

JESUIT MISSIONS/JULY-AUGUST, 1965/25¢ CANADIAN JESUIT EDITION



World Hunger and the Christian Conscience

COVER: Christ must again multiply—this time in our hands—the five loaves and two fishes . . . or millions die. Design by W. Tompkins



JESUIT MISSIONS

National Magazine of the American Jesuits in the Mission Fields Assigned them by the Holy Father
JULY-AUGUST 1965 VOL. 39 NO. 6

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Photo page 2, Black Star

AS YOU SAID...

Father: Your editorial, "Not As Strangers," in the June issue of JM struck in me a note of sympathy, but I think most of us do not regard missionaries primarily as beggars, especially if we have read . . . the accounts of the hardships they endure in bringing help to the poor of the world. In fact, I have been so concerned . . . that I have written to several members of the hierarchy asking if some system could not be inaugurated whereby the "wealthy" city congregations of the U.S. could be assessed a certain small percentage of their Sunday collections for assignment to the missions. But the only responses indicate, in effect, that "no feasible plan has yet been formulated."

It would seem to me that the American bishops could agree on some such tax plan . . . Our consciences would be more at ease, I believe, if we were urged to up our Sunday contributions to take care of the "mission tax."

Mrs. R. J. Brewer

St. Paul, Minnesota

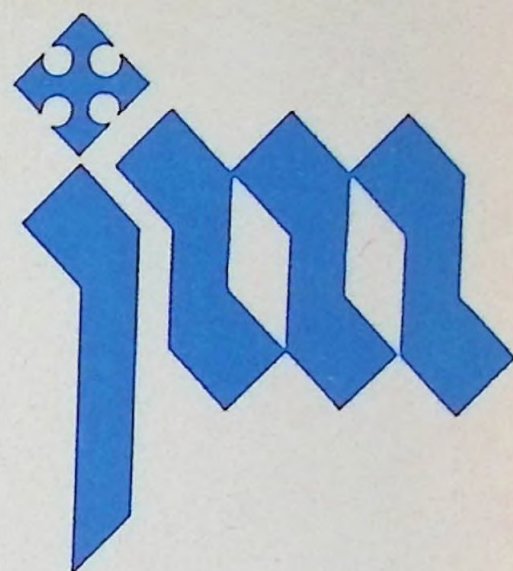
Father: Regarding the article in *From All Points* entitled "Wisconsin: Catholics and the Peace Corps" and the quoted remarks of Dr. Joseph T. English stating that Catholic activity should complement the Peace Corps rather than compete with it," may I quote from the pamphlet, "Peace Corps—or Lay Mission Work: Is there a difference?" by James J. Berna S.J.?

"It should be pointed out that to the extent that social and economic development contributes to mankind's spiritual and religious development, a Peace Corps volunteer also contributes to the 'coming of the Kingdom.' But there is an important difference in the two types of activity. The explicit and conscious aim of the Peace Corps program lies exclusively in the social and economic sphere. Any 'spiritual contribution' that may result is strictly secondary and outside the scope of the program as such. The work of a PAVLA (or Lay Mission-Helper) volunteer, on the other hand, is an integral part of a much broader movement, the apostolate of the Church, whose primary aim is explicitly and consciously the spiritual and religious development of mankind."

(Msgr.) Harold V. Laubach

Los Angeles, Calif.

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A CHILD WRITES

WHEN A CHILD WRITES
 HIS WRITING IS NOT SCRAWLED
 ON A POOR BLACKBOARD.
 IT IS A KIND OF SKYWRITING.
 IT SPELLS, BIG AS ALL HEAVEN,
 HOPE!

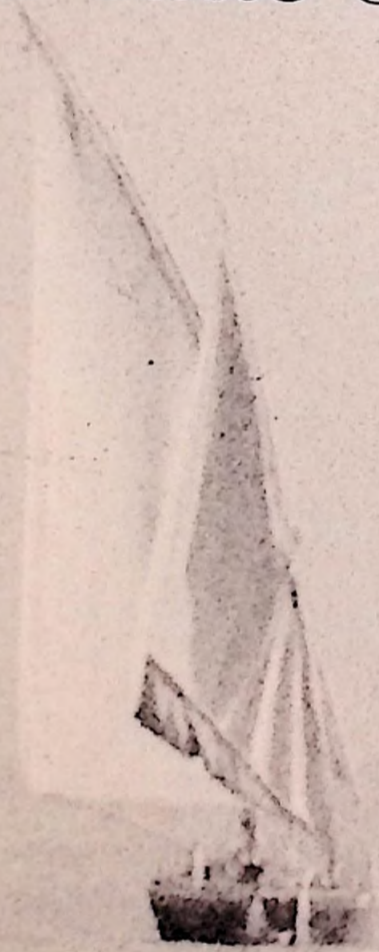
MY NAME IS ADOU
 (OR JOHN, OR IVAN OR ALI)
 I HAVE JUST PERFORMED
 MY FIRST MIRACLE, LOOK!
 I AM NO LONGER
 DIRTY, DEPRIVED, HOPELESS -
 I AM
 WHAT MEN OF WISDOM CALL
 a man -

IN THE WORLD OF MEN
 WHO READ & WRITE,
 ILLITERATES
 ARE CONDEMNED MEN.
 THE CHILD LIFTS A PENCIL
 LIFTS THE CONDEMNATION
 HE WRITES (WITHOUT KNOWING)
 a human future.

When a child is poor
 AS THIS CHILD IS POOR
 ONLY THE MARVELOUS RIGHT
 HAND
 (OR THE LEFT, IT MAKES NO
 DIFFERENCE)
 CAN SPELL OUT
 THE CRUCIAL ADDITION -
 $\text{MIND} + \text{PLUS HAND}$
 $\text{EQUALS} = \text{MAN}$

I HAVE CRAWLED OUT
 HOPELESS, IGNORANT
 INTO SUNLIGHT -
 TO SCRAWL LABORIOUSLY
 NOT MY POOR NAME -
 BUT
 PLATO, - SHAKESPEARE
 MILTON!
 MEN; TAKE NOTICE
 I AM AT LAST
 ONE OF YOU.

White sails shaking





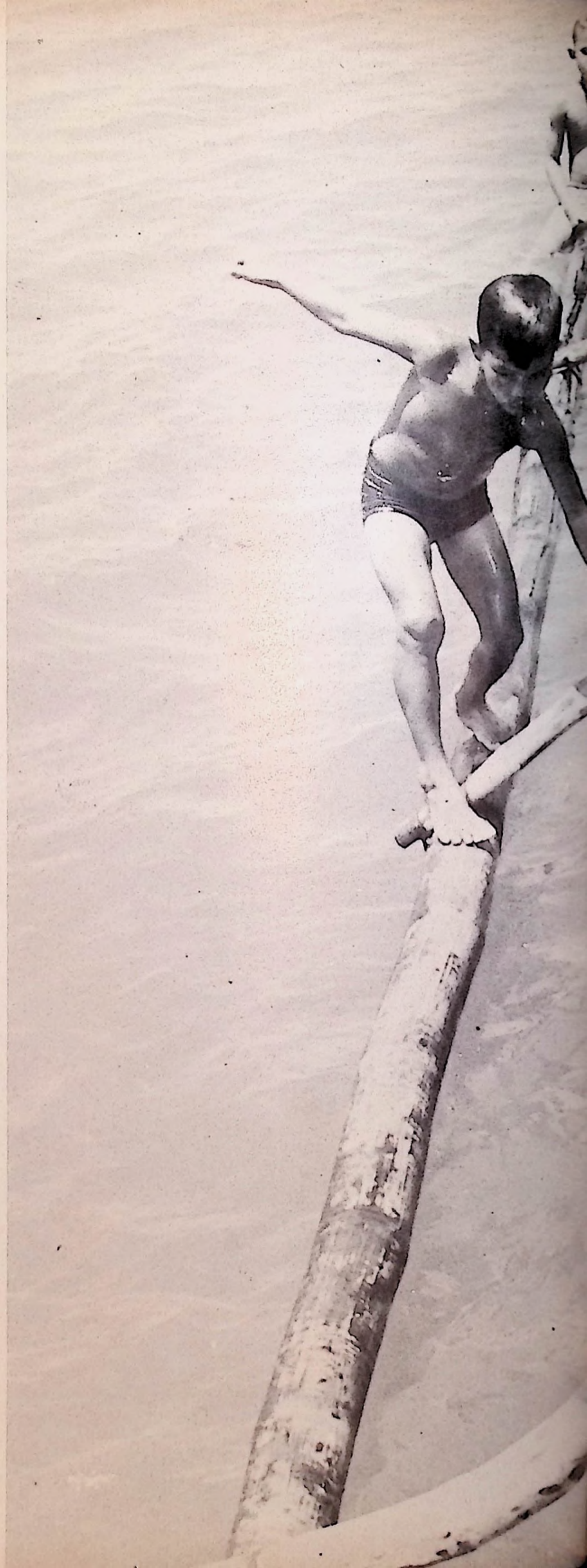
"... and all I ask is . . . the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking . . ."

