

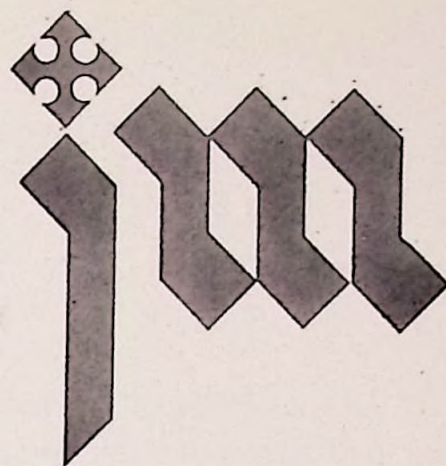


JESUIT MISSIONS / JUNE 1964 / 25¢



MISSION
CROSS
FOR
U.S.
DIOCESAN
PRIESTS
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SACRIFICE

*On the morning of March 24, 1964
this man offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass
for the last time
in his lonely mission station at Kutangia, Bihar State, India.*

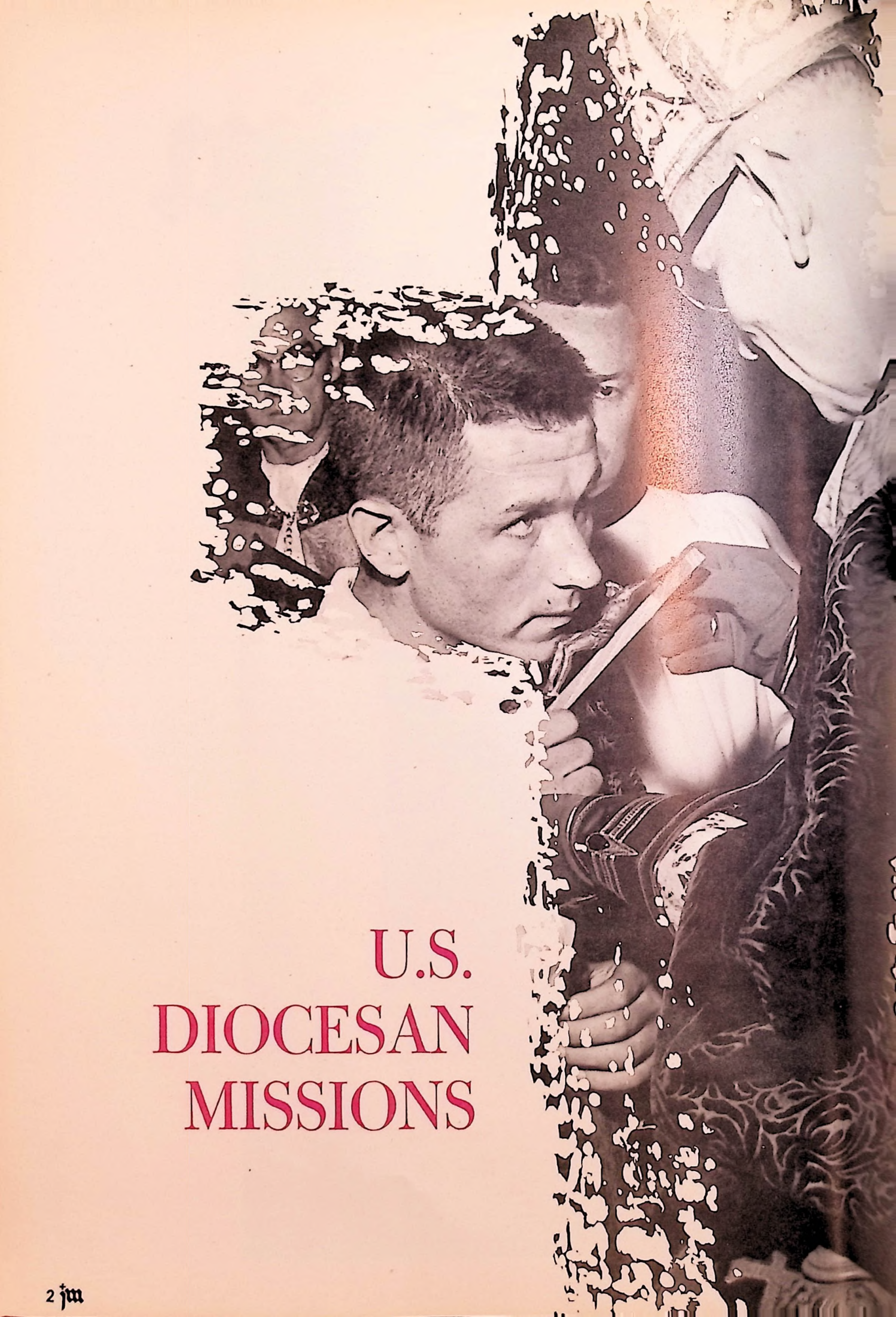
Father Herman Rasschaert, a Jesuit priest, ordained on Nov. 21, 1953, is a big man, a strong man, a lovable man.

After Mass word comes that an angry mob is threatening the lives of the Muslim community in the nearby village of Gerda. The violence is another manifestation of the bitterness aroused by the persecution of minorities that plagues Muslim Pakistan and Hindu India.


Father decides he must go to Gerda and calm the mob, if possible, before blood flows again. His people tell him: "Father, do not go. They will kill you." He gets out his bicycle and rides the three miles to Gerda. There he finds a frenzied mob of thousands milling around the mosque full of terrorized Muslim men, women and children.

This man of courage begins to make his way through the crowd. He calls to the people to stop: "This sort of mad violence cannot be allowed to continue!" Some begin to shout: "You will pay for this interference with your life." He replies: "I am ready to die to save these people." In the middle of the angry crowd, he turns and exhorts them to disperse, to be peaceful. Some shout: "He is a leader of the Muslims! Beat him! Kill him!" Some pick up stones. He is struck, falls to his knees. He asks for time to pray. A moment is given him before stones, knives and spears fell him. He dies and the dust receives his blood before the mosque.

*On the morning of March 24, 1964
a man offered the sacrifice of his
with courage, love and faith
for others.*



U.S.
DIOCESAN
MISSIONS



You can't help being surprised when you meet Bolivian pastor Msgr. Bob Walton of Kansas City on the steep cobbled streets of Coripata, Bolivia. Everything you know about his past adds up to: he shouldn't be here.

He should be a pastor of an American parish looking forward to some well deserved quiet years. After all, he is a diocesan priest, not a missionary. He's over 50 years old and until a year ago he actually was pastor of St. James Church on Harrison Street in Kansas City.

But there he is and the story of how he got there—and of why 175 diocesan priests are now working as missionaries in other countries—is a bright and unfinished opening chapter in the story of the Church in the U.S. and in the world.

It is difficult to say of any "movement" that it began "here," on this date and with these people. This is certainly true of the diocesan mission development in the United States. While somewhat similar programs in Ireland, France, Spain, etc. . . . preceded it by many years, they do not seem to have had a direct effect on the U.S. version.

Perhaps the best explanation of our diocesan missions is to be found in a remark of the late Father Gustave Weigel, S.J. At Fordham University's Conference of Mission

Specialists in 1962 he said, "I think that we are vaguely glimpsing that catholicity is a word denoting both inward depth and outward stretch. The word must be taken not as a sheer name but as a dynamism vitalizing the Church of God. Catholicism is not merely a profession of faith but much more—a propulsion to action . . . It implies a refusal to identify the Church of God with the circle of Catholics in the United States and it manifests a conscious feeling of oneness with the Church in a land not one's own."

"Both inward depth and outward stretch", means a reaching beyond oneself and a small world, to proclaim, to witness to those beyond the Church; a going out to the Church in any part of the world where there is need, for we are all one Church and each of the Church's parts has a legitimate "life"—demand on all the others.

"Stretch": some members of the Church have always understood that it must go out "to the ends of the earth." Today, however, the realization of the essentially "mission" nature of the Church and of the vital "mission" responsibility of each Christian is affecting the thoughts of all Christians: bishops, priests and lay people.

Last year the Archbishop of Cambrai, France, wrote to his people on the joint responsibility, with the Pope, of each bishop

THE "OUTWARD STRETCH"

By The Editors



for the evangelization of the whole world. While it had been true until recently that each bishop usually felt responsible only "for the part of the flock entrusted to him," now, he said, there is a growing awareness of a universal responsibility for the apostolic mission of the Church, "This joint responsibility even comes *first* for each bishop. It dominates and must inspire his own mission as head of the diocese."

But we don't have to go to France to find bishops talking about their apostolic responsibility. As long ago as 1956 Archbishop Ritter of St. Louis expressed his convictions in action when he "adopted" an area in La Paz, Bolivia. The adoption was his response to an urgent plea by the hierarchy in Bolivia for priests to supplement the all too thin ranks of the clergy there.

Since 1956, twenty other dioceses and bishops have followed Cardinal Ritter's example and accepted responsibility for areas in Latin America. When Bishop Curtis of Bridgeport, Connecticut, spoke last year of his own diocese's work in Peru, his words

American diocesan priest Msgr. Robert Walton standing outside of his new rectory in Coripata, Bolivia. As the street behind him suggests, much of his work as a missionary will be uphill.

could find an echo in many a bishop's heart. "The acceptance of a mission post by an established diocese puts into practice our essential doctrine of the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ . . . Even though we are understaffed . . . in our diocese, we are so tremendously better off than many areas that we must give, even with sacrifice to ourselves."

BOLIVIA:

How did Monsignor Walton get to Coripata, Bolivia? By "stretch," the stretching out of his diocese (Kansas City) and of Bishop Helmsing to the full extent of the word "Catholic." As Father Weigel said, catholicism is not to be taken as merely a word but as "a dynamism vitalizing the Church of God".

In Coripata with Msgr. Walton are two other Kansas City priests, Father Robert Grider and Father Alexander McGuire. (Father McGuire appears on our cover; he is pictured receiving his mission cross from Bishop Helmsing.) Their "parish" covers an area of 420 square miles and has a scattered population of about 10,000. The job of a parish priest under such circumstances of distance and population is further complicated by the ignorance and poverty of the people.

The difficulties the Kansas City priests face are mirrored in those that complicated the work of their nine brother priests from St. Louis who labor in La Paz and Viacha, 75 miles southwest of Coripata. These St. Louis priests administer two parishes with 544 mission stations. The parishioners number more than 50,000.

