

jesuit missions

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THE TWILIGHT OF BUDDHISM?

JESUIT MISSIONS



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AGGIORNAMENTO

Thirty-seven years ago JESUIT MISSIONS was founded. From January 1927 to January 1964 has not been any longer than any other period of thirty-seven years. Yet the minutes, hours, days of these years have provided the time for greater changes than in any like period in history.

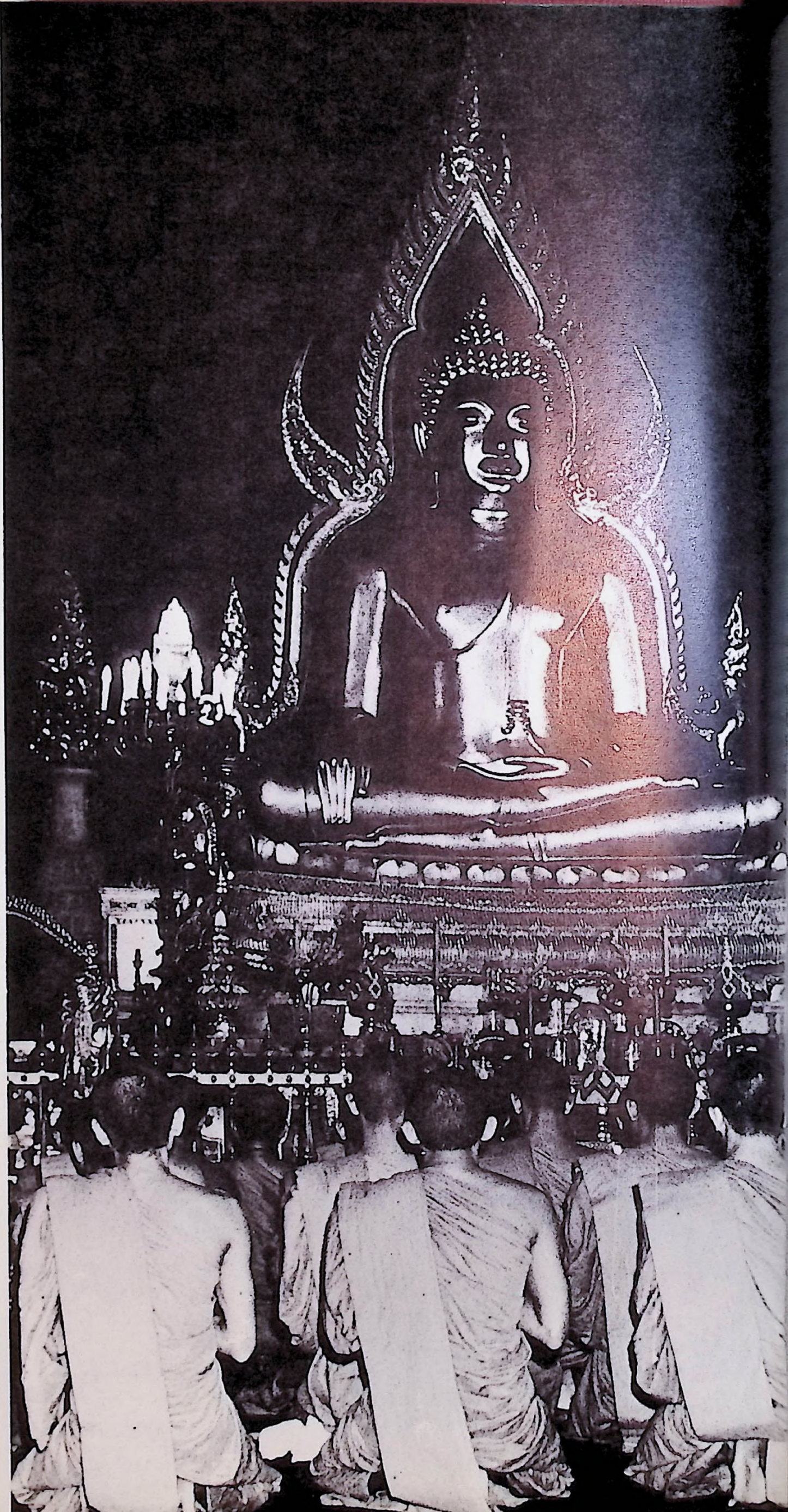
The stuff of the changes was there when our first issue appeared: Einstein's mathematics had already pointed the way to the atom; Hitler had written his Kampf; Wall Street was an over-extended bubble; communism was brutally successful in Russia; labor and social legislation were in the offing; the leaders of today's Africa sat in mission schools; electronics was becoming more than a toy; in Rome Pius XI was laying the groundwork for the end of the Vatican's isolation.

Within two years of J.M.'s first edition, the bubble burst; then Hitler came into power; social legislation in the United States set a pattern for a world; communism moved from local experiment to international fact; World War II broke the mold of an old world; Einstein's theory exploded on Hiroshima; the nations were called United in San Francisco and the propelling pressures of electronics began to make the dream a fact; Chad and Ghana, Indonesia and Ceylon sat down to bargain with their former masters; and Paul VI has journeyed to the Holy Land.

In thirty-seven years there have been a hundred generations of change.

Pius XII said that no other era since the advent of Christ has been so decisive for the development of man as this one. He could have said the same of the Church. The "emergence" of the layman, the legislation and world vision of the last four pontiffs, Vatican II all give assurance that our faith will "no longer be a religion of sacristies, rectories, and Catholic schools" but will rather more and more affect the total life of mankind.

You see on the opposite page the first cover of JESUIT MISSIONS, an idealized portrait of St. Isaac Jogues, Jesuit apostle to the Indians and martyr. The magazine was founded as a magazine of "apostolic endeavor." In an age in which the changes in the Church are no less astonishing than those in the world, the field of the apostolate has broadened; the whole Church declares herself to be in a state of mission. Yet our aim and hers is still that which brought Jogues to the Iroquois four hundred years ago: that Christ may be born anew and live in every nation and people.



Before the shadowed image of Buddha in a Bangkok temple a group of youthful monks read a lesson from the Pali Canon. Pious custom dictates that all Buddhist males don the saffron robe for a period. Most return to secular life, but all are affected by their stay.

On the streets of Tokyo, Taipei or Shanghai the new young man of urban Asia strides. Taller than his parents, handsome, garbed in the West physically, and mentally in part, torn inwardly by breaks with the past but still encysted in cultures with ancient roots, impacted from all sides by a jarring leap into the 20th Century, his mind awl with new visions, dimensions and values still fragmented and undigested, it is little wonder that he gives the impression of a melancholy Hamlet at tortured odds with himself and the times. Worse still, a growing emptiness in the midst of a plenty, real or promised, gnaws at his new convictions.

For his religious convictions are shaky or none at all. The gods of Japan have been smothered in an avalanche of "things" and beneath the ashes of a war that tumbled Amaterasu from her place in the sun. A new pantheon draws devotees from amongst the illiterate young. "Science" is the latest goddess and there are other mundane shrines to technology, business, Marx and their earthy hosts. Only the God of Wealth remains in his old niche. All the rest is myth and superstition, unworthy of the modern. It is here he equates with the "beat" generation of the West, and the twain now meet for like reasons.

In Free China on the isle of Taiwan the same forces are at work. Marx is, naturally, anathema, but devotion to all the new gods of "progress" is slowly emptying the ancient temples and shrines. A vast and commendable school system, with its emphasis on the secular, must produce a generation divorced from its religious past. The signs are there, and worry grows among the more perceptive.

On the Communist mainland of China, ancestral home of the deities of millions, the religious vacuum is almost complete. Murder, prison, terror, enslavement, twisted logic and the sneer have been the Red hammers of religious suppression. These weapons have worked with the old, the fearful, the unbending, and the faithful of all creeds. Shepherds were torn from flocks and the fold scattered. The strong were barred or broken in the fearful isolation of Red jail cells. A pistol at

THE TWILIGHT OF BUDDHISM?

This ancient view of things
still lights the way for many
but shadows dim past glories.

Alden J. Stevenson S. J.



Images of Amitahba and Buddha surrounded by fanciful temple guards. They offer little in the way of protection to the future of their charges as change threatens the lands of Buddhist faithful in Asia.



the base of the skull settled the question of the dangerously defiant. In Red China there is but one god, the State, and the latter day trinity, Marx-Lenin-Mao, will have no other gods before it. In this immense tragedy for the human spirit, the uncommitted young have been spiritually drained by a cold logic that supplies all answers and allows no questions.

These are some of the shadows that stretch to encompass the young, and the older millions, of these vast northern areas of Asia. For the young man of today, and tomorrow the past is dated and offers few references to meet the rush of the changing present. Slowly or painfully, depending on his awareness, his roots are being wrenched from the cultural and religious soil in which they were imbedded.

His elders, whose memories and habit patterns reach further back in time, are less affected. And there is less understanding of their young caught up in change. Deeply rooted in custom and conviction, they can only stand puzzled, sad or angry before the swift time-warp that is drawing their children into a new dimension. It is a hard age for both.

