys. Beside him is a little shopkeeper who hasn't seen his wife and children since the night the big red police van carried him away from their

door. That noble-featured middle-aged worker is a doctor. They say he was a Catholic lay leader, and Catholics call him a Confessor of their faith. This is his third time in prison: his fortune all gone, his children, once in convent schools, are now impoverished, and live in the houses of old friends.

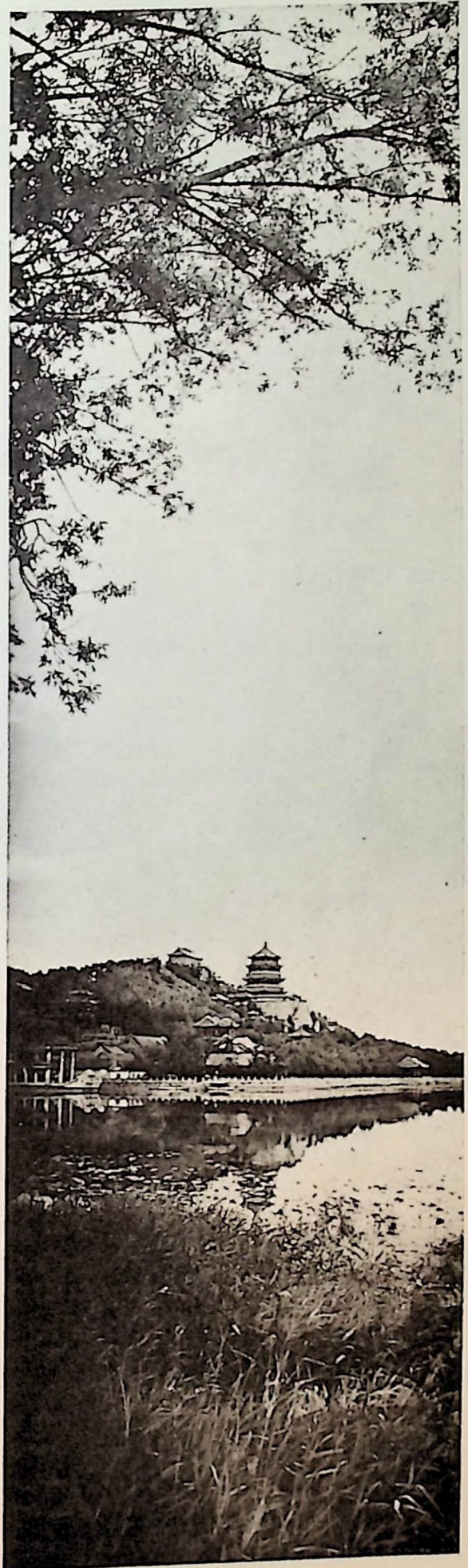
How different their background! How different they appear—and yet, how much the same. It wasn't so much those drab gray rags they wear; or the weariness that marks their faces; sorrow has left its mark too—but with lines of patience, not despair.

Still they dally over their meager meal. Their comrades have already sought escape and oblivion on their pallets—for there is still tomorrow—always tomorrow and another tomorrow—unending tomorrows and always the same: work on the dikes or work in the fields; work with loneliness and sorrow gnawing at the heart; dreams of loved ones and better days, gone now, it seems, forever. Nothing remains to them but a silent curse for their captors—and the oblivion of sleep.

Outside, the wind from northern plains whistles about the roof corners; snow has begun to fall; the unheated room is freezing cold; yet still they linger on. They seem to be waiting for something, their faces alert and serene. One young prisoner has arisen; he is rinsing his bowl in a far corner of the room. "Hurry, Comrade!" whispers the man near the window. "All is clear now."

Immediately, the young worker returns to his place at the table. He bends low over a plate with a few fragments of bread. Softly, gently he whispers the wonderful words: "Hoc est enim Corpus Meum," "This is my Body." Then lightly he holds the ricebowl in his hands: "Hic est enim . . ." "This is the Chalice of my Blood. Do this for a Commemoration of Me." All heads bow low, then rise up quickly, as he places a fragment on each tongue. Outside the stars are shining; angels hover low, sweetly singing o'er the plains of Mao Tse Tung. Inside tears are shining in the eyes of the tough old rickshaw boy. It is Christmas: Christmas night in Red China and Christ has come to him again—just as in other years when he knelt with his mother and sisters in the great lighted church at Zikawei, and listened to the carols and the choir chanting the Christmas Mass. Christmas! Christ's Birthday! And Christ has come to them.

Suddenly there is a heavy clumping sound—a hiss of warning—then a guard pushes open the door and curses them for their delay. The reverie is broken. Their Christmas Mass is over. Silently they file across the courtyard to the crowded smelly dorm. The stars smile down on them, and angels marvelling at the beauty that radiates from their features, bless the land of Mao, and join with them in chanting the melody that fills their hearts: "O Holy Night . . . For a Son is given to us." ". . . and to as many as received Him, He gave the power to be called the sons of God."



CINCI GOES TO CHIAPAS

IN THE QUIANT Tzotzil Indian village of Amatenango del Valle in Mexico's southernmost state of Chiapas, the traveler will come upon a recently constructed medical dispensary situated directly behind the village's imposing colonial church. Over the entrance to the dispensary is a plaque with an inscription in Spanish. Translated, it reads as follows: "This dispensary was built by the students of Xavier University of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the people of Amatenango del Valle. Summer, 1963."

The story of how it all came about is this: in early June, a group of twelve students and a faculty adviser from Xavier University set out on a 2300 mile journey to San Cristobal de las Casas, a

charming, colonial city in the state of Chiapas, bordering on Guatemala. Their departure was an historical event, for they were the first group from Ohio to undertake such a summer project and the first group of North American collegians ever to work in such a capacity in the state of Chiapas. Motivated by similar programs carried out by other college students in past summers and heeding the call of our late Holy Father, Pope John XXIII, to assist the Church and people of Latin America, the group went south, at the invitation of the energetic Bishop of the diocese, His Excellency, Samuel Ruiz Garcia, to build a medical dispensary for the needy people of Chiapas. Living in a house in San Cristobal

■ Last summer, these young men from Cincinnati's Xavier University and their moderator, Jesuit Father Ronan, built a dispensary for the Indians of Amatenango del Valle, Mexico.



A group of students from Xavier University in Cincinnati gave up their summer to labor in southern Mexico and found the experience tremendously rewarding

CHARLES E. RONAN S.J.

provided by the Bishop, they were finally assigned to work in the village of Amate-nango del Valle, forty miles from San Cristobal along the Pan American high-way. With shovel and trowel, hammer and nail, they labored here for eight weeks, constructing a dispensary twenty feet wide and forty feet long—one of the very few buildings in the village made out of brick and cement and with a tin roof. With reason they felt that their project was a definite success and were, indeed, proud of their accomplishment. After the blessing of the building by the Bishop and the formal taking possession of it by the village's zealous pastor, Father Juan Bermudez, the students returned to the United States.