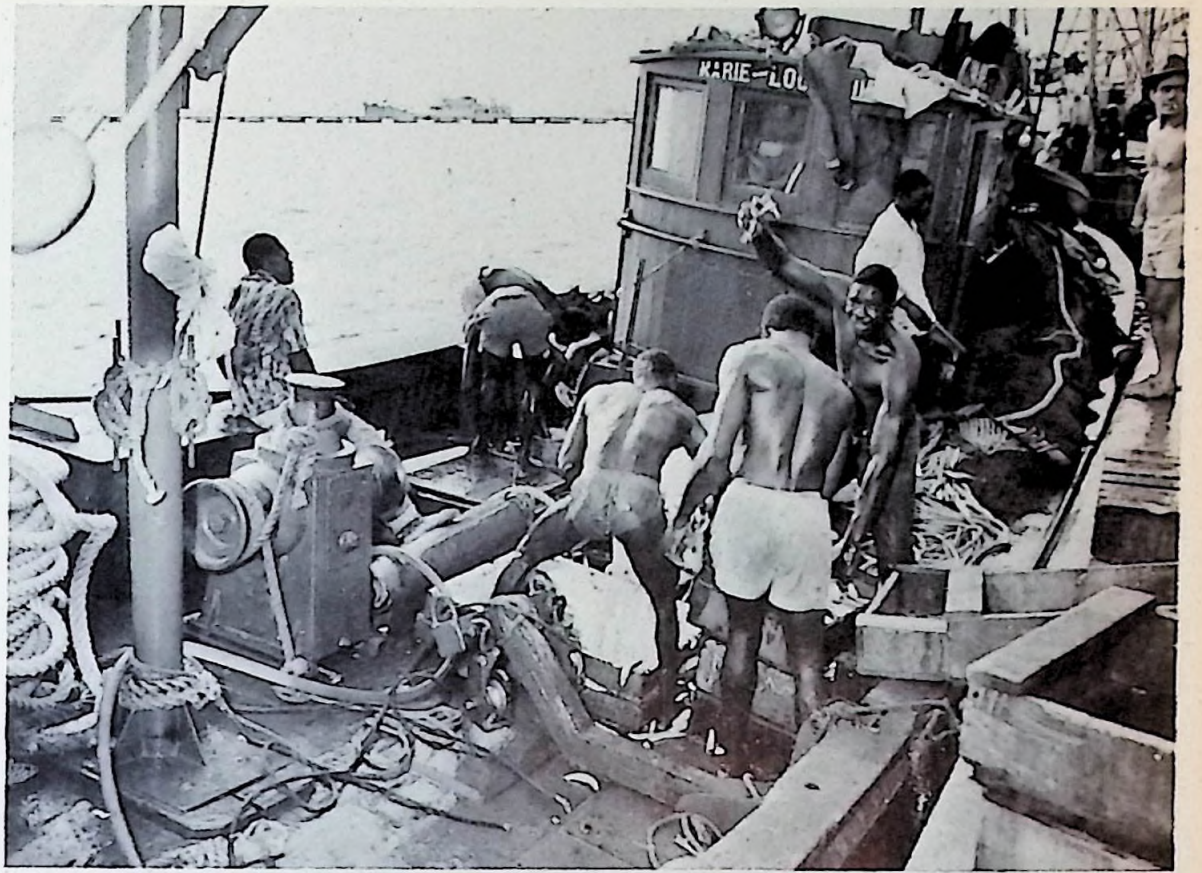
JOHN MASEFIELD

"Then God said: 'Let the waters below the heavens be gathered into one place, and let the dry land appear.' And so it was. God called the dry land Earth and the assembled waters Seas" . . .

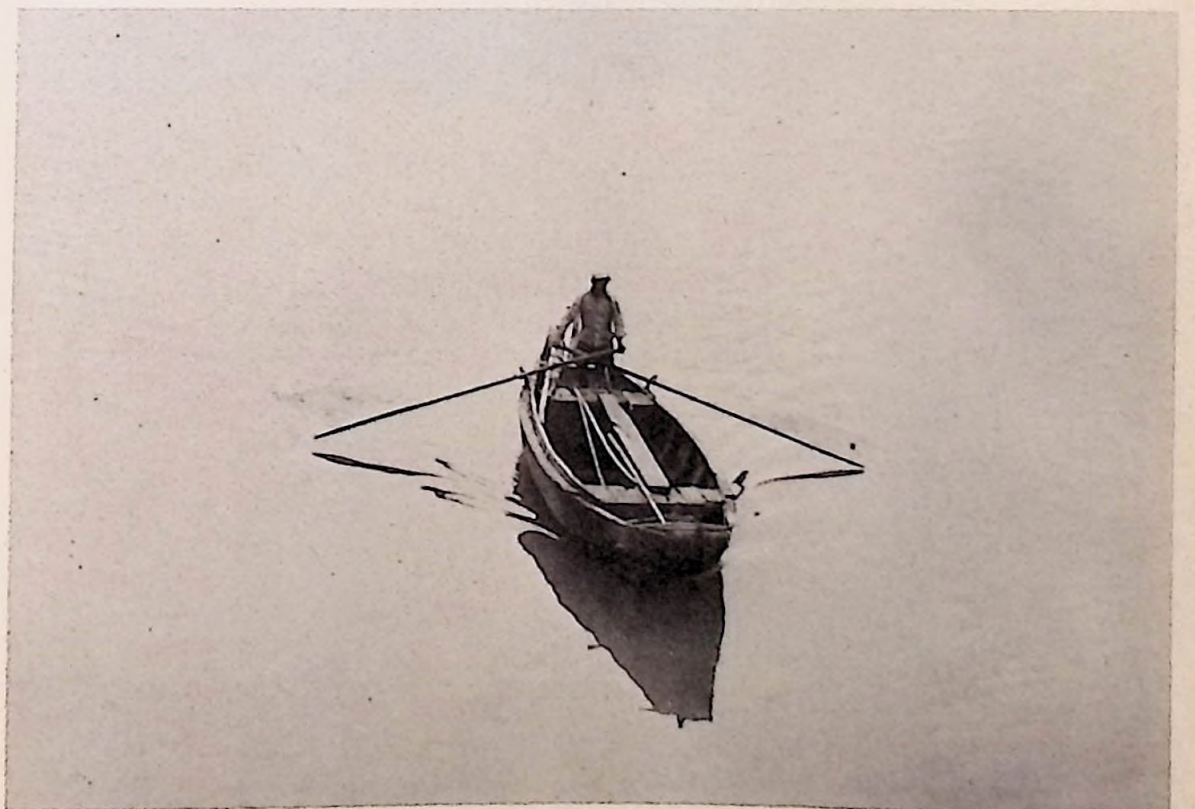
So it was in the beginning, so it is now. Man, though gill-less, has always remained a half-land, half-sea creature. For the waters have wealth and challenge: wealth that is there for the taking of anyone who will labor; the challenge of setting out in a misty dawn (left) for a country always familiar yet always undiscovered . . . The waters capture those around the world who are closest to the roots of living. And while they are one with the waters, they are in a locked-off world of their own—whether it is the rough oil-and-steel world of a freighter pausing for breath in Keelung, Formosa, or the quiet river world of an Arab in the age-old "gufa" (a basket, heavily tarred) of Iraq's Euphrates, or the play world of two lads at ease in their own miniature dugout among the waters of the Philippine's Sulu archipelago.