Centuries ago, in a missionary effort by monks, scholars and travellers that long predates the Christian, the Way of Gautama the Buddha entered the heartland of China. It was to give new directions to the religious, social and artistic history of that country. From China, by way of Korea, this view of the universe and man within it began to influence Japan strongly by the Seventh Century. The doctrine embraced in these regions was a form of Buddhism known as the *Mahayana* or "Great Vehicle". Its claim to direct descent from the teachings of Gautama were less than the second great school of Buddhism called the *Hinayana* or "Little Vehicle". From Ceylon this chill, centered Nihilism, lacking Gautama's quality of mercy, was spread by busy monks, a much accommodation, throughout Southern Asia. Both schools were later reinterpretations of the Lord Buddha's own reinterpretations of the even older Indian Upanishads.

Gautama himself wrote nothing. His rev

tion under the pipul tree was thus, from the beginning, subject to endless fission and new fusions as disciples speculated and fact was muddled by fancy. The designations *Mahayana* and *Hinayana* are simply two convenient vehicles for containing the many varieties of belief labeled "Buddhism". Its survival to this day owes much to its willingness and ability to melt into the religious landscape of the countries it evangelized. Nowhere is Buddhism quite the same. But there is a doctrinal core that persists, and is very likely based on the actual "enlightenment" of Buddha himself. These central precepts have a long history and seem to represent his thinking.

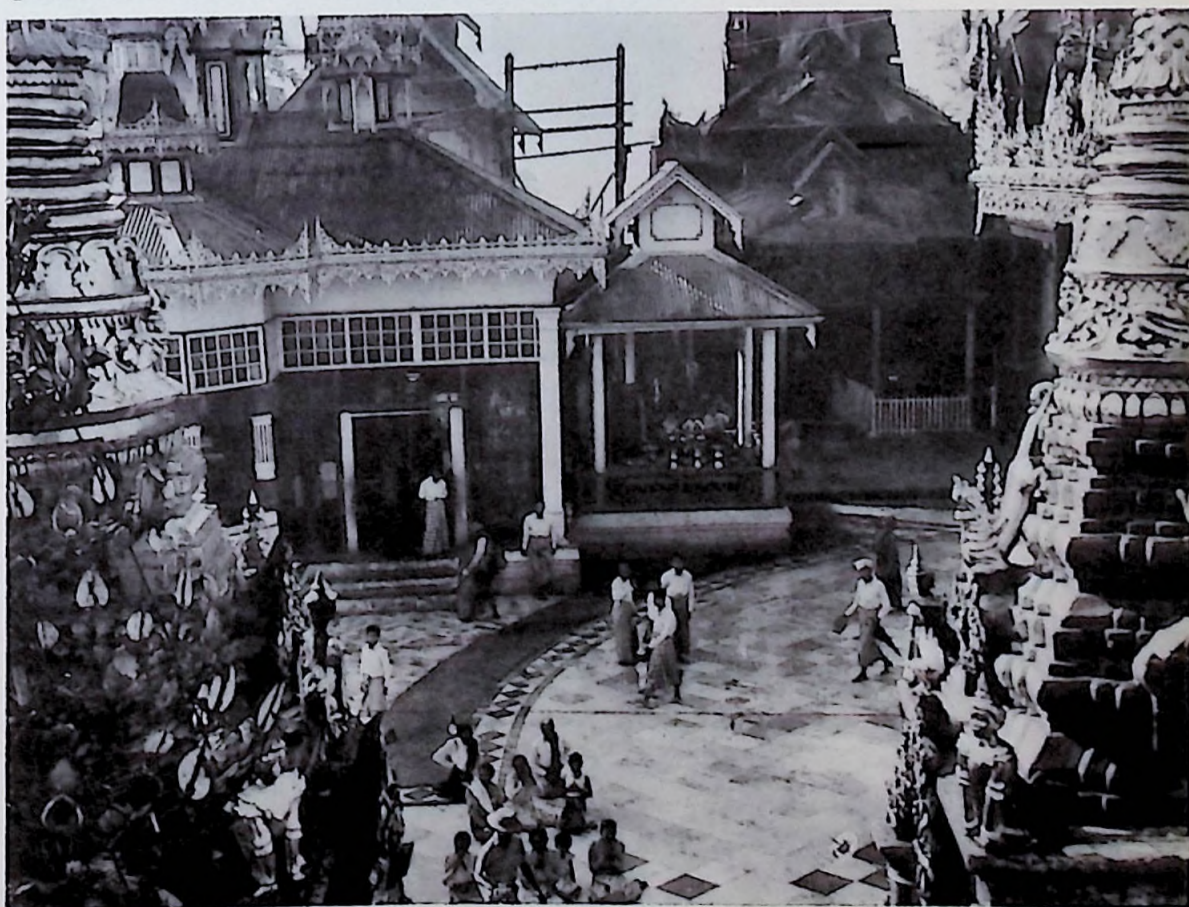
Suffering and the causes of suffering obsessed Buddha. He sought release by closing the mental eye on everything, including self. Since "reality" is in reality nothing but eternal change, flux, impermanence—and that held for the conscious Ego—*nirvana*, a "blowing out", was his pessimistic goal. It was not a heaven, but an end to the successive hells of existence. Desire, born of ignorance of the illusory nature of all phenomena, bound man to the turnings of the Wheel of Life. Escape from desire and its consequences was encapsulated in the Four Noble Truths. The Fourth Truth paved the Noble Eightfold Path that led man to the peace of extinction. By following the precepts of the Way, which enunciated Buddha's moral code, merit was gained. Accumulated merit brought eventual release. His insistence on self-restraint and benevolence to all creatures, fellow sufferers in this vale of illusion, gives the only warm note to this wintry creed.

The two general schools of Buddhism were spun from the web of speculation in the centuries following the death of the ascetic Gautama. Mahayana, the "greater vehicle", was driven slowly to the North bearing an ideal Buddhist and a compassionate god. The ideal was the holy man, the Bodhisattva, who refused to enter Nirvana until all men were saved by sharing in his merits. Bodhisattvas, the Hindu gods, and all the local dieties the greater vehicle could bear were taken aboard. All took their places

in a variety of heavens and highly imaginative hells. The severe Gautama was superseded by a benign redeemer called Amitabha. The goddess of mercy, Kwanyin, formerly a he become a she, ascended her important throne in the Western Paradise. There was something for everybody and Mahayana Buddhism eventually covered a varied multitude of sinners. Gautama, returned at any time over the centuries till today, would recognize little in these lands as his own.

The ability of Buddhism to adapt, adopt, and to cater to a diversity of religious views has been its strength. It has also been its weakness. Torpid with its glut of gods, lacking unity, offering no challenge to the young already challenged by the secularism of the West, it has yielded with little struggle to Red China's intolerant monolith, the communist state. Conquest and the suppression of all faiths on the mainland, North Korea and Tibet, the land of Tantric Buddhism, has brought the great vehicle to a halt. Except for a few strategic temples and monasteries, furnished as Red show-places with a handful of compliant monks for the edification, and subversion, of visitors from the South, the

A group of Bodhisattvas and local gods crowd the altar of a Chinese temple. Mahayana Buddhism, the "greater vehicle", took aboard as many indigenous gods as it could bear. A god for every human need.





A Buddhist nun, far less numerous than the men, at prayer in Taiwan temple. The Buddhist devout still flock to rural temples in time of need or during a feast. Urban dwellers are a more sophisticated lot and devotion suffers here.

Governed by a strict and copious set of rules, the daily routine of a monk allows only two meals, to be taken before noon. He begs for his food. Merit is gained by the generous donor. Study and prayer occupy much of his time.



Way of Buddha is now marked: "Road Closed". Much is gone, certainly, and the future offers only suspended question marks. What will remain, certainly, are the ancient cultural patterns that Buddhism has stamped and imbedded in these peoples. The Way was travelled too long to be forgotten overnight.

"Change, flux, impermanence". Even Southeast Asia has not escaped these core notions of the Buddhist creeds. They are the lands of the "lesser vehicle", Hinayana Buddhism, or "Theravada" Buddhism as it is preferably called in Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Vietnam and Laos. The same factors that threaten change in the North are at work, in a different historical perspective, throughout Southeast Asia. A vague recognition of these threats is beginning to stir a number of Buddhists, for a variety of motives, in these areas. But the threat of change remains.

Theravada or Hinayana Buddhism was born of an early division, and emphasized the aloneness of man in seeking release from the misery of the wheel. The "lesser vehicle" was a one-man affair, with no benign deities to help with a push or a pull. This soon led to groups of the like-minded and the cloistered brotherhood of recluses, the *Sangha* of the yellow robe, entered history. Closer to the people were the Mahayanist monks with their easier salvation, borrowed gods and popular practices. When the aloof Hinayana creed entered Ceylon and Burma, needing state support and popular appeal it capitulated to the pantheon of tribal gods and imported spirits in these lands. The history of Buddhism repeated itself here; tolerance and absorption gave it strength. Monastic and lay communities grew, and royal patronage, early in Ceylon and later in Burma and Thailand, finally equated Buddhism with the state. Today the "lesser vehicle" lies embedded in an almost formless mass of beliefs, rituals, and survivals of earlier indigenous cults. "Change, flux, impermanence"—and there is more to come as forces alien to the past align themselves in the new nations of Southeast Asia.

Since the first white man set foot on these shores, bolder elements have been stamping in an effort to dislodge the intruder. The

intruder stayed. He took much; and he gave much. World War II wrote the last chapter in this long history of give and take. That unmovable idol, the white colonial overlord, was pushed from his pedestal—by an Asian. A new sense of strength, dignity and national purpose demanded independence. Ready or not, between 1946 and 1949, ten new nations in Asia won the right to shape their own destinies.

