



JESUIT MISSIONS/JUNE 1965/25¢

*Valiant Woman*  
MOTHER TERESA OF INDIA



COVER.  
*Years of constant devotion  
to her beloved destitute  
have lined the strong-sweet face  
of this valiant woman,  
Mother Teresa of India.*  
*Designed by  
Bill Tompkins*



## JESUIT MISSIONS

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

JUNE 1965

VOL. 39 NO. 5

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## AS YOU SAID...

Father: Glad to hear that JM had a part in the Selma affair. We are getting bad enough publicity down here on the race question—and even the Russian vs. U.S. business doesn't always get favorable publicity for the U.S.A.

David Burns S.J.

Salta, Argentina

Father: Please cancel our subscription to *Jesuit Missions* effective immediately. Reason: the attached editorial entitled **SELMA REMEMBERED**.

Mr. & Mrs. John E. Theriault  
Rochester, Michigan

Father: Please cancel my subscription. I think your apologetic for the Negro as evidenced in **SELMA REMEMBERED** and elsewhere is excessive.

John McMasters

Bangor, Maine

*How strange it is that any missionary who fights for the social uplift of his people receives 100% backing from the generous American Catholic. His struggle for simple justice may be among the peoples of Tokyo, Macao, Bangkok, Calcutta or Caracas. And yet all of these peoples are "colored." When the same problems of the Church-on-mission concern the home-front—the "colored" here—some heads go into the sand and others back away. An honest appeal to the Christian conscience is considered "slanted." We at JM would rather not fight, but we'd also rather not switch.—Ed.*

Father: I just finished looking through the May issue of JM. You have moved me. I like it very much. Pictures that speak move me. Selma and the Joneses move me. Father Stevenson's photos move me, the layout moves me, the whole idea of opening up so many windows and attempting to be relevant to what is going on gets to me. The KKK introduction is good. What I am trying to say is that this is the best issue I have ever seen. In our consumer society, of which I am a consuming member, the package is important—it leads us to the product.

Frank Moynihan S.J.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

# NOT AS STRANGERS



**T**o most Catholics, missions mean someone prying for money. The missionary who has been there and back is greeted charily. When he puts out his hand to shake yours, he's almost sure to turn it palm up sometime—so watch out!

Then there's that business of being dunned through letters. "All of you people do it. . . . Do you know I have at least 25 organizations a year on my back? At Christmas we have so many letters we have to throw out anything that looks like a money request before we can get around to reading the Christmas cards. . . ."

All true. American clerical and lay mission groups probably spend \$100,000,000 a year in their mission work. They have to—because the Church in X or Y or Z lands simply cannot support itself.

Now comes where you say: Why don't those people help themselves? As a fact, millions of people "over there" are trying to. But in most mission fields the yearly per-capita income is under \$200 and will be for years; in America the per-capita income is more than \$2,000. Yet we are all one Body.

Perhaps, in the face of the present heavy criticism, all mission orders and congregations and lay groups ought to give up begging—either by voice or by mail. Don't think most of us wouldn't like to. They say begging is good for the soul, keeps you humble; and this is true. But it isn't exactly unadulterated pleasure. You *are* a beggar—and somehow a great many people, both clerical and lay, never let you forget it. Even the most gen-

erous frequently can't forego the good-natured jest with a snick at the end of it even as they're handing over the check. We missionaries have a tradition; we're supposed to keep smiling. But, believe it, the smile is often painted on.

If we all give up begging, then Christ must look elsewhere for ways to live in places where He is destitute. Perhaps if all U.S. and Canadian parishes regularly pledged ten percent of their income to the mission church, then we beggars *could* give it up. If all Bishops and pastors and people said, "Get *on* my back" instead of "Get *off* it", we could forget about fund-raising, letters, appeals—and all of us occupy all of ourselves exclusively in bringing Life to lives. But until then, no.

And NOW is not yet THEN. So, bothersome or not, we're going to have to keep on doing it. Since hard facts force that choice, then we *will* do it—and gladly. Painted smile or not, we don't mind that much.

What we *do* mind is sometimes being treated—we beggars and the whole missionary effort—as "outsiders": the pale, starving face at the window, the unsavory tramp at the back door. Christ's growth, everywhere is everyone's burden, not just ours. And if you want cold facts, here is one.

Christ growing wider and deeper everywhere is blood of your Faith, bone of your Faith, heart of your Faith. If you can't take Christ across the seas yourself, then we will do it for you. But not as strangers. Not as anyone farther from you than blood and bone and heart.

# What God Hath Joined



# MARRIAGE IS THE GREATEST PROBLEM CONFRONTING THE MISSIONARY IN ALMOST EVERY PART OF THE WORLD

If love is what makes the world go round, then marriage may be what keeps it in orbit. Otherwise, the earth might easily become a runaway planet and its course would resemble the proverbial path of true love. But marriage appears to act as a brake—and if you consult the word “Matrimony” in any book of quotations you will discover that “brake” is one of the mildest descriptions of all.

Adam and Eve were married without benefit of clergy and without a single human witness. The only go-between, if it can be so construed, was Adam’s rib. What the bride wore is only indirectly alluded to later on in the story. But no matter what the Scripture scholars do to the text no one is going to deny that the two of them really started something. No other couple has ever had so much abuse heaped on their heads but there is one thing for which they cannot be blamed—the marriage customs which are in vogue in different forms across the whole world.

Some of these customs are undoubtedly on the frothy side, a readily transparent veil for the real intention behind them. So a girl in the Shimane district of Japan, once she had decided on her man, would stand in the doorway of her home, one foot outside and the other inside, and loudly proclaim, “I am running away!”. She repeats it several times and, when nobody makes a move to stop her, she flees from the house—and guess who is waiting to take her to his house?

Some years ago I attended a Christian espousal ceremony in a town near the Persian Gulf. The bride-to-be was vehement in her refusal to wed her parents’ choice and became downright personal in assaying his character . . . and so it went for the whole evening. Later I asked the Chaldean priest how he was sure the girl was only playing the usual game and was not sincere, for a

genuine and true consent is necessary for a valid marriage. The aged priest looked at me with all the wisdom of the Orient in his eyes and said reprovably, “Every girl wants to get married”.

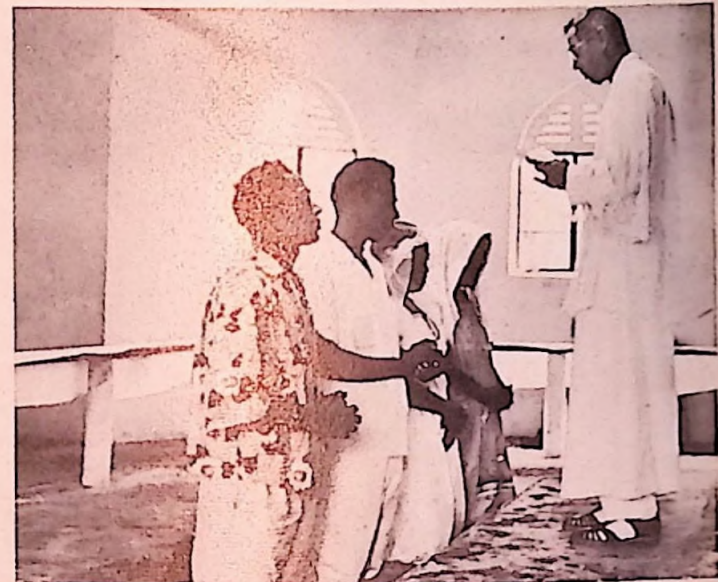
That particular point appears to be buttressed by the attitude in Central Africa of the pagan and Moslem tribes who regard an unmarried girl of fifteen years of age as a spinster. (Personally, we have always cherished the particular definition of spinster as “a title given to unmarried women of the gentle classes” for these unclaimed



treasures.) However, we are faced with the hard fact that in many places in the world there seems to be an unseemingly haste in marrying off the girls.

One reason for this procedure, often enough, is economic. Not so many years ago an Eskimo would offer one rifle, one blanket and twenty bottles of “hooch” (the word itself smacks of yesteryear) for a lassie who would be evaluated more for her capacity to carry and break the trail all day on snowshoes than her beauty. Again, in the islands of the Pacific, as well as other sec-

Customs will differ but there will always be something distinctive, such as in India (right) the ceremonial sharing of the wedding feast; in Japan (far right) the solemnity of the bride who must betray no emotion; the wedding procession of a Catholic couple in Burma (a teacher and the president of the Legion of Mary); and on the island of Neubacus in the Truk atoll Father Fogelsanger S.J. witnesses a marriage in which the participants are most formally garbed, island style.



tions of the world, the division of labor is clearly marked; the men do the fishing and the women do the farming. So no matter how handy a man be with the fishing spear, he still needs someone to provide his taro and tapioca. In that same connection, among the dwellers in the rain forests of Central Africa, one of the three reasons for divorce in former days was a woman's refusal to cook for her mate. If the man would not eat what she had prepared, the woman could leave him but could never legally divorce him. (As we said, that was in the old days when one could still hear the long-dead axiom, "It's a man's world!")