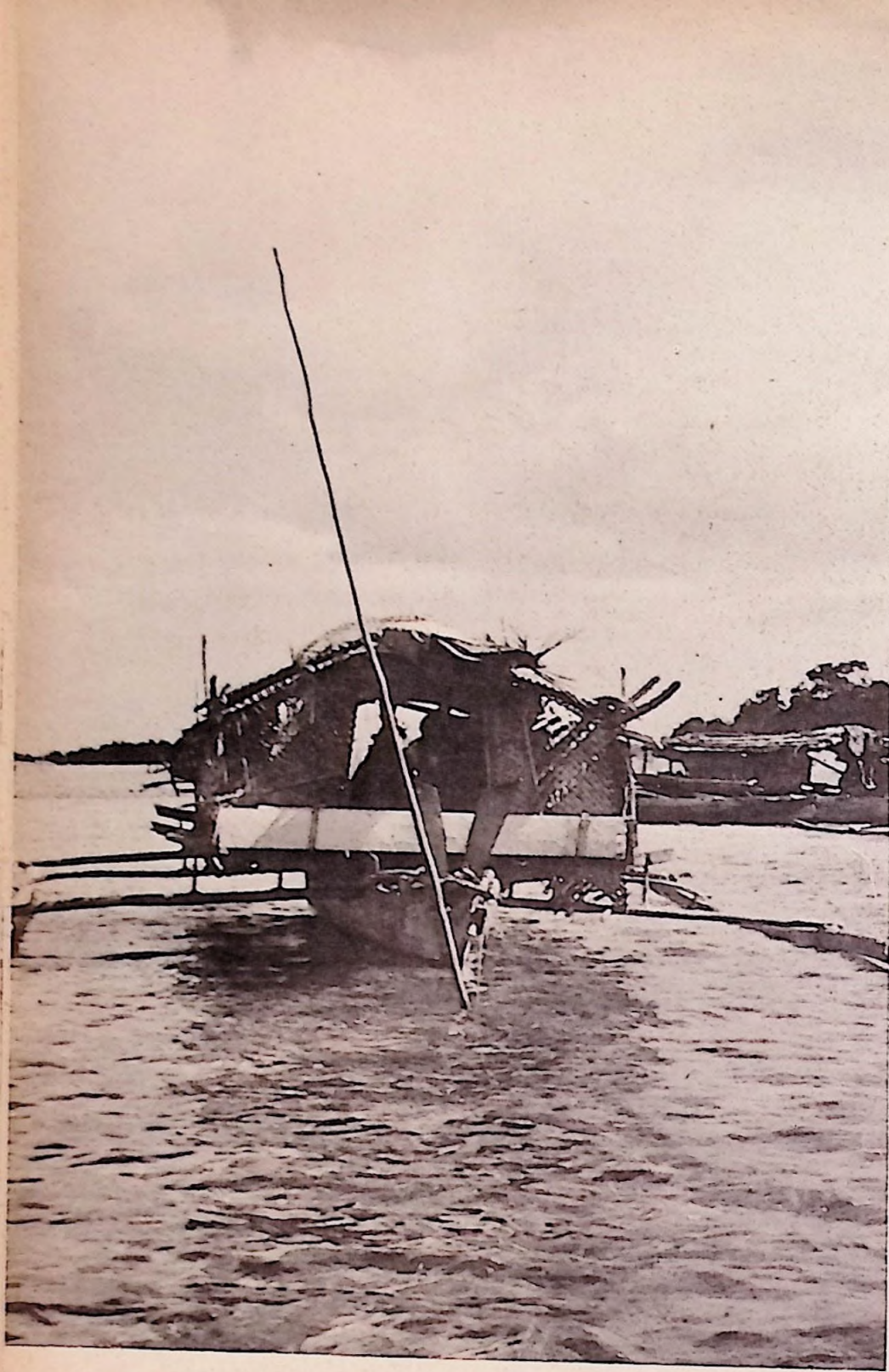


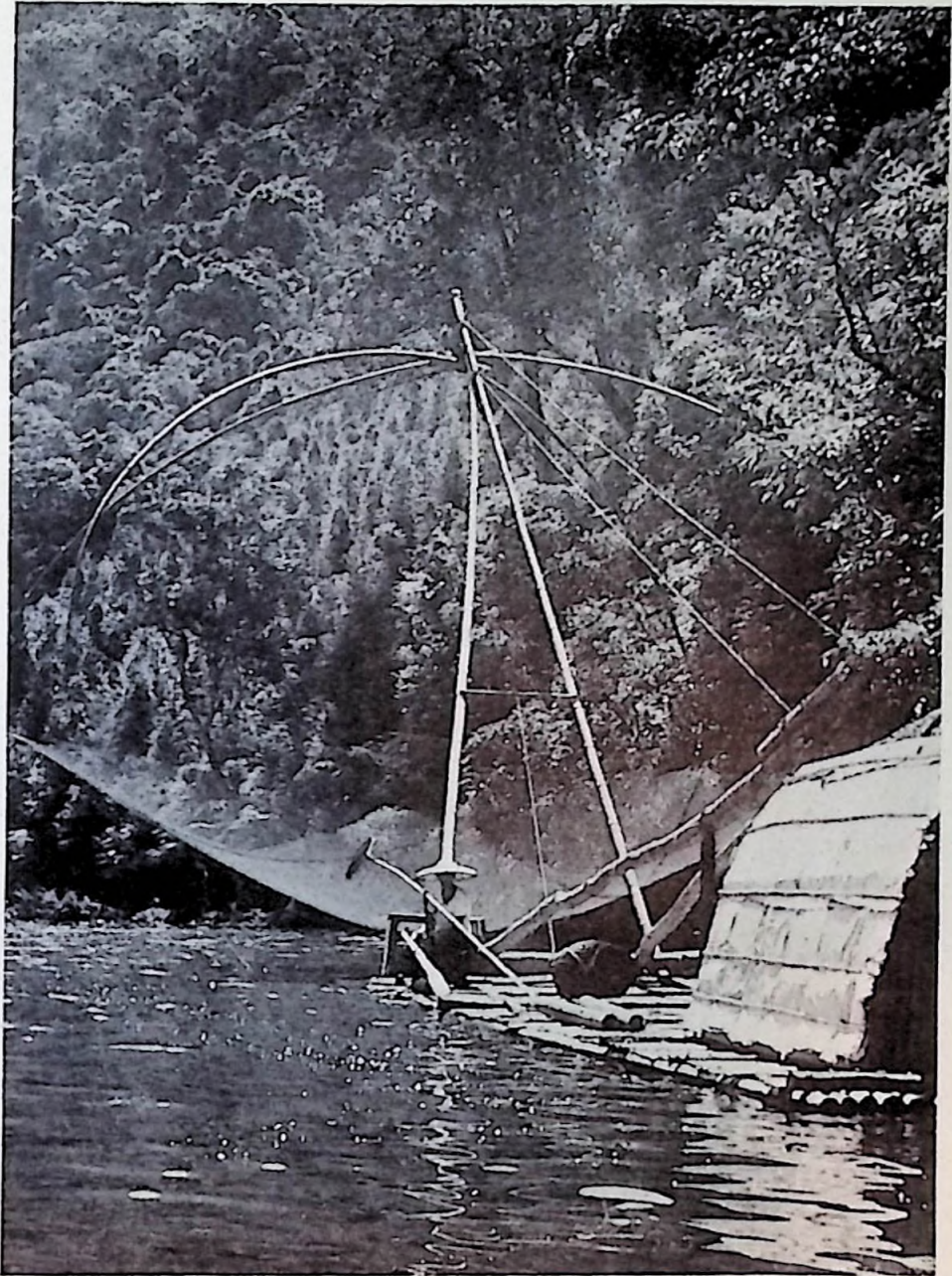




***For the children, boats are play—
they frisk and grin while their elders strain
at the drudgery of beaching a craft in Ceylon, they
clamber about the outrigger of a Pacific "banca."
But the children grow up and learn that this is work:
long hard hours working as a team over the catch
on Africa's Ivory Coast; or long dragging hours alone
for a cargo boatman at the river-mouth leading
into the Taiwan Straits.***







***Some folk not only work from,
but live on, their boats—***

***as do the Badjaos, the sea-gypsies, off Tawi-tawi
near North Borneo's eastern coast (upper left).***

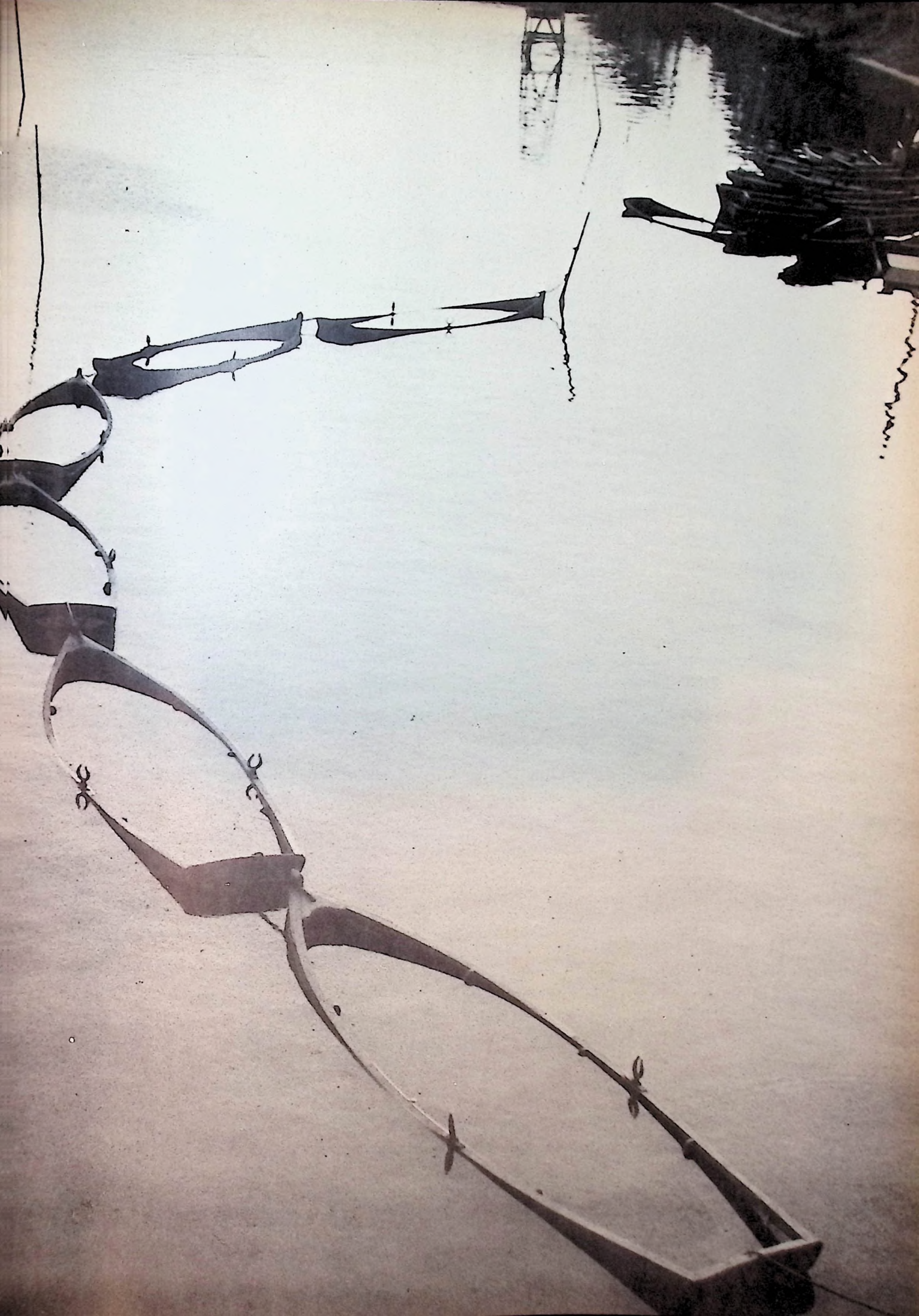
***For some, a boat is a water-taxi for commuting to and
from work, as for clerical workers, parasoled
against the sun, on a river in Thailand. Still others—
on Alaska's Bering Sea—ironically use walrus-hide
launches to get to the walrus-hunting grounds.***

***A slow dapple of sunlight and shadow pulses the long
hours of net-fishing from a raft on
Taiwan's man-made Sun Moon Lake.***



Life with wind and wave is often exhilarating

(when a schooner breasts swirling coastal waters, above) or strenuous (when one must untangle lines and furl sail). And for the missionary (lower left, on a river packet in Burma) there is everywhere the need of somehow becoming one with these varied water worlds and their isolated peoples until, as do their craft (right, boats in water storage, Japan), the men—at the end of a season, or of a life—may come to a deserved peace.





THE YOUNG MAN AND THE SEA

Daniel Berrigan S. J.

When God shows His power
He shows a lightning bolt
or a sea wave
or a mountain, perilous and serene.

But most truly, God shows His power in man—
man the question mark, the exclamation point,
the one who marvels, the one who says *yes!*—
the one who calls a halt. The one who pauses,
to examine a flower, to lift a burden, to greet a friend.
The one who stands at the edge,
unfulfilled, unsatisfied
himself a verge, an edge, a taking off point.

Most in character, most himself, standing
where the land leaves off, and the sea begins—
fisherman, swimmer, builder of ships,
the one who says, and cannot be gainsaid—
I know the formula; two arms, two legs, no gills.
A land creature, yes; but don't limit me to that!

(While He was walking by the sea, He saw two brothers
casting their net **into** the water. They were fishermen,
so Jesus said to **them**, **Follow Me, I will teach you**
to be fishers of men.

At once they left their nets and followed Him.)

It was not always easy or simple.

The sea is treacherous; it fights back
like history, like time itself, like human wills.

So—let us try men in a storm, God said.

They will have plenty of that; they may as well learn.

(He went aboard a boat and His disciples followed.

Before long a terrific gale sprang up and the boat was awash.

**Jesus was sleeping soundly; the disciples went forward
and awakened Him.**

Lord, save us, they cried. We are drowning!

What are you frightened of, you of little faith?

Then He stood, and rebuked the wind, and there came a great calm.)

A calm always follows—or almost always.

One thinks; faith is not that easy, that neat—

a question and then an answer, a storm and then a miracle.

Sometimes, but not always;

(Peter stepped from the boat and walked on the water, toward Jesus.
But when he saw the fury of the wind
he panicked and began to sink—Lord, save me!
Jesus reached out His hand—
What made you lose your courage like that? what little faith!
Then they climbed into the boat and the wind dropped.)

After He died

He came to them again, in an upper room,
and ate a broiled fish before their eyes.
Imagine! the same Master, the same longing—
a taste for fish and honeycomb, a love of their company.
But the fish—ironic and gentle detail—
had they caught it that day, had they brought it from market?
Anyway, they did not believe yet—
He had been dredged up too, out of the land's groin.
He came to them once more, by the sea. This time
the meal was His surprise.

**(At sight of Him, Peter plunged into the sea and swam ashore.
When they had landed, they saw a charcoal fire burning,
with a fish placed on it, and some bread.
Then Jesus said to them, come and have breakfast.
He took the bread and gave it to them, and the fish as well.)**

He loved the sea, landman as He was,
a Man of the soil, Man of the village,
a Man who had His country by heart, its landscape
and colors and seasons.
He was born of its people, He could turn a Jewish phrase.
He loved the land. In death, a great rock of Judea sealed Him fast.