As might be expected of peoples long patterned on the West through years of colonial tutelage, but drawn to the past for national identification, they are finding freedom a most disturbing gift. Their stability is threatened, from within and without, by a host of problems that demand time for solution. Little time is being granted to Laos, Vietnam, and Cambodia. Burma and Ceylon are in ferment. Only Thailand, never a colonial subject, rides the troubled seas of this area with a measure of composure.

Into this confusing picture another element was injected at an early date. This was the "political" Buddhist, monk and lay. Under colonialism the cloister had lost much of its ancient position as advisor of kings, teacher of the young, center of rural life, top of the religious and social pyramid. Independence led to a "revival" and offered any number of ways to regain lost status. For the sincere it meant restoration and an antidote to the growth of secularism, for the politician it meant the votes of the Buddhist majority, for the monk it promised an elevation to his "rightful place" in the new society. This stir of Neo-Buddhism, with its political and religious overtones, features in today's news in Ceylon, Burma, and with questionable consequences in Vietnam. It is a recipe of mixed ingredients: the pious, pragmatic, patriotic. There is a highly emotional coloring, a touch of envy perhaps, and a dangerous sprinkling of secular appeal in many Buddhist pronouncements. The "revival" has many of the notes of "survival" in the face of multiple odds.

"Change, flux, impermanence." Are the two great "vehicles" about to be disastrously overloaded with the problems of change and challenge? The hard shadows of the present indicate a twilight over Buddha's lands.

BACK FROM THE DEAD

Louis A. Devaney S.J.



Father Walter Ciszek (second from right) with his ordination class in Rome in 1937. At right as a worker in Russia in 1957.



He was dead, according to all the books. There had been no word of Father Walter J. Cizek S.J. since that day in 1940 when he had left Albertyn in Poland with his parishioners who had been drafted for forced labor somewhere in the remote recesses of Soviet Russia. The veil of silence closed around him, a veil that parted only once and that with the whisper that he had died.

One of the last acts of a Jesuit priest before he ascends the altar in the morning is to consult the list of his deceased Jesuit brethren so that he can especially remember during the Holy Sacrifice those who died from this day in previous years. For a number of years now there has been an undated entry on that list: "Father Walter J. Cizek—Presumed dead."

Yet that entry caused some uneasiness among those who had known Wally Cizek. I remembered him well from that day in 1928 when he came to the Jesuit Novitiate at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie. Just past twenty, he was from a robust Polish family in the coal fields of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. Wally already knew what it was to work in the coalbreakers. Friendly, full of good humor, well-balanced, bursting with energy—he was a bright-eyed, radiant young man. His slight Polish accent added to the flavor and made Wally a delightful novice to live with.

There were others, besides the Jesuits who knew him, who could not accept that entry in the obituary list with utter finality. Three of these were his devoted sisters, Mrs. Helen Gearhart of Washington, D. C., Mother Evangeline, Provincial of the Bernadine Sisters of St. Francis at Reading, Pennsylvania, and Sister Conrad of the same congregation, also in Reading. The years dimmed but never extinguished the flame of hope.

In the early 1930's the Holy Father was seeking some brave young Jesuits from all over the world for study and training in the Russian College in Rome. Wally was a perfect selection. He was intensely interested

in Russia and Poland and loved the people. I remember vividly the August afternoon in 1934 at the villa house in Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania, when we said goodbye to Wally Cizek as he left for Rome and that strange road he was to follow through dark years.

After ordination in the Russian rite at Rome in 1937, Father Cizek was assigned to Albertyn in Poland, close to the Russian border. When war broke out in 1939 the Russians overran that part of Poland. Many of his parishioners were to go as laborers into Soviet Russia. Father Cizek's heart went out to these men. "The priest should go with them," he thought. Leaving his American passport with his Jesuit Superior, Father Anthony Dombroski, he volunteered to join the laborers. And then the silence closed down about him, the oppressive, uneasy silence that comes with not knowing, the silence which calls for a tremendous amount of faith to keep hope alive.

A long time later, the sketchy history of those years could be traced. With his Polish parishioners he had been transported to the region of Tshushevaga in the Ural mountains. There they had worked as prisoners of war. Once in a great while Father would be able to say Mass and to attend to the spiritual needs of his men.

When war broke between Germany and the Soviets in June of 1941, Father Cizek was immediately arrested by the Soviet police. He was sentenced to 15 years in the penal camp and coal mines of Norilisk in Siberia, far north of the Arctic Circle. It was a time when all human help was far distant; when only God could sustain him. These were the hours when his faith glowed within him as never before. "It was so easy to pray then." And now and then there would be the glorious moment when the prisoners huddled about the priest as he offered the Holy Sacrifice with wine made from raisins in a handmade metal cup. Only in eternity will we ever know what graces were poured upon the world as God looked upon that scene at the edge of a frozen earth.

"Perhaps you have forgotten me or think I am dead. I am still alive. If you write to me at this address, I will answer. Send me news . . ."



At New York International Airport Father Cizek is welcomed by his sisters, Mrs. Helen Gearhart and Mother Evangeline of Reading, Pa.

Fifteen years later, on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, Sister Conrad in Reading, Pennsylvania, opened with trembling fingers a letter postmarked from Krasnoyarsk in the Soviet Union. "Perhaps you have forgotten me or think that I am dead. I am still alive. If you write to me at this address I will answer. Send me news of all the family." It was signed by her brother Wally

Shortly after this, Mrs. Helen Gearhart contacted me, saying that her brother was alive. At that time I was Director of the Shrine of the North American Martyrs at Auriesville, New York, and Mrs. Gearhart was determined to make a pilgrimage there to pray for her brother's return, sound in body and mind. Here at Auriesville, where the Mohawk Indians had tortured and tomahawked Father Jogues and his companion, there was much to remind her of her brother.

It was a cold winter day when Mrs. Gearhart came to Auriesville. The snows had made the roads impassable. We had to show our way to the doors of the freezing Coliseum. The temperature was below zero and I wore my overcoat beneath the Mass vestments, saying, "If you can stand it, Helen, I guess I can, too." Then we celebrated the Mass of the Martyrs. Before it was over the water was frozen in the cruets. The day after Mass and Communion, we both prayed in what seemed like the Siberia of America that Wally would one day return.

On that occasion I thought of the Christmas back in 1643 when, in a little Breton church in France, a small, timid-looking man in an ill-fitting suit stood in line for confession. It was his first Mass and Communion in more than a year and a half. Later he knocked on the door of the Jesuit College at Rennes and asked for the Father Rector. Hearing that the visitor was from America, the New France, the rector asked, "Have you seen Father Jogues? We have read of his awful tortures at the hands of the Indians. Is he still alive?"

The visitor answered, "Yes, Father. He is still alive. He is speaking with you." Then

ing the mangled hands of Father Jogues, the rector knelt and kissed them as he would the relics of a saint. I kept thinking of the consecrated hands of Wally Cizek.

The days and months crawled by as the State Department tried to negotiate for the return of Father Cizek. He had been in Krasnoyarsk and had openly ministered to this people as a priest. This brought about his transfer to the city of Abakan where he worked as a locksmith and automobile mechanic. Then he was unexpectedly summoned to Moscow where a gracious Soviet official pointed out to him the important places of interest and the hotels with first-class accommodations and attractive meals. No explanation was made and Father Cizek waited warily. "Someone must be coming," he thought, "and I must be going to guide them around."

Then all at once he was told that he was free as an American citizen to return home and that immediate passage had been arranged. He was hurried aboard a plane and as he sped west over the Atlantic he did not know that two Soviet spies were flying that same night back to Moscow, that their freedom had been exchanged for his.

It had been twenty-three years since any of us had seen Wally Cizek. We waited apprehensively as the British Overseas Airway plane taxied across the Idlewild Airport strip. Then he stepped off the plane, and, to our surprise, he looked younger than most of the priests of his own age. Ruddy and hardy, the priest warmly and vivaciously greeted his sisters and relatives who ran to embrace him. Father Walter J. Cizek was back from the dead.

A happy reunion in front of the Bernadine Sisters Convent with its significant "In hoc signo vinces" from the cross. "In this sign thou shalt conquer" was the bedrock of faith on which the hope of long years was built by Father's three sisters.



WORLD MISSION AND THE LAYMAN

Thomas E. Quigley

Director, Foreign Visitors Office National Catholic Welfare Conference

The venerable *New York Times* lacks a comic page, but *The Commonwealth* has a Protestant columnist. Charlie Brown—and this may be over-looking ‘all that’s fit to print’—is still missing from the one, but Robert McAfee Brown is very much present in the other. Thus windows are opened to sometimes surprising and interesting views. Call it progress.

Whether the very venerable *Jesuit Mission's* decision to open its pages to a lay columnist is progress or not, others will have to decide. I, at least, am grateful for the opportunity.

This column will concern itself with a vast and growing area in the life of the Church, and may be labeled: The International Lay Apostolate. We will observe the role of the layman in the world-mission of the Church and, particularly for us in this country, the work of laymen and lay organizations aiding the growth of the Body of Christ where that aid is most needed.

In future columns we'll be talking about the Council of International Lay Associations (CILA), its mem-

ber groups as well as the other lay overseas service groups in this country, Canada and Europe. And we'll be talking about some of the striking new developments, stirred by the Council and the Church, in so-called mission lands.

