

JESUIT MISSIONS
MARCH 1965 / 25¢

Sent: LIFE, DEATH, LIFE AGAIN



"Father, into Thy hands . . ." and the world of the missions is built around this moment in time. Design by Franznick-Meden.



JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuits in the Mission Fields Assigned them by the Holy Father

MARCH 1965

VOL. 39 NO. 2

- 2 THE MISSIONARY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
Donal O'Mahony S.S.C.
- 5 THE BROTHERS IN CHAD
David B. Knight S.J.
- 8 ALASKA: THE OLD BREED
- 11 LENT IS THE WORLD
Daniel Berrigan S.J.
- 18 FROM ALL POINTS
The Editors
- 21 TRINCOMALEE TRAGEDY
Alden J. Stevenson S.J.
- 25 THE FAITH IN THE PHILIPPINES (II)
H. de la Costa S.J.

STAFF:

Executive Director & Editor:
JAMES P. COTTER

Managing Editor:
H. B. FURAY

Senior Editors:
CALVERT ALEXANDER
CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE

Associate Editors:
DANIEL BERRIGAN ALDEN J. STEVENSON

Design:
FRANZNICK-MEDEN INC.

Business Editor:
COLEMAN A. DAILY

Associate Business Editors:
LEO E. BIRNEY CECIL H. CHAMBERLAIN

Promotion Manager:
PETER J. GALLAGHER

Superior, J.M. Residence:
CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE

Administrator:
LOUIS A. DEVANEY

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly January-February, July-August, by Jesuit Missions Inc., 45 East 78th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021, in the interests of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$2.00. Canadian & foreign, \$2.25. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., & at additional mailing office.

AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS & MISSION DIRECTORS

ALASKA

Rev. Paul C. O'Connor S.J.
P.O. Box 4408,
Portland 8, Oregon

BRITISH HONDURAS YORO & U.S. INDIANS

Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 W. Pine Blvd.,
St. Louis 8, Missouri

CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

Rev. Ronald W. Sams S.J.
3389 Bailey Ave.,
Buffalo 15, N.Y.

BRAZIL, CEYLON AND HOME MISSIONS

Rev. Daniel W. Partridge S.J.
1607 Pere Marquette Bldg.
New Orleans 12, Louisiana

TAIWAN AND CHINESE IN THE FAR EAST

Rev. Edward J. Murphy S.J.
284 Stanyan St.,
San Francisco 18, Cal.

INDIA AND PERU

Rev. Robert J. Wilmes S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

INDIA, CHILE AND BURMA

Rev. Richard A. Kenna S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

IRAQ AND JAMAICA

Rev. Thomas F. Hussey S.J.
126 Newbury St.,
Boston 16, Mass.

KOREA AND U.S. INDIANS

Rev. George W. Haas S.J.
4811 Excelsior Blvd.,
Minneapolis 16, Minn.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Rev. Joseph W. Conyard S.J.
P.O. Box 4408,
Portland 8, Oregon

PATNA, INDIA

Rev. Robert A. Rosenfelder S.J.
623 East Larned,
Detroit, Mich. 48226

PHILIPPINES, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS, NIGERIA

Rev. John G. Furniss S.J.
39 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N.Y.

ETHIOPIA, BRAZIL, VIETNAM, TAIWAN

Rev. Aloysius Bouchard S.J.
762 rue Sherbrooke Ouest,
Montreal 2, Canada

DARJEELING, BHUTAN

Rev. Thomas J. Doyle S.J.
68 Broadview Ave.,
Toronto 8, Ontario
Canada

AS YOU SAID...

Father: My congratulations on the fine issues and format. Even your Maryknoll friends unbiasedly acknowledge the present advance.

J. Vincent Higginson

21-10 33rd Road
Long Island City 6, New York

Father: That green ink on gray paper! Frightful! Such a terrible thing to do to such a nice magazine. If you plan to continue this, please cancel my subscription.

Mrs. Anna Burke

210 E. 95th Street
New York 28, New York

Father: J.M. for Jan-Feb. '65. Terrific issue. Congratulations.

Lewis Delmage S.J.

Regional Sodality Service Center
St. Joseph's College
Philadelphia 31, Pennsylvania

Father: If you would take a picture of your dear mother, a most unattractive and repulsive snapshot, then have the photographer put it on Xmas cards and mail it to all your mother's friends, I would say you were most contemptible (diabolical is the adjective I had in mind)! Do you agree? Well, that's what you did to our Blessed Mother on the December cover (1964) of *Jesuit Missions*.

Helen Conlan

221 E. 201 Street
New York 58, New York

Father: The November issue has a very clean, crisp appearance . . . I think you have arrived. There is a distinct element about the mag now. It is different from the others.

William J. McCurdy S.J.

39 East 83rd Street
New York, New York

Father: I enjoyed the article "Rejection of the West" (Jan-Feb. '65) . . . but a most important factor is omitted. The new blueprint must contain the Communist conspiracy which is dedicated to stamping out religion altogether . . .

Mrs. Irene Straub

Freeport, N. Y.



Lent, not too many years ago, meant real hardship, consciously undergone, consciously joined to the hardships of Christ.

All this is past. We are a "released" generation, which tends to look on even token sacrifices as somewhat medieval.

People elsewhere than in this affluent society have no choice. Their Lent is life. They are strangely cheerful, these folk, as the pictures here reveal; because they are unquenchably human and so, brave. But bravery, even the very best, finds it hard to stand alone forever. We in America have to ask, just now, particularly now in this season: Must they stand alone?

Interest, a prayer, a gift, an unvoiced hope to do more when possible . . . These are at best fragmentary joinings to those parts of us which are overseas. And fragments are not everything; but they *are* something.

And something is better than nothing, particularly in Lent, while Christ is readying for Golgotha.



Renaissance. Men like John Scottus Erigena ("the belated disciple of Plato, the last representative of the Greek spirit in the West"), Sedulius Scottus, Dungal of Pavia, did their part to keep civilization alive.

There were others, however, who did not shine as brightly. "A good many of the exiles," writes Helen Waddell, "had more scholarship than sanctity, and some little of either, with Bacchus nearer their elbow than



St. Brendan, reputed discoverer of America.

Apollo. Many of the drinking songs of the ninth century come from the Irish and the biographer of St. Robert says harshly *de Scotis* that they are deceivers, wanderers, stragglers."

The era ends, fittingly, with Europe making a massive repayment of its debt. The Cistercians sent their first members to Ireland in 1142, the Augustinians came in 1161, and soon the Franciscans and Dominicans.

But the traffic was not all one way. An Irish Franciscan, John Duns Scotus (b. 1274), would become one of his order's greatest theologians in Europe. An Irish professor at the University of Naples, Petrus Hibernus, would have as his most brilliant student the future St. Thomas Aquinas. And acting as the first faint star in the sky of a new mission era was the dim figure of Jacobus de Hibernia, an Irish Franciscan. Accompanying Blessed Odoric of Pordenone and other members of his order, Jacobus got to Peking in 1318, the first Irishman to reach China.

But it would be centuries before Ireland

would again be a missionary force. A new Dark Age descended on the country with the Norman invasion of 1169. The future held an age of bitter persecution in store for the long years from the mid-1500s to 1829, when Catholic Emancipation was finally enacted, putting an end to a Penal Code that rivalled Communism at its worst.

Yet even during this bleak period there was an occasional Irish missionary to be heard from. The Irish story in Latin America begins with a Limerick Jesuit of note, Father Thomas Field, who appears in Brazil in 1577, later goes on to Paraguay, where he baptized 150,000 Indians. In 1610 some 200 of his converts were brought together and formed into "Loretto", the first of the historic Reductions of Paraguay, perhaps the most fascinating missionary social experiment.