When Cardinal Ritter visited the mission last September he was greeted by the people with a warmth that far exceeded any welcome in the memories of the onlookers. Literally thousands of Indians lined the road as the Cardinal rode by seated on an episcopal

throne mounted on a jeep and draped with Indian blankets.

The U.S. diocesan mission priests have no intention of creating American "enclaves" in the countries in which they work. Bishop Helmsing of Kansas City has pointed out that in Coripata the great effort will be to attract boys to the priesthood so that one day the people might have their own priests. All of the planning of the La Crosse diocesan mission in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, is directed toward getting the parish on its feet, handing it back to the Bishop of Santa Cruz and then moving on to another area.

The people of La Crosse, as is true in many American dioceses, have invested not only their priests in the Church's future in Bolivia but also their money. With voluntary contributions of over \$250,000.00, they have helped to build a parish unit in Santa Cruz which includes church and rectory, school and convent, and a fine new parish center with offices, meeting rooms, a parish hall, and a medical-dental clinic.

Bishop McNulty of Buffalo recently announced that he had accepted an invitation to develop two parishes in the archdiocese of La Paz, Bolivia. The first Buffalo priest will leave for La Paz in September of this year. There will then be 5 American dioceses working in Bolivia. When Bishop McNulty was Bishop of Paterson, New Jersey, the Paterson diocese had also taken over a Bolivian parish in Caranavi. There are three priests there, administering an area roughly the size of the whole state of New Jersey.

PERU:

The Paterson diocese, now under the direction of Bishop Navagh, former Bishop of Ogdensburg, has recently opened a second mission in Ica, Peru, a city of 25,000 people on the southwest coast. It is interesting to recall that when Bishop Navagh was in Ogdensburg he had adopted a parish in



Father John Fitzsimmons, also from St. Louis, instructs a literary class for Indian women. The St. Louis Archdiocese has staffed two Bolivian parishes of 50,000 people with nine priests, fourteen nuns and seven lay Papal Volunteers.



In the market place in La Paz, Bolivia, Father Joseph Blattner of St. Louis, Missouri, speaks with an Indian woman. The derby-like hats are very common in the altiplano of Bolivia.

Mollendo, Peru, where four Ogdensburg priests are now stationed; they have about 15,000 Catholics in their parish of San Martin de Porres.

Two other U.S. dioceses also have territories in Peru: Bridgeport, Connecticut and Jefferson City, Missouri. Jefferson City enjoys the distinction of having a larger percentage of its priests serving in Latin America than any other American diocese. Added lustre is given to the achievement by the fact that Jefferson City itself did not become a diocese until 1956. Four of its priests are stationed 275 miles south of Lima, near the city of Ica where the Paterson Fathers are working. The other five are at Paucarcolla in the Puno region of the Andes. Altogether the two areas they serve have more than 885,000 Catholics.

The Bridgeport priests are now working in Santa Cruz in Northern Peru. Before the three of them went there, there was about one priest for every 40,000 Catholics. While they have reduced that proportion by a bit, there are not enough hours in a day for the work that must be done.

GUATEMALA:

Far to the north of Peru, in the little country of Guatemala, Central America, five American dioceses are working in the same general area: Spokane (Washington), New Ulm (Minnesota), Oklahoma City-Tulsa (Oklahoma), Belleville (Illinois) and Helena (Montana). Together they have sent 31 priests to the area around Lake Atitlan in the Guatemalan highlands.

A priest from the Belleville diocese became pastor of the parish of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in Jalapa on April 18, 1963. He was assisted by another priest from the diocese. The parish has about 20,000 Catholics in the city and 10,000 in 36 villages.

The Spokane priests were the first ones on the scene, in 1959; now there are four

priests there caring for 55,000 people scattered over an area of 1000 square miles. They have established radio schools, clinics, an experimental farm and a cooperative to help the poor farmers market their products. The two priests from Helena are now working with the Spokane fathers; they hope to have their own parish soon.

The two priests from New Ulm also originally worked with the priests from Spokane but recently they received their own parish—San Lucas Toleman—on the shores of the beautiful Lake Atitlan. Their “neighbors” at the mountain lake are three priests from the Oklahoma City-Tulsa diocese. The Oklahoma team has based plans for the development of its territory on a “complete” mission staff of priests, lay volunteer teachers, an agronomist, a civil engineer and a dentist; all of the team members are American. In addition, they will be helped by a volunteer association of Guatemalan doctors. Their work, with great encouragement from Bishop Reed, began last February. The work of the Oklahoma and New Ulm teams will soon receive a boost from a “ship clinic” supplied by the West German bishops. The ship will cruise the waters of Lake Atitlan and service the 12 towns on the Lake.

PANAMA:

Just south of Guatemala, in Panama, the land of the “golden ghettos” (cf. J.M., May 1964, page 23) the Chicago archdiocese has a parish outside of Panama City. When Cardinal Meyer was asked to send some of his priests there he said, “while we have many needs at home . . . we are happy to express in this manner our sense of solidarity with the Church in other parts of the world.”

The Chicago priests are stationed in a section where approximately 25,000 people live today. They have developed there what might be called an experimental parish with two general aims: the spiritual care of the



Bishop Bernard J. Topel of Spokane, Washington, is welcomed to the Guatemalan parish that he has adopted and staffed with four priests from his diocese. It is in the highlands of Guatemala.

people and the development of ideas, methods and procedures which might be an answer to some of the problems of the Church in Latin America. (Elsewhere in this issue of J.M. Mr. Thomas Quigley writes of an Inter-American Conference held in Chicago last January. The Panama-Chicago priests played an important role in organizing and conducting it).

HONDURAS:

Two other U.S. dioceses are committed to work in Central America: Grand Island, Nebraska, and Newark, New Jersey. Two Grand Island priests are in training for assignment there. The three priests from Newark have been in Tegucigalpa, Honduras, for two years. Their parish is spread over an area of 300 square miles and has about 55,000 "parishioners".

The Newark priests, with the help of a very able Canadian lay volunteer, have established some cooperatives to help the people in their continual struggle against poverty. They are making extensive use of radio schools which depend upon a central transmitter in the city of Tegucigalpa. This transmitter services about 800 different "schools" at which groups of ten to fifty adults listen to its lessons over small receivers. Father Prestera, the Newark priest who is pastor, said last October that he had no intentions of trying to start a formal school. "There are 200 million people in Latin America. In 50 years there will be 500 million. A Catholic school system to blanket Latin America would be out of the question because of the cost in money and personnel."

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC:

There are six other U.S. dioceses with diocesan missions in Latin America. In the Dominican Republic the Detroit Archdiocese has adopted a parish that is staffed by priests

from Detroit and Brooklyn on vacation from their home diocese. There is some hope that the parish will soon be permanently staffed.

VENEZUELA:

The diocese of Wichita, which has sent so many lay volunteers to Latin America, has now volunteered to staff a parish in Barquisimeto, Venezuela. Three Wichita priests have just about completed their training and will soon be working with the 18,000 parishioners of Christ the King parish.

COLOMBIA:

To the West of Barquisimeto, in Cartago, Colombia, two priests from the Manchester, New Hampshire, diocese staff Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish. The Manchester diocese hopes to develop the Colombian parish with a team of Manchester priests, sisters and volunteer laymen.

BRAZIL:

In Brazil one American diocese has already made a substantial contribution of priests and another is about to begin. The newcomer is the diocese of Providence, Rhode Island. Two priests from Providence have been assigned to a parish in Santarem, a 5,14,000 square mile area of northern Brazil in which 169,000 Catholics live.

The veteran Brazilian missionaries are the priests from the diocese of Camden, New Jersey. At present there are seven of them there working in three parishes in the State of Goias. Two of these parishes are in Brasilia, the new capital of the country, and the third and oldest is in the rural town of Santa Helena. The baptisms in St. Helena alone average about 1800 a year.

CHILE:

The Omaha, Nebraska, diocese has the southernmost parish of all the U.S. dioceses

working in Latin America. It is in Huachipato, near Concepcion, in the southern part of Chile. Two priests from Omaha, as well as American sisters and lay people, are now stationed there.

How did Monsignor Walton get to Coripata, Brazil? He got there because United States bishops and dioceses are "stretching" out their interests and forces to those parts of the world where the Church is poor and weak and in need of help. Monsignor Walton is a representative of one of the most important developments in the history of the American Catholic Church: the diocesan mission. But these diocesan missions do not tell the whole story of the growing involvement of bishops and dioceses in mission work. There are hundreds of lay volunteers and diocesan sisters who have not been mentioned in this article. Above all we have not mentioned the seventy-five American priests (forty of them from Boston) who belong to Cardinal Cushing's Society of St. James, organized for diocesan priests who want to work in Latin America. Altogether the Society has 94 members from six countries. In a later issue we hope to do them justice.

Some day soon it won't be a surprise to meet an American diocesan missionary priest. With the grace of God they will become more common. As they do, the realization on the part of all Catholics—bishops, priests and lay people—that the missions are not someone else's work but rather the responsibility of each of us should also grow. That will be a great day—thanks to the Holy Spirit who whispered, and to the Monsignor Waltons who listened.

THREE COME HOME

Jose M. Maruri S.J.

Here in Japan the breath of the Holy Spirit is warm over the land. A people, broken by war and disillusioned in the things in which they once believed so firmly, have been groping towards the light, towards anything that promised firm footing for their spiritual lives. In an ever increasing number of cases, that hunger and pursuit ends in the warm embrace of the Catholic Faith.

Our Lord once said, "Abide in my love." That word "abide" is important. It means more than to continue in His love; it does not speak of mere companionship between God and man; but all that we understand and feel when we hear the word "home" is contained in "abide". All the warmth and love, the known welcome, the comfort of home are implied in "abide".

How much does it mean to come home to that love of Christ, especially for those who never experienced it before! That love surrounds us, protects us; it is our refuge and consolation; in it we find a happiness that is not of this earth.

Everyone does not come home the same way. Here are the pictures and the stories of three Japanese who travelled different roads with their varied experiences before, at long last, they came home.

My conversion came as the happy failure of my striving against God. I was fifteen years old when the struggle began.

My father was with the merchant marine and seldom home. Every year he came home only three or four times, and his stay was always brief. Before we could get accustomed to his presence he was off to the seas again. My sister had married when I was fourteen, and so I was living alone with my mother. Just the two of us together almost always, and she was everything to me.