The term, “International Apostolate” (which we prefer to “Lay Missionary Apostolate”) embraces more than sending American laymen to a far off country. There are other facets to the word “apostolate” which we will discuss, and that will include such concerns as foreign students and visitors “at sea” in our land. We view this not as something merely similar to the work of U.S. Catholics overseas. Rather, it is an integral part of this unity we call the International Apostolate.

Our emphasis, at least in the beginning, will be to provide information not readily available in the Catholic press. The lay groups involved are notoriously weak in the public information field, despite the extraordinary willingness of the Catholic population and press to hear more.

Casual references to “lay mis-

sionaries” dot the pages of magazines and papers, eloquent testimony that here is something significant and timely and relevant for our day. But only a small fragment of all there is to say has been said and the saying has been confined to a narrow circle. And here, irony, indeed. The group name, “International” Lay Apostolate, can only mean that every confirmed Christian has a role and a responsibility in the mission of the Church. The Church in the world of today confirms the observation that massive involvement of all its members, clergy and laity, is essential for any effective Christian collaboration among peoples.

Right here we can begin to lay down a few planks of this platform. These notes or axioms of the International Lay Apostolate should be kept in mind later as we talk about specific developments. They form part of the theoretical basis for lay service movements. We can recite them with fair glibness today, but it was not so many years ago that they represented radical thinking.

1. The classical definition of the purpose of the missionary is to establish the Church. But the Church

a community. Only a community, not the isolated or partly representative individual, can fully present the Church. Such a community, then, not only includes laymen but married laymen and families.

2. More important, the Church is concerned with the whole man; that is, with whole societies and all they encompass, not just with the "religious" side of man. The spiritual life is not lived in a hermetically sealed can.

3. The Christianization of societies, or what Pope Pius XII called the consecration of the world is, in his words, "essentially the task of the layman."

4. It follows, therefore, that the layman is not called just to alleviate human misery by works of charity, but to effect basic changes, to build new human structures and to transform human societies into Christian societies. He must be as aware as the social teachings of the Church and the conditions of such societies demand.

5. It also follows that the mission of the layman does not derive from the shortage of priests and reli-

gious; or from the greater ease with which laymen can penetrate some geographic areas where the cassock is suspect, or the institutional such as the factory or business; or from the greater effectiveness of laymen in certain situations (where the priest is regarded as a "professional" whose Christian life and standards seem unrelated to the multiple problems of the ordinary man's life). All of these, though not of the essence, have been contributing factors to the actual growth of this apostolate.

6. A further corollary is this. While the layman may and often does perform any task a bishop may require, including those more properly "religious", the most pressing and important needs lie in the socio-economic areas. Laymen are *needed* to assist overworked and understaffed religious, but qualified lay Catholics are increasingly needed to fill essentially lay roles.

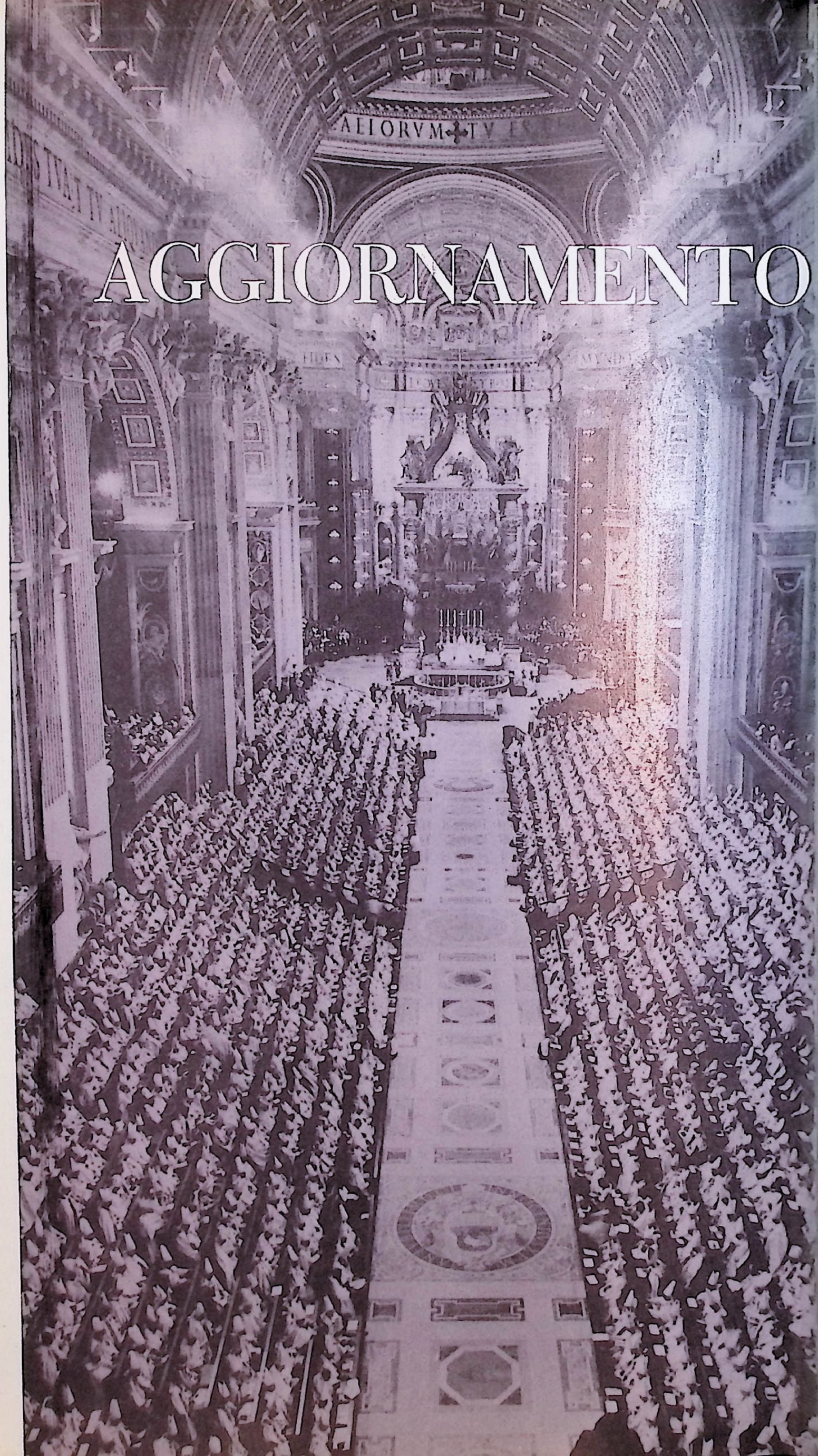
7. The work of the layman overseas, perhaps even more than that of priests and religious missionaries, must be one of collaboration with local leaders in building indigenous organizations and programs. Laymen are "sent", it is true; but today at least, they must also be "invited". And the invitation is to collaborate.

8. Cooperation across national boundaries implies a two-way process of reciprocal cooperation and influence. America and other so-called developed nations are part of a still unfinished experience, one which requires our learning from the cultures and philosophies of the Orient, Africa, and Latin America. The international apostolate should eventually witness the sending of "apostolic collaborators" to North America and Europe. Even sooner, we can expect to profit from the influence of other cultures through the returned American volunteers.

9. Overseas service (whether Catholic or "neutral" programs), foreign students and visitor leadership programs and hospitality, and world affairs education are the three chief components of the International Lay Apostolate.

If, not so many years ago, a listing of this sort would have caused heated debate and small-scale mushroom clouds on the Christian horizon, or met with blank stares of incomprehension—well—that too is progress. The word "mission" is being stretched again today to its full dimensions and the Spirit breathes over the earth.

AGGIORNAMENTO



“To know Him and to make Him known”

Cardinal Suenens

Pope John called for an “aggiornamento”, an up-dating, of the Church when he summoned Vatican Council II. The Council Fathers in session have spoken of the Church’s adaptation to a new world, of structural changes, of a loving approach in open sincerity to all men. Not all of the Cardinals and Bishops, however, nor all Catholics were as enthusiastic as the good Pope John. To many, this talk of adaptation said “new, new, new” and they were frightened.

To date, however, the Council has not been an innovator. It is revolutionary, certainly, but like all real revolutions it marks a return to what was and is good. Father Ives Congar, the great Dominican theologian, speaks of the Church “recovering” fundamental ideas from the past, buried by successive layers of history. It seems that it is only from a clearer knowledge of what she was and still is essentially that the Church will up-date what she should be.

Last October during a Council press conference Father Congar gave a specific example of such “recovery”: “The idea of mission has been renewed. Now it is the whole Church that declares itself to be in a state of mission, and, as a sign of the times, distinction is no longer made between the Church at home and in the missions.”

The implication of Father Congar’s remarks, of course, is that at one time the Church as a whole considered herself to be in a state of mission. That time was the period of her youth, when she faced the Greek and Roman and barbarian worlds. It was not that she expressed her attitude toward the world in which she found herself

in terms of mission but rather in her manner of acting. With the flowering of Christian medieval Europe, however, and its geographical and psychological isolation from the rest of the world, her contemplation and understanding of the whole world became a meditation on herself in a Christian world.