Today, as in the past, the Irish remain incurably missionary. A recent figure indicates that Ireland has over 5,000 priests overseas, or one priest on the missions for every priest at home. And, appropriately, the names of some of her first missionaries are commemorated in this latest missionary era. The Society of St. Columban and the St. Patrick's Foreign Mission Society keep alive a tradition going back to the great early saints.

It is a long tradition, but even the long-remembered Irish need occasionally to be reminded of the men who began it. In Minnesota, at the turn of the century, an Irish priest had built a new church in his half-Irish, half-German parish. Everything went well until the new church was to be dedicated. The Germans wanted it named for a German saint, the Irish for an Irish one. Finally, at a peace conference, they drew lots to decide.

"Who won?" the priest asked a glum-faced Irish delegate after the meeting.

"Aw, Father, they did," the delegate said, shaking his head. "You'll have to call the church after some German saint nobody ever heard of. St. Killian, or something."

The priest roared with laughter. St. Killian had been born in his own parish in Ireland and was the apostle of Franconia.

THE BROTHERS IN CHAD

DAVID B. KNIGHT S. J.

How is a mission founded? A few years ago, in Chad, in the heart of Africa, the mission Superior loaded Father Forobert S.J., a mule, and a small case of supplies into a truck, drove them fifty miles into the bush, and dropped them off. He gave Father Forobert ten dollars in Chadian francs, said cheerily, "God bless you, Father", and drove away. A new post was born.

Father Forobert made out, as his Superiors trusted he would—supporting himself in part by raising pigs. One day a Jesuit Brother in Spain wrote the Superior General in Rome, asking to be sent on a mission—any mission. He is now raising so many pigs for Father Forobert that his post is the only one on the mission entirely independent of the diocese for financial help; and Father Forobert has time for other things. (I might add that the whole mission is eating more pork.)

A Brother is the bone and blood and muscle of a mission. Take the Chad mission for example: after an initial period during which the mission consisted of a number of ambulatory priests on bicycles or (in the next step



At Fort Archambault Brother Boissenin carries the mission as blacksmith, carpenter and (below) gardener extraordinary.



THE BROTHERS IN CHAD

up the ladder of being) in Citroën "bugs", bouncing from village to village and sleeping in mud huts, the mission has begun to stabilize in expanding central villages. Three Brother-builders are working full-time and overtime to put God, and the mission, under a roof. One is French, one Spanish, one Italian; a second French Brother was killed last year "at his post": his dump-truck bin slipped during repairs and crushed him. There is no one to replace the loss. The three who remain are scattered over two dioceses in a country twice the size of Texas, putting up a cathedral, houses for Sisters to come, enlarging every year seminary, high-school, and primary-school facilities.

Brother Larraya S.J., from the Basque Province, has in ten years built two cathedrals, five churches, a seminary, a high school, three primary schools, a Sisters' residence, and drawn the plans (he's an architect) for a nursing school, a girls' high school, a printing shop, and—the town hall for the village of Koumra! He doesn't count the smaller jobs. Sometimes the Brother will lay the foundations of a building, start a team of African masons (whom he has trained) on the walls, and drive four hundred miles to begin another job.

Operations limp, or simply don't get started, without a Brother. At my own post in Danamaji, from three to four hundred catechumens sleep stacked up, in mud huts with and without roofs during rain and cold, for four days thrice a year in order to make a retreat and pass their catechism exams. We will be able to lodge them once a Brother comes. Again, Danamaji needs Sisters, urgently, to

Brother Zafra looks a little lonely in front of his garage at Fort Archambault but there is no time for loneliness when you are the only mechanic available for 44 vehicles and you are also the only electrician in the whole diocese! Life in Madrid wasn't like this.



Brother Maffeoletti is a happy builder and his African masons seem to have caught his spirit.





form Christian wives and mothers and work with young girls. They are waiting on a Brother to build their house. Two lay apostles, a man and wife, are expected in September; they will live in our house and the French Jesuit scholastic and I will move to a mud and straw hut whose roof only leaks a little bit. Last month we renounced putting up a simple storeroom-garage by ourselves, on the principle that, given our skill, it would be the greatest catastrophe since the Tower of Babel.

The typical bush priest has thirty to forty villages to take care of—not counting the unopened area where no catechist exists. There isn't a paved road in the whole of Chad, and what the bumps don't shake loose, the dust will clog up. One Brother mechanic, Valentino Zafra S.J. from Madrid, services three heavy trucks, six pick-ups, one jeep, one Land-Rover, one station wagon, and thirty-two small cars! Bad roads double the job: in one month this year deep sand on one side of the road caused a head-on collision with a brand-new pick-up truck; a stump in the road wrecked a new Renault; and a priest driving at night ran off the road with another pick-up fresh off the ship from France.

The Brother is called upon to drive as far as seventy miles to repair a car, and while he is on the spot everything else from electric generators to wind-up victrolas pass under his hands. Since the same Brother is the only electrician on the mission, he must also wire buildings where a generator is foreseen (there is no electric power plant within four hundred miles of Fort Archambault). And since the mission life, contrary to frequent opinion, attracts many intellectuals, it isn't rare that the Brother drives sixty miles to tell a bril-

liant Father that the reason his generator doesn't work is because he hasn't turned on the switch!

Brother Zafra began his work in Chad two years ago, installed under a tree with a box of tools. Since then he has acquired, little by little, a garage with a roof and a bare minimum of equipment. He still lifts motors out of cars (and trucks) by hand, for lack of a crane, and does jobs manually, for lack of machines, that any neighborhood filling station would blush to waste time on. His job is, quite simply, impossible; yet it is rare that a priest's work is interrupted here for lack of a car.

Food here is a problem for a priest without a Brother. Logically he should live on canned goods, but these are too expensive for regular fare. So he tries the vegetable garden; but in a country as hungry as this one the vegetables disappear into harder stomachs before they are ripe—assuming the "boy" hasn't forgotten to water them while Father was away. There is enough food, if you shop around for it; but shopping and preparing is just too much trouble for a priest after a day in the bush. He'd rather sleep than cook. So he fixes a bowl of powdered soup, heats leftover rice, throws in a few handfuls of peanuts to plug the gaps, and falls into bed with the resolution to eat well tomorrow. But tomorrow the kerosene refrigerator is out of fuel or feeling poorly, the pressure lamp or stove needs someone to hold its hand—so the eating tomorrow never comes . . . until a Brother comes.

When is a mission founded? Effectively, when a Brother arrives to take over the groundwork jobs. Until then it only hangs on.



Brother Fernando Aznar portions out the millet for the day's meal at the diocesan seminary of Fort Archambault. With him is Father Hubert Vernet S.J., director of the seminary. Brother does all the buying for the central mission and directs cooking and house work.

ALASKA

THE OLD BREE

Alaska is a wonder. The wonder of a land that always manages to flower in a very late spring, momentarily forgetting the months of darkness and sub-zero temperatures. The wonder of a people who always manage to keep on living, with gaiety, in spite of numbing cold, bleak land, barren soil, swarms of gnats and mosquitoes, enormous transportation difficulties, and prices double and triple what they are in the other 49 states.

These people are special people. Whether white or Eskimo or Indian, they have had to be special in order to bring about the wonder of Alaska's achievement.

The Church in Alaska is not old. The Russian Orthodox Church did quite a bit of evangelization in the 19th century. But the Roman Catholic Church dates from the very late 19th century, from the time of the arrival of the Jesuits there a little before 1890.