Here in the United States, because of the circumstances of our growth, we have gotten away from two marriage customs which still remain practically universal—the dowry and the "go-between". Of course, the father of the bride, as he fingers the bills on the wedding night, might challenge the dowry idea and there are still a goodly number of matchmakers around; but we speak of both of these in the traditional and official sense.

The famous Dr. Albert Schweitzer in his African mission often described European life to his workers. Two things they found hard to believe; that fire can destroy a forest and that people actually row boats for pleasure. But what was really incredible to them was that a man could marry without paying a dowry to his wife's parents. The particular "bride-price" varies from tribe to tribe and from nation to nation but it is still very much in existence. In some places the missionaries have managed to reduce it to a mere symbol but in those regions where Christianity has not yet penetrated deeply it remains in full force.

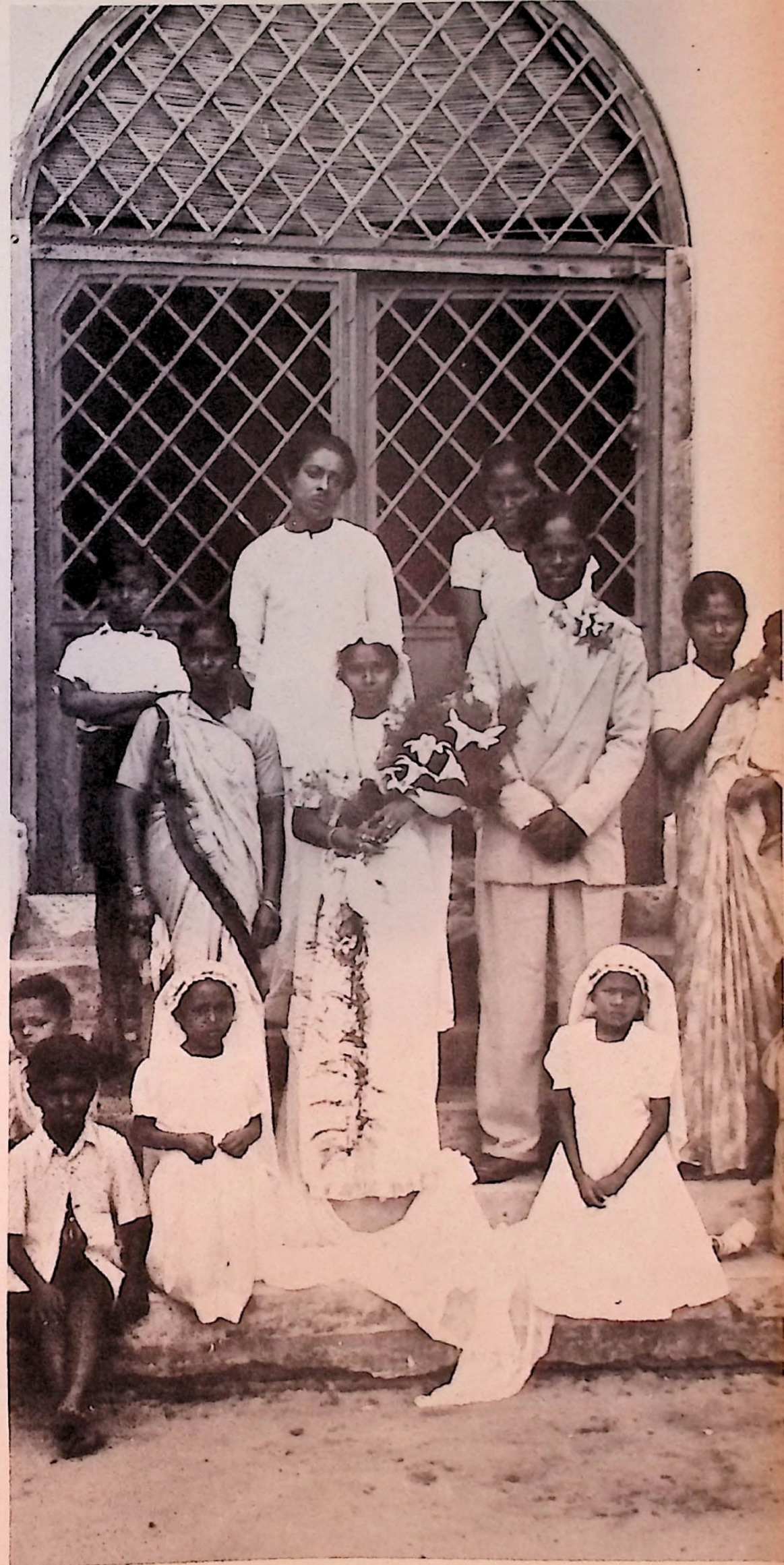
One example of this is reported by an observer within recent times. Even in the bush in tropical Africa the dowry would include a phonograph, a saw, a sheep, a suit for the bride's father and cash so that the entire layout could run as high as \$500. In the face of that, it is no wonder that many a boy and girl chose elopement and the form of marriage which was not recognized as such by the tribe.

*A girl from St. Theresa's Orphanage in Batticaloa, Ceylon, poses with her husband after wedding breakfast prepared by nuns.*

The role of the "go-between" also varies from country to country but he always plays an important part in the arrangement of a marriage. In the rural section of Japan his inquiries take on the aspect of an F.B.I. investigation, for every angle of social, economic and physical condition of the families concerned is searchingly scrutinized. Even the factor of colorblindness as a possible heredity defect is considered. In Cambodia friends and neighbors join in the game of matching boy and girl and although the immediate families make the final decision everybody is content that he or she has done his or her part. In many urban areas in emerging countries the old traditions are gradually becoming Westernized and the two people mainly concerned have more to say about their marriage than they did in previous times. But most of the world still follows the age-old path of having marriages arranged.

This question of marriage is the biggest headache for the missionary. He must battle against the ingrained thinking of a people whose cultural background is completely unChristian in its ideas on sex, purity, divorce and the indissolubility of the marriage union. Out of that background the various customs and ceremonials of marriage have evolved and in cases where these are definitely unChristian he must attempt to either lop them off or neutralize them or sanctify them. It is difficult to preach the sublimity or beauty of Christian marriage when the native language doesn't even contain words to fit the concept. As one veteran missionary once remarked, "Out here the very word that is used for love, even the love of God—its first meaning is to pursue a girl into the woods."

Many a missionary knows only too well the situation described by Father Edwin McManus S.J., who has worked in the Caroline and Marshall Islands for close to twenty years: "Here in the islands we have many good, pious people who are going to get to Heaven, but their culture and their ways of



In Taiwan (right) the umbrella and the bamboo mat add an old-new touch to the wedding ceremony. In India (below) a Hindu marriage calls for the sedan chair to carry the bride to the home of the groom.



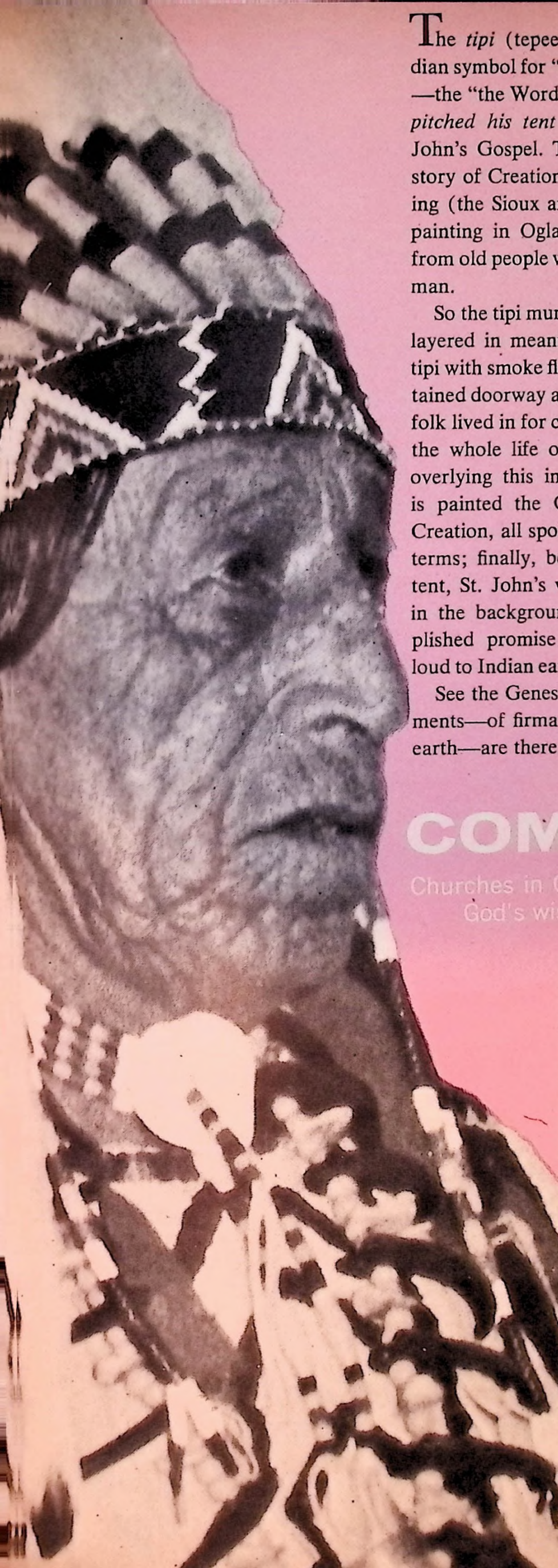
thinking are, at times, at variance with or even opposed to Christianity. Reverence for the family is not part of the Micronesian background; for centuries these people changed their spouses with almost the same regularity they changed their clothing. Children were parcelled out for adoption by other members of the clan without any apparent consideration for the rights of the parents; as long as children are adopted by relatives no one thinks it at all strange that they are not living with their parents. The Palauan thinking about husband and wife centers pretty much around two ideas—sex and food. The food angle enters the picture because of the division of labor between the sexes; the men do the fishing and the women the farming. Christian ideals of marital love simply don't enter the picture. Such is the environment here, and it takes tremendous graces for a man to rise very far above his environment."