The Church’s concern with “missions” in her recent history dates from the ages of discovery. Catholic “missionaries” sailed with the great explorers into most of the newly discovered corners of our world. Princes and kings vied with one another in sponsoring the new growth of the Church and the exploits of missionaries thrilled European congregations. A special Vatican commission was established to direct the work and administer the new ecclesiastical territories. Old religious Orders and new congregations sent thousands upon thousands of their sons to Latin America, Asia and Africa.

In spite of this great effort, however, the missions remained pretty much of a “side-interest” of the Church. She had too long contemplated a static Christian world wrapped in itself and saw there the whole world and all truth. The tragedy of the Reformation and the necessity of “defense” perpetuated the illusion.

In human terms it seems that it was impossible for the Church either to correctly assess her new mission work or to understand the implication it had for her own life. The implicit notion of two Churches, one at home and the other “out there”, one mission-directed and the other not, became common. “Mission” was merely a geographic reference without any relevance to

the inner life of the whole Church. The net result, from a very practical point of view, was that support of the missions frequently took third or fourth place in the list of things that "had to be done."

Today, however, not only with this Council but for some years before it, the Church (in Father Congar's words) is recovering or renewing the idea of mission as she once lived it: "We cannot speak of the Church even in a general way," said Cardinal Suenens last October, "without explicitly stating that the missionary character belongs to her essence . . . The missionary character belongs to the whole Church and every member, not just to the mission countries and those who go there."

Cardinal Suenens is from Belgium and not a "missionary" bishop. His words, however, were echoed by many bishops of mission territories. The great Negro prelate from Tanganyika, Cardinal Rugambwa, said in a Council press conference that the "point should be stressed that the missionary function of the Church is the same as that of the Incarnate Word, namely, the evangelization of the world . . . The Church is present everywhere in the world and is a missionary Church even where the faithful are in the majority. Hence, the Church must regard herself as missionary always."

Father Calvert Alexander, who covered the second session of Vatican II for J.M., justly exclaims that we have here "a glimpse of the magnitude, the dimensions of the movement that has just started in the Council for the evangelization of the world." The degree of change in the attitude of Catholics towards their Christian role that this mission orientation can bring is suggested by Cardinal Suenens. "We are taught," he said, "in our catechism . . . where the question is asked 'Why did God create thee?' to answer: 'To know Him, to love Him and to serve Him.' But this is only half the answer, which should be: 'To know Him and to make Him known. To love Him and to make Him loved. To serve Him and to make others serve Him.'"

It is not only the Church's attitude toward "missions" and responsibility for them that is changing. As Cardinal Rugambwa suggested, the Church now sees herself as everywhere in a state of mission. The Schema (material for discussion) on the Church that the bishops and Cardinals considered three months ago begins with these words: "Since Christ is the Light of the World, the Council wishes to illumine all men with His radiance as it shines on the face of the Church . . . She wishes to announce her universal mission to all men in a language adapted to our times. The movement of the world today towards global unity gives a new urgency and relevance to this mission of the Church . . ."

The language with which the Church is today expressing her role in the world is the language of mission. Her attitude toward the world—whether that be Protestant or Orthodox or Jewish or pagan—is the attitude of mission, and it is refined with a finer missionary appreciation of adaptation.

In great part it is her mission activity, the step-child of her life for so many centuries, that has given the Church a sense of what her apostolic attitude should be. The participation of laymen in the missions has helped her to understand what their role in every part of the world might be. The liturgical crises in mission lands have helped her to recall the necessity of adaptation. The growth of native hierarchies has enabled the Church to see herself from the outside, as it were, and to understand better that she cannot be turned in upon herself but rather must be turned toward the world, eager to go into the world, appreciative of all that she finds good in the world.

Today, as Pope John wished, the Church is in the process of an *aggiornamento*, bringing-up-to-date of her work in a world where a growing secular culture is not interested in her or in her God. Paradoxically, as we have said, the whole process of modernization is really a question of rediscovery, of the Church's better understanding her essential nature. In the face of a hostile world she is recalling that her missionary character belongs to her essence.

REQUIEM FOR THE BRAVE

Fr. James E. Haggerty S. J.



Fr. Andrew F. Cervini S. J.



Within the space of two months two American Jesuit priests who wrote glorious pages in Filipino history during World War II have passed to their eternal reward. Father J. Edward Haggerty, the "Guerrilla Padre", and Father Andrew Cervini, called "the finest man of God I ever met" by Lt. John Bulkeley, commander of the crew which rescued General MacArthur from Corregidor, will long be remembered by a grateful Filipino people.

In the darkest days of the Japanese Occupation these two priests stayed with their people on Mindanao, rallied and guided the guerrilla forces and aided the American units in their hit-and-run battles with the Japanese. They zealously ministered to the religious needs of troops and people, lending courage and inspiration by their constant presence in the danger area.

Father Haggerty travelled on foot and by horseback close to 4000 miles a year in his

efforts to unite the many disparate bands of guerrillas. Time and again the Japanese tried to capture him and he owed his life to the heroism of individual Filipinos, a heroism that on occasion did not stop at one's own death.

Father Cervini worked closely with the torpedo boat units which operated out of Mindanao, giving first aid to the injured, supplying food and turning his church into a hospital. He was finally captured by the Japanese, interned at Davao and Santo Tomas, and in the last days of the Battle of Manila was struck with a shell and lost a leg.

These men were heroes but the Filipinos loved them equally for their dedicated service to youth. Father Haggerty founded Xavier University at Cagayan while the Ateneo de Zamboanga owes its existence today to Father Cervini. These two were soldiers once but they were forever priests.

The largest city of southern Peru presents a formidable challenge to a young priest from California. Father Fred Green, a decorated ex-Marine Corps pilot, faces multiple task with confidence and faith. Nick Ellena of the Chico Enterprise-Record tells the story.



THE PADRE OF THE TACNA SLUMS

The children ringed the Padre with affection and shy smiles as he walked in the compound. We had entered the slum area of Tacna, Peru's southernmost major city. The Padre greeted each child by name. He talked familiarly with the parents as they stepped from shabby adobe huts. He knew these people. And they responded to him as one whom they have come to trust and depend on. Here was one who led them to the lost virtue of hope, and who had dedicated his life to helping them. Trust was in their eyes.

A big-boned Indian woman with large brass earrings and a worn coat came to us. She held a wide-eyed, scowling infant wrapped in a ragged blanket. The Padre spoke in fluent Spanish.

"How is he, Senora?"

"Bueno, Padre."

The Padre nodded.

"This one was in the hospital until recently with the whooping cough," he said, turning to me. "These kids. They look old from the minute they're born."

"Where is the other one?" he asked the mother. She called toward one of the huts that lined the enclosure. A girl came out holding another baby.

"Twins," the Padre said pushing back the cap and peering at the tiny face. It was a carbon copy of the first baby—the same furrowed forehead, the same scared look.

"How is she" he asked the mother.

"Not well. She coughs much."

"Have you given her anything?"

"No, Padre."

"Why?"

The woman shrugged. "There was nothing to give her."

"Will you believe it?" he said to me in English. "Fifty percent mortality is the rate for our Indian babies here. If getting even basic medicines weren't such a problem! We're going to build a clinic here, right in these slums. We will have to lick the medicine problem though. Nothing comes easy here."

The slim, straight priest, with a touch of gray at the temples, walked with athletic grace out of the adobe compound. A small open ditch ran down the center of the enclosure, carrying away the waste. Chickens scratched in the dust. Many of the adobe walls were crumbling. No plumbing, no electricity, no glass for windows. Offensive odors hung heavily in the air. And yet, the Tacna slums were relatively clean in comparison with other interior cities of Peru. I made this observation to the Padre as we moved along.

"Yes, we're making some progress," he sighed. "But it's a monumental job of education. If only we could make them understand the connection between cleanliness

and health. But, out of sight out of mind, and who here has ever seen a germ?"

On the street we looked down long dreary walls that enclosed similar compounds. The slums of Tacna stretched a long way. This was Father Fred Green's world now. It was a long way from California, from the manicured college campuses of America, from the dashing and daring life of a Marine Corps pilot who was decorated in World War II.

His new world was grim and drab, and ruled by poverty and disease. In the Tacna slums a family's wealth was to be counted in pennies, and hard years of struggle for bare survival too often ended in early death. Still, it is a world of people, and although spawned to a life of incredibly narrow bounds, they have their hopes and dreams and short moments of happiness.

Father Green, newly-ordained, was assigned to Tacna when the Jesuits established a mission there in 1959. They occupy a small cluster of unassuming buildings on the Avenue Bolognesi, across the street from the fancy Hotel de Turistas. One of

Indian twins are examined by Father Green. The infant mortality rate among Indians in southern Peru is 50 per cent. "They look old when born."



The big hope is the youngsters who are not patterned as yet to the soul-stifling existence of the past.



the chief objectives of the mission was to establish a mission school, and the Padre was put in charge.

We got into the station wagon purchased second hand last Spring. "We'll have a look at the school," Father said. "Our big hope here is the kids. We try to develop the adults of course, but if anything permanent is to be accomplished among the Indians of Peru it will have to be through the children. There the patterns have not set. The problem is one of educating generations."

The school was a small building not far from the Plaza de Armas in the center of the town. Several neat classrooms were aligned down a hall. "We have an intelligence test and a nominal tuition, but if a kid can pass the test we don't turn him away for lack of tuition money," the Padre said. "Two American Sisters of Loretto are teaching here and are doing a fantastic job. The school, besides striving for American educational standards, also works as a much needed democratic force.