■ This is the completed dispensary, 20 feet wide and 40 feet long, one of the few brick and cement buildings in the village. Staffed by three Sisters, it now belongs to the local parish.



Considerable planning went into the preparation of this venture. Highly important was the financing of the project. The expense of the round trip journey for thirteen people, the purchase of building materials, and food for eight weeks all had to be paid for. So immediately going to work, the students begged from their fellows, from mission groups like the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade which contributed \$500.00, and from other organizations and benefactors. Generally speaking, the people of Cincinnati, to whom the students are most grateful, responded magnificently to the appeal for



■ His Excellency, Samuel Ruiz Garcia San Cristobal, pictured here with some of the Xavier men and Mexican co-workers, assigned the U.S. students to the work.

aid; in fact, their enthusiastic response came as a pleasant surprise, but in retrospect it is evident that the social nature of the project and the generosity of the students in giving up their summer vacation to help the poor touched the hearts of these social-minded Yankees. One shoe store, for instance, outfitted each member of the group with a pair of work shoes, as did another friend with two towels and two wash cloths. A candy manufacturer donated a large amount of candy to be distributed among the Mexican children. The newspapers and the radio and TV station were also quite liberal in the coverage and publicity they gave the project. However, outstanding among the benefactions was the loan of two new automobiles and a trailer. May God reward all these good people.

Assessing the project on their return home, the members of the expedition unanimously agreed that, as far as they were concerned, much more had taken place in Mexico than the mere building of a dispensary. It gradually dawned on them that because of their time in Mexico they would never be quite the same; for, although they had given a great deal,

they had also received equally as much if not more, spiritually, educationally, and psychologically. They were filled with a sense of having done something very constructive and beneficial for fellow members of the Mystical Body. Moreover, they had for the first time actually participated in the lay apostolate and had developed a keener appreciation of what it actually meant. It brought them into close contact with poverty, sickness, and misery, the like of which they had never encountered before except in books. The term "social justice" now took on new meaning. So did the Church's missionary activities. They saw also the "via dolorosa" that the Mexican Church is actually travelling. Of course, the educational benefits were not a few from having spent eight weeks in a foreign country, as they brought back a wider fund of historical and geographical knowledge of Mexico. They had come in contact with another great culture, with another language, which they were inspired to master, with another mentality, and with another way of doing things.

Before leaving for Mexico, the students were told that their stay south of the Rio

■ Living and working with less fortunate people brought the Xavier students into healthy contact with depths of poverty, sickness and misery they had never known before.





■ In their work, the students knew they had done more than build a dispensary: they had done something constructive and beneficial for fellow members of the Mystical Body.

Grande would be successful in so far as they were able to adapt to their new environment, to a quite different outlook, and to a new culture. This they did with varying degrees of success, and their efforts, which were not lost for a moment on the Mexicans with whom they associated, went far to promote better international relations. Even the basketball games they played with neighboring teams helped to instill deeper appreciation for each other, to say nothing about their stumbling efforts to learn and speak Spanish. However, nothing perhaps impressed the Mexicans so much as the sterling, practical Catholicism that the boys showed. In fact, it took a great effort to convince many people that they were not seminarians but just very hu-

man, red-blooded Yankee college students. And it was precisely this matter of their practical Catholicism that made His Excellency, Bishop Ruiz Garcia, remark that this more than anything else they did left the deepest impression on his people. He hoped that they would be inspired to imitate them.

Such is the story of Xavier University's summer program in Mexico. It was immensely worthwhile, and the students intend to return to Chiapas next year. Perhaps other college students will be inspired to do so by this article. If so, let them plan carefully and not fail to get in touch with the mission organization in Mexico known as CENAMI, 329 Durango, Mexico 7, D.F. They will be of invaluable service.

Window on the Mission

I GUESS THE PROBLEM is that we expect to find someone there.

No, it's even more than that; the problem is that we know that we will find someone there.

Christ in the manger, Mary, Joseph, a couple of sheep and cows: they are there every year. We know they'll be there.

And so we aren't surprised.

There's the Christ-child in the straw by Mary's side; yes, and Joseph. Look at the expressions on their faces. They are not only surprised; they are astonished. Stunned.

They knew His birth was miraculous. Of course, they didn't know the word "miraculous." But they realized that God had come into the world. Somehow He had done it. In the flesh of Mary, He had come to dwell among His people.

Israel had long been waiting for the Messiah, the Christ, to come. Prophets had spoken of Him. He would come. No one, perhaps, expected He would come as He did: poor, born in a village that was a "no-place," with a couple of "nobodies" for parents.

I suppose the fact that He had chosen

them baffled them. But I think that they were most surprised just that He was there.

He was there. He who had hung out the stars and moon and sun; He had spoken and the earth was.

In the little hands of their baby were the depths of the earth, the summits of the hills, the seas, all creation.

It was He who had fashioned the hearts of men.

There He was.

They were stunned.

And I have grown used to the idea. I know He will be there; that He is here with us, for He said He would be and He is faithful.

Lord, on this Christmas give me one gift. Surely you who have given everything won't deny me this.

Let me see you in the stable with the eyes of Mary and Joseph. Let me not expect, not be so smugly confident that you will be there. Let me remember that your presence among us is pure gift.

Let me thrill to the discovery of love wrapped in bands, love laid in straw. Let me be stunned at your presence in our world.

And one further prayer I have, Lord. Getting used to my own Christian presence in your world is not as bad as getting used to yours. But it is bad.

Let me thrill not only to you, but to what you have made me. Let me not grow used to the realization that today



COVER. Artist Phil Franznick graphically conveys the Korea of today, a country torn in two and still suffering, still wary, and in the rice fields of the South the people eye the grim northern mountains.



you are present to the world, you come to men, through me. To the men who have never had my sorry opportunity to grow used to the stable and the priceless gift.

OUR GIFT

We have a gift for all of our readers this year. It makes us very happy to be able to say that. We are almost always on the receiving end of your generosity. That's not an easy thing to be: always a debtor and never a giver. But this year we have something to give: a new magazine.

This new magazine will be for you. When we say "for you," we really mean it. Not long ago, Father Cotter and Father Armitage sat in on a very interesting discussion about mission magazines. It was led by Father Donal O'Mahony, who edits "The Far East," (the Columban Fathers' magazine), Father Donal made the point that if we weren't publishing our magazine first and foremost for our readers, then we were making a mistake.

There is no doubt that mission magazines do help you to channel your contributions to specific causes and men. But they should be dedicated first to your fuller participation in the Church's mission: by helping you to understand that it is the mission of each of us, which each of us must carry out in our own lives, wherever they are lived.