Then one day she suddenly—to me it was sudden—began going to the neighborhood church. It was a Wednesday. I remember it clearly. Every Wednesday afternoon she went. Then about three months later she began going to the church every Sunday morning too. Her absence twice a week, when she would go forth alone to the church and I would be left alone at home, increased the loneliness in me.

I felt that my mother too was being taken from me. I felt we were being separated, and it was her going to church that was doing that. It was then that I began to feel a conscious aversion for the Church and what it stood for.

Meanwhile my mother was

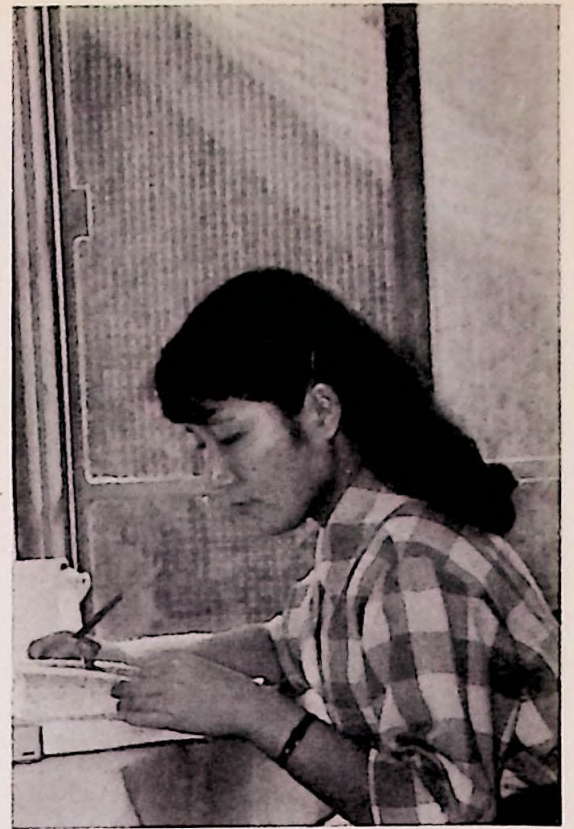
steadily advancing on the way to God with a generosity misinterpreted by my own egotistic fears. She was a fervent catechumen. After a year of weekly instructions, every Wednesday without fail, she received the sacrament of baptism.

My own hostility and voiced contempt clouded the happiness of her baptism. My heart was gripped with the fear of losing her to God, to whom she was devoting herself wholeheartedly. Several times she asked me to go with her to church, and each time she was answered with coldness, even with anger.

Paradoxes of a tormented soul! I was always vociferous in my refusal to go to church when my mother asked me to accompany her, and yet when she had gone, and I was alone in the quiet house, I would eagerly read through the religious books that fed my mother's faith.

I read many books, and after two years of this double life, I think I knew as much as she did. Yet I persisted in affecting an indifference that should have exasperated her.

I was a proud youth of eighteen when I left our town to enter university in the big city of Osaka. Here I was among strangers and a new environment. I was away from my mother, the sad witness of my



rogant rebellion against the grace
of God.

There was a church near my
boarding house, and now I felt I
could satisfy the curiosity—which
had imperceptibly become a need
to see the inside of a Catholic
church.

The first time I went inside I was
startled by the silence. There were
hundreds of others in the church, kneeling
in prayer, and I realized they were making
a "visit". As I watched them from
behind I could sense that they were
not just lost in thought, or in some
inattentiveness of sound; they were some-
how in touch with some unseen pres-
ence that pervaded the whole place,
and I recalled what I had read about
the "Real Presence" in my mother's
books.

It came often after that first visit,
many times just for a few moments
of quiet respite from the bustle of
every day.

Then one day after class, during
which the professor had mentioned
Christianity, my closest classmate
told me he was interested in finding
out more about Christianity. I told
him there was a church near my
boarding house, and the priest there
could surely be glad to give him
more information, even though I my-
self had never yet spoken to the

priest. So I accompanied him, and
that was how God opened the door
for my taking formal instructions,
with the least possible hurt to my
sensitive pride.

For a year I attended instruction
classes, I chose the Wednesday
classes. I told my mother nothing of
my blessed weakness of going to
church and taking instructions. On
the feast of the Immaculate Concep-
tion, when I was a second year
student, I received baptism with four
fellow students.

I went home for the Christmas
holidays of that year, without yet
having told my mother of my bap-
tism. Then on Christmas Eve, as
she got ready for midnight Mass, she
found me ready to accompany her.
She smiled, she was happy, but all
she said was "I am glad you are
coming."

We knelt side by side at Mass,
then when it was time for Com-
munion I whispered to her, "I am
going with you." There was a ques-
tion in her eyes, then joy and
surprise that made her breathless as
I added, "I have received baptism;
I am now fully your son." I walked
behind her to the Communion rail.
We knelt side by side and received
Our Lord, and we were united as
never before.

I was born among the mountains,
intimate of the pine forests and the
silent snow, far from the cities with
their smoking chimneys and metallic
din. Mine was a gay and carefree
childhood under the clean skies God
made for me. I felt His presence in
nature all about me—His strength in
the steep and sharp ravines, His
gentleness in the green valleys. I felt
the agony of time in the dimming
glow of sunset, and the earnest of
eternity in the growing light of sun-
rise.

These rays of the Beauty of God
in nature were the gospel, the good
tidings, of my girlhood. God Him-
self, without my being aware of it,
taught me to read the unwritten
alphabet of His wonders in creation.
I loved God in His creatures without
knowing that this too was of the
theology of the mystics. I was drawn
near to Him in innocence shy of sin.

Near our house was an old "O-
tera" (Buddhist Temple). My
mother brought me there from time
to time to pray. Clapping my chubby
hands, I asked mercy of God, and
our destinies of Redeemer and re-
deemed were linked with the Bud-
dhist beads that my grandmother had
given me. From my neck dangled an
"O-mamori" (amulet) to keep me
safe from harm.

When I was fifteen I graduated from the middle school of my mountain village, and it was time to go to the big city to continue my studies. The strange and distant city roused a deep sense of displacement in me that made me cry. Yet the hand of God guided me as it had guided me when I roamed my native mountains. Now in the city it led me to the sweet stillness of a little missionary church. It was in an evening of almost instinctive search for the solitude and quiet that I had known among the pines. God spoke to me now with eloquent silence from the sanctuary, where a tiny red lamp burned, more eloquent now than the many times He had spoken in the scarlet leaves that fell, or in the river reeds that bent so graciously with the breeze.

I do not recall clearly how I began my catechism classes. The talks of the missionary in lifeless Japanese yet spoke to me of the same God whom I had adored without really knowing Him in the remoteness of my mountain home. Little by little I was coming to know more clearly what before I had but vaguely sensed.

I believed. I believed that God is love, that He loves mankind, and He loves me. I could not really doubt, because there was the argument of the Cross that struck at the very roots of doubt. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son" . . . And there was the present and living argument, the generosity of the missionary priest who had given up everything to come and preach Christ, and Him crucified; whose very life was rooted in Calvary.

Sustained by the saving strength of these truths I arrived at Baptism which has transformed the destiny of my life.

Now I am a child of God. The Blood of Calvary flows as it were in my very veins, and the hope of heaven strengthens me already for the hour of suffering which I know will come so that I too may be able to make up what is yet wanting in the Passion of Our Lord.

I have heard of conversions that were tormenting spiritual experiences, conversions that meant a violent break with one's past. But as I look back on it, my conversion seems to have been but another step by step, farther indeed but naturally necessary as it were, and along the same way marked with silent wonders from my youngest years on.

God guided me with an unfailing hand, fondly and serenely, to the baptismal fountain of life. To me, the wonder of my conversion is not at all in the courage given me to overwhelm obstacles—for it seems to me there never was any call for courage—but in the kind Providence with which God disposed the circumstances of my life so that I could approach and reach Him with an almost natural ease.

God has given me the gift of faith, and I trustingly believe what the Church teaches. And so I have no doubt that I shall find the cross at some crossroad in life, even though up to now I have not really experienced the meaning of Calvary in my own life and person. Yet when that hour comes—and they say that it comes to everyone—I am confident that God will sustain me with His gracious goodness.

I was born 27 years ago. My life has been happy enough, if a man's life on earth can be called happy. But I cannot forget how our family had to drink deep of the cup of suffering during the war—that orgy of madness and blood. Those were dark days for all, but with the end of the war the sun shone forth once again with springtime freshness.

The past—I cannot recall it without nostalgia, and undefined nostalgia, a longing as it were for the lost home of childhood and youth. When I was 19 I went to study in a university of Osaka. It was the first time I was separated from the family, and I felt homesick; but at the same time I felt a certain sense of pride and joy: I was on my own and free.

There were moments when I felt pined in loneliness, but always my youth's irrepressible vitality and optimism broke through the walls. I had a lot of fun. I drank more than I should have, sometimes. When examinations threatened, I stayed up nights cramming. It was a pleasant life, and pain was a forgotten thing.

I did not feel the absence of God because I thought my life was full and the pleasantness I called happiness was then forever. I had no need of God; there was no room for Him. But it was not long before I was made to realize that the undisturbed felicity we think we have forever slips through our clutch. The fullness I thought endless was a fleeting dream.

On Christmas night, in my second year in Osaka, I went with some companions to visit the inmates of the city jail. It was a dark building huge with gloom—a gloomy concept of a prison in concrete. We brought some gifts and

gladness of our songs, not much perhaps, but we had nothing else to give the dwellers of that happiness-deserted place. We went carolling through the dim building, first through the common cells, and then at last we entered a wide corridor flanked on both sides by a row of solitary cells. We sang our way down the end of the corridor: there was a cell, the smallest but brighter than the rest. Inside, a man of about 35 was seated on his bunk, the book he was reading closed on his lap.

It was a shock to hear that he was to die in the near future. His was a story of sordid and violent passions culminating in blood. A few months earlier he had been sentenced to death. I thought it strange he was unafraid. In the face of his fate he possessed the stoic's serenity and the martyr's certainty. He had recognized the enormity of his crimes, had accepted his responsibility, and was ready to pay the death penalty as an expiation for his past.