"There was a problem at first. The wealthy families didn't like the idea of having their children in the same classrooms with kids from the slums. But when they saw that equality made sense and how enthusiastic the children were about the school, we became pretty well accepted. The roster names 92 from rich and poor and this year we should be running at full capacity with 130 children.

"The poverty here is incredible," he continued. "Our mission helps in distributing surplus food from the States. We are pretty well organized and those who really need it get it. You know, about 15,000 persons in Tacna out of a population of 35,000 need aid!

"After years of servitude we find lack of hope, of initiative and an inability to make decisions. The heart of the matter is making people want to help themselves. The way things are is the way things are, and they can't seem to understand that life can be better. All problems are met with a 'What's the use?' and a hopeless shrug.

"By the way, Nick, you mentioned you were interested in mountains," he said suddenly as we drove along. "We have some fairly high ones here which can be seen from the road outside of town." We headed through town again on a road that pointed east toward the Andes.

"It's tragic," Father went on, "but Peru is one of the few countries in the world where illiteracy is *increasing!* We get promises and well-meaning decess, but little is actually accomplished. In 1962 the *Year of Alphabetization* was promulgated. Quite an idea. Each teacher was to be responsible for teaching one adult to read. But little or nothing resulted. We had 10 adults in our school and made some progress. As far as I know, we were the major success of the movement. Generally, the whole thing was a flop. And that is just a segment of the broad picture of problems in Peru."

The haze thinned as we gained altitude. Over gray, barren ridges a snow peak jutted in white glory.

"It's Tacora, a volcano. The road reaches almost 2,000 feet from the summit which stands at nearly 20,000 feet. It's very beautiful up there."

We gazed for awhile in silence and absorbed the quiet of the heights before turning back to where so many problems awaited this man of much compassion and understanding. As we drove through the city to the airport and my plane, the country quickly assumed its barren character—its bleakness matching the lives of so many of its people.

"We have 13 acres along the road here," the Padre said. "We'll build our own church and a larger school. We can't stop moving or we'll lose all the headway we've made so far."

The land he pointed to was a flat, desolate stretch of sand where clumps of sparse brush clawed for life. But mirrored in this man's deep probing eyes were hope and the kind of determination that brings dreams to life.



PEKING OPERA

The Longest Runs in History and Still Packing Them In

Michael Saso S.J.

A night at the opera! The sound of cymbal and drum have announced it all afternoon. A troupe of Opera singers is performing in a local temple courtyard, or perhaps the city hall. The occasion? A feast day, or the generosity of a wealthy family who has hired the troupe. As evening falls an excited, noisy crowd begins to gather. Children and old folk, married couples with infants in arms, ancients from neighboring tea houses, all file in to see the immortals of China's past. Drum and cymbal, violin and reed, and the song and gesture of the actors will combine to make an evening of fine entertainment.

On this evening, for instance, one might see the red-faced hero Kuang Kung, of the three kingdoms (A.D. 220-265) fight with his mortal enemy, the wicked, white-faced T'sao T'sao. The fabled monkey Sun Wukung will turn somersaults in mid-air, change forms, and fascinate the audience with his antics. The lovely courtesan Su-san will plead her cause in court and be saved by the gallant judge who marries her. Exciting affairs, these, played to cries of approval, laughter, and the steady cracking of watermelon seeds—the popcorn of the Chinese theater.

The Chinese classical theater, or Peking Opera, has long enthralled its centuries of

audiences. The T'ang Dynasty Emperor, Ming Huang (A.D. 712-754), enjoyed these spectacles in his private pear gardens, and to this day Chinese Opera is still called the "Drama of the Pear Garden" in his honor. The drama flourished too during the Mongol invasions, and many of the styles and gestures used today date from that time (A.D. 1280-1386). But it was only in the last century that the opera reached its height in the city of Peking, with the styles of tumbling and posturing, song and dialogue, that make it so distinctive. For that reason it is called "Peking" Opera.

A Westerner attending such an opera for the first time would be surprised at the art and perfection of the sword fighting, tumbling, mime and gesture, and the singing in which the great and beautiful stories are told and retold. He might be hard put, it is true, to sit through the hour-long recitals of the soloist as he retells his life or recounts a battle. The visit of the Fu Hsing Opera Troupe to America last year may be remembered, certainly with appreciation if not understanding, by those who had the pleasure of seeing them on stage or over television. Understanding comes only with long savoring and some knowledge of China's ancient history and complex language.

But to the Chinese, it is not the story which ranks first in importance. They have seen these plays many times, and probably know all the lines by heart. What is important to them is the acting, the way the character is portrayed, the magic of a person from the past re-created on stage. Because the person is so important, all else falls away before the portrayal. Scenery matters little. A couple of chairs suffice for a courtroom. A chair placed on a table indicates a throne or mountain top. To the audience's right is the orchestra, in informal dress and making free with cigarettes and tea. A prop man or two, dressed for anything but the occasion, wanders on and off stage, nonchalantly moving his chairs or simple props or offering a cup of tea to tired soloists. Since he isn't really there, no one seems to see him.

With the crash of brass and the roll of drums we are carried away, drummers, prop men, and audience, to the world in which the actors perform. The illusion grows as we watch the brightly colored silks and brocades, the impossible feats of tumbling and swordplay, the exacting movements which require training from childhood. We find that we are really there, enjoying the presence of great men, laughing at their human foibles, engaged in their victories and defeats. This recreating of the person is what has brought audiences back time and again, century after century.

One might wonder where Peking Opera fits into a missionary's life. As a cultural part of the past and present of his people the missionary can enter, and pleasantly through this wide portal. In his task to bring the Faith to another people, he must first absorb their outlook, cultural patterns, and ways of thinking. There is, perhaps, no finer way to penetrate the heart of Chinese history, customs and ideals than by way of classical theater. Books of history, sociology and the literature of a land can open many doors of understanding. But a night at an opera in China, viewed and felt as though about him see and feel, adds subtle depth and insight. The missionary must first get on the mind of his people before he can lead them to put on the mind of Christ.

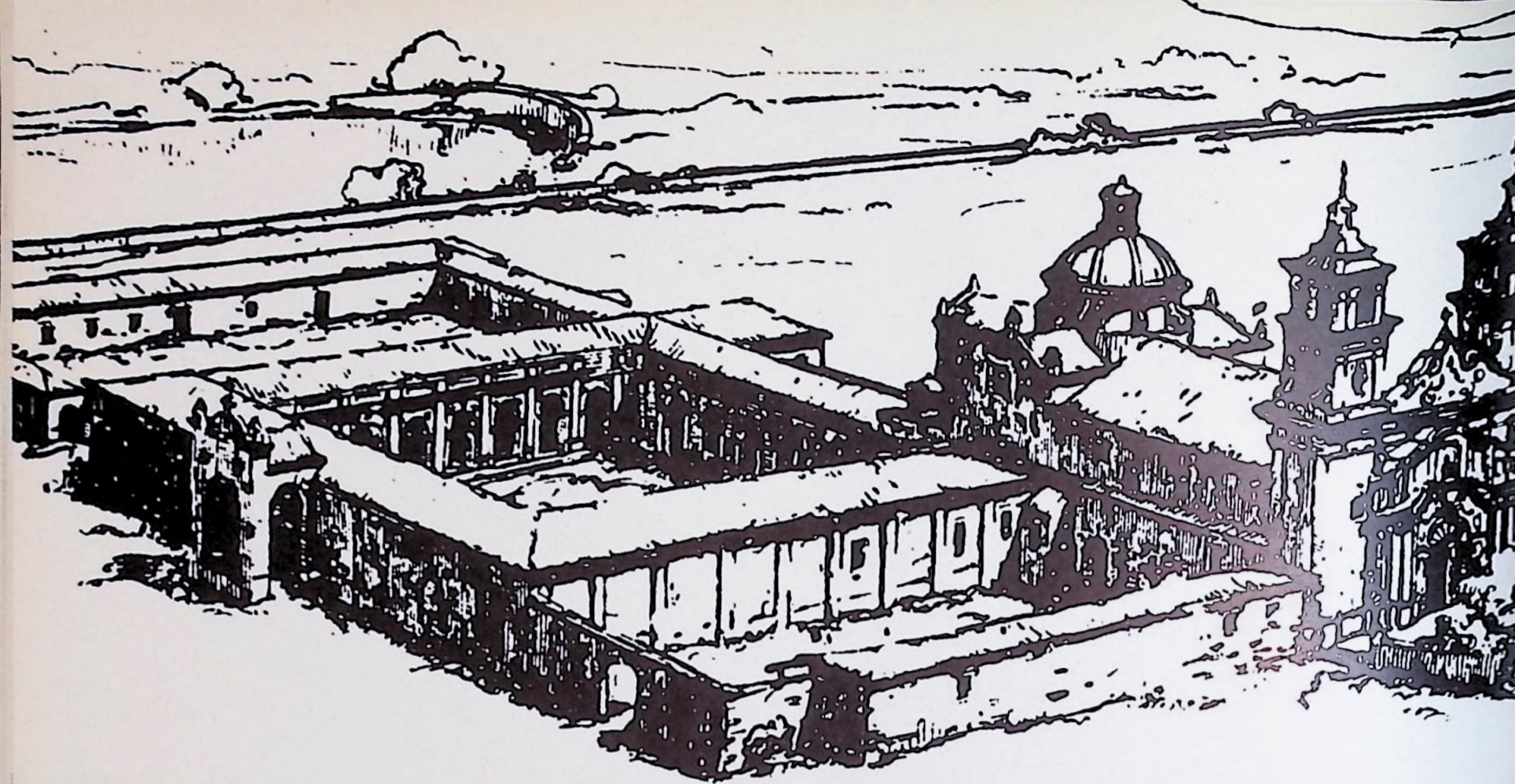
The courtesan Su-san begins the long task of make-up before entering upon her longer role of pleading her innocence.