But the sea! fishermen were His followers.
He would make of them 'compleat anglers'.
(Come, I will make you fishers of men.)
Would Peter ever unlearn his fisher's trade?
In any case, he must learn a shepherd's trade;

**(If you love Me more than these others,
feed my lambs, care for my sheep, feed my sheep.)**

Three times He conferred the charge (to repair, someone said,
the three denials). God says;
Never leave a man who has erred, nursing yesterday's wounds,
as though to say, of course I forgive you
but things will never be quite the same!
No; make the pardon Godlike; make it final.
Strike out *no* with *yes*; make Peter a shepherd.

But a shepherd at sea?

In any case, there are other sheep; on the Greek headlands,
in the Roman market place. And the sea is between;
cast off then, into the deep.
Let the shepherd die tending a foreign flock.
Carve his bones to a shepherd's crook,
weave his flesh to a sail,
to a banner, to knowledge, to newness; a web
too fine for escape, too strong for the centuries' rotting!



ICE AND FIRE: A LOVE STORY



The Little Sisters of Jesus, following Charles de Foucauld in giving example through loving, hope to melt the ice of Eskimo poverty through their own fire of love.

To live among the poor—and love them. This is the beautiful vocation of the Little Sisters of Jesus.

Nearly 30 years ago the women who were to become the nucleus of the future Little Sisters of Jesus left their homeland, France, for Africa. They had then no idea of starting a new Order or of writing a rule of life. They simply wished to live the life of the North African poor.

Their inspiration was Charles de Foucauld, the legendary French convert, who had served as an officer in the French Foreign Legion and had later returned to Morocco as a civilian, first to explore and map the unknown southern Sahara, then to live among, and serve, the Mohammedan tribes. He died there in the desert, a witness of love, toward the close of World War I.

These other witnesses, following simply in his footsteps 30 years ago, have become the Little Sisters of

Jesus (and co-ordinate groups of Little Brothers, too), spending themselves among the Bedouin, in the stifling alleys of Cairo, in Washington, Montreal, Chicago, in Israel and Kenya, among the segregated of Johannesburg—and in the fishing villages of Alaska. Wherever, near or far, the image of the poor Christ shines out from the many faces of need, the Little Sisters and Little Brothers are there. They actively seek the urban poor, the victims of monotony and loneliness, the residue which affluent societies spawn—and forget. The poor are their task and their joy.

In Alaska their fire of love counters the ice of the land and the ice of Eskimo poverty. They live and work with the Eskimos of King Island village near Nome.

Last summer Father James Cotter of *Jesuit Missions* spoke with

In the heart of the Eskimos' King Island village, the Sisters with their own hands built their own home (below, cross on door) and an attached chapel. The Sister who is seen sewing (at right) has become, by happenstance and unexpectedly acquired know-how, the community carpenter.



*"When you did it
to one of the least of my brethren,
you did it to me . . ."
If one stops to think that these
words came from uncreated Truth,
from the lips that said,
"This is my body . . .
this is my blood",
how powerfully one feels drawn
to love Jesus in these, his friends.*

Charles de Foucauld

the Sisters of their work among the Eskimos.

How did you come to move into your present home?

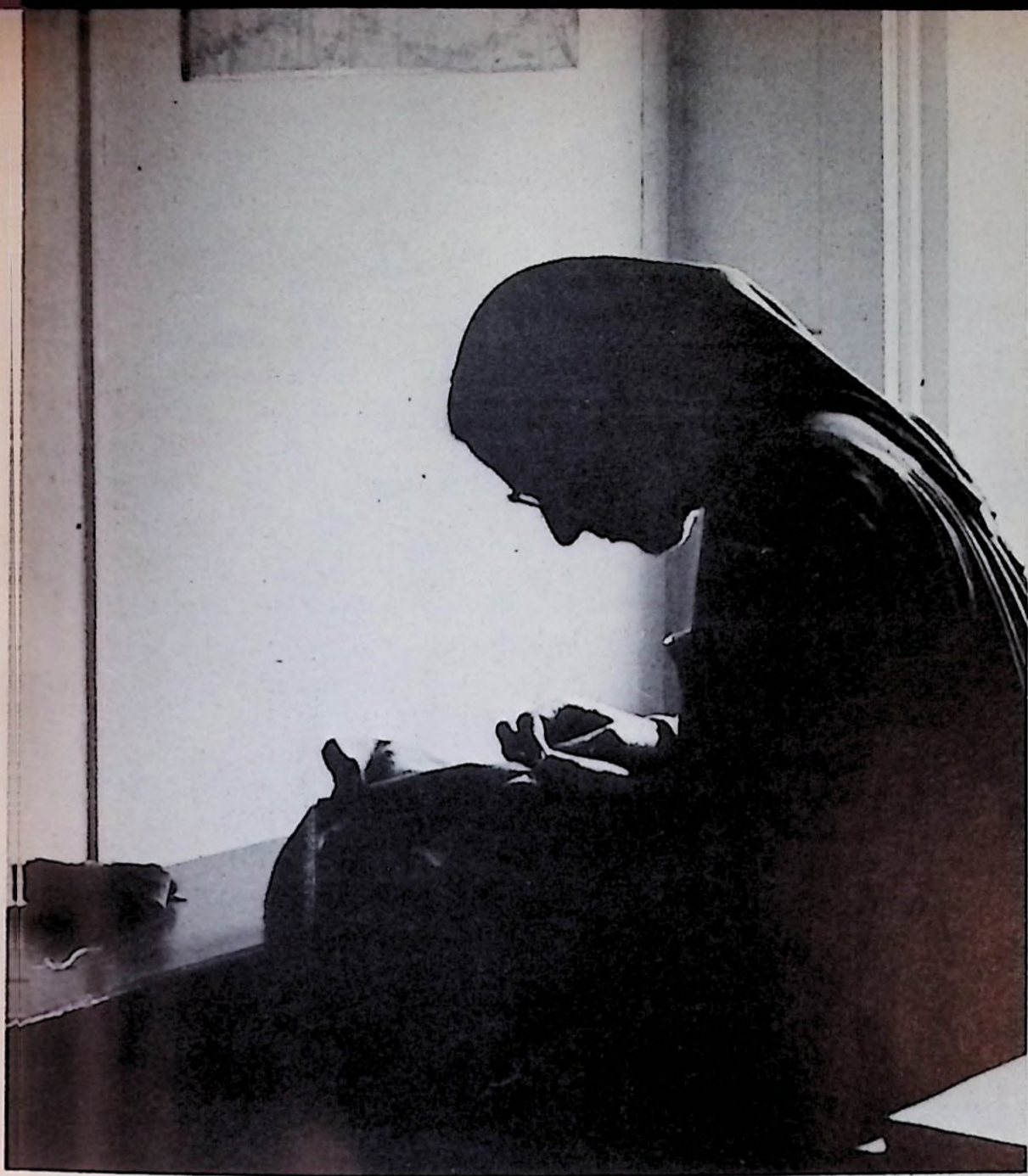
"When we arrived in Nome four years ago, we lived first in town with the White people. The Catholics were very nice to us; but it was hard, because when we told them we wanted to live in the Eskimo village, they did not want us to move. But we insisted that this was why we had come to Nome—to live with the Eskimo people. Of course, we had no money; we had borrowed money from a Father in Edmonton to pay our passage—and we knew we had to pay it back. So in Nome we went to work—doing housework, working in a laundry. Then someone gave us an old shack, just walls without ceiling or floor, and someone else moved it to the middle of the Eskimo village. We then built our own home by repairing the shack, enlarging it

and adding a little attached chapel. A carpenter in town showed us how, since we didn't know anything about building."

Do you teach the people in the village?

"No, Father, by our rule we do not teach or carry on any direct apostolic activity. We 'stand as delegates in prayer'. Our vocation is to be present, present to God in prayers for others and at the same time to be present to all people of the world, and to love all men. There are so many people who have no one to love them. . . . Of course, if someone asked us about God, then we would speak of the One we love. But we do not have classes or schools. We are here to show God's love by living in the midst of the people and showing our love for one another and for the people."

Has your living among the Eskimos changed their lives?



"But, Father, we do not try to exchange the Eskimos; we love them for what they are. Since we love them, we long for their happiness and work for them. . . . But some good things do happen. When we came to the village, it was very poor and so were we; the people knew we had no money. They knew that when we need something done, we have to do it ourselves—and they saw us setting to work to build our own house. Then when it was finished, they came to see it—and one woman said: 'Oh, I wish I had a house like this one; it's so clean and nice'. Little by little things have improved in the village since then; everything now is much better."

How do you show your love for the Eskimos?

"When you love your father or mother, when they love you, no one needs to say anything; it is understood. We do not need to tell people

that we love them; they can see it. In Nome there is a racial problem: the White community in the city and the Eskimo community in King Island village are quite separate—and the Eskimos have an inferiority complex. But we have been living with them by choice for 12 years now."

Do you work with the Eskimos?

"Oh, yes. For instance, we've just returned from fishing with the people. We made our own net, and we go out with the people in their boats and camp with them along the river estuary. In summer everyone gets the supply of fish for winter; we do, too. Afterwards, we dry our own fish and store them."

Does your religious life have any effect on the villagers?

"Well, Father, we have the Blessed Sacrament in our little chapel because we have an hour of adoration before It every day. To

have the Blessed Sacrament in the village is a great sign of God's love for the people. At first, we had Mass only once a week, now we have it every day—and some of the villagers come to Mass in our house every day. Once we went to Diomedes for a month and when we came back, the people said: 'Oh, we could not come to the house because He was not there.' They did not say because we were not there, but because Christ was not. If the Blessed Sacrament is there and we are really faithful to our prayer, then little by little people come and spend time in adoration. So love grows."

Do you not find it hard to continue loving these people, especially if they do not show love for you?

"But we do not want to be loved back! That is not why we love. . . . But actually, the Eskimos have accepted us. They saw from the beginning that we loved them and were trying to live their life as closely as we could. Everywhere it is the same. When you love someone, they see it; they give your love back."

When they were in Montreal, one of the Sisters gave a flower to a woman one day. She cried: "This is the first flower I have ever received." Just that one happiness brought to one person, the Sisters say, would have justified their coming to Montreal.

But had anyone ever given *them* a flower?

"Oh, they do, they do". . . and they showed a flower someone had just given them.

"We have too much, too much. . . . Even though we try hard to be like the poor, we can never really understand what it means to be poor, to be alone and not loved."