It was during his first months in jail that he became acquainted with Christianity through the visiting Catholic priest. Acquaintance led to interest, interest to acceptance. He found in his young faith enough strength to face the gallows with humble calm and courage. I felt then what I had never experienced before: the immensity of that spiritual force which is born of sincere faith, and the emptiness of my own pleasant existence.

That experience shattered my shelter of complacency. It drove me on with an almost physical anguish toward that faith—that strength and joy of certitude which the convict in his misery had, and I in my good-

time life had not. And yet it was not a sudden or swift conversion. It was a long road twisting with delay and torturous with indecision born of my cowardice. The truth is that I was terribly afraid lest faith enslave my freedom. Two years passed.

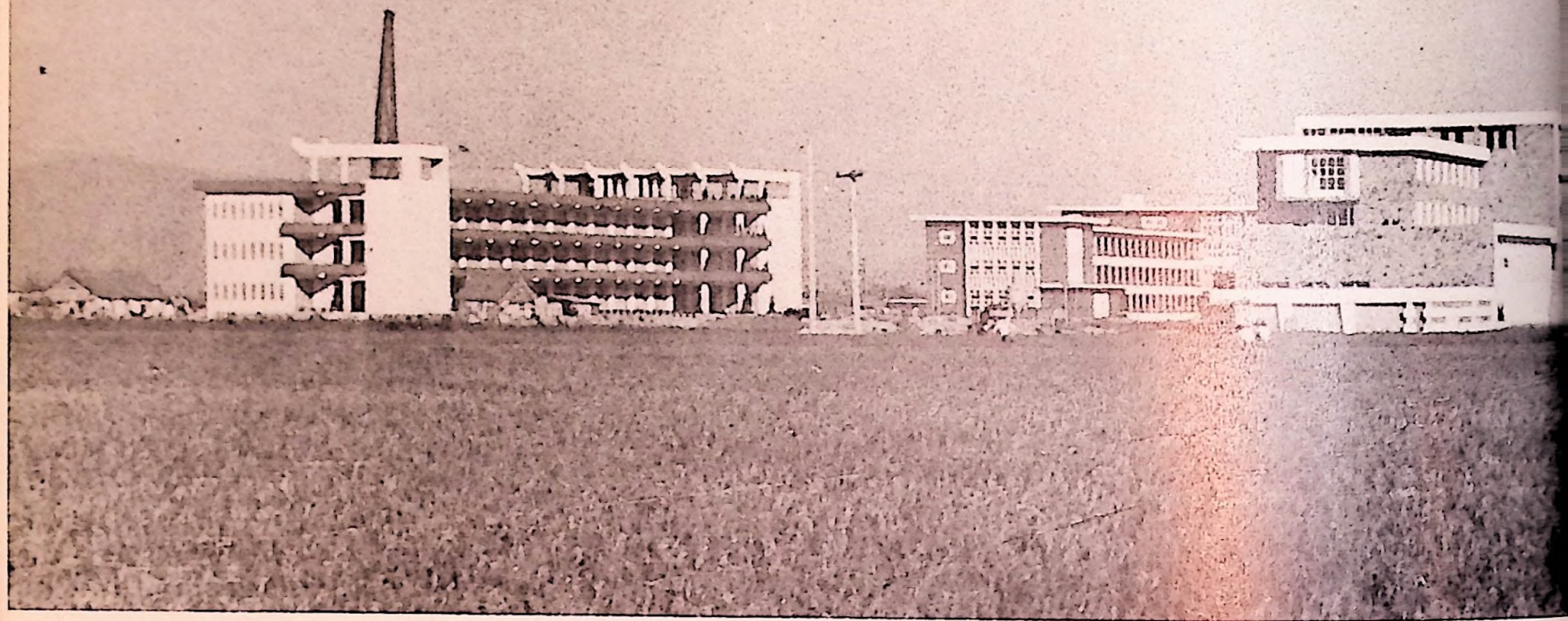
I was 22 when I was baptized. The mercy of God was stronger than my resisting pride and fears. I suffered from the bitterness of misunderstanding, the misunderstanding of those nearest to me. My parents refused to see my heart's reasons. The sceptical mockery of my friends sometimes drove me mad with anger. And there were dire prophets who prophesied the doom dreamed of in their prejudiced nights. But I was already committed to One who said, "Take courage, I have overcome the world."

I have used the word happy too loosely perhaps, but now I *am* happy in the joy and growing of my faith. At night when the rest are asleep I love to read the Gospels, returning to those places familiar and dear to me since my catechumenate. And most often I return, almost with an obsessed fascination, to those words of Christ in St. Matthew's Gospel:

"Come, blessed of my Father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me to eat: I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger and you took me in; naked and you covered me; sick and you visited me; I was in prison and you came to me . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me."

And so it was. I visited him—not even knowing who he was—when in prison, a few months before he died. And the grateful Christ rewarded as done to himself what was done to one of His brethren. He revealed Himself to me in all His greatness. He showed me the way that leads to Him. He called me to Himself with all the liberating power of His grace in a way that, honoring freedom, yet defied all resistance. And ever since then, since that day of our first encounter, I have returned many times to that jail. And I shall do so while I live, for I cannot forget that I met Him there, in the narrowest of cells, but brighter than the rest, that looked out to the sea. . . .





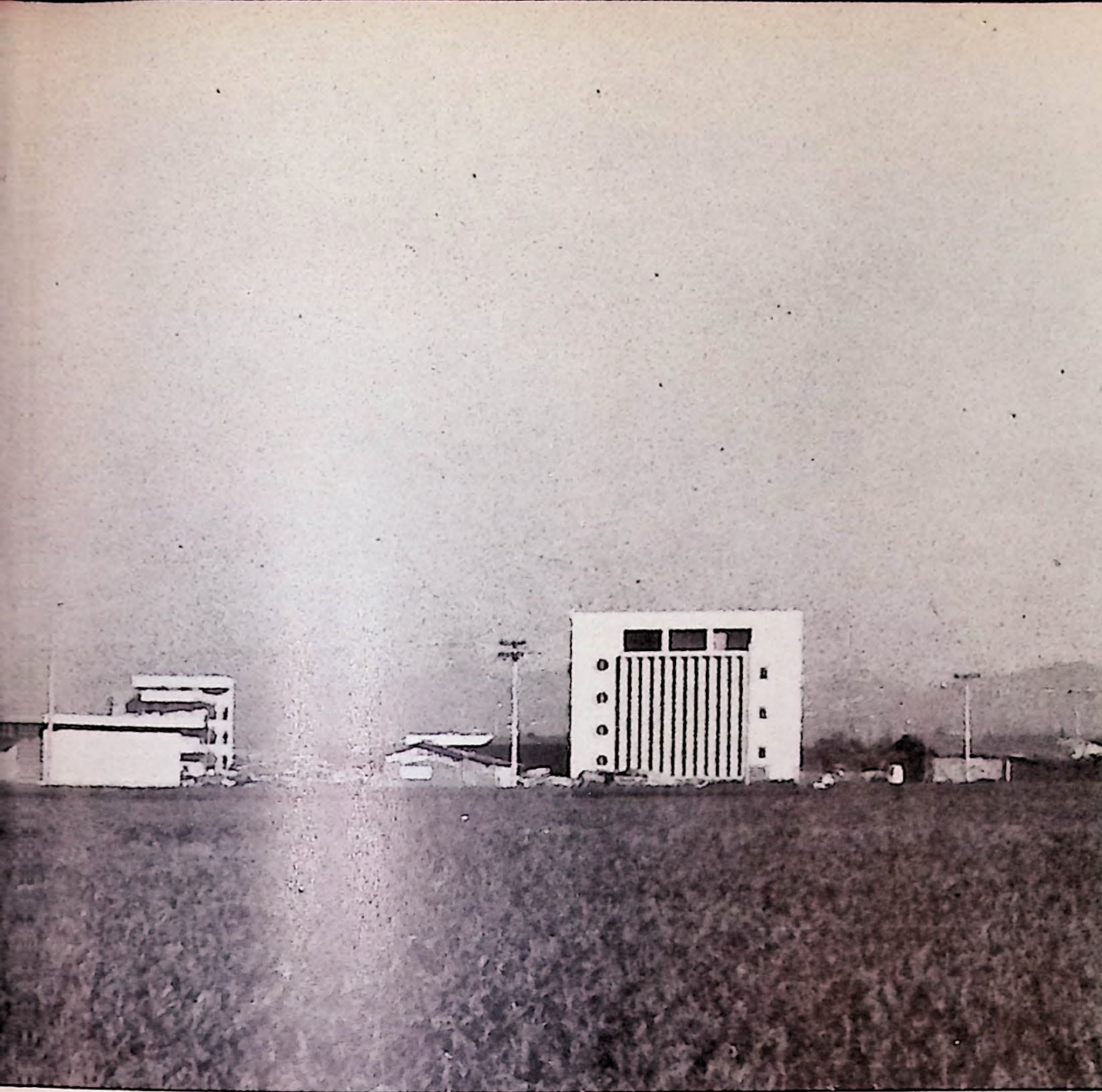
FU JEN A SECOND SPRING

George V. Donohoe S.J.

This modern complex of buildings, with more on the way, has surged into being from some 77 acres of rice paddy a few miles outside of Taipei, Taiwan, in the last year. This is the Fu Jen University of today, a rebirth in cement, steel and spirit of the noted Catholic university of Peking submerged by the Red tide in 1949. Father George Donohoe, student counsellor of the Law College, a Jesuit charge, tells the story of Fu Jen old and new.