Every society has its own pattern of living and its attitude towards marriage could serve as the basis for classifying the degree

of civilization that society has attained. The more backward peoples regard a woman as a beast of burden and a sexual plaything while the more advanced societies give her a more elevated status. But only in the Christian tradition is she granted equality and when one remembers that Christianity is an entire way of life and should permeate all the thinking of the Christian, then only can it be understood how this attitude towards women is the touchstone of all civilization. In recent times there has been in many non-Christian nations a tremendous change towards the place of women in that particular society but one wonders if that has not been triggered mainly by imitation of the West, a West that was originally Christian.

In our own country we have our problems, big ones too, in regard to the sanctity of the marriage bond. However, they can hardly compare to the ones faced by the missionary who must rip out the deeply rooted beliefs, hardened by centuries, and plant Christian seeds in ground far from fallow. Some customs will fall before the logic of essential Christian truth, e.g. the rural Japanese belief that all the local deities held their national convention in October so there were no marriages that month for the bride and groom would have to pray before an empty local shrine. But how do you teach purity to an entire tribe who have lived promiscuously, as their fathers before them? How do you convince a man that marriage is a union for life when every new moon meant a new spouse to him? How do you preach fidelity to a woman when it has always been the custom that any in the hut had a right to any woman there? There are tribes which have no marriage forms so how do you translate adultery? "Thou shalt not woman-change!"

It is a long and painful struggle for the missionary, the headache which never subsides completely. In many cases it is the toughest part of the job. But he is still out there, and his witness to Christ will last as long as his life does.



The *tipi* (tepee) is the unique Indian symbol for "dwelling among us"—the "the Word was made flesh and pitched his tent among us" of St. John's Gospel. There is, too, a tipi story of Creation which Felix Walking (the Sioux artist who did all the painting in Oglala's church) heard from old people when he was a young man.

So the tipi mural (at left) is many-layered in meaning: it is a genuine tipi with smoke flaps at top and a curtained doorway at bottom such as the folk lived in for centuries, and is thus the whole life of the Sioux nation; overlying this in simple symbolism is painted the Genesis account of Creation, all spoken in strictly Sioux terms; finally, because the tipi is a tent, St. John's voice echoes always in the background and the accomplished promise of Redemption is loud to Indian ears.

See the Genesis story. All the elements—of firmament and of life on earth—are there. At top, on and be-

hind the smoke flaps, is night (the moon and stars) and day (the sun), rain and snow and rainbow. Below, thunderbolts are giving the thunderbird (who, in myth, makes thunder by flapping his wings and lightning by flashing his eyes) the power of war (the arrowhead) and peace (the pine bough). Crossed peace pipes signify the whole world of moral obligations; the buffalo is—from time immemorial—food, implements, weapons, clothing, tent covers; the horse is transportation.

Man alone is missing. So, in the second and dynamic stage of the story, the Water-Bird, another quasi-divine emissary from on high (here diving: his tail the feathers at top, his wings the smoke flaps, his neck and head stretching downward), pierces through Chaos (the black band on the doorway curtain) and Water (the next band) to scoop up Earth (at the base) and fly it to the Great Spirit so He can make man from the "slime of the earth."

## COME AS YOU ARE

Churches in Oglala, South Dakota, and Takada, Japan, fulfill God's wish that each people come to Him "as they are."



Everything about the altar (right) is eloquent in the Sioux tongue. The peace pipe stands for reconciliation; from it hangs an eagle feather and a clump of black horsehair, symbolizing the entire universe. Christ is the true Peace Pipe "not made by hands" and at Mass one offers up the entire universe "through Him and with Him and in Him" to God the Father.

The antependium (of deer hide, tanned in the old way by Mrs. Joseph New Holy of Grass Creek) has on it a triple WAKAN, Lakota Sioux for HOLY. The candlesticks are polished buffalo horns.

Kneeling before the altar Ben Black Elk makes other offerings (below, right). The shield—protection in the old hunting and fighting days—is a sacred object, for it was held to be a source of power. This particular shield is the whole Sioux people, all seven tribes or council fires present in the seven tipis at top. The peace pipe (a guarantee of truth-telling and so of genuine friendship between the smoking parties) and its accompanying beaded tobacco pouch, and a chief's headdress, symbol of authority, complete the array whereby the people of Pine Ridge Reservation "speak Sioux" to God.

Ben Black Elk was baptized a Catholic as a baby when his father, a famous medicine man, was converted. Through his father, Ben is heir to all the riches of the old religion and thus could help Father Paul Steinmetz S.J. make this church universal and Catholic—and yet also throbbing with the old values his father remembered and handed on.





In Takada on the west coast of Japan's large Honshu island and somewhat northwest of Tokyo, Australian Marist Father Paul Glynn has been building into the land and into the people. He has a congregation of only 210, yet, as a new catechist from Nagasaki was told by her pastor there, "Something big is happening up in Nara Prefecture, some cultural, spiritual movement is being triggered by the Church."

The formal opening in March of the new kindergarten (in which the Japanese-style chapel here pictured is situated) expressed this "new spirit" as clearly as anything. More than 200 attended the dedication

Mass, mostly Buddhists and Shintoists. The wife of the Prefecture's governor, a catechumen, was there with her non-Christian husband. Mayor Nakura of Takada had brought all 26 of his City Councilors: "They should attend if only for their education." Australian ambassador Sir Laurence McIntyre and his wife, neither one Catholic, were in the front row. Close by were: a man from Toda Construction which had done the building at cost; the two landowners who had sold the site well below standard price; the Rotary Club member who had scoured the mountains he owned for the three-ton rock which, uncut and unpolished, is the altar.

One takes Holy Water from a single shaft of bamboo (upper left) etched in Japanese style with the "hart which panteth after the living waters." This first doorway glimpse widens (lower left) into a typical bright Japanese room, uncluttered, a *tatami* floor, where attention centers on the rock altar, set (as so often in Zen temple gardens) in a bed of white sand raked into careful patterns.



