



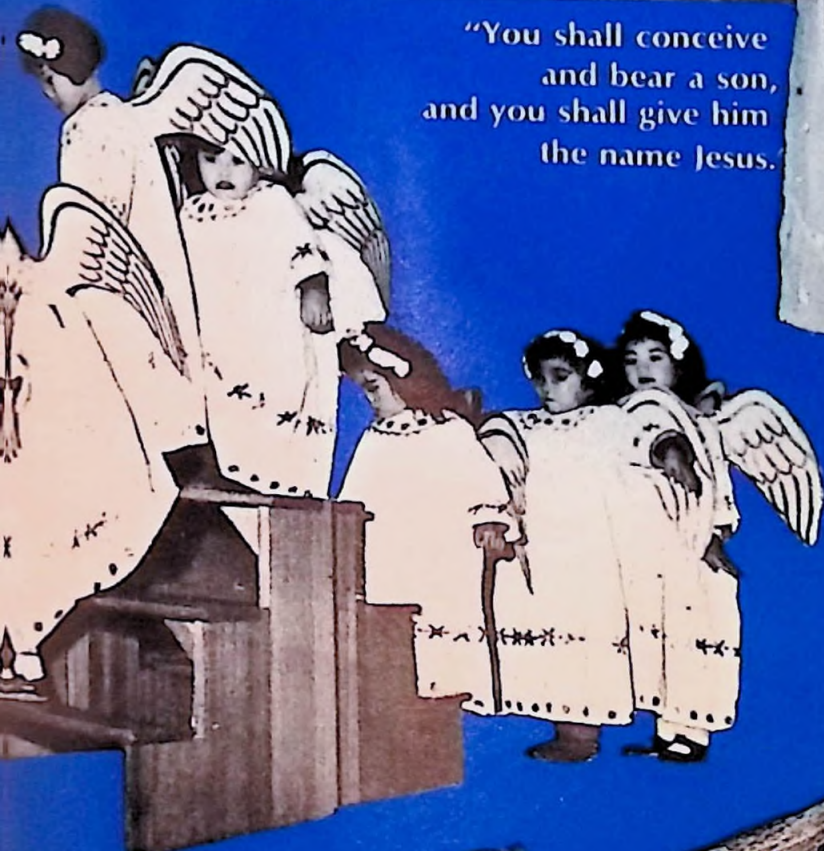
JESUIT MISSIONS/DECEMBER 1965/25¢



"You shall conceive and bear a son, and you shall give him the name Jesus."



"... no room for them in the inn."



"a great company of the earthly host, singing..."



"... lying in the manger."

*“We three kings
of the Orient...”*



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CAROL □ This Christmas eve, stars glitter in the gown of night.
 Old galaxies are there, the pale burnt cinders
 Of out-of-fashion firmaments,
 Designed by man, and briefly worshipped for an age.
 And new stars, born in the troubled heavens of this century.
 Dark restless fires, mock suns, whose flickering scimitars,
 Directionless, probe night for truth.
 And open, like black wounds, more frightening obscurities.
 Their clustered satellites, burning with borrowed light,
 Are hung, like beacons for unthinking men.
 In every marketplace of time and signal to the passerby:
 "You! Hitch your wagon to our star!
 We'll light your Way, illumine Truth, enkindle Life!"
 And in their clamor men have failed to hear the voice of One
 Crying in a manger.
 This restless peace today, this bitter struggle in the night,
 Is the fearful price men pay for being lured
 By lights that fail.
 "Hadst thou but known . . ." One light has never failed.
 It is the Wise Man's star, and far beneath it lies
 The Light of the World.
 It is the Pilot star, still shining through
 The gloom and tangle of this century.
 The true Pole star, the only one that's fixed.
 It lights an ageless crib, the manger of the Prince of Peace,
 Who promised peace on earth, and peace of soul
 To men who daily willed the good.
 World peace? That too. But only when the hearts of men
 Are cradles for Christ.
 And lasting peace? That too. But not until all nations stand
 Like children, hand in hand around His manger,
 In understanding, love, and silent adoration.