It happened in Peking in the Autumn of 1949. Tension ran high on the campus of Fu Jen University. The Red timetable showed that the moment had come to close in on the religious staff and to eliminate them from the university scene. It would be necessary to discredit them first. The usual "trial" by a carefully gathered mob was a repetition of the same badly produced, but effective, show the Communists were putting on all over China. Charges shouted by Red cadres throughout the crowd were dutifully parroted

輔仁



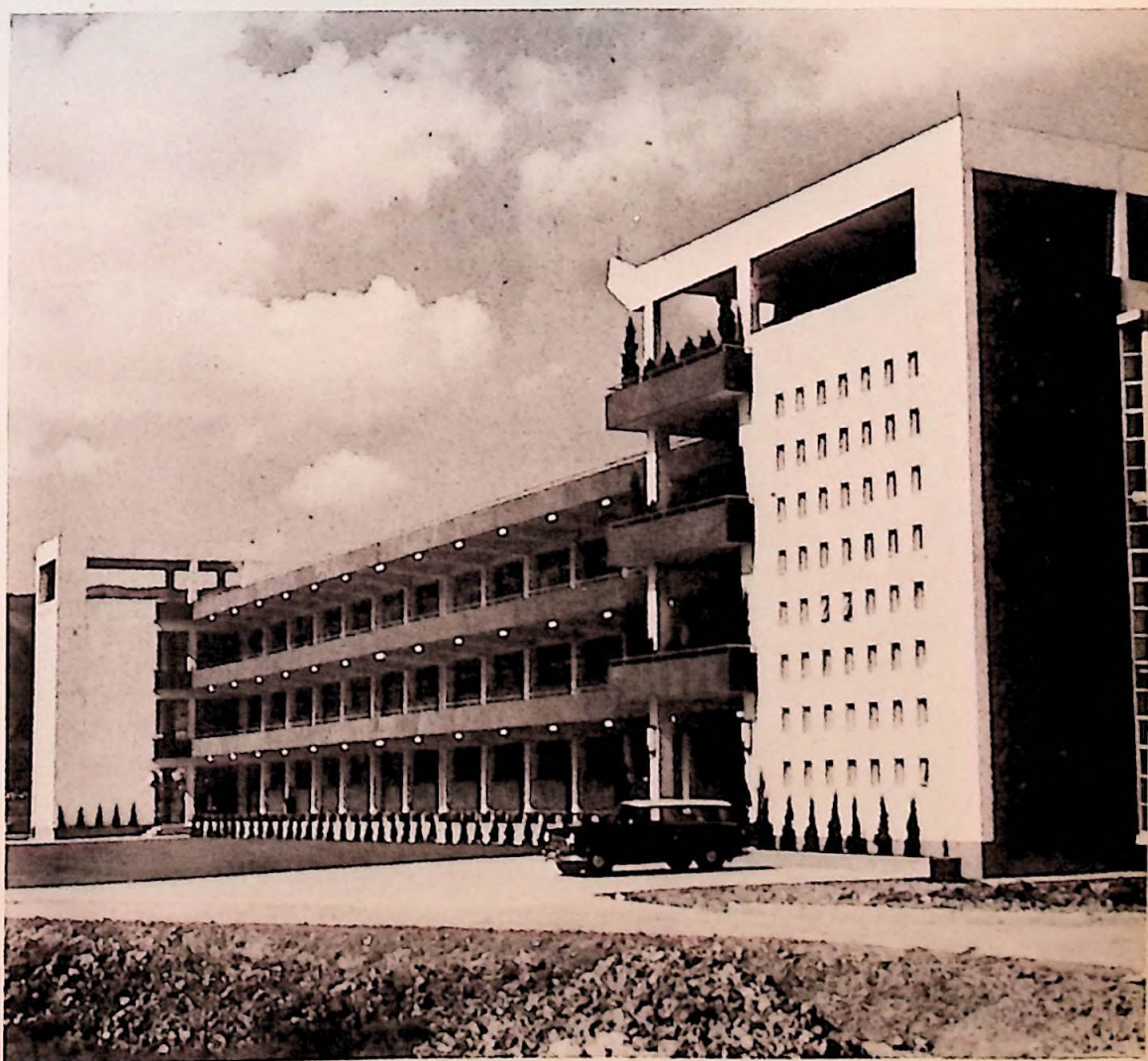
Photos: Fr. Chang Lei S.J.

back by students and workers, most of whom had never seen or heard of the accused before that day.

The accused that day was a priest-member of the faculty. If there were one bad apple in the barrel, then the barrelful was rotten. The charges were the usual—imperialism, crimes against the “people” (meaning members of the Communist party), and being a foreign agent. The conclusion was obvious and it was only shortly after the badly-played farce that the university was completely “liberated”. The members of the religious community were imprisoned or expelled.

Fr. Harold Rigney S.V.D., the Rector, was to go through four terrible years of imprisonment, and other members of the faculty suffered a similar fate, or worse. All Catholic influence was erased. The visible images of Christ and the cross disappeared, to live on only in the hearts of the many who were faithful. The school was then “dissolved”, and the name of Fu Jen disappeared from the annals of Chinese education. Thus the first quarter century of the Catholic Uni-

New College of Law, Economics and Business Administration in charge of the Jesuits.



versity of Peking came to a close in the Autumn of 1949 with what seemed like a sad finality.

Founded by the Benedictine Fathers of Pennsylvania in 1925, later (in 1933) entrusted to the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word, it grew to become one of the "Leading Five" universities of China in the years that preceded the Japanese war in 1937. Not even war would interrupt its contribution, as Archbishop Paul Yu Pin was to remark. "During the war, the University, respected by the Chinese people and even by the Japanese occupation forces, became the haven of Chinese scholars and students. Its contribution to and its influence on China was great, both in the war and the post-war periods. Many of its students became leaders in the fields of government, law, education, literature, science, medicine and finance. Others joined various religious orders and dedicated their lives to the service of God and Man."

As the Red wave swept over the China mainland, Fu Jen alumni, like their con-



One of the prime movers in the rebirth of Fu Jen is Msgr. Paul Yu Pin, Archbishop of Nanking, and the present Rector Magnificus of the magnificent new university. His dedication saw dreams realized.

freres of Chen Tan or "Aurora" University in Shanghai and Kung Shan in Tientsin, both conducted by the Jesuits, were scattered far and wide. The great majority disappeared into the darkness of the storm. Their story and their courage awaits a happier day.

Many faculty members and students made their way with the National government to Free China, Taiwan. Others went abroad for graduate studies, or to exercise their professions in various parts of the world. Those on Taiwan banded together in the Fu Jen Alumni Association. The years of struggle had cultivated in them a spirit of daring and hardiness and a closeness that only hardships shared can engender. This same driving spirit kept alive the main objective of the Association—the re-establishment of their beloved Alma Mater in Free China.

Their determination was rewarded shortly after the visit of Cardinal Agagianian, Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, who was sent personally by the Holy Father to Taiwan in 1959. Pope John expressed his desire that a Catholic University be established in Taiwan as soon as possible. Cardinal Agagianian appointed Archbishop Paul Yu Pin to promote the project.

Operation Fu Jen went into high gear. It was to be a collective effort. Under the Bishops of China, its building and direction was entrusted to various groups of priests and religious. The College of Liberal Arts was assigned to Chinese diocesan priests; the Colleges of Science and Foreign Languages were to be under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word; the College of Law (including departments of Economics and Business Administration), and Engineering (projected for 1965), were given to the Jesuits. The Holy Ghost Sisters were to staff the Home Economics department and a large woman's dormitory.

Thanks to the encouragement of Propaganda in Rome and the generosity of Catholics all over the world—with special mention of Cardinal Cushing of Boston and his benefactors and the Catholics of Germany—

the work was pushed forward. So large a project was not without initial difficulties, but at last a suitable site was obtained on Taiwan's main highway to the South.

One of the prime movers of the project, Archbishop Paul Yu Pin, is the over-all President, the Rector Magnificus of the restored University. Msgr. John Niu, former Vicar-General of Nanking and present Vicar-General of Taipei, is Dean of the College of Liberal Arts. Faculty members of old Fu Jen, who are happily fitting, include Dr. Chien Shih-liang a former chemistry professor at Fu Jen, and now President of the National Taiwan University, and Dr. Ignatius Ying, head of the Department of Foreign Languages at NTU and concurrently Vice-President of the new Fu Jen. Fr. Richard Aarens, S.V.D., veteran professor of old Fu Jen, is now Superior of the S.V.D. community at the new.

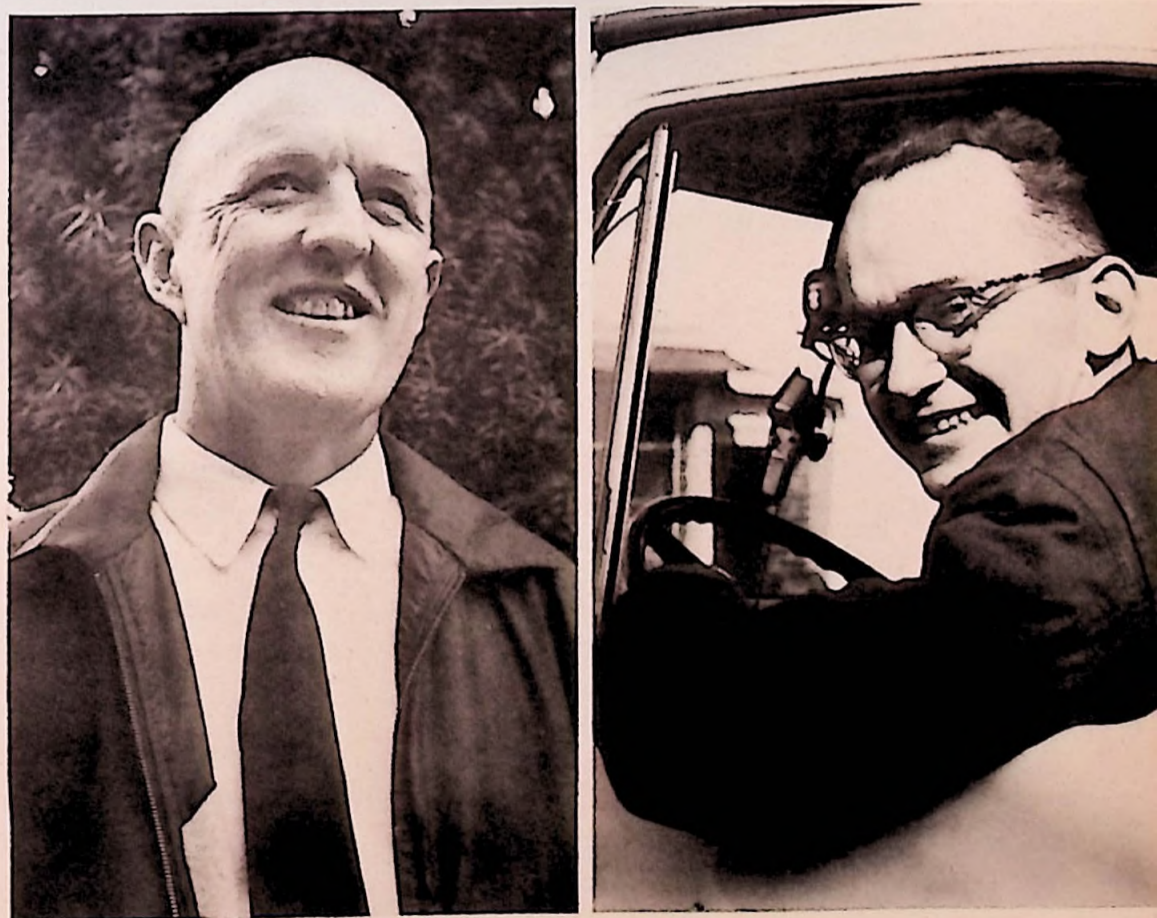
The Jesuit College of Law is headed by Msgr. Eugene Fahy S.J. who has played a large part in the rebirth of the University. An "Old China Hand", Msgr. Fahy has had a hand in a host of things during his eventful 23 years in China. Shortly after his arrival in 1941, the Pacific war broke out. He was ordained in an internment camp in Zikawei, Shanghai, returned to the States for tertiary studies and then back to China where he was named Prefect Apostolic of Yangchow shortly after the Communist occupation. He was arrested, imprisoned for ten miserable months and then expelled from China "forever". A short few weeks in the States to recuperate and he was back in Taiwan in 1952 where he was appointed Superior of the Jesuits in Hsinchu and Vicar Forane in 1954.