All of us at Jesuit Missions will remember you, our readers, at our Christmas Masses. We hope that you will be pleased with our gift to you and for you.

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A Thing Of Beauty

RICHARD A. WELFLE S. J.

*A telephone call from an Indian airport set the wheels
of friendship in motion and both sides were enriched*

BY NO STRETCH of the imagination can Patna be considered a great metropolis. Nor can it boast of any special importance—except that it happens to be located in northern India near the border of the Himalayan Kingdom of Nepal. And for this reason Patna has an international airport, where one may chance to meet tourists from almost any corner of the world. They are usually on their way to the Nepal Capital of Kathmandu.

I was not greatly surprised, therefore, when a fellow Jesuit interrupted my recitation of the Breviary about 2 o'clock one afternoon, to convey the following information: "There was a phone call for you from the airport. A couple from Wilmette, Illinois, are out there, and want to see you. They will be there for about an hour. Their flight is scheduled to take off at 3 o'clock."

"Did you get the name?"

"Not for sure, but it sounded like 'Brooker'—Mr. and Mrs. Brooker. Or 'Beaver.' Or perhaps 'Beecher.' Something like that."

"That leaves the field practically wide open," I commented. "But even so, I don't know anyone from Wilmette, Il-

linois. And I don't think I know anyone from anywhere with the name of 'Brooker' or 'Beecher' or 'Beaver.' Are you sure they said they wanted to see *me*?"

"Absolutely! It was an Indian Airlines man who called, and he said that they said that they wanted to see YOU. He even spelled your name. And he spelled it correctly, too."

I looked at my watch. It was a little after 2 o'clock.

"You say they are to leave at 3?"

"Right."

That did not leave much time, for I had to cover five miles to reach the airport, and my only conveyance was a little one-lung "WHIZZER" motorbike. Anyway, I mounted the two-wheeler, and started whizzing for all I was worth. Then I heard a plane overhead, and looked up. Its wheels were down and it was circling for a landing. I gunned the motorbike.

On arrival, I immediately approached the clerk at the Indian Airways desk, and asked if there were any Americans booked on this flight.

"Six," he replied. "They are upstairs in the lounge."

The moment I appeared at the top of the stairs in my white cassock all eyes in the lounge zeroed in on me, as though I were a phantom albatross that had just flown in from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Then a middle-aged couple detached themselves from the rest of the tourists, and made for me.

"Are you Father Welfle?"

"Guilty," I replied.

"Well, Father, this is wonderful. You don't know us, but we have known you for many years. Your brother, Fred, was a very dear friend of ours. He spoke so often of you, his missionary brother in India. And we assured him that if

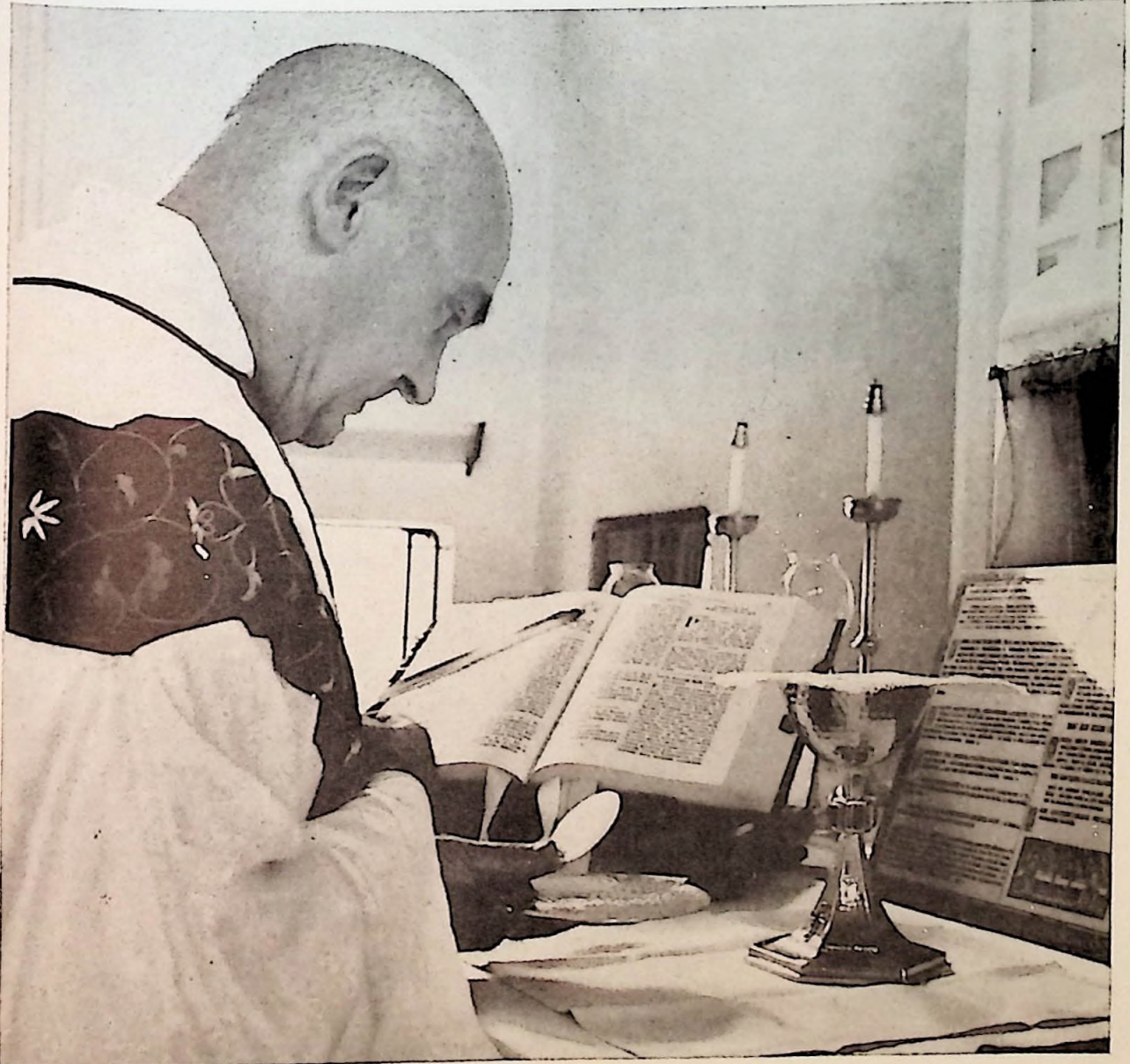
we ever got to India, we would try to meet you. So here we are." (My brother Fred was also a Jesuit, and he had died just a short time before this.)

"Now, this *IS* wonderful," I exclaimed with sheer delight. "I do hope the Father who took the phone call got your name correct. He said it sounded like . . ."

"It's 'Beucher,' Father. Joe and Rita Beucher."