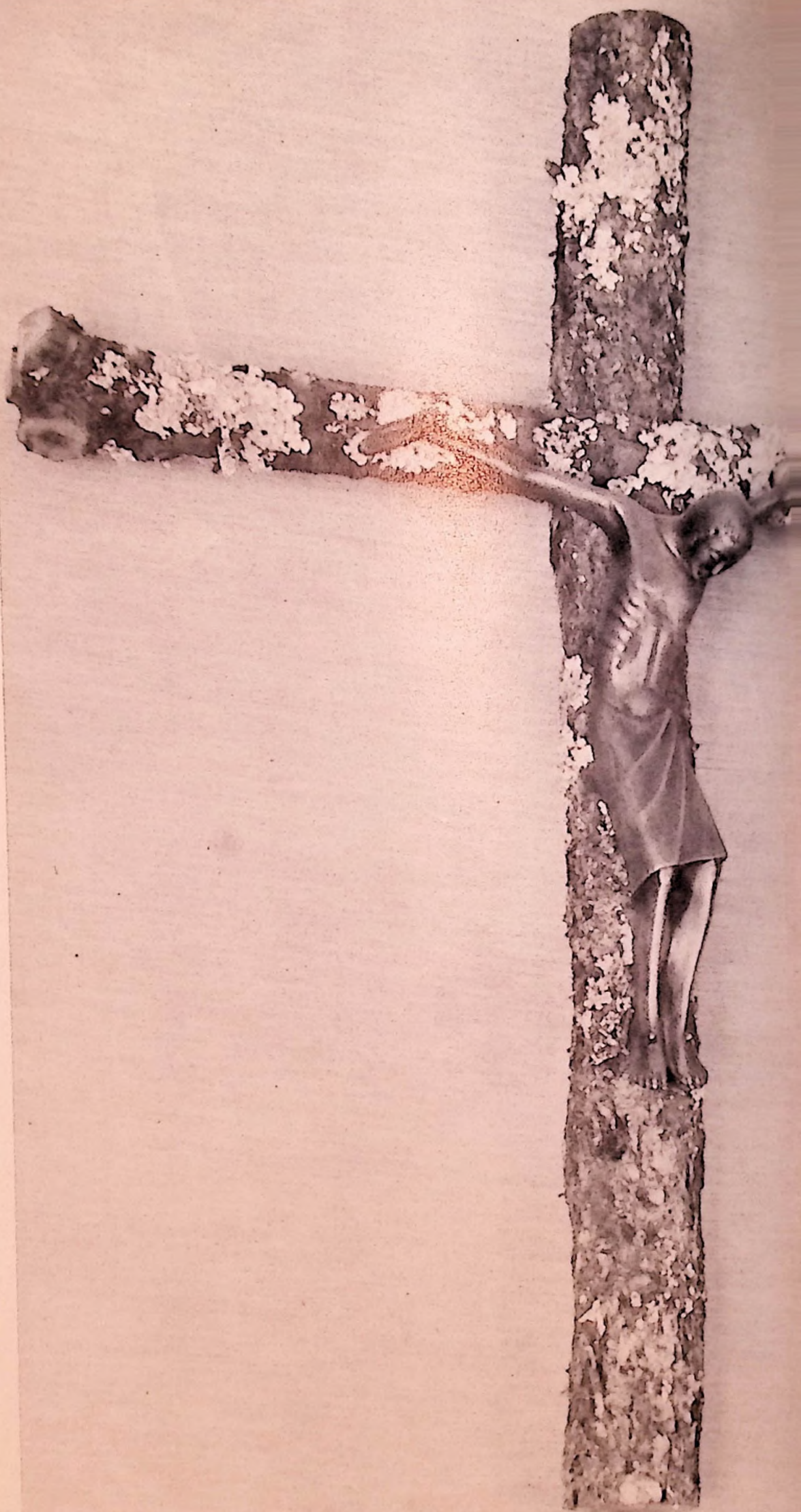
The rock is the rock struck by Moses in the desert, to give water. St. Paul says (1 Cor. 10/4) "the rock was Christ." Or, as Merton puts it, "We are all making a pilgrimage through the desert, like the Jews, with Christ." Again, the rock—solidity, quiet meditation, unruffled by noise or the swirl of time—is beloved by the Japanese.

The tabernacle (not visible in the pictures) is set into the rock altar, for the Eucharist is the fountain of life for us in our journey across the desert.

The cross behind the altar (enlarged at right) is of plum tree wood, constantly used in artistic decoration throughout Japan. The very delicate petals of the plum tree bloom while the winter snow is still about: it is a harbinger of spring. The limbs of the plum tree (here used as in nature, unpeeled, unsmoothed) are gnarled and rough, yet from it so delicate and early-blooming a flower. The adaptation to spiritual symbol is patent: from the gnarled roughness of the Crucifixion, the miraculous beauty of salvation.

**T**he chasubles (upper right), conceived and made locally, reiterate this symbolism. In one (of red Kyoto brocade), amid the rough plum branches, is the Greek "chi-ro" for Christ and, below, in Japanese script the word ("wa") which means Peace. So the intertwined elements speak: the suffering of the Christian with XT (the plum, standing gaunt in the winter snow) and the peace which derives from Christ ( . . . spring is coming, we have hope).

In the other vestment pictured the three background circles represent the Trinity and the plum branch is here the "Root of Jesse": Our Lady. In the lower circle, which is Christ





who descended to earth, the humanity of Christ blossoms.

Colleen English (in the photo at left with another teacher and three of their charges) is an Australian girl who was deeply disturbed, on a 15-months trip across Europe some years ago, at the universal lack of values and conviction: a realization of Yeats' comment—"The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity." Searching, she found ultimate values and felt the urge to go out and hand on the "good news." At Takada she teaches English in the kindergarten by day and is the main teacher in the English school (220 enrollees) run after hours in kindergarten quarters—and takes no salary. Her gay giving of herself has impressed the Japanese deeply; eight newspapers have interviewed her, resulting in a batch of letters from all over the nation.

Behind the praying group, on the chapel's rear wall facing toward the rock altar, is Our Lady in Japanese kimono, hands upraised—to pray, to embrace. The words above her (from the Invitatory Hymn of the Breviary) read: "Looking to the Rock of our Salvation, let us raise up our voices in joy." Surely here—as half across the world in South Dakota—a good part of that joy is that these people have been enabled to come to God precisely "as we are."



## *From all points a jm report*

### **CHILE**

People or Persons

The problem of personalizing the faceless, voiceless, homeless masses that exist but hardly live in the slums and outlying farms that surround almost every Latin American city has engaged the deepest thought of Latin American social experts, grouped into two planning centers under the directorate of Fr. Roger Veekmans. The Center for Economic and Social Development (DESAL), a private foundation that owes its origin to the foresight, interest and funds supplied by the German bishops' program for developing nations, has CELAP, Center for Population and Family, as a subsidiary to do research on the demographic problem, the taxing question of the population explosion in a continent that has the highest birth rate in the world.

The U.S. Alliance for Progress has recently granted CELAP \$400,000 to get the facts on the population rise and to plan effectively to meet the challenges it presents to all South American nations.

The immediate aim of DESAL is twofold: to change the mentality of the masses and to set up model projects in each country.

Listless passivity and a "mañana" attitude characterize the masses who form 80% of the South American population. Over half of these are illiterate and illegally married, live in housing that is at best dreary and at worst frightful. Half a million houses are required each year to meet the population increase, but only a third of these are actually built. The masses have no organizations of their

own to speak up for them, are cut off from the cultural life of the nation and are easy prey for any agitator. A positive program of national education on the dignity of the human person and the human family is DESAL's main effort toward forming a "new mind".

The second aim is to set up "structures of service". Already 69 national and regional federations have been founded, 149 schools, 62 service centers, 32 health centers and 20 social centers. Fifty-four experts are busy at DESAL headquarters in Santiago, Chile, and hope is radiant for a successful approach to a problem that ultimately only the people themselves, no—the persons themselves—can solve.

### **CEYLON**

Anxious Hour

As this issue appears, we will know the answer to the question that has bothered Ceylon's hierarchy and religious superiors for the past year: "Will the permits of foreign missionaries to serve in Ceylon be withdrawn or renewed?"

Notification of governmental intention to terminate the residence of foreign missionaries was given last year by the leftist administration headed by Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike. Her purpose: to "Ceylonize" the Catholic Church. Since then a new prime minister, Mr. Dudley Senanayake, has come to power and has declared that "Ceylon has now overcome a threat to religion", "will not act unfairly" and will not take away "the

rights of any religious community". Catholics have been hoping that all this added up to permission to renew the permits.

Catholics in Ceylon have been driving for the "Ceylonization" of the Church long before the state ever suggested it; for the essence of any Catholic effort is to make the Church indigenous in presentation and personnel. Statistics show how successful the trend has been. There are today twice as many Ceylonese priests, five times as many Ceylonese brothers and three times as many Ceylonese Sisters as their overseas companions in each category. But the Church strongly opposes any "over-night effort" to effect "Ceylonization" and contends that sudden expulsion of foreign missionaries would mean a serious curtailment of the religious liberty of Catholics.

## **AFRICA**

### Red Rustling in Brazzaville

The daily presence of two sparkling Mercedes limousines, chauffeured for China's top diplomats, is more than a suggestion of China's penetration into Brazzaville's administration; it is a bold assertion of the traditional Communist takeover, executed with such speed and success that Western observers are worried over the future of the continent now that Peking has secured a firm foothold in West Africa.

A new scientific socialist state is emerging with a foreign policy patently Peking-orientated only eighteen months after the overthrow of former President Abbé Fulbert Youlou, who had been suspended from priestly duties ten years earlier because of his penchant for political activities. The popular uprising had been occasioned by the Abbé's dictatorial regime. He had forced the national assembly to pass a law instituting the one-party system and had jailed all the union leaders who had protested strongly against his action. In retaliation the city workers called a strike, marched on the city jail in the face of gunfire and tear gas, released the prisoners and finally forced the Abbé-President to step down from office. The administration which succeeded him seemed at first a

composite of moderates. But that was not to reckon with the Chinese professionals who stood in the wings during the popular upheaval, smiling at the prospects a one-party government offered.