He remained in Hsinchu until the arrival of Hsinchu's first Bishop, Msgr. Peter Tou in 1961. During the intervening nine years, Msgr. Fahy saw the Church in the present Hsinchu diocese grow from a mere handful to a Christianity of more than 40,000 souls. The great church of Hsinchu, now the cathedral of the new diocese, is one of many monuments to his talents and persistence, and

numerous Church projects and mission stations owe their existence to his patience in the penitential task of acquiring the needed land. Under his capable direction the present fine Law building was recently erected, and men's dormitories and a large dining hall are now rising.

Enrollment last October, since only two buildings were ready for use, was limited to 450 freshmen. In another three years an estimated 3,000 students are expected on the Fu Jen campus. Less than 20% of the present students are Catholic, but an encouraging number are now under instruction—the first of many, please God, and the first fruits of the sacrifices and prayers of many.

And so a new Fu Jen has sprung up amid the rice fields and encircling mountains of Taiwan—an answer of the Church to the challenge of our times, a monument to the call and mission of Christ to teach all nations, a profession of faith in the eternal values which transcend all cultures and embrace the good and the beautiful in order to lead all to Christ.



Here are smiles for a difficult job well done. The smiles belong to Bro. Robert Griffin S.J., right hand of Msgr. Eugene Fahy S.J. who has done a masterful steering job for the Jesuit part of Fu Jen.



WORLD MISSION & THE LAYMAN

CICOP

Thomas E. Quigley

A program for Catholic Inter-American cooperation is the theme of the lead article in JM this month. The context there is the Papal Volunteer Movement, and the focus is the recent field-evaluation meetings in Peru.

The Catholic Inter-American Cooperation Program (CICOP) is also the name of a mammoth project of the U.S. Bishops Committee for Latin America. CICOP (or "Cyclops" as the lady at our house, who is allergic to initials, has it) held its first and also mammoth annual conference in Chicago last January.

Members of few Catholic organizations failed to be notified of this meeting. Totting up one's multiple invitations became something of an apostolic status symbol around New Year's. Perhaps it was also a salutary reminder of how fragmented one's involvement can be.

The Catholic press, in general, provided good coverage. Apart from

newspaper accounts, a generous sprinkling of reportorial articles and extended editorials have appeared in the magazines. I'd like to share a few isolated impressions.

first

The turnout was huge and heterogeneous, some 2,000 persons representing every degree of interest and knowledge in this area save only complete indifference.

The two notes of size and diversity should be considered together. On the debit side, it kept some discussions fairly stiff: the panelists seemed never sure how *au courant* their audiences were. Still, lively debate and even fireworks were not entirely absent. The size also assured some real benefits. The meeting was, at base, a dramatic act on the part of the Church of the Americas, a resounding affirmation of solidarity and cooperation. History is often chronicled in terms of such events.

A great many North Americans were much enlightened during those few days. A diocesan International Relations Chairman declared that the meeting had changed her life. Cardinal Cushing's talk alone, said one priest, was worth coming from New Jersey to hear, and another priest commented that the idea of such a meeting was so excellent that large conferences similar to this

should be held on other areas of the world.

second

The calibre of the Latin American representatives was exceedingly high. We, the giants of the North, clearly came off second best. All "our favorite Latin Americans" were there or were frequently referred to—men like Cardinal Silva, Bishops Larrain Sales, McGrath and Helder Camara, the Jesuits Vekemans, Poblete and Mejia, and (aren't they really Latin Americans?) the Abbe Houtart and Msgr. Illich.

The North American speaker, perhaps understandably, got the lion's share of the press coverage from here. Apart from a dogfight in Brooklyn being more newsworthy than a war in Vietnam, I think this is explainable by the fact that the North Americans were speaking to North Americans, recognizing that most of us are just waking up to our Inter-American destiny. The Latin Americans, some of them, treated of ground so being broken in their countries, the exciting new awareness of the Church's role and mission to mankind.

third

Despite much of what some of the speakers said about the Church and the Christian's involvement

and commitment to the temporal, and despite the often voiced desire to abandon those historically conditioned structures and ways of thought which equate the Church with the institutional, the purely ecclesiastical, there was about the meeting a decidedly clerical, almost "churchy" atmosphere. It probably couldn't have been otherwise at this time, and surely no one would want to complain about the number of bishops present, still less about the crowds of priests and religious who have certainly taken back to their parishes and communities and schools some new-found or renewed convictions.

But, merely to highlight a situation which is not the ideal, one must note that when laymen were not conspicuous by their absence, they were quite often characterized by their timidity or by too ecclesiastical a mode of thought. One Latin American lay speaker, for example, a man for whom we have the highest esteem, won everyone's heart with his movingly simple presentation on the new laity in Latin America. He pointed, with justice, to those areas of contemporary life where the theologian's silence has retarded needed progress.

"Where are the theologians?" has been a question some have asked for a decade and more when faced with

the great questions of war and peace, of marriage and family, of business, of race relations, and so on. Unquestionably, we need a more adequate theology of nuclear warfare, of the laity, of work, of the temporal, even of the secular (as opposed to the "secularistic", in Harvey Cox's useful distinction).

But in waiting for the theologian, aren't we doing both him and ourselves a disservice? I wonder, in brief, if we aren't inclined by our past habits of thought, to rely too heavily on the area of theology for Christian solutions to many temporal problems.

Whatever the answer, I know that there is need for far more confrontation between North American and Latin American laymen.

Fourth

Several of the major thrusts of the Latin American Church in Renewal were conveniently summarized by the conference. The stress on socio-economic development was, of course, everywhere. It ran like a thread through the whole meeting and has been highlighted in the press. So, too, was the acceptance at every level of the (carefully defined) term "Revolution" for the process of change irreversibly begun in Latin America and through the whole world of development.

A revitalized sense of the Church as the people of God, the community of worshippers collaborating in the task of Creation-Redemption was dramatically evident in two papers by Father Leo Mahon, one of a team of Chicago priests working in an "experimental parish" in Panama. (One of these, "The San Miguelito Paper", was reprinted in the February *CIF Reports*.)

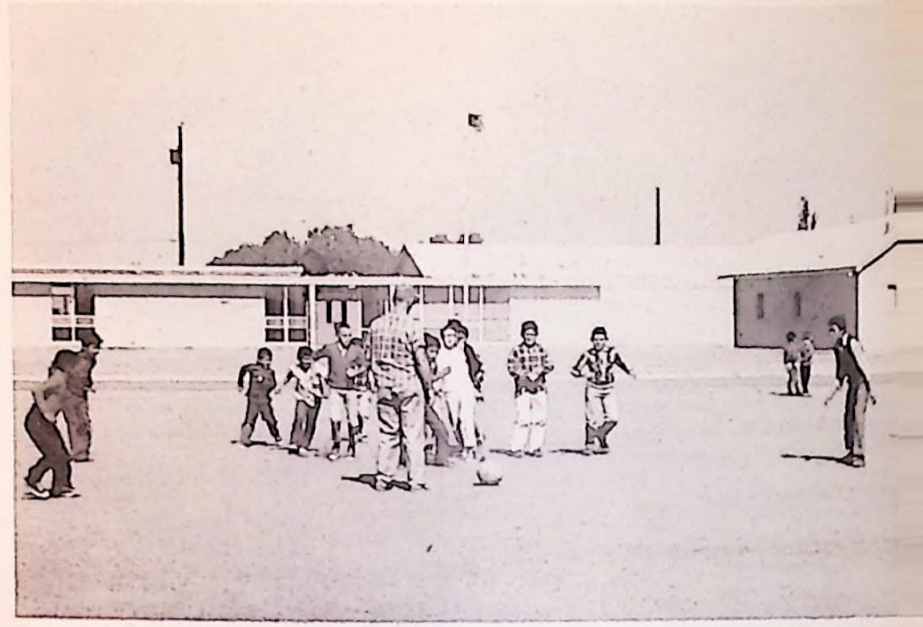
The need for the Church to be free, to be mobile, to break away from preoccupation solely with its own institutions and to enter other structures might describe another thrust, admittedly not everywhere in evidence at the meeting.

finally

A clear emphasis was given to the area of pastoral planning. Such regional or national assessment of problems, priorities, goals and methods is already showing remarkable progress in Chile, Panama, and parts of Brazil.

While Father Mahon's other paper, "What Latin American Catholicism Can Contribute to North American Catholicism", did not dwell on this practical issue, overall pastoral planning may indeed be one of the very significant areas in which the Church in Latin America has much to teach its brothers in the North.

Thanks to Extension Lay Volunteers, this school in Levelland, Texas, is in operation on a full scale. Otherwise, St. Michael's would be an empty shell for no teachers could be found to staff it. But three girls stepped into the breach and now there is laughter and learning in Levelland. (Below) Arlene Brooks of Detroit, Michigan, is the principal. Most of the students are of Spanish descent.