This is a new Church. No older, literally, than the faces you see on these pages. They saw it begin. Together with the Jesuit Fathers, the Ursuline Sisters and the Sisters of Saint Anne, they were the beginning.



They were the beginning

Kotzebue, Alaska, is a narrow peninsula stretching out from the mainland into the Bering Sea. Quite near its tip there is a little frame house, unpainted, exteriorly rough; its one room inside, however, is snug and warm. Martha Todhunter lives there alone.

In the diary that the Jesuit Fathers have kept at Kotzebue there is an early mention by a Father, very discouraged on a cold and lonely winter's night, of seven Eskimo families that could really be called Catholic. The first name was that of Martha Todhunter.

Martha had nine children, five of whom died. The other four have all moved away. She spends her days now making nets and recalling the hunting trips and the fishing trips of her Eskimo clan. She also recalls Father Lafortune who baptized Martha, her husband and all of her children. She represents, in her tenacious loyalty to the Church, a flowering of the faith planted among a sturdy people fifty or more years ago in the frozen north.



The prettiest girl on the beach at Nome, Alaska, in 1899 was the young Forsythe girl. Today, after she has told you that, she admits, twinkling, that she was also the only girl. In 1899 Nome was a city of tents, spread along a cold and rocky beach; it was a city of prospectors from every nation of the world. Gold brought them to Nome and many of them brought the Church along. The Forsythe girl, who in 1904 became Mrs. Walsh, was one of those who brought the Church.

She lives in a little white frame house on one of Nome's muddy streets. To many a Jesuit, back from long months of isolation with the Eskimos on the islands in the Bering Sea, the white house has been for over 50 years a haven, a hot cup of strong Irish tea and the witty conversation of a real lady.

Mrs. Walsh looks back over Nome's rough history into memories that are almost invariably pleasant and surely in part a tribute to her own great charity. She says that even though it was a turbulent mining town the thing she most recalls was the fact that people of so many different nationalities lived together as good neighbors. The neighbors always looked after one another and if they ever missed you for a day they would surely come and look for you to see if you needed any help.

She has "panned" gold, run a boarding house and raised a wonderful family. One of her sons is in the State Legislature, another is with the Federal Aviation Authority in Alaska. Saying the name of Walsh in Nome or up and down the Bering Sea area always brings a nod of recognition.

Mrs. Walsh, even though she lives in what is certainly the most remote city of our country, has met the great and the near great through the years. She remembers Colonel Lindbergh as a fine young man and his wife as being rather shy. She recalls with pleasure that she met John F. Kennedy twice but she says that next to her husband the man she admired most was Father Lafortune.

Gach according to his means should give to the needy; he that has much should give much, and he that has but little ought to give something. And Christians ought to give with cheerfulness so that they may hear one day the words: I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat."

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

"In giving, the good will of all is shown to be equal, though their means may not be. For nothing can stand in the way of our love of God and man; we are free at all times to be men of good will. Whoever has mercy on suffering, is blessed not only with the virtue of good will, but also with the gift of peace. And poverty cannot stand in our way; an example of mercy is given us in simple cold water; even the man who lacks the wood to warm the water, will not go without his reward."

ST. LEO

"The Lord blesses our fasting, if we lift our hands before His eyes in giving. So we show love for our neighbor, and found our love of God on compassion. Whatever you deny yourself, give to another; whatever weakens your own body, refreshes the body of a hungry neighbor."

ST. GREGORY

"By means of men, God comes to the aid of men. It is fitting that a man imitate his Creator, and as best he can, become a doer of the works of God. For when the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, the sick served, is not the generosity of the giver also a gift from God?"

ST. LEO

"The man who holds out his hands to give, receives a jewel, placed there by Christ."

ST. CAESARIUS

"It is good that you offer help to others with your own hands. God Himself receives it, and will give it back to you. Without owing anything to you, He gave you His bounty that you might give it back to Him. The one who gives should therefore give with his own hands; in such a way he earns a twofold reward."

ST. GREGORY

"The kingdom of Heaven belongs to the poor; the rich enter there by only one title — by becoming poor."

BOSSUET

"The Son of God came, not to preach the cross, but to stretch Himself upon it."

CLAUDEL

"Let everyone give as his heart tells him, neither grudgingly nor under compulsion, for God loves the man who gives cheerfully. He who gives the seed to the sower and turns that seed into bread to eat, will give you the seed of generosity to sow, and, for harvest, the satisfying bread of good deeds done."

ST. PAUL, LETTER TO THE CHRISTIANS AT CORINTH

An old woman arrived at the leper colony; to die. She spoke with no one, she did not care to give her name. A week after, to the day, she died. Shroud, bench, cot, the feeble candle. She lies in the final poverty which only Christ can heal.

LENT IS THE WORLD: LIFE, DEATH AND NEW LIFE ONCE MORE

It is the drama
of the Savior and Servant of history —
a cot of straw, a village family,
the feel and touch and sense of the world,
a child's eyes upon it all.

Then this happened;
rumors of sign and wonder and healing,
the claims to power, the visionary words
conflict, debate, the powers shaken.

A supper of farewell,
a few words over bread and wine —
the lasting, plenary gift;
they knew Him in the breaking of bread.

Finally
such a death
as to wring the hearts of the living
and summon the dead from their graves;
fever, abandonment, the Father's silence.
All was spent, all fulfilled, all given.
Malice had done its worst.
No more remained
to be spent, to be measured, to be given.

Then; a third day. The Father's hand
lay (a father's hand
on a sleeping child)
on Him. Awaken. Arise. My Son, My Son.

Village Rabbi, anonymous Friend,
lover of His village and countryside —
He is transformed now; the world is His,
and men, and the march of history.
KYRIE, the Christians hail Him —
Lord and Master and God!

Hearts and minds
large enough to include the world!
It is the universal Christ
whose victory Lent leads toward.
Lent is the world; a world in death,
a world in birth.
we sing, we keep the vigil
of His miracle over death,
we star the great candle with incense
tracing the universe of His glorious
wounds; space and time, earth and sky
the four poles of His conquest;
*Christ yesterday and today,
the beginning and the end.
His are the times and the ages;
to Him glory and dominion
through all eternity. Amen.*



A CANDLE FOR THE BRIDE, FOR A CHILD, FOR THE DEAD

DOn Holy Saturday night, at the door of the church, the Easter candle is lighted with the new fire, struck from flint. In such a way, the Hero Christ leapt from death, into the world of living men.

And now the hearts of men, huddled in darkness, leap for joy in their breast; Lumen Christi! the light of Christ! The moment is one of controlled ecstasy, so rare in the sober Roman worship; so rare, one thinks, within life.

Does life really offer men a taste of victory, except rarely, except to the lucky few? Does the world really prefer life over death? Do men believe the dead will rise, into new heavens and a new earth?

We hope on, like Abraham, against hope. Some day, soon or late, the bride will be borne to her tomb. The child who lights candles for the dead will lie cold as stone, while others mourn for her. The light of Christ!—someone has lighted a penny candle for the dead leper; she sleeps on—mercifully, perhaps.

We hope on. The lights go up like a dawn, and the church is shaken with the thunder of Easter joy. We hold our Easter candles in hand, and hail the Giver of new life.

Let us pray;

— Lord of life, give hope to the poor, to those who are sleepless tonight in the *favellas* and slumtowns and alleys of the world.

— Lover of life, awaken the conscience of the world to a new resurrection of justice and love.

— Victor and King, remember those who die. Death coped You in its fury, stiffened Your bones, stopped Your mouth. Sickness, early death, blighted hope, fear, malice, cling like a parasite to the body of man, which is Your Body. Giver of life, have mercy on the sick and dying, on prisoners, on the abandoned old.