WORLD POVERTY AND THE CHRISTIAN CONSCIENCE

BARBARA WARD

With passion and great compassion
the noted author and journalist, Barbara Ward,
addressed the recent Catholic Press Convention
on Christian responsibility to the world's poor.

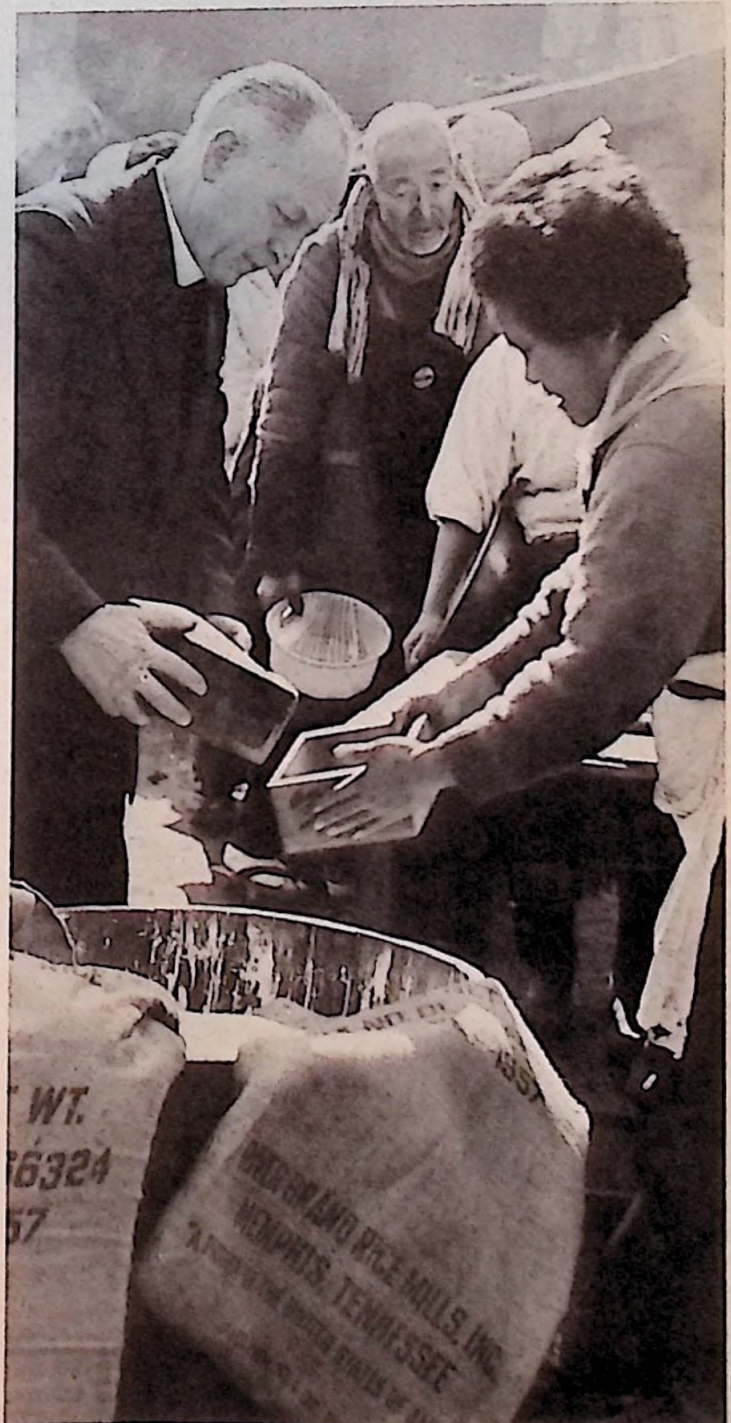
On the whole, these days, economic assistance to the poor nations does not get a very good press. Senators vote to end it. Public opinion is reported to be sick of it. Tales of failure receive more publicity than reports of success. Most people have a vague impression of money lavished on unscrupulous generals or capital aid stashed away in Swiss banks by canny Latinos. Most people have a feeling that the first thing an Arab will do if you give him aid under Public Law 480 is to burn down the nearest American library. Above all, the continued argument that aid is necessary to check Communism begins to rub thin as aid goes on and Communism goes on as well.

I believe that a lot of this popular impression is factually unbalanced. Much of the misbehavior of Asian generals has to be attributed to the uncertainties of military, not economic aid. And over by far the largest programs in Asia—in India and Pakistan—no shadow of military corruption rests. Strategic policies may not always be acceptable but personal honesty is absolute. Against the continuing propensity of some wealthy Latin Americans to transfer funds to safekeeping overseas, one has to set the startling social changes of the last decade in South America, during which the Catholic Church has emerged in many areas as the champion of social change, reforming constitutional governments have been voted into power and more crucial economic change in the shape of tax and agrarian reform have been voted than in any previous period.

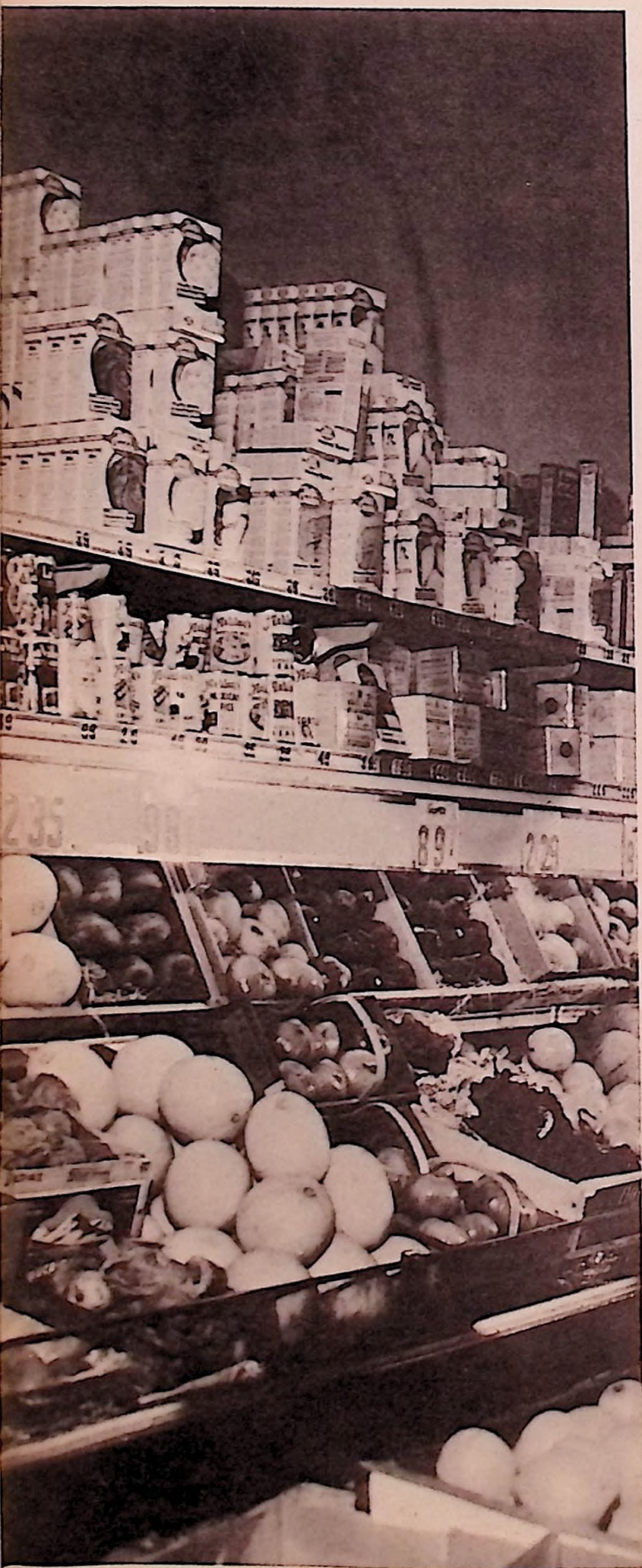
Above all, as usual with our strange biased view of what makes news, nobody seems interested in the success stories. Rumors of Communist plots in Kenya reach the headlines. But who has studied the extraordinary story of the successful purchase and transfer, with British and World Bank assistance, of a million acres of European-held farm land to African settlement? We all know that India and Pakistan stand poised for war in the Rann of Kutch. But how many people realize that aid to Pakistan has made possible one of the economic success stories of Asia over the last five years? Economies growing at 5 per cent a year, tube wells bringing water to the desert—who reads about them? Only if farmers stage a violent agrarian revolt shall we hear about it—and with it, about “the failure of foreign aid”.

But I do not want to discuss the details. We are men and women, with, I presume, a moral stake and a moral commitment in the mysterious, dynamic and destiny-laden venture of human society. I presume too that if we consider all the possible meanings of “moral commitment” one fundamental feature of commitment cannot be ignored. This is the factor of *responsibility*. No Christian society, indeed no humane or ethical society can survive if people do not accept the consequences of what they do. To strike blindly, and continue in voluntary blindness, to damage in ignorance and not to be ready with reparation, to be indifferent to the results of our own actions—all these are the hallmarks of irresponsibility and hence of immoral action. And the thing that worries me about so much of our discussions about economic assistance, about the transfer of resources from rich nations to poor nations is the degree to which this basic question of responsibility is ignored.

“Ours is the only culture in which, with passion, with indignation, with a wrath that calls to Heaven for vengeance, the wealthy and affluent have been summoned to face their responsibilities for the poor.”



"Today we Christians have no alibis. At the judgment seat, caustic Seraphim will point out that our bill for drinks and cosmetics alone was tenfold higher than our works of assistance."



Christians cannot ignore it. Long before science and technology made us physically one in our small planetary society—our little space ship of soil and air which carries us bravely through infinity—we could not doubt that we are “members one of another” and the brotherhood of all human beings means precisely what it says—the responsibility of all of us for our neighbor—man.

In a world society in which hate is institutionalized in war and self-interest in our web of economic relations, we can hardly survive unless we also institutionalize the moral needs of man—for community, for compassion, for dedication and, let us not fear the word, for love. If Christians are not particularly aware of these dimensions of world order, if responsibility for them ends on an arbitrary set of geographical frontiers; then it is difficult not to conclude that the particular task to which they are destined—to savor as salt, to leaven as yeast, to shine forth as a city set on a hill—will be nullified, and in the striking phrase of the Lord Himself, they will be “fit to be cast into the privy”.