DECEMBER 1965

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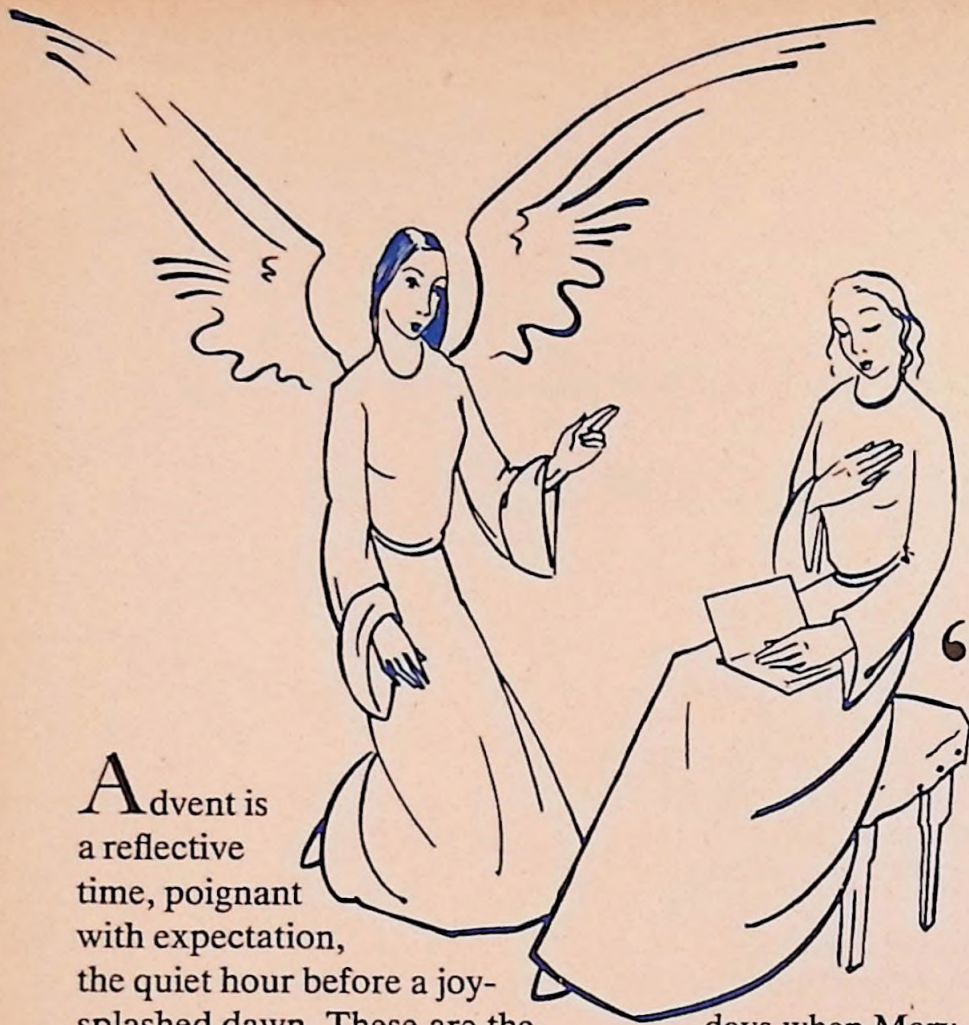
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- Clement J. Armitage S.J.
- Michael Saso S.J.
- Daniel Berrigan S.J.
- The Editors
- Edward Burke S.J.
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- Gustavo N. Roa
- Linda Lee Davis



COVER. Love breaks into human history, and is laid in a manger. Small angels in Taiwan retell the story of Divine love — the coming of the Salvation of Nations.

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Advent is a reflective time, poignant with expectation, the quiet hour before a joy-splashed dawn. These are the days when Mary made her preparations, when the candles and the linens were placed in immediate readiness at Nazareth, when the song in her heart was a happy prelude that would culminate in an angelic chorus. The most important project of all time was under way, and yet it was not the way in which we work projects. A decree from Rome—and all the human planning went out the window. “His ways are not our ways.” The mission, in time, of the Son of God was begun according to the designs of Almighty God; the setting was arranged by Divine Wisdom. The circumstances of Christ’s birth were hard, lonesome, bitter. “He came, teaching us.” The Introit for the Mass at dawn on Christmas heralds this new day: “A light shall shine upon us, for Our Lord is born to us this day.”

“Christ is the Light of nations.” With these words Vatican Council II begins its remarkable Constitution on the Church. The entire document is only a further unfolding of this basic truth. In these days when our thoughts center on His coming we might well ponder our own position in the blueprint of salvation, as drawn by the Divine Architect. The Constitution touches on many facets of the Christian economy but we can restrict ourselves to the few relevant points that fit this particular season of the year.