PING PONG IN THE CHAPEL



Three young lay teachers play ping pong in a convent chapel in Levelland, Texas. An improbable situation to say the least—even in these days of widening horizons within the Church. It all started in the spring of 1963 when the Reverend Richard H. MacLellan, pastor of St. Michael's parish in Levelland, wrote a plaintive letter to the Extension Lay Volunteer home office in Chicago.

"I am writing to see if we can get volunteer teachers through your organization," the pastor wrote. "In September 1962 we opened a parochial school with the first four grades, intending to add a grade a year until we had eight. Although the school was built and we had the students, we were unable to get teaching Sisters. None of the lay people here were qualified to teach school. So we requested and were fortunate to get four volunteer teachers from another lay apostolate organization. We gave our volunteers room and board (our convent, never used by Sisters, is very nice), and we were just able to cover their expenses.

"Today I learned that the organization has been unsuccessful in obtaining more volunteers for us this fall term. Let me ask if you can help us," Father MacLellan pleaded. "Your volunteers couldn't find better people to work with any place in the country."

This appeal had a happy ending. Today, in Levelland, three Extension Lay Volunteer teachers play ping pong in an unfinished chapel in a new convent that has never been occupied by Sisters. But will the ending be so happy? What of *next* fall? These teachers have volunteered to serve only one year and they may choose to return this summer, blessed by God and certainly by Father MacLellan. What will he do then? What if

Volunteer Avis Cotter of Quantico, Virginia, (right) took time out to help a neighboring farmer break in his horses. She is as much at home in the saddle as in the classroom. Ann Marie Kohankie (below) of Painesville, Ohio, doubles as a chauffeur for some of the children who live far away in the huge Texas parish. Levelland is about 120 miles south of Amarillo.



With the advent of the Age of the Laity in the early 60's, Extension developed a new idea. No longer would the Society send only money. Now it would also send highly qualified, mature laymen and women who for at least a year would lend their hands and talents to the desperate needs of home mission parishes. They would be volunteers and would expect little in return for their services except the barest essentials. But they would remain laymen, not religious.

The success of the idea can be measured in the hundreds of laymen and women who have answered Extension's challenge. "In my 30 years with Extension," the Right Reverend Monsignor Joseph B. Lux, President of the Extension Society, has said, "I consider this the greatest work in which we have engaged."

It was the Reverend John J. Sullivan who received and favorably answered Levelland's call for help. Father Sullivan is the National Director of the Extension Lay Volunteers and is one of the five priests who help Msgr. Lux administer the Extension Society from its home office in Chicago. A veteran homemaker himself, Father Sullivan has been with the Society since the ELV was founded in 1961 under the patronage of Chicago's Albert Cardinal Meyer. Since that time Father Sullivan, with the enthusiastic help of diocesan and collegiate representatives throughout the nation, has placed over 500 volunteers in the home missions for a year or more of full time lay mission service. The ELV has become the largest lay mission sending organization centered in the United States.

The 1964 crop of volunteers have come from 85 dioceses. They are serving a

Extension cannot provide him with new volunteers. To whom will he turn to keep his school open? God knows.

Those of us who live in the more endowed areas of this country, where parishes are comparatively replete with teachers, parishioners—yes, and even money—cannot fathom situations such as Father MacLellan's. Yet mission situations such as this are not rare in the United States of 1964. Over 50 years have passed since the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States was founded to provide financial assistance to the home missions. Chapels have been built, checks have been spent, seminarians have been educated, vestments have been provided. Extension has answered the pleas of thousands of priests whose consecrated hands are tied by financial bonds.

(Left) Father MacLellan is pastor of St. Michael's and his duties are typical of today's home-mission priest. Besides his pastoral duties, he also teaches in the school and is general handyman, janitor, gardener and coach of the soccer team. Then at the end of the day he gets behind the wheel of the school bus as driver.



teachers, parish workers, Newman Club workers and nurses in 110 missions in 13 States and the Territory of Puerto Rico. St. Michael's in Levelland is only one of these missions. It is also only one of the several schools and institutions staffed completely by Extension Lay Volunteers. Without ELV, many Catholic schools such as St. Michael's would have to close.

"St. Michael's parish," writes one of the ping pong playing ELVes, "includes the cities of Levelland (pop. 10,000), Smyer, Ropesville, Witharral, Sundown and Clauene. And we're located about 120 miles from Amarillo. Catholics number about 2,000; most of these are Latins. The enrollment in our school is 840. Of the children who could attend one of the five grades, only 20% actually are coming to class. However, 25% of the other children are under religious instruction."

Volunteer Arlene E. Brooks, 28, of Detroit is the principal and first grade teacher. She received a Bachelor of Philosophy degree from the University of Detroit in 1960. Arlene's sister, Marjorie, is also an ELV principal-teacher elsewhere in the Amarillo diocese.

Volunteer Avis M. Cotter, 24, teaches second and third grades at St. Michael's. Coaching the girl's volley ball team is an additional duty. Avis is from Quantico, Virginia, and in 1962 received her B.A. degree in elementary education from the Catholic University in Washington, D.C. Avis learned of the ELV "from a bulletin board at Catholic University."

Volunteer Ann Marie Kohankie, 24, teaches fourth and fifth grades; she also instructs the altar boys. In 1961, Ann Marie received a B.S. degree in chemistry from

Marygrove College in Detroit. She is from Painesville, Ohio, near Cleveland. Before she came to the ELV she was a chemical librarian with the Lubrizol Corp.

Arlene, Avis and Ann Marie are members of an exclusive—exclusive, for many are *not* chosen—organization of accomplished young men and women who recognize a need for their talents in today's American Church, and have volunteered to fill that need if only for a year.

The activities of Father MacLellan, who serves as pastor as well as curate at St. Michael's, are far too typical of today's home-mission priest. At the school Father Mac, as he is known by his parishioners, is general handyman, janitor, bus driver, gardener and coach of the soccer team. He also teaches the high school catechism class each week and is Newman Club Director at nearby South Plains Junior College. Father Mac stays busy.

Much more could be said of the mission at Levelland. The burden is heavy for Father Mac and his three Extension Lay Volunteers. As with all of the home missions served by the ELV, it is inevitable that the volunteers will leave for home one day. Perhaps they will be replaced; perhaps there will be none to replace them. Father Mac and his volunteers dream of the day that Levelland-born teachers will be able to take over the school and many of the chores that have to be done.

And who knows, perhaps some day the ping pong table will be removed from that unfinished room in the convent and replaced by a real altar. Then Father Mac may celebrate Sisters who will have come to stay for good. For this we pray.

CONFUSION IN BRAZIL

Jaime Fonseca

Editor of "Noticias Catolicas"
N.C.W.C. News Service

It is harder to follow the tortuous course of Brazilian politics than a snake's trail in the Amazon jungle.

And in the face of the recent revolution that overthrew Marxist-hugging ex-President Joao Goulart, Brazilians themselves admit that this was the climax of a crisis fed by confusion as wild as their runaway inflation.

One can only try to pick up a few threads, the brightest colored by emotions, which by the way offer a fantastic gamut of conflict and contrast: communism and capitalism, religion and politics, the big landholder and the poor peasant, army vs. civilians.

Most "Brasileiros" say this is the "widest" crisis they ever had, and the litany they give is impressive: social, moral, political, economic, administrative, and educational. But for all this, no one indicates what kind of crisis.

Is Brazil shaken up as a nation, ready to disintegrate? Is it the fault of weak, disorganized governments? Or is it that Brazilians are staging a deeper social revolution and the crisis shows only the other pangs of change?

Far from declining, the giant of South America is growing and becoming more conscious of nationalistic values and aspirations. Political institutions and the government have failed so far to cope with the pressures of a population on the go, a new mentality enhanced by the opening of Brasilia. Congress has

been quite ineffective since moving to the new capital, and political parties had no real program to sell to the masses. Even the Constitution was in jeopardy by Goulart's efforts to re-elect himself and his attempt at a drastic land reform.

The salient fact of the crisis has been the lack of governmental strength and coordination. This the Communists were using to their full advantage. Under this threat, as early as October of 1963 a leading observer, Alfonso de Melo Franco, wrote:

"The State will insure its continuity only through the usual recourse to the Armed Forces . . . I do not wish this, but it is the only solution."

Therefore, that element of the crisis has been solved, for the time being, by the military takeover, although under strong civilian leadership.

But what Brazilians are discovering now is what anthropologist Charles Wagley, of Columbia University, clearly saw six years ago:

"Only now is Brazil going through the kind of social and economic revolution that most Western European nations experienced in the nineteenth century . . . (except that) Brazil is undergoing its revolution amidst the accelerated changes and profound tensions of the mid-twentieth century."

The masses are becoming more conscious of their right to participate in the affairs of the nation and deter-

mine its course. They join political parties and vote; they join trade unions and peasant groups. They share many "equalizing" ordinary things, like a transistor radio, the particular menu, that way of dressing, the kind of school they attend, the movies they see and the papers they buy. They seem quite content with it, because this change, the process favors them. Even those migrating from the poor country villages, where the earth has turned bitter, to crowded slums or "favelas" find their new way of life more exciting and full of promise.

The ones that are really jittery are the upper elite, particularly the extreme conservatives who see the writing on the wall. There are, to be sure, visionary leaders among the leading classes—thinkers, educators, Churchmen and a few fazendeiros and industrialists—and they are trying to channel change into real reform. But, how much support can they expect from others?

One thing is to solve a government crisis, a situation complicated by Communist infiltration, serious enough to justify the coup. But another is to solve the inveterate problems posed by the legitimate expectations and demands of the people for a better life.

Goulart, and his predecessor Janio Quadros, tried in their left way to understand these demands but made the mistake of lending ear mostly to the noisier voice of the Communists posing as vindicators of the people. With demagogues gone overboard, we hope, the new leaders must tackle with determination the real causes of the crisis.

What are Brazilian Catholics doing in the midst of such crisis? Much and little.

Much in the sense of pastoral renewal, of social and economic

habilitation of whole regions, like the drought-stricken Northeast; or the Emergency Plan launched last year by the Bishops; and the effective abolition of trade union and peasant movements under the Christian banner, thus upsetting the claims of the Reds for control of the masses.

But there is little advance along a coherent, unified front because of the general confusion prevailing in the country today. It has touched the Church.