Saint

ent brings us the remembrance and the presence of suffering; the suffering of Christ, endured and overcome, and the suffering of all men. For the passion of Christ, in Pascal's words, continues until the end of the world.

Indeed, short of an act of God, will the world ever have done with suffering — with inflicting it, with enduring it, with working to end it, with devising instruments of death and of healing? It would seem that human suffering is indivisible as that robe Christ wore; it is whole cloth still, while history lasts.

We are told that in the year 2,000, more men will be walking the earth than the total who have lived and died since His coming. A victory indeed of the persistence of life. But at the same time, what suffering one can envision, if the patterns of life we know continue! How many of the young denied their chance, in spite of the love that brought them forth; the old going hungry, the multitudes dying in neglect and squalor; great numbers living on somehow, in the tight cages of poverty, the hideous jungle towns of the new and old civilizations. As technology continues to promise a human renewal, it is difficult not to envision the growth of deprivation, of violence and mental illness — the blights whose healing seems beyond all the resources of skill or faith.

And even were the good life to be extended to all, the brute fact of death remains. Death is not an option for men; it is a universal judgment. To live at all is to stand under its sentence. Of death, clinging to the good life like its own shadow, men must take account. Indeed, as life becomes more attractive and the span of life lengthens, the fact of death will seem all the more ironic and brutal. Supposing our lives are bettered in the

years ahead, the bitter outcome of things will stand in harsher relief; death will claim men in the flush of their conquest of earth and sea and space.

Still, there is hope. There is hope in the death of Christ, and in what followed on it.

For we are told that one Man conquered death. Not by a longer span of years, not by creating an earthly paradise, or appearing among men as an immortal hero. But by submitting to death. By undergoing its fury and anguish; a sweat of blood, outrageous torture, thirst and fever. By going resourceless and poor into the darkness of that mystery.

His death was unique. He died in the act of calling upon God as His Father, and with a gesture of extended arms, which declared all men His brothers. And through such a death, which had accepted the hard reality of the Father's will, He opened a double possibility before men. The possibility of turning to God — not an impersonal world force, not God of anger or of justice — but simply, a Father. And the possibility of creating a human family, in which peace and unity might eventually become as passionately desirable as war and violence.

Christ died as Son and Brother. It was a new, audacious vision of man, an ideal for the ages. The working out of its reality would be a task as long as history itself. But the outlines of the task were set, the energy for its doing were at hand. This Jesus who had died in weakness, despised and rejected and cast out from His community, — He rose from the dead. And in so rising, He is revealed at last, for what He is. His mortal years had hidden from us His true stature and greatness. But now like the butterfly from its chrysalis, like the phoenix from its ashes, He showed in one blinding moment, the Gift of God.

And He showed what we might be. He has overflowed the universe, Saint Paul tells us. So that now all men may turn to Him, no man need live and die apart from Him. The compassion that once spent itself on a few lepers, on a blind man, on a despised harlot, streams out upon the universe, a torrential waterfall, available, holy and healing.

Like water or air, He is everywhere. Unexpected, unkillable, ironic, His presence lives on in the faces and movements of children, in the fierce and gentle wisdom of the old; the woman who crouches in



her garden at dawn; the filthy child in the hut doorway; the old man of ebony, a knot in his hempen beard; the extended hand, aged gracious and simian; the patriarch crouching between two wastes of land and sky. Omnipresent, searching, vivid, surprising, His presence in human life. Men stream outward from Him, their First-born, their Image, their Brother in the one Father.

But what of that victory He has won? Is He to enjoy it alone, leaving men to grasp at what hope they can, to crawl in despair through the world's labyrinth while He forgets them in the intoxication of His glory?



Whe thought is intolerable. Saint Paul tells us that we are joined to Him, a Body to its Head, members one of another and of Him. So joined indeed by the bonds of mutual compassion and mutual life, that nothing in life or death can separate us from Him.

We know that His victory remains unfinished, as long as time remains, subjecting men to its suffering, its attrition and brutality. He had used figures of speech which gave some hint of the persistence of His love for us. As a hen gathers her chicks, so would He have gathered His people. He is the vine and we the branches, He the shepherd and we the flock. All the images have this in common; they join His fate to ours, while time lasts.



took up arms and ended in destroying dreamer and victim alike.

Our hope for man's future must be more modest and peaceable. What we can hope is that the more atrocious forms of suffering, those that afflict especially the innocent and the poor, may be mitigated. Men must live easier, and die more gently; there are means at hand to house and clothe and solace and educate all. Within such limits, the dream is realistic; it is in fact a practical blueprint for a world in formation.

But to end all suffering, or to erase death, is not in the domain of men, any more than to end the world. These things, as aspects of providence, are in the hands of God.

In this sense, the first Holy Week was the opening chapter in a drama that history continues to unfold.

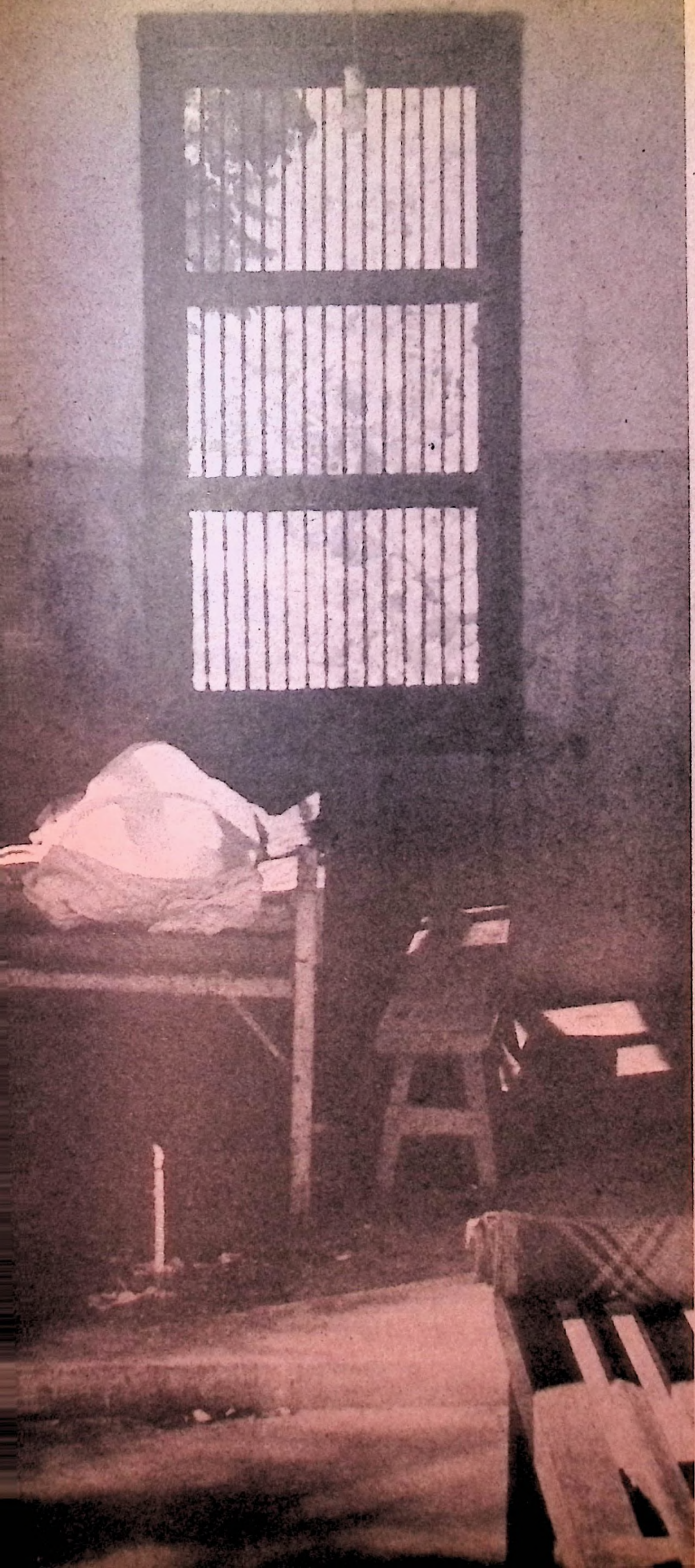
Suffering continues. We know very little of the reason why, and what we know has nothing to do with proofs or formulas. But because He has lived our life, we have a few signs, hints of an explanation. And these signs shift our attention from mere problems, and allow our lives to stand in the light of faith. Christ has gone the way of suffering, has joined all lives to His own. And He has placed the outcome of suffering (as indeed of life itself) beyond this world. Suffering, so understood, isolates faith; shows it, at least in measure, for what it is.