Christ’s visible mission on earth began in Bethlehem, the Redeemer foreshadowed from the first cloud which darkened Eden. “All the elect, before time began, the Father ‘foreknew and predestined to become conformed to the image of His Son’ . . .” Before His death on Calvary, Our Lord had instituted the Church, the kingdom of heaven on earth, and had commanded that His sacrifice be carried on at the eucharistic altar. In that sacrament of eucharistic bread “the unity of all believers who form one body in Christ is both expressed and

“HE CAME

brought about. All men are called to this union with Christ, who is the light of the world, from whom we go forth, through whom we live, and towards whom our whole life strains.”

Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit that unity is made manifest, deepened, ever freshened. “From this source (the Holy Spirit) the Church, equipped with the gifts of its Founder . . . receives the mission to proclaim and to spread among all peoples the Kingdom of Christ and of God and to be, on earth, the initial budding forth of that kingdom.”

After describing the foundation, the nature and purpose of the Church, the Council in its second chapter turns its attention to the People of God. “God, however, does not make men holy and save them merely as individuals, without bond or link between one another. Rather has it pleased Him to bring men together as one people, a people which acknowledges Him in truth and serves Him in holiness . . . Christ instituted this new covenant . . . calling together a people made up of Jew and Gentile, making them one, not according to the flesh but in the Spirit. This was to be the new People of God.”

This messianic people, rooted in Christ, may appear to be numerically small but “is nevertheless a lasting and sure seed of unity, hope and salvation for the whole human race. Established by Christ as a communion of life, charity and truth, it is also used by Him as an instrument for the redemption of all, and is sent forth into the whole world as the light of the world and the salt of the earth.” So the Council emphasizes the missionary nature of the Church and goes on to point out that this is an individual concern for each and every one who believes in Christ. “Everywhere on earth they must bear witness to Christ and give an answer to those who seek an account of that hope of eternal life which is in them.”

This is something which we must bring home vividly to ourselves. Each of us has been chosen as a member of the People of God. If I am of the Christian com-

TEACHING US”

Mass of the Sunday within the Christmas Octave

munity, I must live up to the obligations entailed therein, as the Council clearly asserts: “Incorporated in the Church through baptism, the faithful are consecrated by the baptismal character to the worship of the Christian religion; reborn as sons of God they must confess before men the faith which they have received from God through the Church. More perfectly bound to the Church by the sacrament of Confirmation, the Holy Spirit endows them with special strength so that they are more strictly obliged to spread and defend the faith, both by word and deed, as true witnesses of Christ . . . Strengthened at the holy table by the body of Christ, they then manifest in a concrete way that unity of the people of God . . .”

These obligations are stressed again in that part of the Constitution which deals with the laity. “Now the laity are called in a special way to make the Church present and operative in those places and circumstances where only through them can it become the salt of the earth. Thus every layman, in virtue of the very gifts bestowed on him, is at the same time a witness and a living instrument of the mission of the Church itself . . . Upon all the laity rests the noble duty of working to extend the divine plan of salvation to all men of each epoch and in every land.”

This section concerning the laity is worth a lot of study. It would make excellent Advent reading, for through it we could realize more deeply the significance of Christmas and the coming of Christ. It deals with every aspect of our lives and reveals how Christ is the hub around which our religious, family, social and economic life must revolve. Life can only be understood in terms of Christ, seeing Him as the heart of all our activities, the *raison d’être* of all human living.

The Council ends its statement on the laity in this fashion. “Each individual layman must stand before the world as a witness to the resurrection and life of the Lord Jesus and a symbol of the living God. All the laity as a community and each one according to his ability must nourish the world with the fruits of the Spirit. They

must diffuse in the world that spirit which raises up the poor, the meek, the peace-makers—those whom the Lord in the Gospel proclaimed blessed. In a word, ‘as the soul is in the body, so let this spirit be in the Christian world.’”

Can we try to see that first Christmas through the eyes of Joseph, the silent one who seems to be forever standing in the shadows? In the arms of the woman he loved, a Child was cradled. A rude manger and swaddling bands—and in Bethlehem. Yet this was no accident of history. This was the beginning of a life which would initiate voluntary privations. There would be times when men would speak of “Lady” Poverty as “sweet” and “beautiful,” but poverty is colorless, malodorous, hungry. Yet this is the way He chose, and He promised it was the way of happiness. It was His way of approachableness for all classes.