All seemed gracious and serene between the moderates and China, who had offered a loan of \$5,000,000 during the first year of the moderates' regime. But meanwhile a hard core of Marxists was being formed to take over the actual control of the government from within. All unions were amalgamated into a one-party-controlled union, censorship of the Press, including the influential Brazzaville Catholic weekly, "La Semaine Africaine", was enforced, travel curtailed and the city terrorized by organized gangs of *Jeu-nesse*, a revolution-happy corps of youth and young men who represent the most undesirable elements in Brazzaville.

The drawing of the bamboo curtain around the borders of the Congo Republic points to a difficult future for the Church of Christ in West Africa. It seems that only prayer can help.

## **INDIA**

### Crowned for Christ

The first martyr in the Christian era was Stephen (a name which in Greek means "the crown"); he was crowned with stones by a hostile mob and with the martyr's wreath by the risen Christ.

The latest martyr in the Christian cause is Fr. Herman Rasschaert who was stoned to death in front of a Moslem mosque while trying to pacify a mob of angry Hindus who were threatening the Moslems huddled inside. An infuriated man in the crowd attacked Fr. Herman, then the crowd started to throw stones. Bleeding, he knelt down and asked for a chance to pray to the Lord Christ. But the Lord knew his whole life had been a prayer, said to him quietly, "Come, the Mass is ended". The mob reached for larger stones and threw. The kindly Belgian Jesuit looked up to the Lord through blood-filled eyes . . . and came.

India, ever sensitive to religious beauty, was deeply moved by his courageous death

in defense of the Moslems. On March 24, 1965, the first anniversary of his martyrdom, Mrs. Indira Ghandi, daughter of the late Prime Minister Nehru, unveiled his portrait on the lawn of St. Xavier's school in Delhi and paid a sincere tribute to the murdered man of God. A committee to honor his mem-



ory with a national award has been set up by the state with ministers of the Indian government as members.

"Unless the grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it brings forth much fruit." Fr. Herman is no longer alone in his mission watch over India.

## **BURUNDI**

### Country in Childbirth

Burundi in Central Africa, a country roughly the size of Vermont, is one of the most expanding areas in the world for the growth of the faith. In fact, the growth is so astounding that the White Fathers claim that they could start a new parish every month with each new parish numbering 6,000 souls. The shortage of priests is the main obstacle at present. Yet 75,000 foreheads receive the waters of Baptism and the flowing-forth of the Holy Spirit each year.

The pangs of national childbirth are tor-

menting Burundi now, as would be expected, since Burundi only attained nationhood and independence on July 1, 1962. The country is fortunate in having as its chief of state Mwami (King) Mwambutsa IV, who has generally held the respect of the dissident tribal elements that compose the country's population. Eruptions break out every now and then, tribal terror sweeps over the land, order is restored, the nation fingers its way cautiously into the future, but national security rests on a substructure of shifting sand. Uncertainty pervades the whole picture.

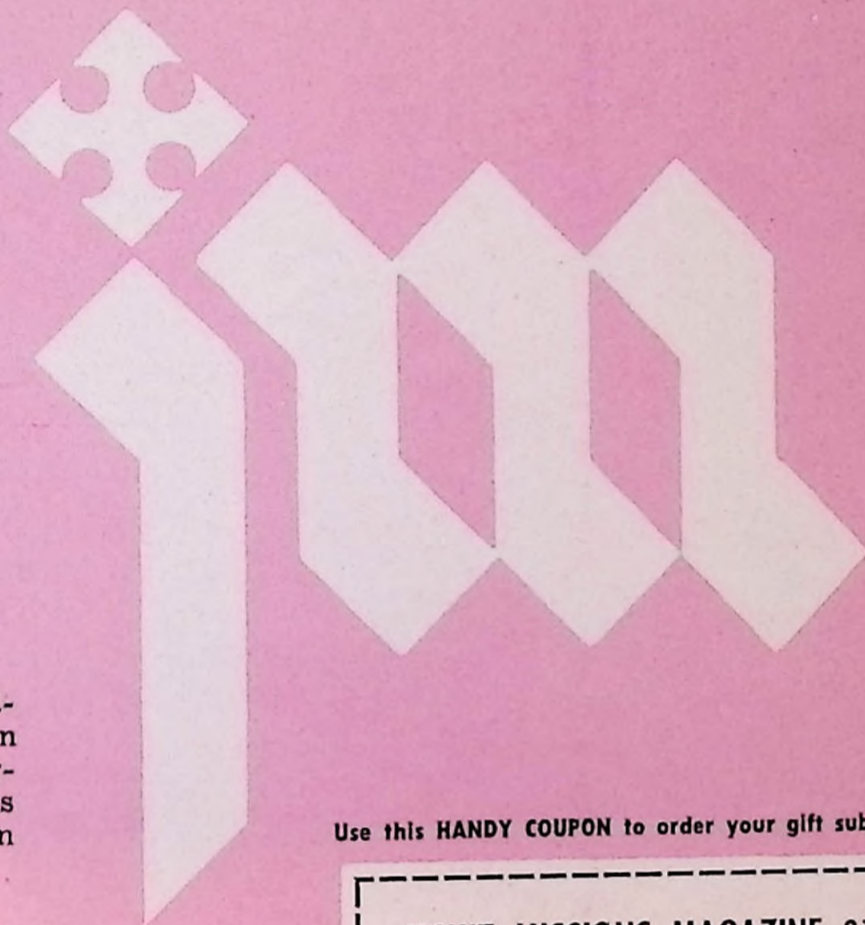
Part of the problem is rooted in the historic past. The original inhabitants of the beautiful mountainous land which has merited the title, "African Switzerland", were pygmies, the Batwa tribe, who lived by hunting, worked pottery and achieved some mastery as metal workers. Another tribe, the Bahutu (whose origin is uncertain), drifted into the country and went about setting up farms. About five hundred years ago the towering Watusi tribe descended on Burundi from Ethiopia bringing with them cattle, highly valued as a symbol of social standing. The Bahutu became the serfs of the Watusi and the Batwa pygmies the outcasts. Today the division between the docile Bahutus and the strong Watusi still exists even though feudalism has been abolished, and Watusi terror frequently rises and frequently goes unpunished.

Recently the state suffered a severe shock when Premier Pierre Ngendandumwe was shot in the back as he was leaving a hospital after visiting his wife who had just given birth. The episode resulted in the immediate dismissal of the Chinese embassy staff and the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Peking. For the group responsible for the murder of the premier were sympathetic to the Chinese cause, and the king had every reason to suspect that the Chinese, though not directly responsible, were influential behind the scenes in stirring up tribal unrest and financing discordant elements.

Burundi, accordingly, is now the focus of international interest as the eyes of West and East are turned upon it to see how the nation develops under tension.

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# MISSION TO MISERY

“One  
good woman  
can conquer  
a city.”

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES





A child lies dying of gangrene in the dust of a Calcutta street. Except for its frail mother who lies helpless and in rags a few feet away—no one cares. The loss of one more life is meaningless in a city of 3,000 officially designated slum areas and with a population of six million, almost one-third of whom are destitute refugees. For this is Calcutta, a city of such compounded misery that the wail of a dying child is lost in its million-throated cry of desperation. Few can afford to care in what Nehru called “a nightmare city.” Those whose task it is to care, the Calcutta Corporation which governs the city, are endlessly frustrated by endless problems.

Founded on the Hooghly River in 1690 as a British port and trading post, Calcutta has a melancholy history of riot, famine, pestilence, unrest and economic distress. Its assets—it is India’s first port and one of the nation’s largest industrial areas—are outweighed by tragic debits. Besides the waves of refugees from East Pakistan who still crowd its camps, slums and streets, endless thousands stream in from impoverished areas in hope of work. Unskilled and unwanted they only multiply the misery in slums and streets. Add 30,000 sacred cows to the snarl of traffic and humanity, a port that is silting up rapidly, labor unrest and communist agitation, a debilitating climate and unrelieved filth, and the list of its woes is just beginning. No wonder that a child can die, or hundreds—and that few can afford to care.

Among the few who care is a woman, a nun, and this is her story. She is not unique in her mission to misery. Other groups, both religious and secular, are engaged in the same outreach to the suffering and the destitute. What is unique is that she began alone, single-handed and with a faith that has moved mountains, touched the heart of India, and crystallized in a congregation of young men and women whose Christlike luminous love of suffering humanity is an inspiring reflection of her own. The more this sad century appears to come apart at the seams, the more can we take hope in the joyful witness of this extraordinary woman named Mother Teresa.

Born in Albania in 1910, she spent her youth in Yugoslavia where a longing for the mission apostolate took root. An encounter with the Loreto nuns of Ireland, who were recruiting there, brought this fervent young lady, aged 18, to Calcutta as a postulant. Novitiate was followed by years as a teaching nun in the Loreto Convent High School. But over the years the hands of the destitute of Calcutta reached out to her, through cloister walls and every window that opened on their all too visible abandonment and despair. There was no rebellion here, but a call to personal commitment in slums and streets where

disease and a grinding poverty distorted the image of God.