So let us accept a particular vocation of responsibility and then try to define it in its worldwide context today. I want to pick out three strands—the first, the Western responsibility for the simply staggering revolution of science and technology which is now sweeping all mankind into a single modernized, economic and social system. The second is the Western responsibility for the form in which this revolution first reached the majority of mankind—the form of open or disguised colonial control. And the third is the disparity between the fully modernized members of world society and the developing countries which, until the day before yesterday, were more or less under their political and economic control. To put it bluntly, it is almost without exception the Christian—or, should one say, post-Christian?—societies that are exceedingly rich, while nearly everyone else is exceedingly poor. Between nations with a per capita income of between \$1,000 or \$2,800 a year—largely around the North Atlantic—and two-thirds of humanity with incomes per head of less than \$200, the abyss in amenities, opportunity, comfort, food and health is as great as the biblical gap between Dives and Lazarus. (And we know what happened to them!)

I will not delay you long with historical details. Science and technology *might* have developed in another culture or civilization. In fact, it was in Western Europe, the Christian society par excellence, that interest in science and the Puritan exaltation of work combined with some centuries of sharply competitive and profitable trade in Asia to produce the two basic elements of the modern method, savings on the one hand and on the other the technology into which capital could be poured to increase output and to set in motion the fabulous productivity of the new machines. This process has proved a continuous revolution of which the computer is only the latest phase. It is this all-embracing technological process which, after nearly two hundred years of trial and error, has given mankind the greatest tool of liberation since the discovery of fire and the hoe . . .

But the new capacity has been unevenly deployed. In the 19th century, Western capital, searching for minerals and foodstuffs and

tropical products, went out round the world opening up the mines and plantations, imposing colonial order or securing compliant governments to protect their investment and drawing territory after territory—from the sophisticated Parsee communities of Bombay to the peasants of the Ashanti—into the worldwide web of commerce and exchange. Modernization in Western form—both in method and ideas—was thrust upon willing and unwilling communities alike. But most of them came out of the process in the last decade or so with roughly the same pattern—that of “semi-modernization” . . .

This, of course, is naturally and inevitably an unstable condition. Modern ideas and aspirations come in through the modernized sector. The tiny educated elite becomes conscious of new opportunities. Yet the “dead” sectors (in farming, in industry) weigh the economy down. Modern health measures send the population up. Pressure on inadequate resources goes up with it. This is the very prescription for unrest—a population caught between new hopes and immovable traditions. Long before San Domingo blew up, the recipe for revolution had been written out—as it has in every other small economy, wholly dependent on fluctuating export prices and largely deprived of every opportunity either of improvement or self-help. It takes, apparently, ultimate despair to attract even our attention.

Then, of course, we cry “Communists”, and after Cuba we have every reason to. But why did the Communists get their chance in Cuba? Why are they active in San Domingo? These are not the fruit of sudden crises. They reflect the last rot in a generation of despair. If we exclaim now at the excesses and attribute everything to subversion, we deserve the comment Tom Paine made on those whom the bloody excesses of the French Revolution drove back into reaction. Of them he said: “They pity the plumage. But they forget the dying bird.”

And at this point we come back to the deeper dilemmas of prosperity. Between the average citizen of suburban America or Britain and a cane cutter in the fields of San Domingo, the gap is indeed as great as between Dives and Lazarus. This gap has always been the greatest challenge to the Christian conscience. Ours is the only culture in which, with passion, with indignation, with a wrath that calls to Heaven for vengeance, the wealthy and affluent have been summoned to face their responsibilities for the poor. If you read Ezechiel or Isaiah or Jeremias, you may come to believe that Karl Marx is only the last and by no means the toughest of the Jewish prophets. In the New Testament, the Lord is terrifyingly explicit about the judgments which will fall on those who do not feed the hungry or shelter the shelterless or clothe the naked or relieve the poor. St. James the Apostle even begins an Epistle—not, I think, often read on Sundays—with the cry: “Howl, ye rich”. The note of wrath to come, of judgment, of justice, of compassion, are unique in our culture and have launched across the face of the earth the unceasing, uncancelable search for human dignity and justice.

In the past the evangelical prescripts could not be fully achieved because surpluses were small and if the hungry were more than a few days' bullock-journey from a store of grain, they had to starve

“In the New Testament, the Lord is terrifyingly explicit about the judgments which will fall on those who do not feed the hungry or shelter the shelterless or clothe the naked or relieve the poor.”



"How clottish or dull we are at the suggestion that we too have a part to play in this transformation, and that we can hardly hope to storm Heaven from the second swimming pool or the third car."



since the bullock ate the grain en route. But today we Christians have no alibis. At the judgment seat, caustic Seraphim will point out that our bill for drinks and cosmetics alone was tenfold higher than our works of assistance. Nations whose wealth grows by four per cent a year cannot plead inability if one per cent of the gross national product is suggested as a yardstick for foreign aid. They are in fact asked only to grow richer a little more slowly between Christmas and Easter, a time which notoriously includes the penitential season of Lent. If this is sacrifice, if this is hardship, if this is a burden, then words have no meaning and the archangels themselves will weep.

No, as incidentally President Johnson has quoted again and again, "God is not mocked . . . We reap as we sow". We pile up our wealth year by year. We add to our national income. We keep our trade advantages to ourselves. We die of cirrhosis of the liver, of fatty degeneration of the heart, of lung cancer from our excesses. And just beyond the limit of our imagination, 20 children a day die in Kivu in the Congo because they are literally starved to death.

Christians cannot accept or tolerate these disproportions. In their private philanthropy they must find new ways of supporting all the great works of mercy and construction which missionary orders, voluntary agencies and non-governmental agencies are accomplishing all around the developing world. But above all in the Christian world—in every country of the Christian Atlantic world—they must become the embattled lobby for sustained public assistance on a rising scale to end the terrifying gap between rich nations and poor.

IF Ministers, members of parliament, congressmen, senators, deputies, Lords and Commons, are all acutely aware that the great voting public of Christian communities watch with lynx-like intensity their record on foreign aid, if behind aid can be rallied an irresistible, vocal lobby of supporters, if one of the fundamental efforts of the whole ecumenical movement can be to throw the weight of Christian conscience and commitment behind the effort of sustained, long-term economic assistance—in trade, in capital transfers, in technical assistance—if all this is done, we may yet redeem the vast exploding wealth of our societies, we may yet rise above the endless and sometimes trivial indulgences of our mass-market economy, we may yet prove that we have more than force with which to counter Communism, we may yet accept the profoundest and most lasting aspect of our Christian responsibility, which is to complete the physical and technical revolution of our day with a moral revolution as far-reaching and as fundamental to the life of man.

As Christians, how often we pray that the Holy Spirit "will remake the face of the earth." Yet how clottish or dull we are at the suggestion that we too have a part to play in this transformation, and that we can hardly hope to storm Heaven from the second swimming pool or the third car. Our new resources are, if we will, the instruments of a new society and a new liberation. But God does not act without us. We shall not re-create our earth by default. On the contrary we shall destroy it. In the age of nuclear plenty and nuclear destruction, "we must love each other or we must die."



THE SERVANT CHURCH IN EGYPT

H. C. Ayrout S. J.

It is no easy task to portray with any accuracy the condition of the Church in Egypt today. Caught up in change and the currents of world upheaval, it has become evident that the Egyptian Church must also seek out new paths of service, if she is to remain relevant in the new state. In this way her difficulties as well as her opportunities are joined to those of the Church everywhere.

Perhaps a short historic survey of the Church in the history of the country will serve as a proper prelude to an intricate theme. During the past century, stretching, let us say, from 1850 until the Revolution of 1952, we see the Church of Egypt consolidated, mainly with the help of European personnel. Religious congregations, notably the Brothers of the Christian school, the Daughters of Charity and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, came from Europe to begin their work at Alexandria and Cairo, mainly in schools. They were followed during the course of the 19th century by more than 40 other congregations of men and women.

These religious congregations, it should be noted, were especially concerned with the Europeans and other foreigners who came to Egypt from Lebanon and from Syria. Acting independently of the Coptic Orthodox hierarchy, they sought permission of their own

bishops to minister to their congregations. In fact, these new members and leaders of the Church wished to establish a Christianity which would be separate and autonomous. The result was a strongly occidental church which was made up of many nations and which was not necessarily Egyptian.

A Latin Hierarchy was installed as early as 1839. The other oriental communities, such as the Greek Catholics and the Marionites, the Armenians, Syrians and Chaldeans, were organizing themselves also. As early as 1741 the Coptic Catholics had created their own Hierarchy and by 1895 had their own Patriarchate in Egypt.

By the end of the 19th century, a time of peace and prosperity between the beginning and end of the dynasty of Mohammed Ali, the Church in Egypt counted about 230,000 believers. The faithful were extraordinarily well served by their clergy and religious, especially in the enormous growth of Catholic schools. Thus by 1950 there were more than 600 priests and 2,300 nuns working in Egypt. It is worth noting in passing that less than 10 percent of these were Egyptians. There were 15 hospitals, numerous and magnificent churches and more than 100 schools. Some characteristics in the Church worth noting, in the light of the new changes in the State, were

the strong tendency to remain in European communities, to speak their own language rather than Arabic, to live in cities rather than in the villages, and to build up prosperous institutions which would serve the non-Egyptian. Thus it was not surprising that their influence on Egypt could not be called great.

But this situation has totally changed since the revolution of 1952. Great numbers of foreigners have left the country. This exodus from Egypt was quickened after the Suez Canal crisis of 1956, and the exodus became a panic rush in 1960 when the decrees of nationalization were promulgated. These changes can be clearly seen in the statistics. In 1956 there were 120,000 Greeks in Egypt. Six years later there were no more than 40,000, and the departures are still continuing. In Alexandria the number of foreigners dropped in 10 years time from 125,000 to 22,000. In Cairo the proportion was even greater. In 1963 there were no more than 600 Frenchmen left in all of Egypt, although in 1917 there had been some 21,000. And it should be noted that the numbers of those still remaining do not tell the whole story. They have been stripped of most of their influence and position in monetary and governmental circles.

Should this abrupt departure of the foreign population be interpreted as a kind of persecution? The question is a complex one, and difficult to answer accurately. Certainly there were elements of nationalism in the rise of the new State and this strong spirit of Egyptian pride is totally comprehensible when one understands what the country endured in a century of colonialism. With the rise of nationalism we must link the rise of *Arabic* nationalism, a complicating factor to say the least.