In Belo Horizonte Catholics fought Catholics over the issue of the land reform pushed by Goulart and Marxists like his brother-in-law Colonel Brizola.

In Bahia the archbishop, Cardinal Augusto Silva, suspended Catholic Action in his See because of Communist infiltration.

And in Rio, while the archbishop, Cardinal Jaime Barros Camara, clearly approved of the move "by the courageous armed forces" to rid the country of the Communist danger, his former auxiliary bishop, Dom Helder Camara, now archbishop of Recife, headed a statement by the Northeast prelates asking for "the humane treatment" of those found guilty of subversive activities.

There was also a cry against the texts used in literacy campaigns by the Bishops' adult education unit. The text, which was deemed to incite to class struggle and materialistic tenets, had been prepared by technicians working for the Ministry of Education, a Red hotbed.

Key to the crisis and the confusion is what Brazilians call "reformas de base", basic reforms, which mean radical changes in present structures to the point of being revolutionary. There is no question and all agree—that Brazil needs

to channel such pressures for social change towards a just social order. The social encyclicals of Pope John—*Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris*—did have a tremendous impact on Brazilians.

But as Mario Reis, a leading writer in Porto Alegre says: "There is great confusion on the means and the position one must adopt. The result is that Christians here and there are joining extremist movements of right and left, thus jeopardizing the true Christian cause in Brazil."

Elements of the confusion—again trying to pick up loose threads—can be traced to the following:

■ The strong influence of individualistic tenets in Brazilian society, inherited from the old Portuguese empire and the subsequent rationalistic Liberal governments and intellectuals. In social terms this means egotistic indifference towards the lot of the masses and selfish group policies that cling to the status quo.

■ The challenging collectivism of socialists and Communists—often with the help of politicians—who in their thrust for power or vindication crush human dignity and freedom.

■ Christians in general, who should know God's natural law and the ways of the Gospel to implement it, but who are ignorant of or who ignore these basics of Christian concern. They take issues pretty much according to emotional views prevailing in the family, the party, the friendship clan, and heed the social encyclicals in fragments only. No wonder the more socially alert are carried away by Marxism, or the more pious ones seek refuge in extreme conservatism.

■ But the Marxists have a plan, a discipline and program of action. Their opponents are divided. This

is what thoughtful Catholics—including Reis—propose to their brothers as a program for Christian action in Brazil:

1. Accept the fact of a pluralistic, twentieth century society in change in their midst, and act realistically by stressing common agreement on the demands of natural law—bread, land, school, work and leisure for the masses—and a burying of diverging issues.

2. Under a unified leadership in doctrine and action, bring a coherent impact to bear upon Congress, political groups, the government and main private groups, in order to streamline the law and practice of the nation according to the demands of social justice and order.

3. Bring Christian principles into operational influence in organizations high and low of bankers and laborers, of professional people and peasants, of industrialists and housewives.

4. Capture the university so as to form an intellectual elite capable of discovering, working out and transmitting the proper solutions to most pressing problems.

5. Use all these forces to form a public consensus through all available means of communication, in order to create a "sensible climate" opposed to the confusion and without which no reform can be effected.

FAITH & FIESTA

Richard Vogt S.J.



Before the massive doors of Mexico City's 17th Century cathedral a group of Indians whirled through an ancient dance, the long peacock feathers of their headdress bowing and flashing bright sparks of color in the morning sun. But native drum and piercing flute were all but silenced by the noise of the milling crowd and the shouts of vendors that filled the tiny plaza before the church. Today we were celebrating the feast of Corpus Christi—Mexican style.

Outside the gates of the cathedral plaza, I glanced down at my companion of the morning, a wide-eyed eight-year-old named Jorge Quiroz Vega. He had attached himself to me as something familiar in this crush of strangers. As large brown eyes took in the spectacle before him, did he realize the many cultures and races that built this bright world he lived in? Did he realize that these same solemn dances had been performed on this very spot 500 years ago by his Aztec ancestors? Was he aware that this ancient cathedral (and the faith it served) was given him by his Spanish ancestors? Or could he know that the Mars bar he was so thoughtfully nibbling was just another reminder of the



Indian dancers, who have come in from neighboring villages, perform ancient rites before the cathedral. A mixture of various styles, it is basically a neo-classic church begun in 1573 and completed in 1667. There are two Murillos, one in the chapel and one in the choir. On feasts, like Corpus Christi, the great plaza before the massive facade is jammed with happy humanity.

inroads Uncle Sam was making into his world? But then, what eight-year-old could—or should—be interested in such thoughts with the colors and sounds of a Mexican fiesta dancing before his eyes.

“Shall we go inside, Jorge?”

A grave nod suggested this would be fine.

In the plaza, vendors sat crossed-legged on the stone pavement enthusiastically hawking their array of chile-laden foods. “Tortas! tacos! cajetas! enchiladas! quesadillas!” The air was filled with the rich aroma and musical names of Mexican dishes. On all sides vendors were peddling toy burros, an ancient Mexican Corpus Christi custom. They were home handicraft products made of corn husks and straw. Each animal bore a burden of tiny clay pottery and flowers. Some were masterpieces in miniature; smaller than a dime. Others were boy-size, and larger.



Children wearing typical Indian dress. They are posed by a large flower-laden straw burro sold throughout the city on Corpus Christi.

“Look, padrecito,” cried Jorge at this point in my musings, “I could ride that one!” And he could have, as he nodded to a husky straw burro at least five feet tall.

Wriggling their way through the dense crowd were thousands of small children neatly decked out by their parents in Indian dress. There were *huipiles* from the tropics of Tehuantepec and *huaraches* from the deserts of Sonora. Indian finery from all parts of Mexico was on display.

With some effort we managed to squeeze into the packed cathedral. At first glance the interior looked little different from the riotous scene in the plaza. All the pews had

been removed and the vast body of the church was swarming with people. A few of the more eager—perhaps in the spirit of Zaccheus of old—had shinnied up the Cathedral’s massive pillars to get a better view of the Blessed Sacrament as the Lord passed down the narrow aisles in procession. But for all the confusion, the people were remarkably orderly and reverent. In spite of the festive atmosphere created by Indian dances, costumes, and the vendors, they had not lost sight of the purpose of their visit—to kneel in adoration and thanksgiving before Christ in the Eucharist on the feast of Corpus Christi.

After the services we made our way out of the cathedral, through the jammed plaza, and into the streets of downtown Mexico City. The sounds were different now, more mechanical and more like my homeland. American cars hummed and honked through the streets and strident rock-and-roll afflicted the ears from record shops. In the din of a westernized Mexico, the sounds from the cathedral—sounds of Mexican faith and fiesta—grew dim and faded like an ancient island swallowed by the waves of a clamorous sea.

Yes, Jorge, Uncle Sam has come to Latin America and the mark he leaves—for better or for worse—will never be erased. For better or for worse, and that is the question. It is the hope of those of us from America, priests, nuns and Catholic laymen who offer our hearts and hands as co-workers with the native apostles of all Latin America, that the U.S. contribution to these cultures will be more than a litter of Coke bottles and a flood of gadgets. It is our prayer that these religious festivals and the vibrant faith they express will not be submerged in a sea of “things”, but that they will grow more profound and significant for the people of Latin America. Change is inevitable, but it would be tragic if it meant an uprooting, or a decaying, or a substitution of those realities that are good and vivifying in their cultural heritage. Jorge, and millions like him, must have a new Latin America to grow up in—changed, yes, but changed for the better.

WANTED for Jesuit Missionaries

1. IN MEMORY

Father Cy Dawson works among the same people in India for whom the martyred Father Rasschaert gave his life. He labors to bring Christ's doctrine of love to these poor people. He has a good school but must feed his pupils out of his own pocket. In memory of Father Rasschaert, please give a small donation for Father Dawson's great work.

2. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

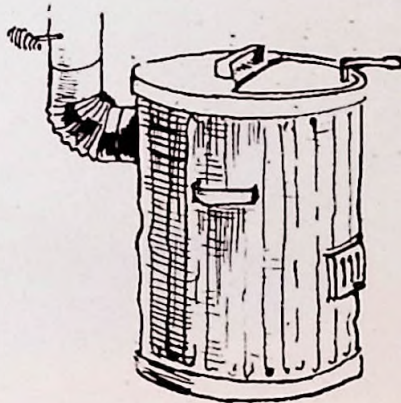
Converts in Japan or anywhere else are made by the Holy Spirit with a poor assist from some Christian man or woman. Californian Father Tom Hand, in Japan for the past 11 years, is a teacher and a convert instructor. He begs your help (\$5.00 or \$10.00) to get the books and magazines he and other Jesuits need for their apostolic work.

3. LADY APOSTLES

In Trincomalee (Trin-co-maleé), Ceylon, Father Ed Brady has an ambitious program for local nuns. They are going out to rural parishes for 8 days, teaching catechism and beginning social projects. Operating outside of the convent is a bit unusual for Sisters, but with the shortage of priests and apostolic laymen it is necessary in Ceylon. The work is difficult for the good Sisters and for Father Brady who must find the money to support these lady apostles. It may surprise you, but \$15.00 would support four of these ladies for eight days.

4. CANNED HEAT

Father John Henry, Maryland Jesuit working in Osorno, Chile, heats his school with sawdust stoves. He makes his stoves from garbage cans and begs the sawdust from local saw mills. It's almost winter in Osorno now; he asks for help (\$25.00) for keeping the stoves going this winter (our summer!). Father Henry also



says that he will be glad to name a scholarship in your honor and send you the name of the talented but needy youngster you have helped. Cost of a scholarship for one year: \$50.00.

5. QUAKE DAMAGE

Alaska's earthquake was felt around the world. The destruction it caused is enormous. Most of the priests in Alaska are Jesuit missionaries, working with Indians, Eskimos and whites. They saw the dreams of years shattered in a few minutes. Our Copper Valley School and church were most damaged. You helped us to build it; now we ask you to help us rebuild. Our sincere thanks . . .

6. THE COST OF MUD

In Sha-ha-bad Father Ed Mann from Chicago is about to see a dream of 26 years in India fulfilled. Some sisters are coming to work with him. First, however, he must build a convent for them. With mud brick walls and an asbestos roof this will cost about \$2,000.00. He knows that he will have to beg a long time for that sum. Now he asks if you can't help him begin with a gift of four or five dollars.

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DEAR FATHER,

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