This happy meeting took place in October, 1960. It was all too brief; for only about half an hour. But when we were saying goodbye, Rita asked me this question: "Father, is there anything you want?"

■ The author celebrates the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with the Golden Jubilarian chalice.





■ Father Welfle, a well-known author, hails from Ohio and has been in India over thirty-five years. At left, the Golden Jubilarians, Mr. and Mrs. Beucher of Wilmette, Illinois.



I immediately replied: "Yes, there is. And it's this: since our visit has been so short, I suggest that we continue it by correspondence."

So, ever since then there has been a regular exchange of letters between Patna, India, and Wilmette, Illinois. And it would seem that I have known Joe and Rita and their family of four all my life. Then one time I received a letter from Rita which contained the following proposal: "My mother and father-in-law will celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary this August. At this stage of their life they do not desire more belongings. Those things that they do not have they do not want. However, we wish to give them some worthwhile remembrance of this important occasion,

but not anything that would add to their cares. So I thought it would be fitting to donate a gold chalice to a newly ordained priest in their name. No doubt there is some young man among your charges who has no family to present him with such a gift. So, if this sounds feasible to you, please let me know the details."

When Rita referred to my "charges," she had in mind the fact that I am a Master of Novices, with a goodly number of aspirants to the priesthood entrusted to my care. However, owing to the long course of studies in the Society of Jesus, it will take at least twelve years before any of them are ordained.

I pointed this out in my reply to Rita. Then I suggested that I have a chalice made by a goldsmith here in Patna, and that the chalice be a gift not to one of my charges, but to our Sacred Heart Novitiate. In this way I could use the chalice myself for my daily Mass, beginning on August 21, 1962, this being the date of the Golden Wedding anniversary.

Joe and Rita were delighted with this, and asked me to arrange immediately for the making of the chalice, adding: "Could you have a picture taken of the chalice, together with the artisan who made it? And do you suppose you could arrange to be in the picture also? The story behind the gift will be exciting for the jubilarians. They know that we met you in India, and we told them of your many years of work at Patna. So, having the chalice remain at the mission novitiate with you will please them no end. And they will be thrilled beyond words to have such a precious remembrance in your daily Mass when you use the chalice."

About a month later, I was also thrilled beyond words when the goldsmith delivered the finished chalice. He had turned out a real work of art. Together with the requested pictures, I sent the following description of it to Joe and Rita: "The entire outer surface of the

chalice is beaten gold. The cup, broad and semi-Gothic in design, rests on a slender stem, which branches out into six graceful curving panels to form an hexagonal base. At the bottom of one of the panels is a small ornate cross made of gold, and tiny mounted chips of ruby, to symbolize the drops of Precious Blood. And finally, around the border of the base is engraved this memento for the Golden Wedding Jubilarians: PRAY FOR NICHOLAS AND MARY BEUCHER."

It so happened that my letter containing this description and the pictures reached Joe and Rita the very morning of the Golden Wedding celebrations. And bright and early the next morning, Rita got off the following letter to tell me all about the memorable event:

"Father, I could hardly wait for morning to come so that I could write to tell you how happy you have made all of us. Your letter arrived yesterday morning just before we left for the wedding Mass. We gave it to my mother-in-law and father-in-law. They received many spiritual bouquets, Papal Blessings, etc. But nothing impressed them like your letter. They were so pleased and grateful, and deeply moved that you said your Mass for them on the day of their anniversary.

"I have a feeling that you should have written your letter on cardboard. For it must have passed through 200 hands at the dinner last evening, I am sure that is only the beginning. I wish you could have heard all the priests and monsignori exclaiming over the design of the chalice and your description of it. It must be a thing of beauty. The cross of ruby chips, and the symbolism of Christ's Blood is the ultimate touch. You can't imagine what this means to my father- and mother-in-law. Here is a gift, precious beyond words, that came to them through your kindness. You have their eternal gratitude,—and ours.

JOE AND RITA"

THE CHANGING NORTHLAND

*A veteran looks back at the
Alaska of thirty-five years ago*

JOHN P. FOX S.J.

SINCE 1927 WHEN I first saw Alaska and our missions, many things have changed. Not every change has been an improvement; but many changes have brought about the betterment of our people both along the material and the spiritual lines. By way of example I

might mention the fact that the same district that I worked in for many years is now cared for by four missionaries, each with a permanent station within the district as well as several dependent stations that he visits occasionally. Instead of the slow dog team, the only means of conveyance I had in winter for about 20 years, they now have commercial planes to move them from station to station, or some brand of mechanical snow sled that is now common in most of my former stations.

For fishing and hunting, the natives, of course, stick to their dog teams. But for longer trips they too use planes, as does everyone else. But their work has undergone a change too. Hunting and fishing,



except for commercial fishing for king salmon, is gradually diminishing. It is increasingly harder to make a living by straight hunting and fishing. During the summer a good proportion of the Indians and Eskimos go to commercial canneries, or jobs on commercial projects.

Igloos have disappeared. Their place has been taken by cabins, and a few rather nice houses. Instead of going out frequently for driftwood to keep these houses warm they are turning to fuel oil. That is extremely costly in the Bering Coast areas. Oil runs anyway from \$26 per 50 gallon drum to \$30 or more.

Along the coast south of the Yukon mouths the Eskimos used to depend heavily on food from the sea. They hunted for at least three kinds of seal, as well as for white whale, and even an occasional walrus. They went out in pairs for seal; and the average hunter would get from about 5 to 20 of these in a season. White whale they hunted in common. There would always be a man on the lookout during the whaling season (usually best right after spring salmon fishing). As soon as he spotted a school of whales a yell went up, and every available man with a kayak took off to the bay. They herded the whales into a shallow place, either a bar or a shallow part of the beach. They hold the whales there by pounding the water with the paddle they use to row. As soon as the tide goes down a little, the whales start hitting bottom with their belly and flappers. As soon as they are down tight in mud the men just sit and wait till the tide turns and starts coming up. With tide out they can walk up to the whale, shoot them in the head, put a big hook into their mouth, tie a rope to the hook and then sit and wait till the tide is high enough to tow them in.

Now the men no longer hunt together. At most, two get into a rowboat propelled by an outboard motor. One runs the motor, the other sits in the bow on the



■ Eskimo mother works on a skin with knife and also with an attentive audience of one.

lookout for a whale. When they see one, they take after him and try to hunt him down. Partly by wearing him out, partly by shooting him, they may eventually get the whale. But hunting in large groups as described the men in one evening brought in as many as 47 whales. Teamwork in hunting paid off handsomely.

Naturally all these things have greatly affected their way of life. But perhaps the one single factor that has brought about many changes than anything else is their desire for education. All families have moved into villages so as to be near schools. And often the man has abandoned his former trapline and fishing habits. Many of the boys and girls go to other schools at times far away from their own native village. The majority of these do not return to their own surroundings. And everywhere white men's ideas and ways of life have come into vogue. Some of this is good and represents progress, some of it is bad and is helping to demoralize the population.