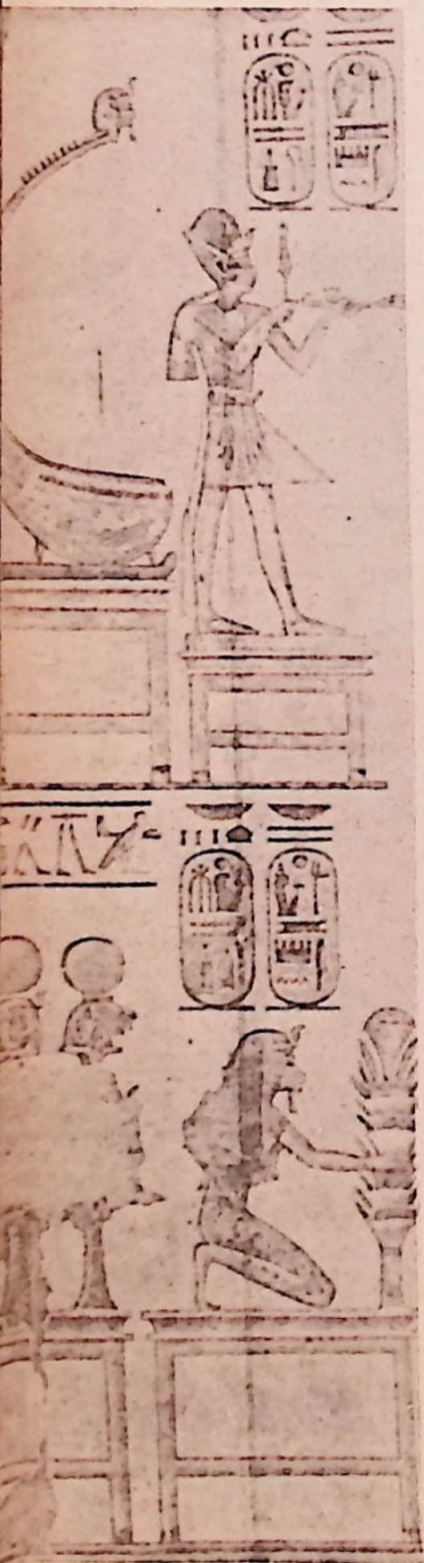
The Christians of non-Egyptian origin soon shrank to negligible minorities. There remained 35,000 Catholics and about the same number of Greek-Orthodox. Coptic Catholics numbered about 100,000 and the Protestants,

always well organized and quite viable, counted nearly the same number of faithful.

The mentality of the remaining European missionaries also underwent a change. They began to cast off the old feudalism which had been able to justify itself with 50 or more years of colonial activity and to begin to think more seriously and concretely of cooperation with and assistance to the country itself. This new outlook, of course, posed an immediate dilemma. If Catholics were to become more Egyptian, what indeed would happen to them? If they went to the other extreme and continued to identify themselves with Christian culture as it had grown up in the West, they would surely separate themselves from the soul of Egypt. The choice was a difficult one. Should they become a leaven within the mass—or remain a leaven apart, which would defeat the notion of “Leaven”?

The solution, it seems to me, must be sought in somewhat the following direction. The Catholic Church in Egypt must become the servant of Egypt. It must show itself as a community of service within the new State community. Opportunities for service open up in many directions. In the educational field the influence of the Roman Catholics in Egypt is proportionately much greater than their numbers. And this is true not only in the large cities, but also in the villages today. Now, however, since Independence and the formation of a new government, new directions open up to these schools. The Catholics in general must limit the conversion mentality and must think rather of conferring a new soul on the new Egypt.

A second aspect of the Church of service must look to the Moslem majority of our country. Of what service can the Catholic Church be to their Moslem brethren? In the history of Egypt, generally, the conversion of Moslems to Catholicism has not turned out well. Moslem converts, cut off from the culture around them and their family milieu,



find integration in the Church very difficult. Still, there are other opportunities of approach. One thinks especially of the schools of the Catholic Church which have left an indelible impression on their Moslem students and have created a kind of Christian "soul". But after all these years there are still very few lines of contact and few friendships between Christian and Moslem.

In government, the representative of the religion of the State, the situation of the Church is even more delicate. She is not represented there at all. She has no voice in public functions, in diplomacy, in the courts or in the Army. The public press, for the most part, ignores the Church, nor has the Church much influence in the communications field. The new government is marked by an almost total ignorance of things Catholic, a far cry from the time when it reflected an almost entirely European culture. Still, there is cause for hope. For example, many ministers and respected public servants are still sending their children to Catholic schools, and the new generation of Catholics are making a greater effort to integrate themselves into Egyptian life and to become competent in Arabic.

Catholics feel themselves, even in spite of themselves, drawn more and more toward public responsibility and careers in business and industry—and, at the same time, toward a new social ghetto. But this "split" will only occur if Christians refuse to infuse the new Egypt with Christian thought and the example of their lives, and refuse to be neighborly with their Moslem brethren who are in the majority. One thinks of the example of Charles de Foucauld in Africa—to give quiet witness to the Gospel every day of his life in Christian living among "others."

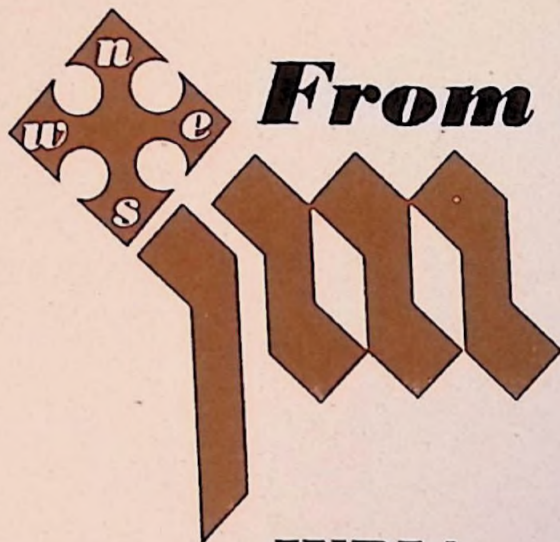
Egyptian Christians are being invited in this direction—to show themselves responsible, capable of friendship, loyal patriots, and at the same time firm, courageous and united in maintaining their faith and rights as Christians and citizens. This double position

will demand a profound knowledge of the Gospel and the willingness to abandon certain comforts and privileges. It will be necessary to die a little in order to live and to vivify. It will be necessary to mark out other paths in revolutionary Egypt. In a country on the move, the Church must also move in order to avoid becoming something of dead, past yesterdays. A very real "aggiornamento" is necessary.

Along new lines, one thinks of the YMCA and some Protestant organizations for social service. Such methods, and attitudes, are something we must acquire. Egypt in evolution has less need of schools, hospitals or technicians (as Nasser has said) than of men of action. And men of action, men on mission to humanity, is exactly a definition of the Church. It is presently the task of the Church here to discover through prayer, love and hard reflection her direction today on that magnificent mission: the continuation of the Incarnation of Christ in the Egypt of 1965.



President Nasser receives Greek-Byzantine Patriarch Maximos IV. Fr. Ayrout, at right, is rector of the Holy Family College in Cairo.



From all points

INDIA

Father Doyle Visits Missions

At last the mission procurator has an eye-witness acquaintance with the Canadian Jesuit missions. In February I arrived at Bagdogra Airport in the lower part of the Darjeeling Mission in north-east India. The plane from Calcutta also carried some of our students from North Point and Father Leo Forestell (Marmora, Ontario), prefect of St. Joseph College. When all the students were ready for the truck ride up to the college, I joined Brother Paul Robin (Winnipeg, Manitoba) in front for the four-hour drive into the Himalayan hills.

The clouds hung low and heavy, and rain came not surprisingly in a steady downpour before we were many minutes on the road. An hour later the rain stopped and the sun broke through splendidly. A gorgeous rainbow caught my eye; Brother Robin stopped the car so I could use my camera. The rainbow arched down from the vault of the sky into a valley a thousand feet below. At this spot, too, I saw for the first time the Kanchenjunga peak (28,000 feet) of the Himalayas, the snow on it glistening in the sunlight. Another picture!

Winter had not yet left the Darjeeling Region. That is not to say that snow was knee deep and temperatures below zero and the inhabitants equipped with fur toques and ear muffs. The temperature of a Darjeeling winter hovers between 25 and 35 above zero, and rises in the course of the day. But outdoors this area is always chilly; indoors it is unbearably so. The chill in the corridors strikes you defiantly, and in your room cloaks you around. It was a welcome comfort to cuddle up near the stove in the community room. These conditions also hold in Kurseong, 20 miles south and a thousand feet below Darjeeling's 6,400 feet level.

There are a number of non-Canadians attached to our Mission, and it was one of my outstanding pleasures to meet them. Before, these fellow Jesuits were simply names in the catalog. Many factors make our Mission a very difficult one. But everywhere, at our hill operations and in the plains, the missionaries—priests, scholastics, and brothers—attack their work with optimism and zest.

I had a private interview with each Jesuit in the Darjeeling area. I also interviewed our four seminarians at Patna: two are novices and two are doing college work. Across the country, at Pona near the western coast, I visited three other seminarians studying philosophy and theology. (One of these is Michael Parent, who graduated from Loyola in Montreal in 1959.) Enroute from Darjeeling to Bombay I visited the mission operations of Jesuits and other missionaries. It is my impression that the Church's challenge in India will remain hopeless unless a vastly increasing number of missionaries becomes available. Otherwise, the Catholic population will not even maintain itself at a bare 1% of the total population.

The problems of India are staggering. India's indescribable poverty registers immediately, and if one is not alert, exclusively. There are many factors that make it difficult to come to grips with this dismal economic condition. None knows this better than official India. Its efforts—and these are large scale—derive from compassion for the people and its official task to salvage them from outdated but deeply rooted economic attitudes. Its painstaking program for social and economic betterment of necessity takes into account the social and religious views of the people. But the fruits of this long-term program are not immediately evident.

Over the years Christian missionaries have made a sustained contribution bringing much energy, imagination, and material help. The Indian Government is genuinely appreciative of these much needed services. Democratic education, the Government realizes, is an absolute "must" in its program for economic progress. The schools of Christian missionaries make a fine contribution here.

His Excellency, Bishop Eric Benjamin, was generous with his time in helping me get to know his diocese, which embraces our Darjeeling mission. One weekend in particular will remain always in my memory, when we trekked by pony through a mountain forest for seven hours. We dismounted for a thousand foot descent and went up two thousand feet over tortuous paths. The ascent was a bit less trying, at least for me, though perhaps not for the chestnut pony carrying me.