And all classes came. The shepherds came with faith, and Christ’s first Christmas gift was their undistracted adoration. A simple, straightforward, eager reaction to the angelic message is their claim to immortality. The Magi had so little to work on, a star and a dream. They were the archgamblers of the day and to them it was worth their while to stake everything on finding this King. For one visit, one glimpse, they chanced failure, faced ridicule and suffering, and felt repaid. Then there was Simeon who in one brief touch and moment with God would find all that life could hold of value. He balanced half a century of effort against five minutes of achievement and found it worthwhile. And in his “*Nunc dimittis*” we find light, peace, salvation and glory. Anna is there with her service, prayer and fasting. “Blessed are the clean of heart . . .” She saw a Child destitute of all things save swaddling bands and a Mother.

These were the virtues brought to the Infant Christ—adoration, simplicity, burning faith, endeavor, service, humility. They are all woven into one pattern by the love streaming out from God. What do we bring this Christmas, we who have been also chosen among the People of God, we who are so blessed in His love?



Long ago, before Buddhism, or Taoism, or Christianity came to Asia, a very special kind of spirit resided in the hills and fields, in the misty mountains and ancient trees, and governed the lives of all men who entered or dwelt within the reach of their powers. There was a spirit who watched the crops, another who lived in the sea and presided over the fish and the storms that lashed its surface, and yet another who dwelt in the mountains and caused both rain and fine weather. There were no finely drawn dogmas or religious tenets to this creed. Some spirits were given names. They were the spirits of famous ancients who had pioneered at the dawn of civilization. Perhaps the best name for them today would be "The Friendly Gods."

When Buddhism and Taoism developed in the Orient, and when Christianity came with its great body of doctrine, these friendly spirits were by no means nudged from their Asian niches. In Japan they remained in the little Shinto shrines, in great trees with a rope tied around them to remind the passerby that a spirit dwelt there. In the Philippines they were all baptized and took Christian names such as "San Pedro" or "San Isidro," and they continued their watch over fields and seas. But in China, until latter-day spirits labeled them "foolish superstitions," and in Taiwan, they kept their own names and their own titles and dwelt side by side in very friendly fashion with Buddhist gods and the growing sprinkle of Christian churches.

On Taiwan, where the gods of all men are allowed to dwell in their various heavens and spheres of influence, undisturbed by the harsh clash of history, the ancient spirits are honored to this day. They flourish in large city temples or in small field shrines, and occupy the center of the family altar—boxed from the dust and from irreverent insects in little glass cases.

The friendly gods of Taiwan are strictly divided into three groups, which resemble very much the feudal system of ancient China from as far back as the 8th Century B.C., if not earlier. There are the awesome spirits who live in temples and bear the title of "Duke" or "Earl" or "Marquis." Then there are the

THE FRIENDLY GODS

Michael Saso S. J.



Between Asia's heaven and earth, a multitude of spirits. At home in high clouds and mountain mists, the friendly dragon. Above, the secretary of the guardian city god.



The Land God, enshrined in a farmer's field, guards and blesses the harvest.

plebeian sort, more friendly and approachable, who live in the fields. There dwell the "Spirit of the Earth and Soil" and his wife, who are enshrined in small pavilions in each farmer's rice field. Finally, there are the household gods who guard the door, the well, the roof-beam, the family stove and babies who cry.

The first sort of spirit, the feudal type who plays the heavy in this pantheon, is usually found in a big temple where he has a coterie of his own admirers. Each city and town has its own favorite deity. Thus one city might prefer *Ch'eng Huang*, the "god of the city wall and moat" who governs the general welfare of the whole area, punishes the wicked in the Taoist purgatory and has a colorful court of rather fearsome deities about him to impress his devotees. Besides his court and worshippers, he enjoys a variety of human companions. Within the confines of his temple and courtyard, one finds the fortune tellers who have a direct line to the future through him, the story-tellers, medicine shops, small restaurants and many other distractions to keep things humming before his august presence. It is a noisy sort of democracy in a feudal setting.

Another favorite, especially in coastal towns, is the god of pestilence called the "Ong Ya." This gentleman can chase away cholera and other tropical diseases, but if not treated properly he can, with some justice, cause an epidemic. In his temple one can usually find a *shaman*. This is a man who by hypnotic incantations can communicate with spirits, and who performs rites such as walking on fire or sticking himself with needles to placate the Ong Ya and drive away sickness. When disease strikes an area in Taiwan (as throughout most of Southeast Asia), statues of the Ong Ya are placed in a boat loaded with food and pushed out to sea. The hope is that the pestilence will go away with him. Because of this practice the cult has spread widely throughout the coastal cities. Those who find the castaway boat enshrine it and erect a new temple in his honor. Interesting questions might arise should he drift to California.