Christmas Around

The Christmas story as told to the children of Honduras

WILLIAM J. BRENNAN S.J.



JOSEPH DID NOT own a donkey. He was never so rich as all that. So when it came time to make the journey to Bethlehem, he decided to rent a donkey. He could not afford two. Some rich neighbor, or perhaps an uncle, must have rented a donkey for them for two *reales* a day. That must have been the price because the Gospel tells us that Joseph gave two doves to the priests as an alms when he brought the baby Jesus to the temple. And two doves in those times cost two *reales* in our money, or twelve and a half cents gold.

Bethlehem is thirty leagues from Nazareth, so Joseph and Mary were traveling for three days. But the trip was not so easy as, say, the journey from Minas de Oro to Comayagua. There

the Mission World



were no tall pine trees to shade the way. The sun beat down hard, as it does in Yoro during the dry season. Besides, there were no small creeks like you have here in Honduras where Joseph and Mary could stop and wash their wrists and face, and cool their feet. The water was very scarce in the Holy Land. So Joseph had to carry only drinking water in little goat skin bags which he carried on his shoulder.

After the long, hot trip from Nazareth, there was no one to receive Joseph and Mary. And imagine, Mary was carrying Jesus all the time! Why, you know how it is when the priest comes to your village. When he is still almost a league away, the men come to meet him on their mules. Often there is even a man on horseback. And long before the group reaches the village, some of the men fire their pistols, which echo through the hills, to tell all the people that the Father is arriving. Nor is it very long after, that men closer to the village fire their pistols too, to make sure that everyone of the villagers knows that the little Father is actually coming into the town. What a shame it was, then, that when Joseph and Mary came to Bethlehem, no one made any noise or fuss. No children came running to greet them; no women waved from the windows.

It was sun-down when Joseph and Mary arrived. But no one brought out the best hammock in the village for them. There wasn't even one single home to receive them. You must always remember this when the guitar players and the singers come to your home in the days before Christmas. When they sing the

"Posadas," asking for shelter, you must always remember that it is in memory of the night when no one wanted to receive the baby Jesus. And so you must always receive the guitar players and the singers and not throw stones or sticks at them.

You do not need me to tell you how Joseph and Mary had to go and look for shelter in a stable, and for a food trough to make a bed for the baby Jesus. And you remember too how in the early morning before the first light, there was not one single fire-cracker to awaken the people on this great fiesta. All of you know when the fiesta of your patron Saint is beginning in the village, but not one person in Bethlehem knew that this was the fiesta of the birth of the Saviour.

Only far away, in the pastureland outside of Bethlehem, did the shepherds hear that Jesus was born. And this they heard not from the music of the guitar players, but from *real* angels singing with all their might. The shepherds did not worry for a moment about how hard it would be to round up their flocks later on in the morning; they left the sheep, to go and see their newborn Saviour. Nor did the shepherds need to take any lighted pine sticks from the night fires to light their way to the stable. Even though it was still very dark, they needed no fire to light their way, because the angels led them to where Jesus lay.

And so, my dear children, let us end the story of Christmas by saying a little prayer: "Father of the poor, giver of light, help us understand the true message of Christmas!"

INDIA



KING OF JUSTICE

FR. JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.

THE NIGHT THAT young Barku brought his bride Nanki home to his village, their marriage had an ingredient that is often lacking in Santal marriages. There was love in it. When they had arranged the meeting, according to custom, the first time their eyes met it was there. And it never left them.

Shortly after bringing his bride home, Barku had accepted his share of the family property, the fields, the bullocks and other things that were his by right. The walls of the little home were adobe, clean and hard; the roof was thatch, and the entire house consisted of one room.

The best thing in his life was Nanki. If you had asked him why he could not have put it in words. Everything she did was good and right. Work, with her to share it, wasn't work. He loved to have

her beside him, sickle in hand, as they reaped their fields. To put it simply, he loved her. And the good God, who made them, did bless their love.

An infant son arrived, their "new relative," as the Santals put it. A large part of Nanki's time was now taken up with the care of the child, their little Raska. It meant more work for him, but he really didn't mind. The tiny fellow in Nanki's arms made extra work seem so worthwhile.

The seasons and the years passed by. By the time the third "new relative" had arrived, their little first born was able to be of some real help in house and field. The job of herding the family goats now belonged to Raska.

About this time the country suffered the worst drought they had ever known.



The late monsoon was a complete failure. The promising rice crop stood in dried fields, only the lower fields where enough water stood would yield something. By the time the cool weather passed and the hot days set in the little family was hungry. To see hunger on the faces of those he loved was more than he could endure.

There was one thing he could do. In a nearby market town there lived a shopkeeper who loaned out money, at cruel usury, but it meant food now. The future? Well, he would see about that later. Grimly Barku threw his mantle over his shoulder, took his staff and set out down the dusty road. He understood what it meant, but what else was there to do?

The plump little merchant sat cross-legged on a mat. Bales of goods neatly lined the wall behind him. He was affable; he was understanding; he was almost kind. Barku had need of cash, yes, of course, the drought. And for surety, the rice fields. Half shares of each year's crop, as interest, until the debt was paid.

That night, for the first time in weeks,

the family did not go to bed hungry. But Barku knew that all was not well.

More years passed; there were more crop failures, and now Barku was not his own master. He no longer possessed land that was entirely his own. He and Nanki worked, and their children worked. But the money lender in his well-stocked shop enjoyed the fruit of their labor.

As their needs mounted, they fell more into his debt. There was Raska's marriage; that took more, for the little feast. His 15-year-old daughter now worked at the money lender's farm—indefinitely, till the debt was paid. Churnki's younger brother was added to help.

Barku now no longer owned his own land; he no longer had his own children! He had put his thumb impression on too many documents now lying in the lender's safe. But, it was the custom.

Then Barku's health failed. At the beginning of the farming season he was a broken man. His strength was gone. When a neighbor told him about my dispensary, he came to see me. His village, by Santal standards, was not far, but the walk had exhausted him. A brief



examination revealed parasites that were draining away his life's blood. Fortunately, I had the needed medicines. It took time, but in a few months he was well.

During that time we became friends and slowly his sad story came out. I managed to restore his daughter and small son to their father's house. The fields? Well, that would take time. But the charity of Christ was winning his heart.

About this time the "Bara Din," the Big Day of the year came round. On the Eve of Christmas friends brought him with them from his village. He had heard the story of the shepherds and the Babe, and he had wanted to come and see for himself. The night was cool and clear and they came by starlight across the

stream, now almost dry, and down the road he had once staggered alone.