The cracking of watermelon seeds and cries of applause accompany the action. (Left) The ceremonial dance before the fight. The opera employs no special scenery (below) but facial make-up is emphasized, as by the clown at bottom with the anti-Communist tattoo on his arm. At lower left a dancer continues her act while stagehands change scenery but for the Chinese audience the latter simply don't exist on the stage.





Oars flash as a fleet of light balsa boats moves slowly up the broad Parana river of Paraguay. The brown shoulders and arms of the Tupi Indians rowers set a rhythmic beat that gives the appearance of a solemn parade.

They are heading for home laden with goods exchanged for their food products and the famed "yerba mate" from whose green leaves South America brews its tea. Their trading has been done throughout the growing Spanish towns of the La Plata bay.

Those awaiting their turn at the oars sit or lie at the bottom of the boats. They read, for they have been taught, or draw, or pray while the rowers entone an old Indian song. At the Angelus all join in an imposing chant of praise to the Mother of the Lord.

A few days later the fleet reaches Yapeyu. From this river port the Indians form several caravans and fan out through the vast expanse of rolling plains and forests of giant pine and cedar that lie between the Parana and the Uruguay rivers. For these men are the merchant-farmers of a new empire of 30 "cities" built with patience and daring by the Jesuits. These mission cities are

called the Reductions of Paraguay, and the scene above was enacted times without number toward the end of the 17th Century. Today, the natural stage has changed but little. The "cities" no longer exist as they were. But their memory takes on new meaning and vitality today. They have become a weapon in the Cold War.

In the Communist's black bag of tools, history is a useful monkey wrench. When it fits the Line, fine. When it doesn't, it is simply rewritten. In the last decade these missions have become objects of avid study by contemporary Soviet historians. By twisting their history they hope to forge a tool of propaganda they can sell to Latin America. Their aim is to "rescue" the drama of conquest and liberation of the native peoples of the New World from the "reactionary" interpretation of history by "clerical Spain," as they put it.

The "Latin Americanists" of Russia, V. M. Mirosevski and I. R. Lavretski, hammer at this point in their writings: "The Clergy of Co-

lonial America was a necessary for the final and effective domination of the Indians." This is a clear argument to be used among native populations of Latin America and, in time, of Asia and Africa. The idea of domination and exploitation of the submissive masses by a small group of profiteers was, according to Marx and Lenin, a strictly bourgeois product of the last industrial decades. But now, Red theoreticians are setting back the clock of history. They place the beginnings of "class struggle" at the time when new nations were being forged in this hemisphere. Thus the Jesuits come in for their lumps and are being lumped with other and assorted "tools of oppression."

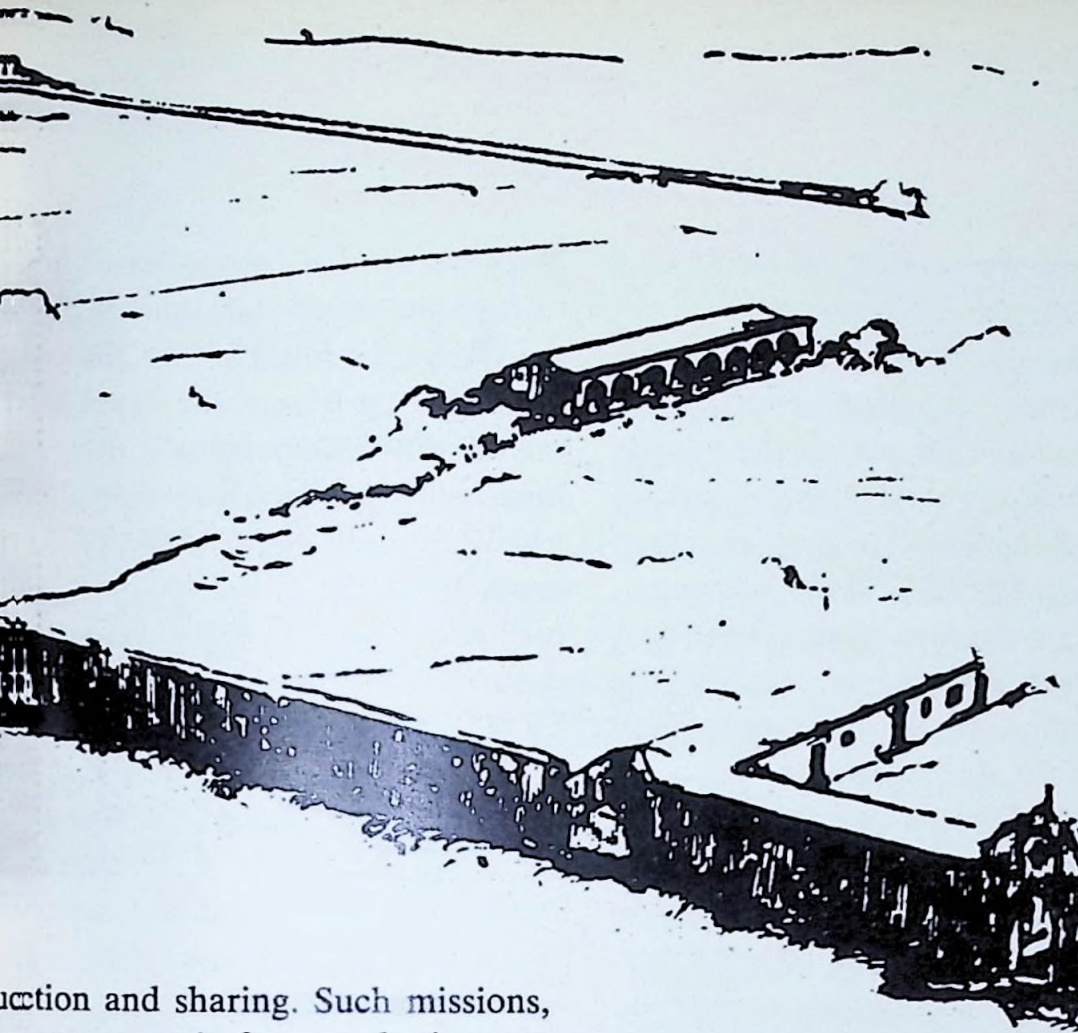
In his work "Essay on the History of Catholic Reaction", Lavretski devotes a good portion to the Jesuit Missions in Paraguay. It was published in Moscow in 1953 and served as a base for further literary attacks. Lavretski deals in detail with what he considers the political and economic power the Jesuits wielded in these settlements under Spanish imperialism. And he bluntly rebuts some scholars who consider the missions to be very close to the "Communist ideal" of planned

FOR NO EARTHLY REASON

Jaime Fonseca

Editor of "Noticias Catolicas"

N.C.W.C. News Service



duction and sharing. Such missions, says, were in fact much closer to the feudal manors of the Middle Ages, with landed masters ruling over servants of the soil.

Mirosevski engages in similar speculations in his "New History of Colonial and Dependent Nations." But these Russian "historians" most carefully avoid any reference to the struggle the Jesuits put up for Indian rights, a battle against greed, envy and fear that finally culminated in their expulsion and the ruin of the missions. Nor do they mention the imposing work of civilization accomplished by the missionaries and Indians alike.

Thus history toes the Line in these quiet attempts to smear the missions of Colonial Spain and its legacy. Their intent is to foster the image of a clerical Spain dominated by "fascist" groups. As part of the brew they have added their "history" of the Negro races in Brazil and the Caribbean. From these bases it is a short jump to "imperialism" and outrage against "oppressed races."

But the Russians are not the first to have thought of deceiving the natives or of exploiting their labor resources. And the very ones who now accuse of exploitation

were, in fact, the ones that lifted from the Indians the burden of personal servitude and submission to their Spanish and Portuguese conquerors. All of which takes us back to the fantastic events of the 17th Century.

When the first Europeans tried to establish themselves in the lands of the La Plata basin, they soon found it almost impossible to approach in a peaceful and lasting way the hundreds of nomad tribes roaming the pampas and forests. The few Indians who at first agreed to live in the Spanish settlements soon became resentful of the "encomendero" system that truly vexed and exploited them. Thus the Franciscans, and soon after the Jesuits, decided to start all-Indian villages. This was the origin of the Paraguay "Reducciones" (a drawing together).

While visiting Asuncion in 1609, the Jesuit Father Diego de Torres was asked by Hernando Arias, then governor of the largest Spanish settlement in the region, to set up three Reductions. Father de Torres agreed, but insisted that the missionaries have full powers, be aided by subsidies, and that the Indians be

totally exempted from any type of personal servitude. He saw this as the only way of saving the tribes from the greed and cruelty of many encomenderos and soldiers. King Philip III of Spain sanctioned the arrangement.