Her prayerful conviction grew from "We should do something" to a strong "I must do something." She looks on September 10, 1946 as the day of decision. It was then that she brought her unprecedented request to her Superiors—to live alone, outside of cloister, with only God as guard and guide in the harsh world of the Calcutta streets. More than human assessment was at work here when her Superiors and her Archbishop agreed to take the matter to Rome. Such love



Just off Circular Road in Calcutta, and down a dusty lane, is the humble convent where Mother Teresa forms her spiritual daughters for their apostolate to the poor. Here she kneels with her new group of novices.

is more than a talent; it is a grace, and could not be denied.

On August 8, 1948, with approval from Rome, Teresa laid aside the Loreto habit to veil and clothe herself in the simple white *sari* with its blue border and Cross at the shoulder—the shield and sign that would make her, and many others, one with suffering India.

Three months in Patna with the gracious Medical Missionary Sisters afforded her an intense training in diagnosis and treatment of the sick. By Christmas she was back in Calcutta, and immediately began an exploration of the slums of Tiljala and Motijhil. After years of yearning, not a moment was wasted. By December 28 she had permission to open a slum school. Twenty-one children waited for her the first day. The next day there were 41, and she notes in her diary: "Those who were not clean, I gave a good wash at the tank. We had catechism after the first lesson in hygiene and then reading. We used the ground as a blackboard. After needlework class, we went to visit the sick." In both slum areas, a start had been made. The amazing future was hidden in small beginnings.

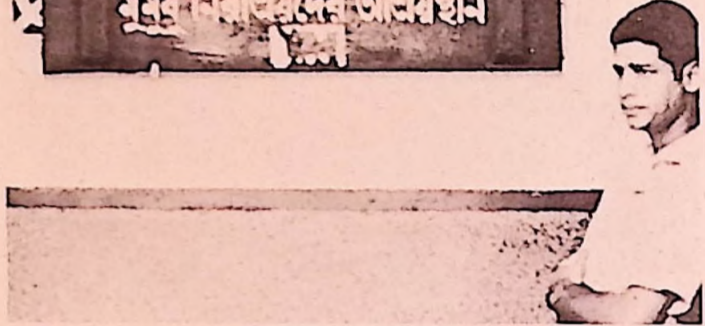
The first two months found her generally alone and at times overwhelmed with doubts. The endless woe of the poor, the sick and the dying filled her days. Again, her diary notes her struggle: "Our Lord wants me to be a 'free nun' covered with the poverty of the Cross. But today I learned a good lesson. The poverty of the poor must be so hard for them. While looking for a home (as a center) I walked and walked till my arms and legs ached. I thought how much they must ache in body and soul, looking for home, food and health. Then the comfort of Loreto came to tempt me. But of free choice, my God, and out of love for You, I desire to remain and do whatever be Your Holy Will in my regard. Give me courage now, this moment."

News of Teresa's singular activity was not slow in making its way through the slums and the higher circles in which she had once moved. Help was extended by the generous



*Grim Kalighat, temple of the blood goddess Kali, shares space with Mother Teresa's young Sisters of Charity.*

CORPORATION OF CALCUTTA  
 NIRMAL HRIDAY  
 HOME FOR DYING DESTITUATES  
 কলিকাতা শের প্রতিষ্ঠান  
 নির্মল হৃদয়  
 মৃত্যু বিলাসীদের আশ্রয়স্থান



she had known and taught. Young ladies, teachers by profession, accompanied her, when time permitted, and helped with the children's classes. But a line in her diary, as early as January 2, 1948, gives an indication of her hopes and practical foresight. "I wrote the rules". This mission to such vast and pathetic wretchedness demanded more than the occasional helper. "To be able to persevere long in this work," she writes, "one needs greater strength. A religious life alone can give it." To find Sisters who would dedicate themselves to this work became the first intention of her prayers and planning.

In February, the Gomes family offered a



One of the Missionary Brothers of Charity stands at the door of Nirmal Hriday where the destitute dying of Calcutta's streets are gathered and cared for. This is the best known of Mother Teresa's many charities.

house to serve as a center. On March 19, St. Joseph brought the first recruit, a young Bengali girl. Others quickly followed, and formal constitutions and rules were drawn up for presentation in Rome. Besides the three vows, a fourth was added—dedication to work among the poor. Their special purpose: “work for the conversion and sanctification of the poor in the slums through the care of the sick and the dying, the gathering and teaching of street urchins, the visiting and care of beggars and their children, and the sheltering of the abandoned.” The convent would merely be a center of reunion and rest for body and soul—but the work would be outside for these “handmaids of the poor.” On October 7, 1950, the new Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Charity was approved and erected in Calcutta. The results have been a religious phenomenon, an explosion of good.

One of the most widely known undertakings of Mother Teresa is “Nirmal Hriday”—the Home for Dying Destitutes. Early in her work her heart went out to the hundreds who died desolate and alone in the streets. She approached the Corporation. “Give me a centrally located house. I will take care of the rest”. Eager to help, the government found it no easy task to find something suitable in overcrowded Calcutta. There was a place, but probably unthinkable—Kalighat temple, the oldest in Calcutta and dedicated to the blood goddess Kali! Attached to the temple was a pilgrim’s hostel with two large rooms. Teresa was delighted—anything, as long as it gave her derelicts a place where they could die in peace, in human dignity and touched for once by the love of God.

The priests of the temple were hostile at first, until one of their own lay dying and unable to find room in any of the overcrowded hospitals. Mother Teresa took him in, and her tenderness won over his companions. Today most of her help here comes from Hindus charmed by such disinterested love. Last year 1,317 dying were brought to the home. Prompt medical attention, proper food and



*Sisters, trained in medicine, treat long lines of lepers and the sick.*



*A wash at the well after a day with the sick at a Patna mission station.*



*Fr. R. Donahue, S.J. visits waifs at Home for Unwanted Children, Patna, in former hospital of Medical Missionaries where Mother Teresa studied.*

*Two little ones, crippled and abandoned, find the affection they long for in the arms of Sister.*



*Unwanted children, dying, deformed or abandoned, respond to the tender care of devoted Sisters.*

above all a radiant love saved 680. "Nobody as yet has died here without God," says Teresa, and the peace of the suffering here attests to that.

Slums breed more than death. Poverty and disease and hopelessness twist body and soul. As her congregation grew, appealing in a surprising way to the Indian girl, the demands of the poor and the sick—and of cities throughout India—led to an incredible expansion. In 1955 the first "Shishu Bavan" (Home for Crippled and Unwanted Children) was opened in Calcutta. This was followed by a "Shanti Nagar" (The City of Peace) for lepers. Meanwhile, in Calcutta, and gradually throughout India as the congregation grew in numbers and training, a host of services to slum dwellers was begun. The list itself is tribute enough to the faith and iron determination of one valiant woman.

Today there are 59 centers in Calcutta alone. The congregation is found in 17 cities in India, with 70 centers. Almost daily expansion has undoubtedly put these figures out of date. There has even been a call from Venezuela, which will be answered soon. The centers include dispensaries and mobile clinics, schools in slum areas, Sunday schools, feeding stations, shelters for the homeless, commercial classes for the poor, and homes for the dying, for lepers and crippled and unwanted children. In March, 1963, something new was added—the Missionary Brothers of Charity—nine dedicated young men of India who radiate the same joyful sense of total giving. Which bears out the wisdom of St. Francis de Sales: "One good woman can conquer a city", and we might add—"a nation."

Teresa's motto "Let the people eat you up" is cheerfully received by her 230 spiritual daughters and sons. Their consecration to poverty and suffering is as absolute as her own. Love is infectious. This humble woman of unwavering faith, who smiles sweetly at the doorway of her poor convent amongst Calcutta's poor, has opened thousands of doors through which Christ had never passed before.



“The more we lower ourselves  
Through compassion,  
The more closely do we come  
To the things that are on high.”

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM

*Great eyes and a try at  
a smile light the face of  
a sickly baby rescued  
from death in the streets.*



*Poor with the poor, two white saris with blue border are the earthly goods of this gracious Sister.*



*Four of the nine Brothers of Charity at the door of  
Home for the Dying. India can be proud of her sons.*

Daniel Berrigan S.J.