They took him at once to the manger. They were poor people there, and he felt at home. Shepherds were there, and he himself was a shepherd. The young workingman, standing by the crib, Joseph was his name, he understood. The Babe looked happy and serene, and why shouldn't He, with such a Mother? He was, they told him, the King of Justice, God's love made Man, come to teach men that peace of heart and hope were for those who loved Him.

Somehow a grasping money lender didn't fit into that picture. Deep down Barku knew that he himself fitted into that picture. And it was good to be there.



ALASKA

Calvary at Christmas

FR. PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

LET ME TAKE YOU up to the top of Alaska on a cold winter's Christmas night. It was 35 below zero and a glacial wind blew. I believe I was the only one awake after all the glorious festivities of Christmas. I donned my parky and went out into the night. Not a light was showing in the village. All were happily asleep after the joys of a wonderful feastday. The skies were ablaze with an unusual display of Northern Lights. Phantoms of myriad colors and shapes were pulsing

all over the heavens. Suddenly all gathered to a focus and shone directly down on the Mission like a spotlight.

I was so entranced that I wanted to meditate at leisure on this most dazzling of all the natural wonders of God. It was the biting wind that changed my mind. Just as I turned to enter the Mission I noticed a lone team coming up the trail. The night was almost as clear as day with the glittering Aurora. Since Eskimos are constantly mushing up and

down the river I paid little attention. Once out of my parky I picked up a book. I was in no mood for sleep.

A little while later there was a soft tap at my door. I welcomed a young couple who had come up from the Bering Sea district. They told me they had missed the trail in a heavy ground drift and had had to sleep out in that bitter cold. Both of them were old school children, married the previous year. I inquired about their baby.

"He is in the sled," they said quietly.

"Well, bring him in," I insisted. "The night is deathly cold!"

"Father, he is frozen."

No tears. Just words spoken with infinite sadness. My heart ached with sympathy for this bereaved couple—losing their only baby coming to the Mission for Christmas. God had taken their dearest possession on the very night He

had sent His Son into the world. The funeral for the little one was lovely on the feast of the Holy Innocents. But what a sacrifice!

This was not all. I persuaded this lovely little couple to come and live at the Mission. They came, and had two more children. These lived, but tragedy followed as the father was drowned some time later. The mother took it all and did not complain. She now receives a lowly government check for food for her children. Out of this she insists on sending me a few dollars every month. I have remonstrated, but she insists. "You have been good to me, Father. I must help a little." What gracious companions you have as co-missioners. Someday this little Eskimo mother is going to find, like Christopher, that she has carried Christ across the stream of life.



Missa de Gallo

FR. JOHN F. MORAN S.J.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME I was sent to Calumpang to have the novena of pre-Christmas Masses called "Missa de Gallo." This quaint custom has it that at the first crow of the rooster every morning nine days before Christmas, the Mass begins. The arbitrary time for the first crow is four a.m. (Actually, the rooster has been known to crow at midnight—but I thought that four was good enough). I was so tired that usually I didn't hear anything. This is obviously an exaggeration because I would hear confessions for about a half hour before Mass.

This was fine, except that they had a phonograph going full blast next to the confessional. The idea was to wake the people up and get them to the Mass. It would have been nice to have soft Christmas carols filling the early morning air. But, we want to wake the people up, so we have to find the loudest music possible—usually raucous marches, played on records that were so scratched from use that it was hard to tell what was music and what was noise. In general, it was noise. However, it did the trick of waking the people up. Also me; so I appreciated it in my own fashion.

After the people got there the Mass started. The place was really crowded. Every morning I had to get a sermon

prepared and preached. This, of course, in Tagalog. The rub is that my Tagalog is not so good. But they understood, and tolerated me. Actually, they had no choice. The place was so crowded that they could not have escaped, and the mike was so strong (the same volume as the phono) that even if they started out at the beginning of the sermon they would still be in range six minutes away. I'm surprised you didn't hear it yourself.

After the Mass I would have breakfast, then by jeep to the next town, and then to San Pablo on the bus. This went on for nine days, and I don't think that I have ever enjoyed myself as much. However, it was nothing compared to Christmas itself. You have heard of three-ringed circuses. Well, Calumpang had at least a five-ringer going for about six hours on Christmas morning.

I got there at six on Christmas Eve. The buses and jeeps were piled to the gunnels. If they were filled with people, no problem. If they were filled with people and packages, no problem; but when Filipinos travel they will always carry a few hens, or even a small pig as a gift for Christmas. They tie the legs of the hens, but every now and then they try to escape. The pig was all right. I think he was pretty groggy by the time he got one kilometer out of



In Nagcarlang (the town of which Calumpang is the barrio—you may find Nagcarlang on a good map—don't even bother with Calumpang). I finally got to Calumpang and heard confessions.

The place was really jammed and I had to use some unethical tactics to get to the front. Actually, the Mass was very nice. The choir was accompanied by an accordion (not too liturgical, but it kept the choir in tune) and the sermon problem was eased a bit. I had one of the men read the Gospel. I think it is too beautiful to have me spoil it. After the Mass we had a bite to eat, and I went back to bed (about two hours). Then the next two Masses at seven. Not too many at this, but enough. A bit more for breakfast, and then Baptisms.

My idea on the Baptisms this time was to give a little sermon and tell the people how wonderful it was that on the day Christ was born in Bethlehem, He was also born in the souls of the infants who were baptized. I thought this was a nice thought, and the idea to teach the people (whose knowledge of their religion is practically non-existent) was most attractive. The thought disappeared in

about three seconds. The first baby arrived and then the second, and they were already tuned up and singing Christmas carols. They must have been singing them backwards because the harmony was a bit off. Well, I decided to stagger things and when the first five arrived I started. There is mob psychology when children start crying, and the noise was incredible.

After that I went back to the Castaneda's for lunch and took off for home. Father Rector wanted me here for lunch, but I knew this was wishful thinking and didn't try very hard. All in all it was tremendous and I enjoyed every second of it. I can remember that when I applied for the Society, one of the interviewers asked me if I had a sense of humor. I didn't know what he meant and how important it was at the time, but I sure do know now. If in the setup at Calumpang I was not able to laugh at the happy confusion, and more important at myself, I would have been brought home by the men in the white coats. But really, it was great. May our dear Lord be blessed for this experience for me. I hope that He used me and my hands to bring some grace to the people.



Christmas on a Caribbean Cay

FR. RONALD T. ZINKLE S.J.

IT WAS TWO MILES to land, that long narrow island that seemed to be resting so lazily in the sea. A few scattered cocoanut trees with motionless heads stood guard over the sandy beaches. This was Cay Caulker, an island 30 miles from the mainland of British Honduras.

These people have suffered much. Only last year a severe hurricane swept over their island home. Most managed to survive by taking refuge in a few solidly built houses. Some spent hours clinging to the trunks of cocoanut trees. But one shelter collapsed under the force of winds and waves and 14 children were swept away. All the islanders carry these sad memories.