And that faith tells us that the world is not self-enclosed, self-sufficing. It is rather somewhat in the condition of an unborn infant, whose birth can only be induced from without. The hour of its birth is an act of God, not of man. To be born into eternal life, we must undergo

the change which brought Christ our Lord to His full destiny, to His final stature. Short of this passage, this suffering, this death, we are, in the images of scripture, infants or adolescents—or even unborn, with respect to what will come. "Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered the mind of man to conceive what things God has prepared for those who love Him."

Suffering goes on, in the nature of things—even in a world that dreams and works to end suffering. Perhaps, in facing this truth, we are entering a further stage of human maturity. One must admit, in thinking of the past, that the men who dreamed of a completely fortunate life in this world have not always been unselfish men. Their dream has not always been subjected to conscience; it has not always included all men in its hopes. Often, it was stained with the poison of racial or religious superiority. It even

Christ's victory is before us; literally, in time it is an event to be dealt with. But of infinitely greater import, His victory is a turning point upon man's road, an occurrence that sheds a certain measure of light on the maze we must tread. His victory, ours by implication, enables us to deal with the scandal of suffering and death; not to be mesmerized by dreams, to face suffering with a hardy unbreakable quality of soul. The Christian, along with other realists, knows that suffering and death are not merely physical occurrences, whose solution waits on more resources, more imagination, better techniques. He knows that something infinitely more mysterious confronts him here—aspects of man's condition that, when faced and ministered to, yield a rich and holy awareness of the mystery of life. Anguish and death are indeed subject to some extent to man's control and compassion; but they ultimately await a solution from above. "The God who raised up our Lord Jesus Christ will raise us up also."



But Mary stood just outside the tomb; she was weeping. She turned round and saw Jesus standing there, but did not recognize Him.

Jesus said to her; why are you weeping? Whom are you looking for?

She, supposing He was the gardener said, O sir, if you have carried Him away, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away.

Jesus said to her, Mary!

She turned to Him and said, Rabboni, Master!



From all points a jm report

INDIA

A setback for Coca Cola Father Victor Rosner S.J., whose excellent pictures have often appeared in JM, took some 200 Oraon aboriginal tribesmen from the jungles of India's Ranchi area to the Eucharistic Congress in Bombay. Up until the time of this trip they had never ridden in an automobile, never seen a train, never imagined electric light. His people were thoroughly frightened by the trip, at least they were in the beginning. They clung to him on the train, hid behind him when they saw Bombay. Riding in elevators for the first time, they shrieked in terror. They spat out Coca Cola, declaring that they wanted "water that is with no taste."

Although after their initial fright they recovered and had a great time, the discovery that all people were not Oraons will undoubtedly have a lasting influence. Any one of us is changed when he happily begins to discover other people outside of himself!

BOLIVIA

Chopping at life

Dentures may, in common belief, be sad-faced effects of original sin, but there are times when they're mighty handy things to have around—if you're a missionary.

The Indians of Bolivia's deep jungles are not always friendly ha-ha types. Before a missionary can achieve a breakthrough, he is often surprisingly but definitely dead. On the brink of this unpleasantness, a Christian missionary fairly recently got a panic-sent inspiration. He slapped his hands hard against his head, twisted his ears as if winding a clock, pulled his chin down hard, reached in his mouth—and plucked out his teeth, complete and shining.

He was the hit of the month! The Indians immediately repeated the formula: slap head, twist ears, pull chin... but their teeth stuck fast at home. From being a lip-licking victim the missionary became a hero: the man with a unique and unstealable skill.

Among the Tzeltal Indians of Sacun in southeastern Mexico dentures also built prestige. A Jesuit theologian from Mexico City, visiting this remote area (walled off by rain forest and mountains), had his dentures fall out as he was bending over to put down his knapsack. The friendly crowd of men, women and children who had followed him to the hut where the "Padrecito" (the "little Father," not ordained) always stays, gasped, hands clapped to mouth. He smiled at them, which completed the rout. No gushing blood! Nothing but dry gums! What a wonder!

Father Jake Walter, who is at Ulithi in the Pacific's Caroline Islands, is more utilitarian about his dentures. When he's swimming with the kids, he plunges under water, removes the choppers and snaps lustily at bare legs in all directions, amid happy shrieks.

LATIN AMERICA

PAVLA record

The Papal Volunteers for Latin America (PAVLA) are only a few years old, but they are already more than just another interesting lay organization. In fact, they are the largest single American Catholic missionary group in Latin America. Starting from zero just a few years ago, PAVLA now has 348 volunteers in 14 countries. (Requests are on hand for 550 more; PAVLA's directors hope to fill many of these in the next year or so.)

The Papal Volunteers hope to open soon a training center in the United States for their members. Already many of the Volunteers and other lay people heading for work in Latin America are

better trained for living with, and understanding, their fellow Catholics there than some of the U. S. priests and religious who have been journeying south in large numbers in recent years. We old-line missionaries have much to learn from our new lay companions in Christ.

JAPAN

The Crypto-Christians

Francis Xavier brought the Faith to Japan in 1549. By 1614, the year of the most drastic Expulsion Edict, there were, despite numerous martyrdoms, an estimated 300,000 Christians. From 1639, the persecution of Christians continuing, Japan walled herself off from foreign countries for the two-century period known as the time of *Sakoku* or the "Closed Country." Commodore Perry broke this isolation in 1854 and by 1858 Japan had again opened her doors to the world.

French priests built the Oura Church in Nagasaki in 1865 and there, just one hundred years ago—on March 17, 1865—, Father Bernard Petitjean of the Paris Foreign Missionary Society touched hands with Xavier over the long, hidden years.

Many people had been coming to see the foreign temple out of curiosity. On this day, at about 12:30 when Father Petitjean opened the doors, one group of about 12 to 15, young and old, men and women, followed slowly into the church. Father Petitjean knelt to make a short visit at the altar and looked up to discover an elderly lady, her hands clasped before her breast, bowing beside him.

"All of us here," she said, "have the same heart as you. In Urakami, where we come from, nearly all have the same heart."

"Where is the statue of Santa Maria?" another lady asked.

The dumfounded priest led them to the altar of Our Lady, where all knelt down and began to pray, weeping with joy.

"It is indeed Santa Maria. See, her divine Child is in her arms!"

They told Father Petitjean that they celebrated the birthday of "Our Lord Jesus" on the 25th day of the cold month, because at midnight of that day He was born in a stable, thereafter growing up in poverty and suffering "to die for us on the cross in his 33rd year. At present," they continued, "we are in the season of sorrow. Have you also these feasts?"