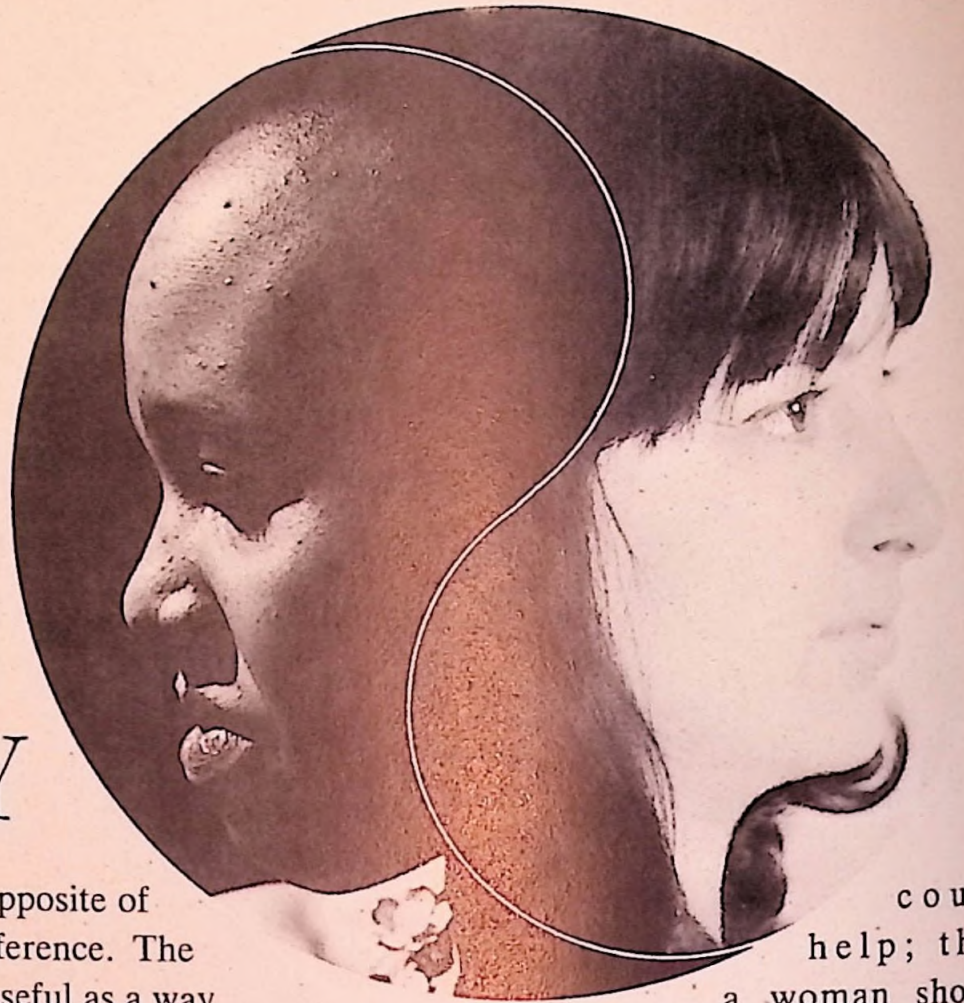
# THE INDIFFERENT SOCIETY

Someone has said that the opposite of love is not hatred, but indifference. The statement, we think, is quite useful as a way of understanding ourselves today.

War and racial strife are having at least this benefit; they help us see the nature of hatred in action—as something that time has canceled out. Hatred and the arming of hatred with weaponry, violence and the organization of violence in armies—such things no longer count seriously on anyone's blueprint for tomorrow. We can even hope that one day the empty shells and tanks will come to rest in museums, along with the knights' armor of the Middle Ages and the lynching rope and the electric chair: another chapter in the horror and mystery of growing up.

Hatred is useless, and rapidly growing outdated. But what of indifference toward others? Useless, yes; corrosive and defeating of hope and vision and courage. But outdated? One would like to think so, but the facts offer no easy comfort. They speak rather, of an indifference so pervasive and cruel as to presume to name itself the American way of life.

In such a climate, the most absurd possibilities suddenly explode in headlines. The absurdity that men of different races should live behind drawn lines; and should draw the lines tight as a noose, as our cities grow. The absurdity that persons in deep and tragic trouble should be abandoned by those who



could help; that a woman should die horribly in sight of her neighbors, while those who could help stand at darkened windows. The absurdity that men should be reduced to begging and sleeping in the streets, in the world's most affluent urban areas. The absurdity that a summons to eradicate American poverty, issued by a public conscience that has finally awakened, should be threatened because there is now money to be made on the poverty issue, and so the looters come running. The absurdity that the poor should be excluded from decisions about their own future; that big decisions should be made about them, without them; as though to be poor were also and inevitably to be judged irresponsible or childish.

The myths surrounding the poor are in fact only the latest edition in a dishonorable history of half truths about the defenseless. Our past has been stained by the myths which arose as the immigrants flooded into our country in the nineteenth century. According to the tales, the Irish were fanatics and conspirators and drank too much, the Italians were shifty and superstitious; and as of now, Puerto Ricans are reported to be lazy and sinister. No one, conceivably, would want his daugh-

# OR A DIFFERENT ONE

ter . . . And as for the Negro; well, enough said.

Such myths even threaten, if the ineffable Klan and the White Councils are granted their say, to set up two societies in place of one: a plan which accepts impure legend for reality, and builds a structure on a nightmare.

In such a way, an indifferent society, ridden with fear and the myths of fear, begets a radically different one. The different society, let it be said plainly, would be the coldest awakening of men from the American dream; a dream that in all our history has sustained and united us, has made of America perhaps the first society in history to dedicate itself simply to man—to his dignity and freedom and hope; a dream that has been tested in the fires of violence, failure and debate, and has, tentatively, come through.

It is indeed terrifying to reflect on the alternatives open to free men. We have the brains and resources to create a public life, whose active ferment is justice and love. And we can put the same resources to construct a far different future—to create two societies, final, closed, finished: black and white.

The choice is in the air. And the climate of choice moves inevitably northward. Five, or at most ten years, and we will feel to the quick its ice and fire.

Such obsessions tend, of course, to pass from attitudes into structures. Because man fears, he gets away from his fear, to a safe distance where fear can dissolve in active indifference. The 'separate but equal' absurdity becomes a fact in separate neighborhoods and schools and stores and churches.

The worst of these myths have already been endured and pulled down by the people who have arrived on our shores. By all our people, that is, except by the ones who were here from the beginning. Negroes still endure a persistent, contumacious, blind myth, a vicious folklore which proceeds without fact to conclusion, which judges men without hearing from them. According to the canon, does not the Negro sum up, once and for all, everything that is different and terrifying and unknown in our society? He is poor and has even been a slave; he is unkillably patient while others are on the rise. And is he not, beyond possibility of white wash, Black?

When such myths pass for reality, the fires go out under the melting pot. The American experiment ceases to boil and simmer. It goes cold. It calls off the continuing adventure which every man is welcome to join, simply because he is human and therefore has a contribution to make.

# WHY NOT TAKE ALL OF ME ?

In recent years, particularly since Pope John's historic call for Papal Volunteers in August 1960, many Latin American Church authorities and the U. S. missionary priests under them have begun to request trained, apostolic laymen for their social economic programs. This development, as well as the growth of other international lay volunteer organizations, has led to a crisis of identity for the lay volunteer.

The average lay volunteer is well trained in a professional or technical capacity. Many leave responsible positions in the United States when they volunteer to work for the Church. They feel that they have a unique, a professional and, hopefully, a permanent contribution to make to Latin American society. Yet by many American missionary priests they are regarded as "priest-helpers"—temporary aids to the real missionary, who is clerical.

Under any circumstances the lay volunteer would probably have a crisis of identity, for this whole concept is relatively new in the Church. When it comes to the matter of entire families volunteering, the problem is



even further complicated. Yet this situation is aggravated by the marked reserve of missionary priests toward, for example, PAVLA.

Some of these priests have been bred in an authoritarian tradition and almost instinctively regard skilled lay volunteers as a lower echelon in parish work. Others fail to distinguish between Papal Volunteers and the Peace Corps, a fine organization but hardly apostolic. Still others "good-naturedly" request volunteers, then shunt them off to parish odd jobs.

Most volunteers are, of course, temporary. They are going to help the Church for two years or three years and then take up some remu-

nerative work as a career. So they *are* "helpers". However, they feel that they should be able to serve even that short period in some worthy post—not that of a "muchacho", but rather something that lets their talents make a uniquely "lay" contribution.

This identity problem suggests that neither the lay volunteer nor the priest has a clear idea of the place of the lay volunteer in the Church. The Church's "table of organization" for priests or nuns or married people is

fairly clear. The layman working as a volunteer is still a bit of an "odd ball". What is his role? Is he only an appendage? Is he "temporary" merely because there is no slot in the Church structure for him?

Layman John Little of Seattle, Washington, father of four, certainly does not fit the category of a transitory phenomenon to which most thinking about lay volunteers would relegate him. John, his wife and four children (the last born in Ecuador) now lives in Ibarra, Ecuador. He works in the *Instituto Compresino* there, a church-sponsored project directed toward the social and economic development of the peasants.