Even then the Guaycuru tribes, fierce nomads of the Chaco west of the Paraguay river, rejected the efforts of the missionary. Only the Guarani tribes to the West agreed to live in the first Reduction, founded at San Ignacio Guazu in 1610. At the end of the year there were 230 baptized Indians living in the village.

Soon some 30 towns dotted the fertile lands of the Parana, Uruguay and Paraguay rivers. At the close of the 17th Century there were about 115,000 Indians living in these Jesuit missions. The Jesuits, priests and brothers, aided by the first Guaranis, would chose a high ground site for the town, on well drained lands with good soil. In the center they built the church, to one side the convent and schools, to the other shops for arts and crafts, and often a hospital. Behind the church was a garden for the religious, and in front a large plaza that was the center of community life. Around the plaza were rows of houses, each

with its garden, where the Indian families lived. Some missions had a large grain storage shelter. These towns numbered up to 7,000 inhabitants.

The outlying fields were devoted to grazing and agriculture. Cotton, corn, native food crops and "yerba mate"—the Gaucho tea—were raised in the surroundings. In time the yerba became a valuable export product.

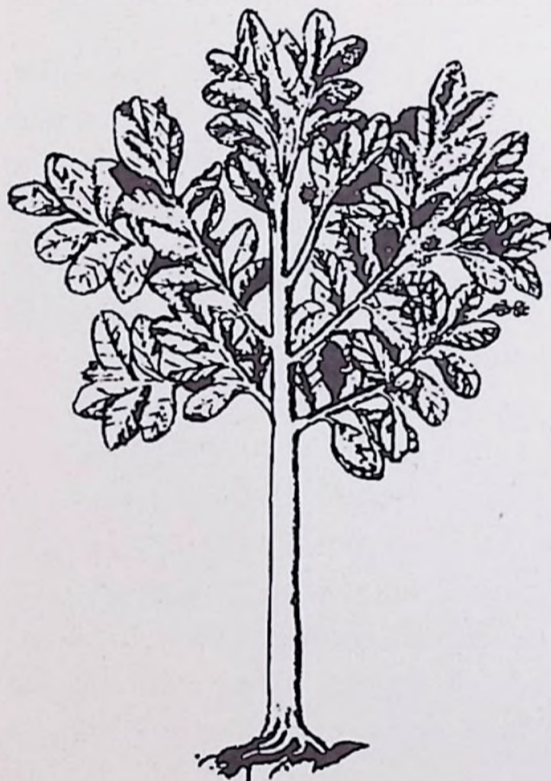
Such was the persuasive, powerful way in which the Jesuits attracted and held the Indian. It was, in a sense, a theocratic regime. They not only instructed the Indians in doctrine and morals and supervised their religious life and practices, but they also presided over the functions of the local "town council." However, the council was elected by the natives and had its own police functions. But delinquency was extremely low. How much "communism"? None at all. The Reductions were basically rural communities, drawing support from the soil and cattle raising.

There were community lands where the men were obliged to work six hours a day. On these lands some cattle grazed and the meat was for all. The "Tupambae", or God's acre was land cultivated in shifts on designated days for the benefit of the sick, the poor and for widows and orphans.

The Reductions were, therefore, neither Russian-style communes nor feudal estates run by and for a rapacious clergy. Each family had its own home and piece of land. When working on community lands, the products and profits were distributed among all. Much of the produce went to a central house in Santa Fe, where a market exchange flourished. The returns in savings went into the mission's improvement.

There was a daily schedule and some discipline. Bells rang to call to Mass or work. But, otherwise, there was complete freedom to come and go, to play or learn, and family life was the real heart of these Reductions. If they were not "collective farms", in the Red sense, neither were they grim "convents".

A man planning to "exploit" the Reductions would have been hard put to do so. There were no coins or other form of money that could be accumulated. Most of the trade was purely the exchange of goods. Only when the King ordered payment or a contribution in cash did



The leaves of the Yerba Mate make a heady tea. It was grown extensively in Reduction areas.

the Jesuits organize trade with Asuncion for gold or silver. The Reductions were rich, but only in freedom and an ordered society.

The end of the Paraguay Missions came precisely because the Jesuits opposed the forces of greed seeking to exploit the Indian. Other forces were at work. One was the needs of war. The Royal decree granting the establishment of the Reductions ordered that the Indians be trained in the use of weapons.

They were called a number of times to help the cities of Asuncion, Buenos Aires, Santa Fe and Colonia. Another factor was the cruel raiding of the "Mamelucos", the half-breed slave traders from Sao Paulo who captured over 1,000,000 Indians from the Missions in a century and a half. In a few years they destroyed 14 missions where some 50,000 Indians lived.

Yet the Reductions would have survived even these misfortunes. Their people had a communal spirit and the spiritual and material resources to carry on. But Spain had secretly ceded to Portugal vast regions where the Missions lay. Thousands of families had to leave. At the same time powerful pressures were mounting. Officials and "encomenderos" were conspiring to weaken the prestige of the Jesuits and to take over the tribes and their productive lands. In 1767, King Charles III, ill-advised by Jesuit ministers and others, ended with one stroke of the pen the work of years. He decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits from all Spanish dominions.

In a century and a half the disinterested men who spent their lives for no earthly reason had given Christian life, freedom and skills to more than 700,000 Guaraní Indians. When the Fathers were gone Portuguese soldiers, the rascals of the Mamelucos and the budding tyrants fighting for power finished off the Missions. One Paraguayan dictator alone drafted more than 6,000 Indians into his army. Today little stands but ruins and mementoes of a happier and saner past.

It is this part of history that Russian historians seek to distort. Their arguments fall before fact. But they may not fall before interference and a sad readiness to be deceived.

WANTED

for

Jesuit

Missionaries

1.) FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

At St. Paul's Indian Mission in Hays, Montana, the Jesuit Fathers and the Indians have a group of wooden buildings. Father Jim Hurley would like to protect them from fire. For this he needs fire extinguishers. They cost \$75.00 but Father would be grateful for any size gift. He would even be glad to receive some second-hand extinguishers.

2.) BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

Strict government regulations are making it difficult for Catholic schools to stay open in Ceylon. Some other system for religious instruction is becoming absolutely necessary. Father John Lange from Chicago, Illinois, is making a desperate attempt to get a catechism center started before it is too late. He estimates that to equip it would cost \$500.00. This is a small cost in comparison to the great need of the Church in Ceylon. He would be most grateful for gifts of \$5.00 or \$10.00 or more.

3.) IF YOUR NAME IS FOLEY

The 203 Foley families who read JESUIT MISSIONS could help a fellow Foley a great deal. Father Fred Foley from New York City is now in Taiwan. He works at an educational center for pagan Chinese. He would very much like to get old copies of the great English classics and a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica. If each Foley family gave him \$1.00 he would be well on his way to at least getting the encyclopedia.

4.) A CHURCH FOR ST. JOSEPH

Jesuit Father Bill Moore is working to complete a church in Olanchito, Honduras. It is named in honor of

St. Joseph, patron of working men. He asks if some men would not be willing to give a day's salary to help him get the \$2,000.00 he needs. Please be generous.

5.) A CONVENT FOR SISTERS

Father Jim Meehan is also trying to collect money for Honduras. He needs it for a convent for some very hard working nuns. The good ladies deserve all the help we can give them. A gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 would be a good way to begin the new year.

6.) A SHAMELESS BEGGER

Hartford's Father Garavaglia had his house and mission center on the side of a hill in Above Rocks, Jamaica. The last hurricane took away most of the hill. "We are perched on a ridge and landslides have gouged out all the land below us . . . I am shamelessly begging you to help me." Any size gift would be of great help in saving his mission station.

7.) FATHER GREEN AND HIS POOR

Father Green is doing great work among the poor in Peru (see the article on him in this issue). But he cannot do it alone. He needs your prayers and your financial assistance. If he just had a few dollars a day he could do enormous good.

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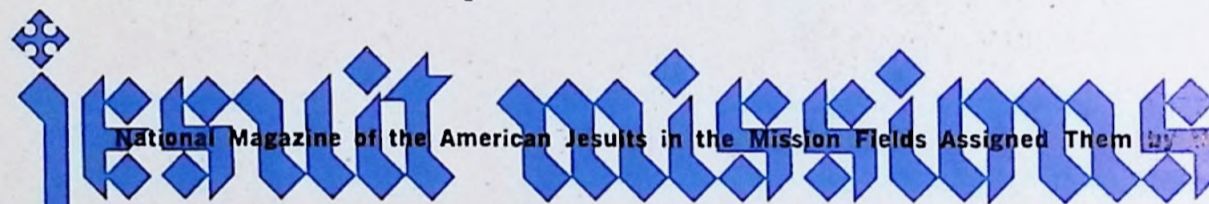
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January-February 1964, Vol. 38 No. 1

Page 1

	AGGIORNAMENTO
2	THE TWILIGHT OF BUDDHISM? _____ Alden J. Stevenson S.J.
8	BACK FROM THE DEAD _____ Louis A. Devaney S.J.
12	WORLD MISSION AND THE LAYMAN _____ Thomas E. Quigley
14	AGGIORNAMENTO
17	REQUIEM FOR THE BRAVE _____
18	PADRE OF THE TACNA SLUMS _____ Nick Ellena
22	PEKING OPERA _____ Michael Saso S.J.
26	FOR NO EARTHLY REASON _____ Jaime Fonseca