"Yes," said Father Petitjean, deeply moved. "This is the 17th day of Lent."

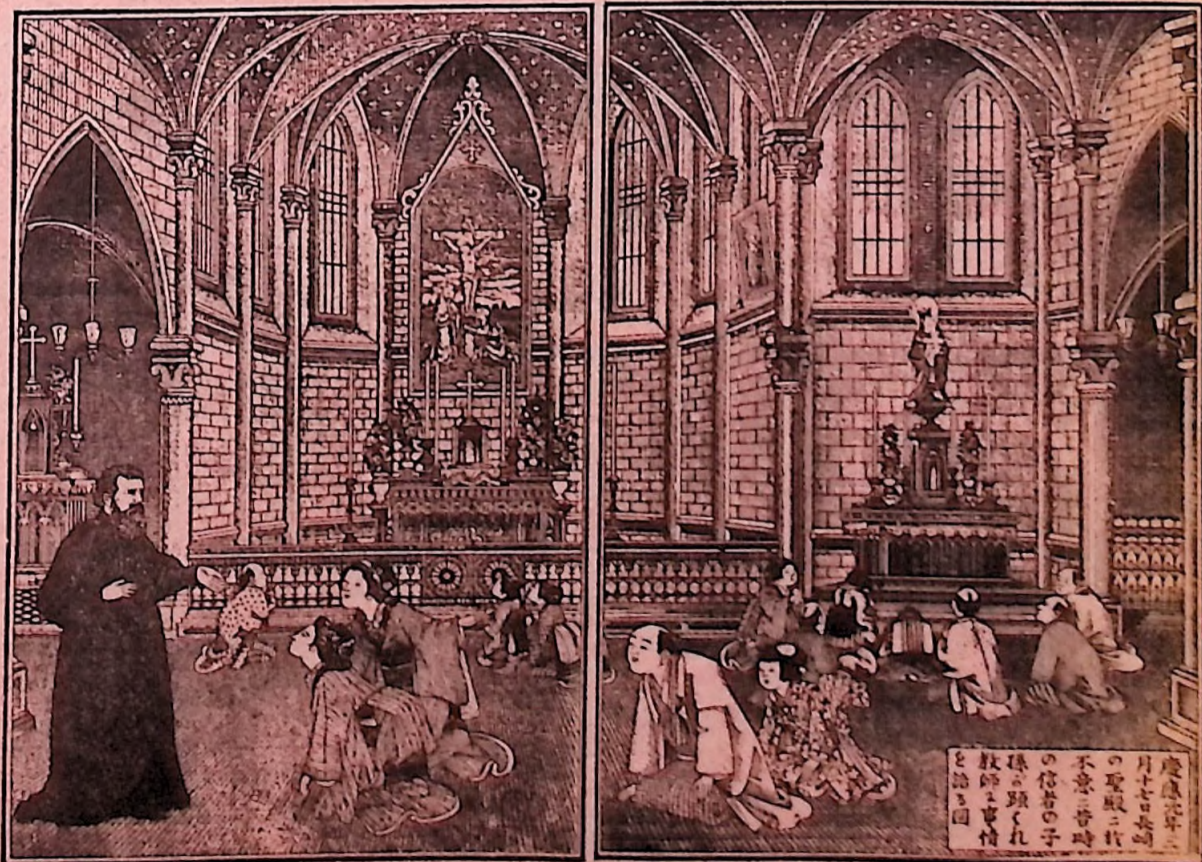
In the following weeks more and more crypto-Christians revealed themselves, until about 3,000 had been discovered. There was a reaction of

persecution, climaxing in January of 1870 with the deportation of all Urakami Christians, 3,290 persons in all, to different provinces of the Empire. But an imperial edict of 1873 cancelled this scattering and repatriated the Christians.

At this time there were about 14,000 of these hidden Christians in touch with the priests and new communities were continually being discovered. Some Christians, however, remained "separated," possibly because their elders did not wish to forfeit influential positions. Called *Hanare*, these separated Christians are most numerous on the island of Ikitsuki near Hirado.

The centennial of this wonderful happening is being celebrated this month, on March 16, 17 and 18, with special Masses in Urakami Church and Oura Church.

In March of 1865 Christians who had remained faithful during 250 years of complete isolation revealed themselves at Oura Church in Nagasaki.



VIETNAM

The land of martyrs

This year is also the 350th anniversary of the founding of the Church in Vietnam. By coincidence, it was the expulsion of the Jesuits from Japan (mentioned above) that brought five of them to Vietnam on January 18, 1615. (Divine Providence often seems to have chosen this rather rugged system for spreading the faith.) To further compound the coincidence, the five Jesuits found their task easier than it might otherwise have been because some Christian Japanese had already settled in Vietnam.

Finally, it is interesting to note that the Vietnamese Church, spawned by persecution, has suffered greatly throughout its long history. By the end of the 19th century Vietnam had earned the glorious title of "Land of 100,000 Martyrs." Of these 119 have been formally beatified and the majority of these formally acknowledged saints are native Vietnamese. Today it is estimated that there are 1,500,000 Catholics in South Vietnam and 850,000 in Red-dominated North Vietnam.

INDIA

The Pharisee vindicated

One of the many interesting papers we receive at JM is *The Herald* from Calcutta, India. Here is an excerpt from a recent Letter to the Editor, which speaks for the oneness of Christian perceptiveness around the world.

"Sir: Mr. Joseph deserves a big bouquet for taking up the cudgels on behalf of the Pharisee in the Temple, whom we have been ridiculing for centuries. The Jew did not fail in the fulfillment of his duties, and Our Lord only criticized him for priding himself on his performance and looking down on the humble Publican who was perhaps not so punctilious in observing the Law.

"The Pharisee said quite truthfully that he gave one-tenth of all he had . . . How many are there among our pious rich who are giving even one-twentieth? He did not practice any rapacity on his less fortunate fellows as so many of our Catholic landlords, keepers of boarding-houses, doctors and businessmen do.

. . . In recent years there has been a multiplication and intensification of devotions, but the practice of Christian

virtue seems to decline *pari passu* with the increase of devotions. This is due to the fact that the Sermon on the Mount and the overall command to love one another have been put on the shelf, and we have been led to believe that the road to salvation lies in praising God with our lips rather than in making sacrifices for our neighbour."

Mr. Alex Francis, Poona, India

INDIA

Xavier Institute arrives

Our American Jesuits had a great day in India on February 5, 1965. Their Xavier Institute of Industrial Relations at Jamshedpur (about which we hope to do a story soon) awarded diplomas to 45 men, the largest class in the Institute's 17-year history. India's embattled Minister of Education, Mahomed Ali Currim Chugla, spoke at the graduation ceremony.

The Xavier Institute trains both labor and management for responsible leadership. When established, it was the first of its kind in India. It would be difficult to over-value the good influence it has had and will have on the rapidly developing industrial life of India—a country that seems destined to become one of the world's industrial giants.

SOUTH AFRICA

A holocaust?

The racial situation in South Africa has reached such heights of tension that it seems "beyond human control, beyond human hope" in the words of Archbishop Denis Eugene Hurley of Durban.

He pointed out that for the vast majority of whites in South Africa there are only two choices: domination by whites who perpetuate injustices to the blacks or domination by blacks who long for the day when they break the power of the hated whites. Any attempt by the whites to change the present pattern of oppression of the blacks could only lead to changes that may wreck their own lives in the end.

True peace in the poor nation certainly does seem to be "beyond human control, beyond human hope." Of all the nations of Africa it is here that Christianity is undergoing its greatest defeat. In the opinion of a recent South African visitor to JM the present crisis in the Union can only end in a bloody holocaust. May God have mercy on the South Africans, black and white.