Another very popular temple deity is the

THE FRIENDLY GODS



Follow-wind-ears hears trouble, reports to Matsu.



Thousand-mile-eyes spots distress. Aid is rushed.

young lady-goddess named *Matsu*, who has a well-known island group bearing her name as well as numerous temples. She was a young Buddhist devotee who lived across the Straits of Taiwan in the province of Fukien in the 10th century. She died at a very tender age and is credited with a miraculous appearance to some very lost seamen. She has become the patroness of fishermen, sailors and drought-ridden farmers. One of the prevalent customs of her devotees is to bring her statue from one or many temples to a central town for a kind of spiritual tea party. There is a special bench provided in the temples for such visiting deities and refreshments are served in their honor. Oriental courtesy can be thoughtful and thorough.

Perhaps the most interesting of all, and the most homely in the beautiful sense, are the household spirits. Among these, the god of



Matsu, popular patron of Taiwan, is honored at typical home shrine.

the hearth and the mother goddess of the bed are the most important. The god of the hearth, called *Tsao-shen*, is not only in charge of the delectability of the cooking, but he reports once a year to Heaven on the good and bad deeds of the family members. The mother goddess of the bed is likewise a busy deity. She controls (to some extent) the crying of babies. If a piece of furniture is moved from its accustomed place or an act done to displease her, the baby is sure to spend the night in tears. This could make Spring cleaning a fearsome chore.

To assist her in quieting a crying baby a special rite is performed. A bowl of rice is cooked and the rice bowl filled to overflowing. If mother is stingy with the rice, the mother goddess will be angry and will cause the baby's nose to grow too large, like a foreigner's! And how would that look on a little

A woman at prayer in Asia, still one of millions whose devotion and reverence for the unseen is now threatened by the growing religious vacuum in these lands. This heritage of reverence must not be lost.

oriental face? With the bowl well filled, three sticks of incense are set in the rice and the offering is laid in the center of the family bed. The burning incense is a sign that the bed-mother is partaking of the rice essence. After a moment the rice is taken away. It is presumed that the bed-mother goddess, as soon as she has eyed the fullness of the bowl and tasted the rice, will cradle the baby in her arms and the crying will cease. Still, a lot of babies are heard crying in the towns and villages at night. So—let's heap those bowls!

A whole cycle of feast days accompanies the celebrating of these friendly spirits' presence. While it is interesting to note, as an aside of wonderment, how closely the Catholic liturgy adapted or baptized the feasts of ancient Europe, it is a cause of some concern to many how little we have done by way of adaption for the modern Orient. There is no doubt that in a few years these pious and enjoyable practices will disappear with the "progressive" education of the younger generation. Their disappearance will leave a cold, sterile vacuum from which much human warmth will have departed.

Since the State is not interested, perhaps only the Church has the capacity to preserve and adapt these major festivals whose current runs deep in the Oriental soul. In many there is a cultural and even spiritual heritage that need not be lost as Asia takes on the surface trappings of the West. There is, for instance, a Winter Solstice feast, observed each year on the 23rd of December. It is a day of thanksgiving for the benefits of the past year—and close enough to Christmas to be incorporated in the blessings of the season. A special banquet is prepared in honor of the well god and the family ancestors to insure blessings for the coming year. Then there is the Chinese New Year, known to the Western world as the day of dragon parades and firecrackers snapping in the local "Chinatown." It is far more than that in Asia; more like our own "Te Deum" of thanks, with prayers for an abundant harvest, good business and the blessing of one's ancestors. It is the feast when

debts are paid, when the family gathers and the new year is faced with prayerful hope. The Autumn Harvest festival, a farmer's feast but enjoyed by all city folk, is celebrated on the first full moon in September in gratitude for nature's blessings. Where the ancient meaning of those feasts is lost, a new and fuller meaning could be supplied, and the Church could become the container and preserver of much that lies in the soul of Asia.

With Vatican II as a source of inspiration, the missionaries of the Orient look for the theologian and the liturgist who can use the friendly spirit of the Orient to enrich the treasures of the Catholic faith. Having drawn so much from Europe, the spiritual and natural values of the Orient can add to the immense variety and depth of Catholic spiritual and social doctrine. The lesson of the friendly spirits is a powerful one. Asia's love of nature has long ago invested it with tenuous elements of the divine, ill-defined but a felt presence nonetheless. In few other places are the beauties of nature more valued by a people or their art than in the East. For the Japanese, nature is almost the totality of their universe. For the Chinese, over long centuries men of the elements and the "good earth," nature in all its forms and manifestations has been informed with a multitude of spirits whose ancient pinnacle was a mysterious benevolence called *T'ien*, or simply "Heaven." Or perhaps, even more simply, the "unknown God" from whom ancient men have strayed since Eden.