A few moments after we stepped ashore the children began to pass the word along. "Da Fadda, he come!" This was better than a public address system. Our people began arriving and after hearing confessions that evening I tried to take a short nap. No hope, since all about the village the soft strum of guitars and singing kept eyes from closing. One group of children must have covered every inch of the island with "Jingle Bells."

At 11:30 they began to make their way to the school where we were to have Mass. Almost 150 grownups attended and men and women joined with a younger group to sing the High Mass.

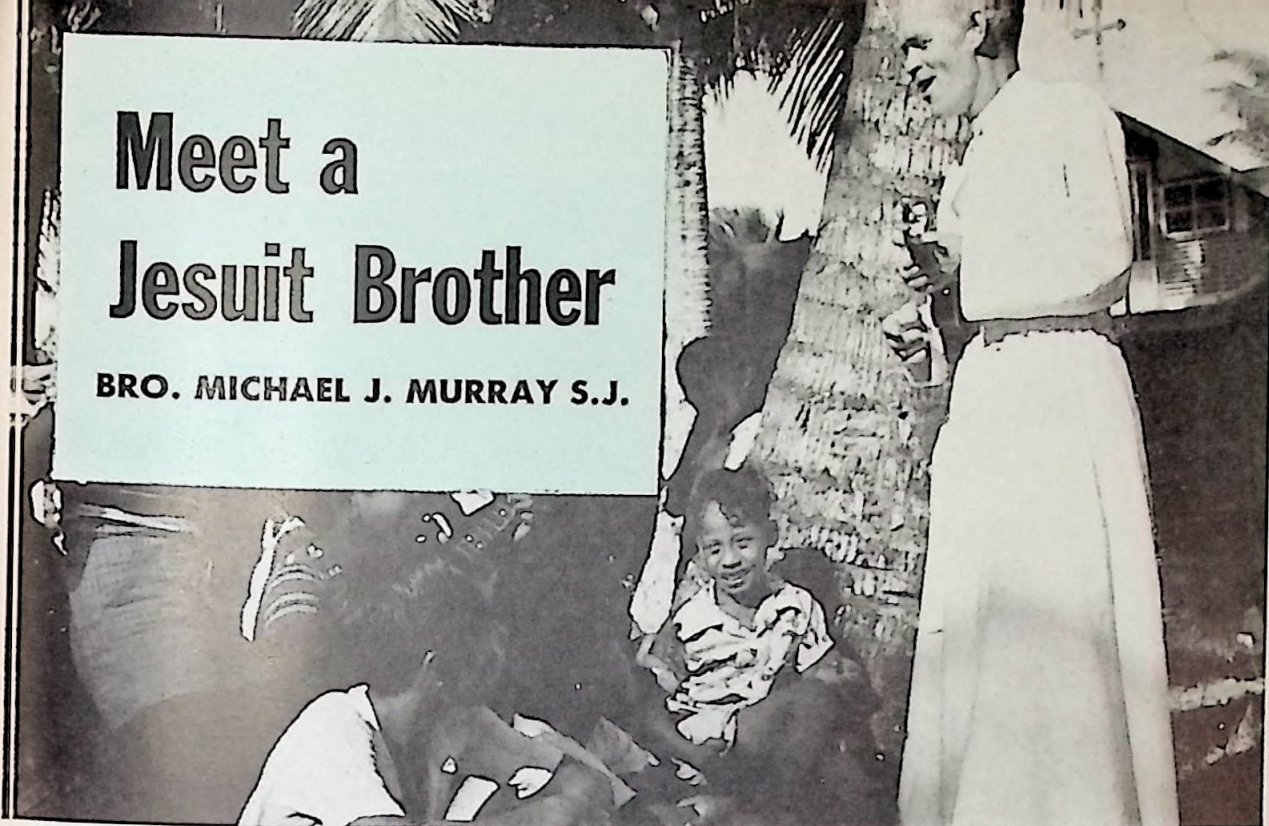
By three o'clock in the morning most of the people had retired. Then two men with guitars went all around the village singing a Spanish song. It was a slow moving piece. It seemed to be a song about St. Joseph, and in the still of the night it was very beautiful.

The next morning at eight the children came for their Mass, dressed in bright colored clothes. Many of them received our Lord in Communion. After Mass they scattered in all directions, to come running back to show us the toys and gifts the good Sisters had sent them.

At ten o'clock we said our goodbys. A strong sea breeze was blowing across our course, and this meant a wet trip. Within 15 minutes we were soaked and we stayed that way for the next two and a half hours. Tired and caked with salt we felt much like St. Paul who travelled the sea so often to bring Christ to men. It was a Christmas to be remembered.

Meet a Jesuit Brother

BRO. MICHAEL J. MURRAY S.J.



“COMMUNITY SING” programs on television have become quite popular over the past couple of years as is evidenced by the audience approval of such shows as “Sing Along With Mitch” and the more current “Hootenanny.” From the accompanying picture, it is rather evident that the little native audience equally approves of Brooklyn-born Brother Michael J. Murray’s South Sea island version of the “community sing.” Brother Murray’s show is nothing less than a real “hit,” for he has been entertaining the good people of the Marshall Islands for over a decade without a noticeable decline in his “rating.”

If you have musical talent *and* a real desire to serve God as a Jesuit Brother on the missions, Brother “Mike” would doubtless be only too happy to add you to his act, his *total* act. For Brother Murray does a lot more than simply entertain the people at his mission station on Majuro Island in the Marshalls. He is the only Jesuit Brother in the whole area, and, as might be imagined, his duties are manifold. So don’t be dismayed by your lack of musical talent. You may have the necessary other qualifications to join Brother Murray and the hundreds of other Brothers like him who, in collaboration with the Jesuit Fathers of the United States, staff the many houses of the Society of Jesus at home and on the missions.

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Pope's Mission Intention

That by the effective missionary action of the Church, the peace of Christ may be brought to all peoples.

As Christmas approaches, our troubled world presents an appearance not in keeping with that holy season. No matter where we look—Africa, Asia, Latin America, our own country—there is the atmosphere of tension, of strife, of revolution. This is especially true in the countries which are ordinarily viewed as mission territories where a newly gained freedom is entangled with hatred of the old rulers, with the tension of racial or religious strife, or with the subversive Communism which threatens to throttle the first glad cries of independence. The situation is such that the Holy Father asks our prayers during December that the Church may do its utmost to bring the only true kind of peace, the peace of Christ, to all these peoples.