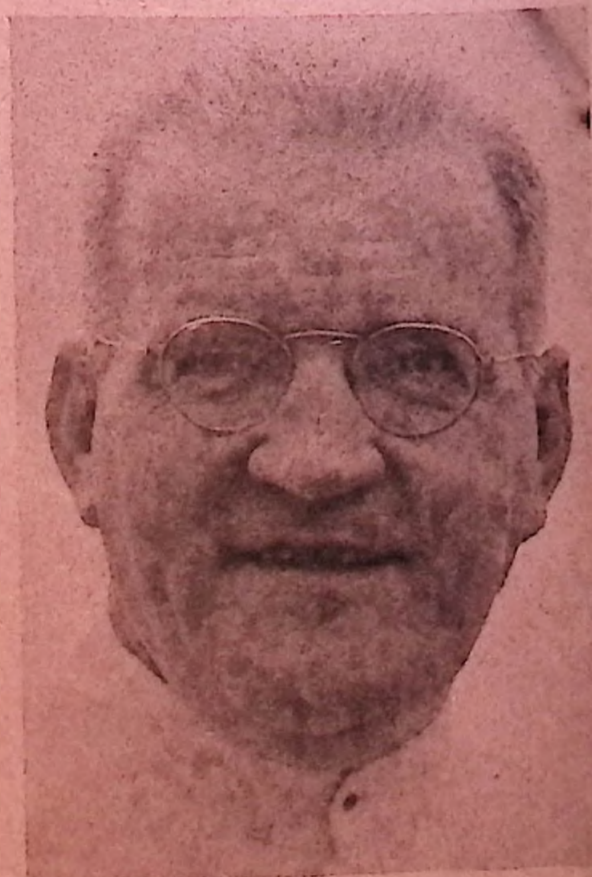
HONG KONG

Action in August

This coming August an important meeting will be held in Hong Kong. Under the auspices of SELA (Committee for Development of Socio-Economic Life in Asia) the Priests' Institute for Social Action in Asia will conduct a month-long session which will enable the priests to explore together the socio-economic problems of the peoples of Asia. Taking the directives laid down by Pope John XXIII in *Mater et Magistra* they will work together towards finding effective solutions to these problems with sound social principles.

This is not the first such Priests' Institute by any means. Under the dynamic direction of Father Walter Hogan S.J., once of Philadelphia and longtime missionary in the Philippines, this meeting will bring together priests from all over Southeast Asia from India to the Philippines. The Institute is sponsored by all the Bishops of Asia, the Nuntius, the Internuncio, and the Apostolic Delegate of the Far East, as well as the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith and the Misereor groups of German and Belgian bishops. Each priest in attendance is an expert in social work and we are inclined to think that Hong Kong in August will be host to a group of men who represent the most formidable weapon the Church has in her fight to help the people of Asia.

Father Walter Hogan S.J.



TRINCOMALEE TRAGEDY



News from Ceylon (a small island off India's southern tip) is rarely more than an item about the threat of Communism there or the Church's struggle in this nation of 11,000,000 to stay alive, a forlorn raft in a truculent Buddhist sea. Little more.

But these are people. They eat, sleep, love, hate, breathe in and out. If lifted up, they rejoice; and if smashed down, they suffer. They have suffered greatly along the eastern coast which, on December 22, 1964, a vicious typhoon stripped bare. Winds up to 175 m.ph., frantic estimates said. Whatever it was, it was very bad.

I got into Colombo (the capital, on the southwest coast) on December 22 and several of us set out on December 23 from Kandy (in the center) for Trincomalee, about 100 miles away on the northeast coast, to spend Christmas with the Italian and American (New Orleans province) Jesuits there. We knew nothing of the storm.

As we advanced, the road to Trinco was ever more jammed with army vehicles, the first government relief forces; and it was a road littered with uprooted trees and snapped telephone poles, which had to be pried aside one by one. So we took to the fields, and thus were the first outsiders into Trinco.

Smashed as it was, this was a city of "a million miracles." Few city folk were killed; the trees (almost wholly wiped out) somehow fell between houses, and the flying metal and tile roofs daggered into trees and walls and not people. (The enormous death toll was among the poor, living along the shore, and the fishermen, caught at sea.)

None of our men was hurt, although what happened to some of the buildings the photos tell. One Father was almost a casualty when

The church had its roof torn off and everything inside pretty thoroughly shattered.

TRINCOMALEE TRAGEDY



The shacks of the poor, in woods along shore, suffered most from falling trees. This man was relatively lucky; his hut can be repaired.



Roofs were the big victims, but even walls in places collapsed before the wind's fury. This was a school building.



Cargo near the shore was nearly wholly crushed, or ruined by rain.

Trincomalee Harbor knew much worse damage than this at right.

blown away by the wind; but he came down in a two-point landing (head and the opposite): first point, unhurt . . . but second, sort of sore. We were doubly welcome because, when we got there (with ducks, vegetables, etc.—“Christmas dinner”!), they had just given all their food to refugees.

The great loss was the tea crop, since Ceylon's economy hangs on this export, much of it stored in Trincomalee's waterfront warehouses. Hard times ahead.

Our people—Jesuits, students, seminarians—rallied round in full ranks . . . while other groups fought about who would do what and who would pay. This Catholic “instancy” was noted and is remembered.

Some trees stayed rooted and were bent as by an angry giant's hand. Father Stevenson here exhibits imaginary strength amid the debris.

Ceylon, in ferment, wants and needs far more than “21 demands” (below). The hammer-and-sickle's biggest contribution has been turmoil.



This year give a Lenten gift that actively reflects the renewed missionary concept of the Church

A subscription to Jesuit Missions Magazine

... which brings your friends 320 pages of modern informative Catholic reading ... in 10 picture-packed issues for only \$2.00.

Your Lenten gift keeps reminding your friends of your thoughtfulness for a whole year when you give a subscription to Jesuit Missions Magazine.

But it does a lot more than that too. It brings your friends an understanding of the new missionary spirit of the Church—with word and picture reports by outstanding Jesuit and other journalists. That's one reason why your Lenten gift subscriptions will be so welcome. They will enable your friends to take an active part in expanding the growth of Christ's



kingdom in the world through the Church's renewed missionary activity.

An attractive card will announce your gift subscriptions

An unusually attractive card, hand-inscribed with your name, will be sent to each of your friends to announce your gift subscription.

You need send no money now —unless you prefer

We will be glad to bill you for your Lenten gift subscriptions. All you need to do is send us the names and addresses of your friends now and we will mail announcement cards promptly. Then your friends' subscriptions will start with the April issue.

JESUIT MISSIONS MAGAZINE, 211 E. 87th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10028

Please enter Lenten gift subscriptions for the following: Please Print

Name _____	Name _____
Address _____	Address _____
City _____	City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____	State _____ Zip Code _____
Name _____	Name _____
Address _____	Address _____
City _____	City _____
State _____ Zip Code _____	State _____ Zip Code _____

Merely attach a separate sheet for additional names.

Send a gift card reading: FROM _____

Please bill me. I enclose payment of \$ _____.

Your Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

HC



1565

The Faith In The Philippines

1965

In this last of two articles Father Horacio de la Costa, Philippine Jesuit Provincial, discusses the changing times since 1765, and how the church met the resultant religious challenges.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from the Philippines in 1767 (following a decree of the King of Spain) was followed by a century of great material and social progress. What happened was that at about the same time that the Jesuits were expelled, the French Enlightenment which had entered Spain with the Bourbons began to affect the conduct of colonial policy. A new type of colonial administrator perceived that whereas the Philippines had been a heavy burden on the imperial treasury almost from the very beginning of its settlement, there was absolutely no reason why it should be. The country's vast and varied natural resources were not only untapped but largely unexplored. This was because it was being used simply as a loading and unloading platform for the fantastically lucrative galleon trade.