In its long history, Asia may have narrowed or distorted the image of God in His universe. But it has uncovered real values in its search for the real. These should not be lost to it as new and alien values shake its soul today. Only an enlightened Christianity can preserve the human and spiritual discoveries of these peoples and Asia's own view of the varied landscape of reality. The alternative, in this age of revolution and material emphasis, is a retreat of the friendly gods to places forevermore forgotten in hills and fields, in misty mountains and ancient trees.

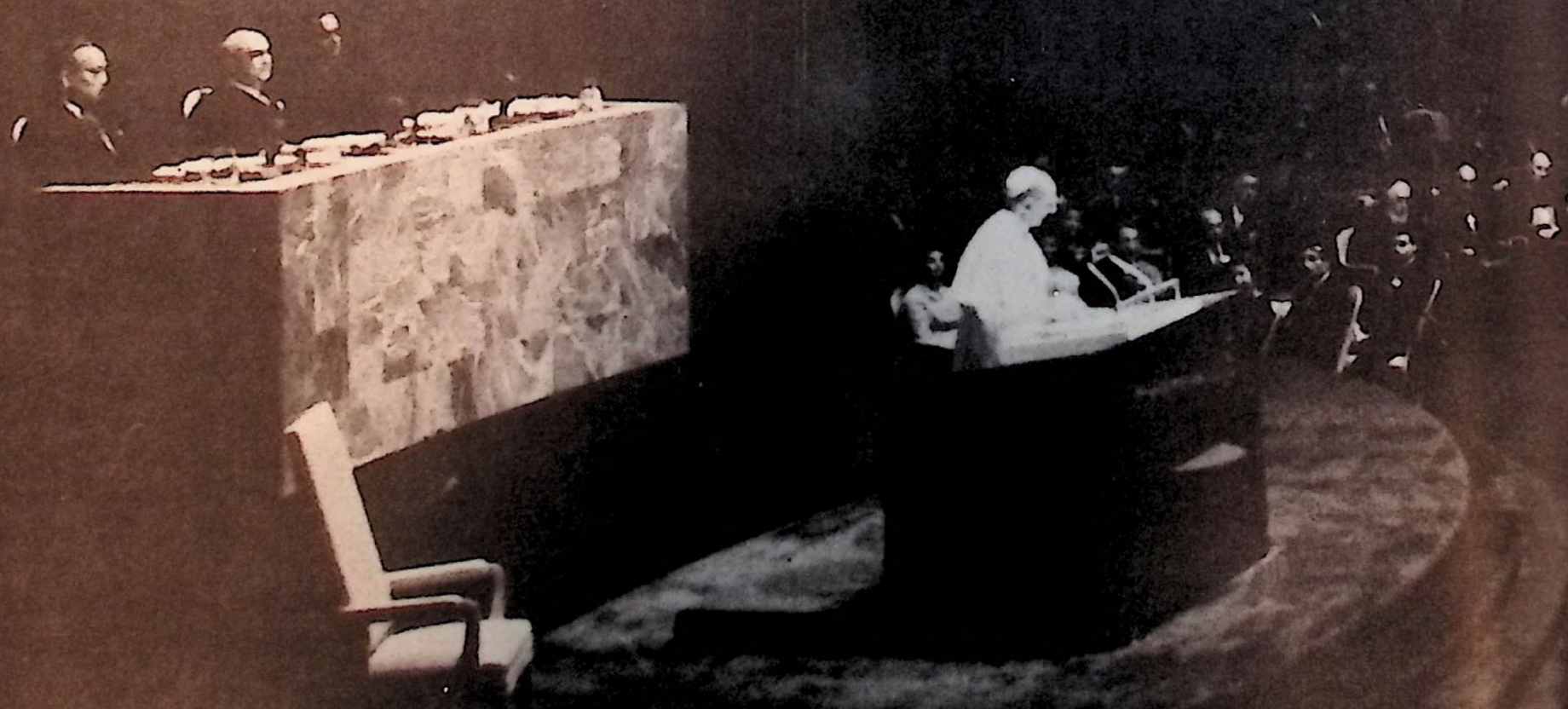




I COME AS A MESSENGER & BROTHER

PAUL VI
1963

1963





Daniel Berrigan S.J.