It is a task which only the Church, through its missionaries in the field, can effectively carry out. For no one can give to another something which he himself hasn't got. There are all kinds of peace, so-called, but there is only one peace of Christ. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth do I give unto you . . ." It is a gift, and only Christ can give it

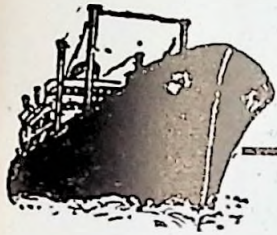
for, as St. Paul beautifully explained to the Ephesians in speaking of the redemption and the reconciliation of Jew and Gentile, "But now in Christ Jesus, you, who some time were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace . . . and coming He preached peace to you . . ."

How sorely today's world needs that gift that consists in peace with God which we have through Christ! Everyone who lives close to God is gifted with that peace and every missionary in the field has dedicated his or her life to the bringing of that peace to others. That is why the Church is so important to those peoples who have just emerged into freedom or to a new way of life. Only the Church, which alone has that peace, can offer the answer to the bewildering restlessness of men's hearts.

Our Lord has told us that we cannot expect worldwide perfect peace, that the Church will meet with continual contradiction from the powers of darkness and the prince of this world. But we can strive to lessen enmity and discord, to bring as much as we can of this peace of Christ to others. In our prayers during the Christmas season let us remember how sorely a dissension-torn world needs that sweet peace of Christ.

The Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS and over 1,200 American Jesuits on mission fields gratefully pray that your Christmas be a blessed one and the New Year a glad one.

Can you help in any of the following ways?



Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

1) **Father John Guidera** from Baltimore, Maryland, is now running a nine-year-old unfinished school in Chaibasa, India. "It rained all day today and tonight when the boys went to bed they had a hard time finding a dry place on the floor. They are sleeping in the unfinished classrooms. The windows are not yet in so when it rains there is nothing to do but push the water out the door." Father John could put the windows into his school for \$2.00 per window and for \$100.00 he could build a lavatory for his boys. They have none now.

2) **Sixty-eight-year-old** Father Doyle has a beautiful new church in Punta Gorda, in British Honduras. It was made possible by the generosity of Jesuit Missions readers. He now would like to get a statue of Our Lady of the Rosary. He could do so for \$75.00.

3) **Father Henry Haske** of Osorno, Chile, is a great Baltimore Orioles fan who didn't have much to cheer about this past year. He is always a great friend of the poor children in Chile's agriculture district in which he works. A gift of \$2.00 or \$3.00 to Father Haske would assure some children of the medicine and education they so desperately need.

4) **In Kadingilon, the Philippines,** Father Al Flores in trying to build a church. He needs the following items: an altar—\$250; altar cloths, etc.—\$100; church bell to ring the praise of God—\$25; one organ—\$400; any amount to help with cement, gravel and lumber purchases would be happily received. Father Flores asks if

anyone would like to give some of these items as memorials for their loved ones.

5) **Father R. J. Snyder** who once lived in Lee, Illinois, is now trying to build a temporary hutment to help in his catechetical work in Jamulpur, India. The bamboo and straw and the pillars for the roof and walls would come to 400 rupees, about \$55.60. "I thought you might have some good people who could contribute a dollar or so to help me buy some straw and bamboo?"

6) **Summer is only seven months away.** In Baghdad they are already planning next summer's vacation-camp for the poor students of Baghdad. The summer school helps the Fathers make contact with many young people. Ten dollars would assure some young boy or girl of the most profitable summer of their life.

7) **Father John Fox's housekeeper** at Holy Cross, Alaska, has written to us. She sent us the following message: "wanted": one sewing machine. Needed very much for making clothes and mending the clothes of the Fathers and Brothers. Most appreciated by the housekeeper. God bless you for all your kindness. Any size gift would help.

(Coupon is for your convenience)

Dear Father,

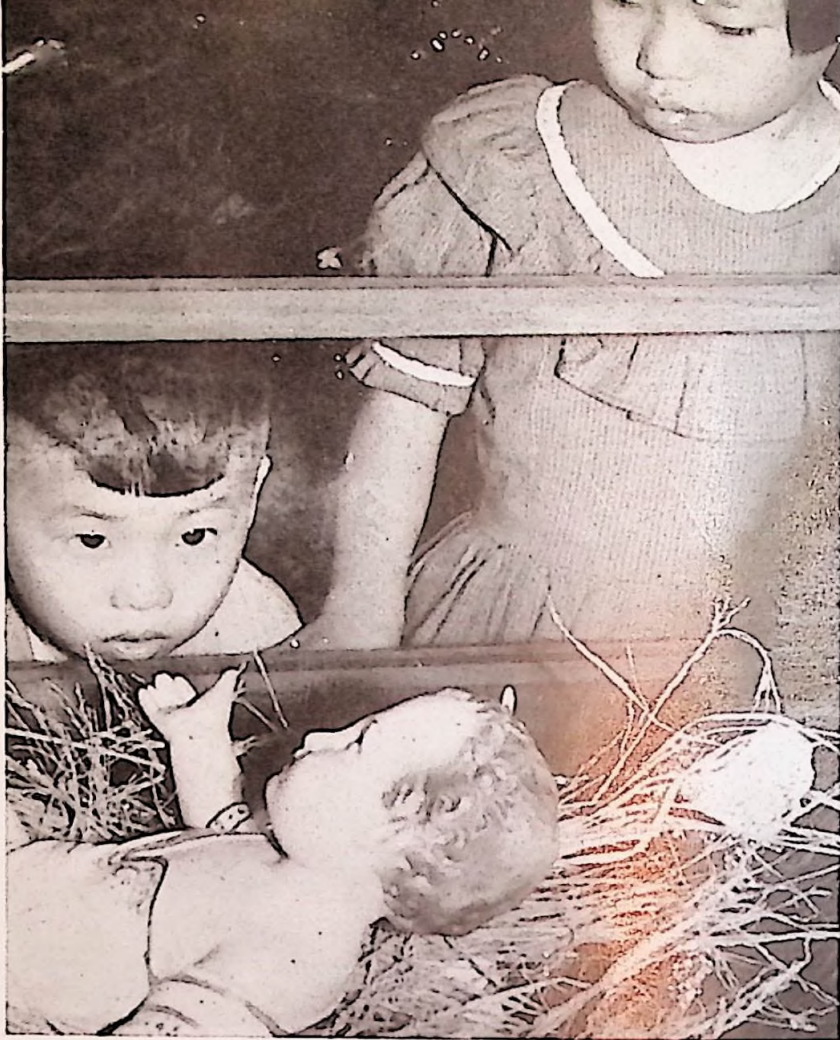
The enclosed donation is for the item(s) numbered above _____

Name _____

Address _____

JESUIT MISSIONS

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



The Mystery of Love

How do you express the Mystery of Love? God did it by giving. Giving us His Son who came as a helpless babe. The Lord of the World, the Creator was wrapped in swaddling bands and placed in a bed of straw. And one day the babe would give His life for our salvation and the salvation of the world.

Love consists in acts more than words. In your Christmas charity help us to bring His salvation to the world of men for whom He died.

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

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