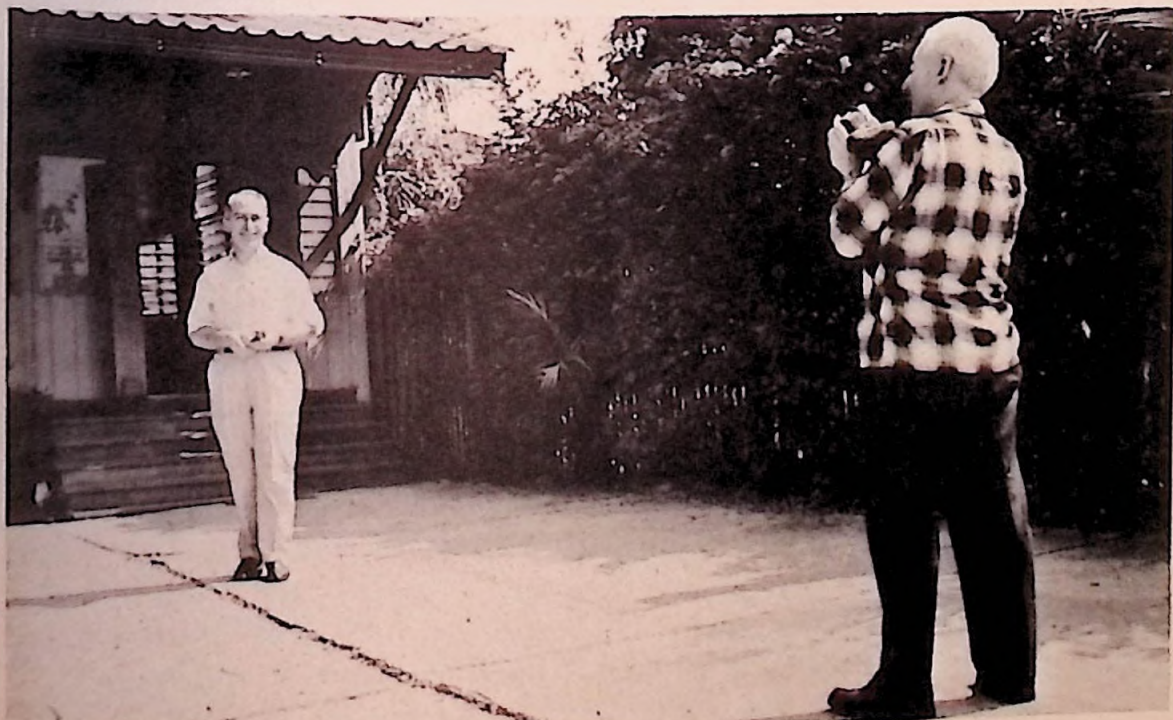
I arrived at Darjeeling a few days before Fr. W. Mackey (Montreal) and Brother Michael Quinn (Halifax) returned to our mission in remote Bhutan. Both were well and were busy getting supplies, including two live rabbits (meat is a rarity in Bhutan). Everywhere our missionaries were delighted to see me and it was an inspiring experience to live with them even for a short time.

WEST BENGAL

New University

The government of West Bengal (the Indian state containing the Darjeeling Mission) has launched North Bengal University. Our missionaries will be affiliated with it; the first effort will be to

Father Doyle on tour snaps Father Jacques Amyot in Bangkok. Father Amyot (Edmonton) heads the departments of Anthropology and Sociology at Chulalongkora University.



build a students' hostel (if we can raise the money).

Three of our men will be members of the Arts and Science division. Among them will be Father Maurice Stanford, formerly rector of St. Joseph's College in Darjeeling. The University has requested that Jesuits teaching there have degrees from universities outside India. Father Stanford has left India to study English literature at Marquette University in Milwaukee.

BHUTAN

King Jigmie

The king of Bhutan, Jigmie Dorji Wangchuk, takes a very active role in the affairs of his little country, amid the soaring mountains north of India. This is particularly true since last November when the king asked the prime minister to go on leave. Education stands high on the list of this energetic ruler, as our Canadian Jesuits in Bhutan can testify. Development also pushes along on other fronts. Indian experts are conducting a survey of the Chukha River for a hydroelectric project. The king has also arranged for expert agricultural aid for farming.

The Next Meal

Father William Mackey wrote recently from Bhutan, where he and Brother Michael Quinn have started a school.

"Most problems have been solved with the exception of how to get rice. We had hoped to get a regular monthly supply from the subdivisional officer. This has fallen through because he himself

needs fifty more tons a month for his 50,000 Nepali roadworkers. I still have enough for three weeks. After that we will be starving unless the government can come to our help. The subdivisional officer has sent in a request, so we hope to get supplies soon. Luckily I got rations for one month in advance. We used to get our rice from markets in Assam (in northeast India), but now this has been stopped."

CALCUTTA

A Better Poor House

Our wandering economist, Father James Berna, of Philadelphia, has turned up in the steaming capital of West Bengal, India. With him was Mr. J. C. Ryan. The pair direct a social institute in South India. It was Calcutta's desperate housing problem that brought the planners north. India's high birth rate, the trek of the unskilled from impoverished areas in hope of work in the city and the influx of refugees from Moslem East Pakistan have created a nightmare for the city's six million.

Father Berna and Mr. Ryan met with the Christian Credit Union and the Housing Coöperative to discuss methods for building low-cost dwellings on the outskirts of the city and making them available to the poor of the community.

HAZARIBAGH

Travel Travail

Father Joseph Kennedy, of Washington, D.C. and now of Jamshedpur, sends an Indian travel note.

"Several weeks ago I went to Hazaribagh—the place of the 1,000 tigers—to explain the Young Christian Worker movement to Jesuits in their final year of training. The train left Jamshedpur at 5 a.m. In the third-class car, wooden benches line the sides and another row runs down the center—rather like park benches. You never get completely comfortable, but at that hour everybody manages to doze off somehow.

"Two days later I came back by bus. This is much more scenic, but less comfortable because it is too scenic. The bus stops at every village along the way. At one named Chaibasa the weekly market was under way. Our bus driver took this opportunity to do his weekly shopping while we parked in the sun for about an hour. Ah, patience!"

A

Flower



Blooms



Linda Lee Davis

This month JM introduces Woman's World, a page of special interest to our many women readers. We begin by Dining with the Poor, bringing you recipes from mission countries around the world.



Schoolchildren eating Indian-style with their fingers. In India, plates are made of metal, but often banana leaves are used instead.

DINING WITH THE POOR

In India, the land of spice, the cuisine is rich and varied... but the poor man's diet is monotonous.

A poor man's dinner in India will be just what he had for breakfast and nearly the same every day. There will be chappaties or rice, lentils, vegetables, perhaps curds or fresh fruit in season. He will eat fish, if he lives near water. But, even if his religion allows him to eat meat, he can't afford it. This isn't quite so dull as it sounds, because there is a wide choice of vegetables in India, many unknown here. The flavor of each vegetable is brought out by currying it with a variety of spices freshly ground at home. Bland lentils or curds make a good foil for the fiery taste of the curry, and the fruit adds a refreshing note. If you would like to cook a typical Indian dinner, try the recipes below (serving 4).

For more about Indian cooking, read *The Art of Indian Cookery* by W. Kaufman and S. Lakshimanan. Amaury de Riencourt's *The Soul of India* interprets India's culture and its relation to the Western world. *St. Francis Xavier* by J. Broderick, S.J. gives an account of India at the time of the Saint's travels.

CHAPPATIES

Sift 1 cup of white flour and 1 cup of whole wheat flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt. Stir in 2 tbsps. melted butter and about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, enough to make a firm dough. Cover and let stand for one hour. Then knead and form into balls the size of golf-balls and roll out thin on board in round shape. Cook on ungreased, hot griddle. When lightly browned on one side, turn over and press down lightly with bowl of spoon, allowing chappati to puff. Brush with melted butter and serve at once.



Making chappaties, the flat bread that is the staple food of North and West India.

GOLDEN RICE

1 garlic clove, minced	1 tsp. turmeric
	2 cloves
1 small onion, chopped	1 tsp. ground cumin
	4 cups boiling water
2 tbsp. butter	or chicken bouillon
2 cups rice (raw)	

Cook onion and garlic in butter. Add spices and rice, and stir. Add water. Cook uncovered over low heat for about 25 min. or until rice is dry.

CURRIED VEGETABLES

Any vegetables can be curried; a combination of vegetables, such as potatoes and peas or eggplant and pimientos is particularly good.

2 onions, sliced	piece of stick
4 tbsp. butter	cinnamon
6 cardamon seeds	2 bay leaves
2 whole cloves	3 cups vegetables,
1 tsp. ground ginger	fresh or frozen
1 tsp. paprika	2 fresh tomatoes,
1 tsp. curry powder	peeled
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. garlic powder	water
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. turmeric	

Brown the onions, and then add the spices. Add the tomatoes, chopped up. Then, add the vegetables and water. Cover and cook on low heat until the vegetables are tender. This should be at least $\frac{1}{2}$ hour so that the flavor of the spices will penetrate the vegetables. Squeeze a little fresh lemon juice over the vegetables before serving.

EAST INDIAN FRIED SHRIMP

Shell and devein 2 lbs. shrimp. Grind together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup onion and 1 tbsp. green ginger root (if you can't get this, use half the amount of ground ginger), and spread this mixture on the shrimp. Sprinkle with salt and red pepper. Dip shrimp in fine cracker crumbs, then beaten egg, and then again in the crumbs and fry in deep hot fat. Drain and serve, with a squeeze of fresh lemon or lime.

ACTION AT HOME



**Regina
Saskatchewan**

For the students of Campion College High School, the second day of each school week is Mission Tuesday. This means generous help for us. Prayer for the missions is also included in their mission program.

**Midland
Ontario**

Martyr's Shrine, Midland, is on the site of the headquarters of the 17th century Jesuit missionaries. Its pilgrims now aid 20th century missionaries.

**Montreal
P.Q.**

The parishioners of St. Ignatius responded generously to Father Doyle's appeal on behalf of the Canadian Jesuits in Darjeeling and Bhutan.

- Alberta**
- British Columbia**
- Manitoba**
- New Brunswick**
- Newfoundland**
- N.W.T.**
- Nova Scotia**
- Ontario**
- P.E.I.**
- Quebec**
- Saskatchewan**

You can help our missionaries to tend the hungry, the homeless, the sick, to build churches, build and staff schools. Join the Canadian Jesuit Missions Monthly Society. Send any offering. We send monthly envelope. Write:



Rev. Thomas J. Doyle, S.J.
Darjeeling Mission Service
68 Broadview Ave.
Toronto 8, Ont.



Pictures that speak VI



***His face reamed
with the centuries' weathers
Buddha sleeps.
The sleep of a god
is dreamless, endless.
It is a web of death
seven times spun.
God raises man from death
but who shall resurrect a god?***