FOR US A CHILD IS BORN, TO US A CHILD IS GIVEN AND THE GOVERNMENT WILL BE UPON HIS SHOULDER, AND HIS NAME WILL BE CALLED WONDERFUL COUNSELOR, MIGHTY GOD, PRINCE OF PEACE.

Peace is serenity of mind, simplicity of heart, the bond of fellowship and love. Peace restrains wars, erases angers and pride, reconciles enemies. It covets nothing that belongs to others, regards nothing as its own. It teaches a love that has never learned to hate. If a man has broken this peace, let him restore it again. For what part can a Christian have with enmities? He has embraced the charity of Christ. Therefore if we wish to be heirs of Christ, we must abide in His peace. Christ has given us His peace, as we know. He has laid upon us this charge: that we keep unbroken and inviolate the bonds of peace and love.

ST. AUGUSTINE

In early October, a frail and gentle visitor appeared before the council of nations meeting in New York. He had come, he declared, as a messenger and brother. On the television screens of the world his face appeared, an austere image of stillness, an intense chiaroscuro of darkness and light. The exalted rhetoric of his words, the high loneliness of his presence, weighed upon the moment.

His journey, he said, had endured for twenty centuries. But at long last he stood where he had longed to stand, where Christ had directed the first twelve to stand—before the nations. In a voice of incandescent passion, he repeated again and again the central words of his message: "Never

again war; never again!"

It is always difficult, and possibly beside the point, to try to assess the effect of such a moment as this. We shall not immediately know what this pilgrimage has done for world peace; whether the future will be one of nuclear fury or of disarmament, a new beginning or an ending of all beginnings. But what seems certain is that a little time has been won; a time of recollection, a moment for a wider, more thoughtful look at the issues which divide and vex men, issues whose sum is a history of cold war and nuclear arms, world poverty, political divisions, brushfire wars, the seductive chant of ideologies.

A moment has been won, perhaps even a longer time. And when peace has been slipping from us, and good men seem helpless before the rip tide of violence, this may be a great thing; it may mean the turning of a tide. At Christmas of 1965, peace has by no means been won. Still, something has been won; men have succeeded in recalling a truth they had very nearly forgotten. They have recalled the meaning of hope, the possibility of mutual trust.

And indeed, this is a great resource. The hope of 20th-century man is marvelously inventive and imaginative and resourceful. It has tools of change at its disposal; it has hands and brains and heart. Men can declare peace in more marvelous

ways than they can declare war. They can clothe and feed the hungry and the naked; they can relieve ignorance and prevent disease; they can reach into remote pockets of human misery and call their brothers into the light. If men are armed for war, they are even more gloriously armed for peace. The same hands that have fashioned destruction can also make of the world a dwelling fit for man.

This glimmer of trust, the reawakening of man to his own powers for hope and peace and good, might be the most useful Christmas theme of this year. A Child is born to the world. He can never die again. To believers, the matter is quite plain. The resurrected presence of this Man fills the universe to overflowing—with courage, decency, long-sufferance, compassion, wisdom—the chief signs of His presence among us, and of His return.

For all men, the meaning of Christ cannot be the same. But some meaning abides: the fragrant, irreducible essence of God's life among men. The hope of Christmas, expressed in the burning lyricism of Isaias, has its counterpoint wherever men turn to men, in acts of trust that span the formidable chasms of misunderstanding, malice and war. "A child is born to us, a son is given to us . . . the government is upon his shoulders . . . the prince of peace whom the nations adore."

AN OATH THAT CHANGES HISTORY:



WAR NEVER AGAIN!"

"IF YOU WISH TO BE BROTHERS, LET THE ARMS FALL FROM YOUR HANDS. ONE CANNOT LOVE WHILE HOLDING OFFENSIVE ARMS. ARMAMENTS CREATE NIGHTMARES, DISTRUST AND SOMBER RESOLUTIONS: THEY DEMAND ENORMOUS EXPENDITURES, THEY OBSTRUCT PROJECTS OF UNION AND COLLABORATION, FALSIFY THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PEOPLES."

But now—a new oath is called for. It is an oath of allegiance to man. An oath on behalf of peace and of mankind. A single oath for two supreme values. In a nuclear age the two realities—man's future and world peace—converge.

In such a time as ours, the deepest divisions of the world are not those of race or religion or nation. The real chasm cuts deeper. On one side stand men who favor life, who grant man a future. On the other, those who in one way or another resign themselves, and consign others, to death.