This trade was in its heyday one of the most restful ways of making money in the world. When the annual junk fleet came in from the Canton and Amoy provinces of China, the Manila merchant simply strolled down to the water's edge, bought his bales of

silk from the Chinese trader, caused them to be transferred to the Acapulco ship, and when the ship had spread her sails for the long voyage across the Pacific, sat back in his *mañana* chair with a cool drink at his elbow to wait for his investment to return, doubled and sometimes trebled, in good Mexican silver. An excellent arrangement for the City and Commerce of Manila, but hardly so for the finances of the Empire, since the same ship that carried back the profits of the trade had to bring an annual subsidy from Mexico to make up the chronic deficits of Philippine inland revenue.

Nevertheless, as the 19th century approached, the Manila merchants saw to their dismay the profits of the galleon trade diminishing. British, American, and even Swedish ships were calling in increasing numbers at Canton and there pre-empting goods or raising prices, at the same time that Indian textiles, brought to Spanish America by contraband traders, were reducing the demand for the galleon's cargo at Mexico's Acapulco fair.



Emilio Aguinaldo, the first "revolutionary" president.

extent been corrected. The outbreak of the War in the Pacific and the occupation of the Philippines by Japan brought even more thoroughly home to Filipinos how much Catholic Christianity was a part of their national culture. The Japanese appeal for Asian solidarity against an alien and, at the moment, a hostile West was a persuasive one. It proved, however, unacceptable to Filipinos because they could not divest themselves of certain basic ideas and attitudes regarding the human person and his relationship with the state and with society which were apparently considered "Western". But the Filipinos did not then and do not now consider them particularly Western but simply human—something which they did not receive from the West as West but which they as well as the West received from that universal faith which is grounded in divine revelation.



Pio del Pilar's men, said to be the top P.I. troops.

Certainly the Filipinos look upon themselves as Asians and would like to be taken as such by their fellow Asians. But they must be taken as themselves; and they are, or at least 80 per cent of them are,—for good or ill—Christians with a Christian culture.

To be fully Christian and at the same time fully Asian. Is this possible? For Filipinos it is not only possible but a fact. The challenge of the years of independence, from 1946 to now, has been to work out the implications of this position—the implications for the individual, for the economy, for society, for the state. How are the immutable principles imbedded in Christian tradition to be applied to this Asian country?

This stress in the current Church effort may be illustrated by a sampling of some recent Jesuit activities. These are: the forma-

tion of labor unions in Manila when the Communists threatened to move into the vacuum during the chaos just after the War; a campaign to improve contracts and working conditions for migratory workers in the sugar industry; organization of credit and marketing cooperatives in the towns of northern Mindanao, where Xavier University conducts an agricultural school, besides training a fair proportion of the teachers in the state schools. At Manila's Ateneo (the university into which Rizal's Alma Mater has grown)—an Institute of Philippine Culture is engaged in long-range studies of the Muslim culture of Sulu and the patterns of social change and interaction in the city of Manila; and in full progress is an experiment (financed by the Ford Foundation) in the use of closed-circuit television for instruction at the elementary and grade-school level. On the same campus the Observatorio de Manila, founded in 1865 and formerly noted for its studies of tropical weather conditions, has moved into solar, seismic and ionospheric research. Again, at the same Ateneo there is a Citizens' Council for National Affairs, made up of members of Congress, businessmen, newspaper publishers, labor-union leaders and university professors, which meets regularly to discuss problems of national policy.

All this seems a far cry from setting the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary to the music of Malayan chants in the hope that a music-loving people would sing them, and singing remember. This is what Jesuits were doing in the early 17th century in the Philippines and are doing even now among the still pagan tribes of the Bukidnon Plateau. But is it really as far a cry as it appears? Are they not, after all, doing the same thing, the priest in his remote mission station in Bukidnon, the priest in his physics laboratory in Manila? Both are engaged in pushing forward, as far as in them lies, that extension of the Incarnation which is the Church, both striving, each in his own way, to make incarnate in the complex uniqueness of one people the Word of God.



The vibrant Manuel Quezon was the Commonwealth chief.

WANTED for Jesuit Missions

1. TO KEEP A SCHOOL

Father Dick Neu hails from Washington, D.C. He went to school there. Now he is trying to run a school in Chakradharpur in northeast India. About the only similarity between Chakradharpur and Washington, D.C., is that people live in both places. In Chakradharpur they are poor, extremely poor. To educate his young Christians Father Neu built a school. Now he can hardly afford to keep it open. Whether you are a Republican or a Democrat you can understand this zealous priest's desire to teach Christ. Please help him even with a small gift of one or two dollars.

2. PAGES FOR PAGANS

You probably will be reading this during Catholic Press month. In India there is very little "Catholic Press". This is a tragedy. Who can estimate the eternal value of one good Catholic book, if it manages to bring a pagan to Christ. We are trying to distribute as many as we can in the Communist-threatened sections of India. Even a small gift of \$2.00 would enable us to distribute ten more.

3. LIFT TO THE MOUNTAINS

We seldom are successful when we ask your help to buy jeeps. Yet, because they are necessary, we ask again. Here are the facts. Father Marion Budzinski of St. Louis, Mo., is 62 years old. He has an enormous mission district in Honduras. It is

mountainous and primitive. If he doesn't get around, then many people there just will never see a priest. His jeep is broken down. There is no other practical way to cover his area. Won't you help?

4. A HAND IN WONDER- WORKING

"Doing wonders with nothing." That is the way New Orleans' Father Dave Knight speaks of the Jesuit brothers in Chad. Jesuit brothers: who ever hears of them? They are the hidden ones who make the priest's work possible. Father Dave says that your gift of a few dollars could make them happy—because it can help them do their job.



5. TRINCOMALEE TRAGEDY

It is hard to start again. The Jesuits from the southern United States are doing just that in Ceylon. At the end of December a typhoon hit Trincom-

alee and literally blew down a great deal of what we put up. (See pages 21-23.) You helped us to start there 20 years ago. Now we beg you to help us repair the churches and schools for Ceylon's poor. We are more than a bit ashamed to ask but we must. Be generous.

6. REMEMBERING THE FORGOTTEN

Father Dan Tainter is living out his priestly life among the great Forgets. The American Indians at Cuny Table, Red Shirt Village, Ogalala, Buffalo Gap. Pockets of poverty on the Indian reservations of South Dakota. Some people say that the American Indians are beyond hope. Father Dan's life says no. He begs your help so that he may be able to give a few dollars to the desperate who once were Lords of the Plains.

7. A SACRIFICE FOR THE SACRIFICE

Father Snyder knows the poor. This sixty-four year old Jesuit gives them his every day in Jamalpur, India. Now he is trying to build them a new Church. Neither he nor they can do it. They are too poor. He writes "the Eucharistic temple in which He dwells in His own person must be constructed by the sacrifices of men." A gift of five or ten dollars could help us live Christ's counsel to give to the poor.

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

DEAR FATHER,

THE ENCLOSED GIFT IS FOR THE ITEM(S) ABOVE, NUMBERED _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____

STATE _____

A



“God does not make men holy and save them merely as individuals, without bond or link between one another. Rather has it pleased Him to bring men together as one people, a people which acknowledges Him in truth and serves Him in holiness.”

VATICAN II: CONSTITUTION ON THE CHURCH