Robert F. Clark

## Is the lay volunteer an appendage, because there is no slot in the Church for him?

John's area of assignment is industrial organization, one of the five major concerns of the Instituto. In the past three years he has begun a carpenters' cooperative and a shoe-making cooperative. He and two Peace Corpsmen have opened a trade school for teaching the peasants how to build low-cost furniture and forge farm tools. The two cooperatives are well on their way to becoming the first factory-type industries in Ibarra.

John Little fulfills pretty nearly the ideal of a Papal Volunteer. He is a mature Christian, for whom the Mystical Body of Christ has transnational meanings. As a skilled, experienced North American layman, he is offering his services to the Church and her people in Latin America. At the same time John Little and his family have been enriched culturally in a way that promises eventually a dynamic new vision for the highly institutionalized Church in the United States.

John Little and 350 other Papal Volunteers feel that they are doing more, are capable of and called to do more, than being "priest-helpers." They are Church-helpers; and they want their status to be viewed thus rather than as that of relief men who free priests for more important work. More than once I heard my own

position as a teacher evaluated in these terms: "The main value of your teaching job here is that it frees one of the priests for work in the parish." Some truth in this, but to my mind it misses the whole point of lay involvement. The lay missionary is here to stay because, as layman, he has a unique contribution to make. In fact, surprising as it may seem, laymen are the key to much of the direction and ultimate success of the U.S. mission effort in Latin America.

Anyone who reads is familiar with the problems facing Latin America: —Her population of 200 million will have tripled by the end of the century.

—The director-general of UNESCO estimates that Latin America needs 500,000 additional primary teachers and as many classrooms.

—From 70 to 80 million Latin Americans can neither read nor write.

—In the Peruvian Altiplano, the percentage of illiteracy is probably 90%.

—To escape the sterility, misery and oppression of a centuries-old feudal land system, hundreds of thousands of Indian and mestizo peasants annually crowd into huge slums in and around the major cities of Latin America.

—Latin America is taking giant steps toward industrialization but faces chronic headaches of inflation, insufficient capital for investment, and a lack of skilled workers for the labor force.

—Castroism and communism seem to be declining as a total threat, but Latin American governments are clearly veering to the left, concentrating ever more political and economic power in their own hands.

—Most Latin Americans couldn't care less that there is only one priest for every 6,000 people. Their target, embodied in the campaign slogan of Peru's Aprista party, is: "Bread, land and liberty".

If the Catholic Church is to survive amid the growing secularism and pluralism of Latin America, she must identify herself — as would Christ — with the legitimate human aspirations of the people. This identification must be disinterested, not measured (as with clerics) against long-range catechetical or vocational objectives. In practical terms, it is a question of preserving Christian values while promoting economic progress and social reform. For the Church to become truly incarnate in the emerging social order of Latin America she must be concerned primarily about the human and then, built on that, about the supernatural

## In the name of the Church they are seeking creative approaches to Latin America.

welfare of her people. Paradoxically (to some), such a Church cannot fail to capture the minds, hearts, and souls of Latin America for Christ.

It is urgent that priests and lay people from the United States work with one another and with the progressive elements of the Latin American Church to develop and implement careful plans for Christian social reform. But it is equally urgent that the central focus of mission activity be shifted away from inspiring vocations to the priesthood and pointed toward the awakening vocation of the layman. To put the matter succinctly, the Church in Latin America needs the involvement of professionally qualified, apostolic laymen in every area of the economic and social order. It is precisely here that U.S. Papal Volunteers can provide the "key" to mission effort.

Papal Volunteers like John Little of Ibarra, Ecuador; Jerry Arledge, an agronomist in Nahuala, Guatemala; Dan Griffin, a journalist in Natal, Brazil; Louise Hersted, a high-school teacher in Osorno, Chile; Helen Kresoja, a registered nurse in Sicuani, Peru—all have been selected for projects in Latin America on account of their professional qualifications. They have gone at the request of Latin American Church

authorities. They have given evidence of warm, adaptive personalities, plus an appreciation of the faith and the social mission of the Church. They are convinced that the Church should help guide and inspire the tremendous social revolution that is sweeping Latin America. In the name of the Church, they are seeking out creative Christian approaches to a standard of living and education for Latin Americans that is consistent with human dignity.

Such volunteers sometimes question the relevance of parishes and Catholic schools patterned after U.S. models; the monolithic past cannot adapt to the dynamic changes sweeping Latin America today. Such volunteers are critical of priests who are content to rule from the rectory and who treat them as hired hands, for as thinking men and women they reject the "Yours but to do or die . . ." theory.

Papal Volunteers look to the priests for spiritual guidance and moral support. But they ask for professional autonomy in their own assignments. They want to feel part of a carefully-defined, well-coordinated overall effort by North American clergy, religious and lay volunteers to align themselves with the plans and aspirations of the Church and her people in Latin America.

Circumstances in the past have forced priests to get directly involved in the administration of social and economic programs. The presence of qualified lay missionaries in Latin America makes it possible for the priest to withdraw from these activities and return to the role for which he was trained and ordained. In close personal contact with the needs of his people, the priest can be a catalyst of social reform. But missionaries who initiate socio-economic programs should make every effort to turn the operation of them over to qualified Latin American laymen—or, in their absence, to qualified North American lay volunteers who can train Latin American replacements. Under such a division of labor, the presence of Christ will be felt effectively in both the sacramental and the social orders.

All, priests and laity alike, must seek Latin American solutions to Latin American problems. To do this, they must know the local history, culture and language; must probe the present crisis deeply; must look to Latin Americans for direction; must become, in a sense, Latin Americans. Only then can the new social order emerge, one set within the secular environment but transformed there by the love and life and grace of Christ.

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# WANTED

## for Jesuit Missions

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### 1. SUMMER'S GREEN

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In Alaska Father Jim Jacobson is now looking forward to warmth—from the end of June until September. Ten months he's locked in the tiny Bering Sea village of Chefornek . . . there, because that's where his Eskimos are—and where Christ must be. It is, without a doubt, one of the most desolate missions in the world. Summer is building time for Father Jim. For his chapel repair he needs \$350. Please be generous to a man who knows what it is to need—and to help.

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### 2. PAUL . . . (WHERE'S PETER AND MARY?)

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One of Father Paul Gilvary's weekly parish collections recently totalled \$4.50. His church is not in India or Peru, but in North Carolina—in the hills, where Catholics are a rare breed. Father Paul's scattered Catholics give what they can but it isn't enough. To help this good priest stay healthily working (or at least alive!), how about a helping hand?

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### 3. SLIDE, DAN, FOR 21

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New York's Father Dan McCoy has been in Japan for many years now. He is at Sophia University in Tokyo, where he teaches, is "guest-host" and spends all other time with converts. Father Dan, 20 years from Ordination, asks books, slides and projectors

for his instruction classes. Very unromantic stuff. Yet it is through such common things that men come to know Christ. As a salute to Father Dan's twenty years and hundreds of converts, please be as generous as you can.

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### 4. SET KARPINSKI STRAIGHT

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Jesuit Brother Karpinski is a printer in Patna, India. He runs a press that is—really!—held together with wire, string—and good old mid-west U.S. stubbornness. He prints in Hindi, English and desperation. Recently his monotype machine broke down and now his type runs up and down like mad. To tell the story of Christ to India's 400,000,000 people you have to at least print a straight line. Five hundred people with a gift of \$1.00 could set Karpinski straight.

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### 5. 70+10+300=HELP!

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A jolly man in Mindanao, the Philippines, or anywhere else for that matter is Father Bob Walsh from Jersey City. A big man, rotund, happy, a

great missionary. *He has to be.* He has 70 small villages to care for, is trying to build 10 chapels and train 300 catechists for his own parish and seven other Jesuit parishes. In June, the month of the Sacred Heart, we would like to help him build at least two chapels of the Sacred Heart. Several thousand dollars—but small gifts can cut wood, nail sidings. Five or ten dollars for Him?

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### 6. BACK TO MY KIDS

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Father Vincent Gallagher of Mariyamban (Mari-ahm-bahn), India, was recently three months in the United States on his first "vacation" after 25 years among India's poor. Now, 57 years young, he has gone back to give the other years to God's people in Mariyamban. He left just one request and we would like to honor it. He runs a school (no other way to give a Christian education) to which a "scholarship" is 278 rupees a year (\$50.00). He begged us (and we beg you!) for \$500.00 for 10 scholarships. Five dollars would educate and feed one "Vincent" child one month.

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 \_\_\_\_\_

JUNE 1965



A Korean woman weeps, desolate and alone, on a street empty of Samaritans.

***“Have compassion on man, O Man,  
and God will have compassion on you.  
You are a man, and the other is a man;  
two who are unhappy.  
God is not unhappy; He is merciful.  
If the unhappy have not compassion  
on the unhappy,  
how can he ask mercy from Him  
who shall never know unhappiness?”***

***St. Augustine***