A new oath is called for. Men are called to pronounce a vow, in favor of life itself. And then, having vowed, to put their bodies where their words are. To declare peace as men once declared war. To take the Gospel in hand, with a new will, a new heart. To summon into their lives the Lord of history, the God of peace. To ponder and realize His task—the making of a peace that is as large and encompassing as His own life: works of corporal and spiritual mercy, of gentleness and strength, of healing and compassion.

Men of peace, men of mercy, men marked by imagination and competence. Men whose lives say to all men, in word and act: "Peace be to you!"

In the light of this appeal, men may perhaps be willing to ponder again both their past and the direction of their future.

To ponder their past: man's efforts to create a life worthy of the living; Christ's coming; His call to peace; its betrayals; the heroic witness of peacemakers; the dishonor and honor which mark our history.

And to ponder the future, a future which can question our very existence. Faced with the absurdity and horror of nuclear holocaust, can men renounce war as a means of justice in favor of new communities of compassion and trust? The question is a momentous one. Indeed, we may ask whether today there are any more momentous questions than this worth asking?

"An oath that changes history; war never again!" Men who heard the gentle Pope, his voice raised in anguish and urgency, could realize

that a nearly impossible thing was being asked of them. To change history. To change history through submitting to inner change. To convert the violence of history to "the paths of peace." To accept the truth that such change occurs only when men and the structures they create have undergone a radical change of heart.

A new oath—war never again! Men have sworn many oaths in history. In pagan Rome, an oath of allegiance to the emperor had been required of Christians. They refused it, often at the price of death, realizing that such an oath bound them not only to military service, but to pagan worship as well. In the middle ages, Christians submitted to another sort of oath. They vowed to recover the Holy Places from the infidel. But the "holy wars," once undertaken, were followed by vile excesses of pillage and violence. Christians left behind them, for others to expiate, a trail of hatred which the Mohammedan world has not forgotten to this day.



“WE MUST GET USED TO THINKING OF MAN IN A NEW WAY, AND ALSO OF MAN’S LIFE IN COMMON, THINKING IN A NEW WAY ALSO OF THE PATHS OF HISTORY AND OF THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD.”

New ways of thought come hard to men. We might also say, they come hard to Popes. And that was why he was here; a man for others, reflecting on the meaning of modern life, thinking aloud with others, seeking new ways for the future. Thinking with his presence, thinking with his heart, with the grandeur and humility of his office. Determined, as he made plain, to come among men as their brother,

to offer an ancient wisdom to nations old and new, to speak to men who were aware, as he was, of the dead end to which war and warmaking had brought all men.

A new way of thinking would not come easily or automatically. The Pope knew it; so did his hearers. New visions do not arise from selfish affluence or military power. A new way of thinking demands, in fact, a kind

of leap, an act of faith. Creating a new future demands that the nations renounce a large part of their own history, of a past now closed, canceled, no longer useful. The new way of thinking demands that men turn to their neighbors with a new-old word on their lips: “My brother!”

Peace on earth, to men of good will! The message is a very old one. Between its first proclamation and the Christmas of this year lies the whole life-span of Western man. In the intervening centuries, Christendom arose and dissolved in bitter fragments. The Faith helped bring men to adulthood; like a good parent, it led them into their world, blessed their work there, encouraged and fostered a development it could no longer presume to control. In the 20th century, the tasks of God lay in the hands of men, of all men. It lay in the hands of Christians, and of men of no faith; of men whose sense of Christ was vivid or remote, of men whose consciences were illumined and exhilarated by the Gospel, of men whose loyalties lay elsewhere.

Would man prevail? Would the future take a new direction? The questions could not imply a serious doubt. So a gentle and unassuming man came to offer his resources, to take with men one step in the thousand-mile journey toward peace. His suggestions were deceptively simple. Structures of trust must replace the ancient, obsessive reliance on force. Men must unite to do all that man could never do in isolation. The will to war, the means of war, the ingenuity which warmaking engenders, all must be turned in a new direction — that of peace and unity.

It was as simple as that, and as exigent. Men of good will, dedicated to a passion for peace, were alone worthy of any future worth speaking of. They were the architects of a new world, modest utopians, whose vision was rooted in a sense of the living. It is they who must prevail.

OUR OWN, THE VOICE OF THE DEAD AND THE LIVING



DACHAU

“THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WHO FELL IN TERRIBLE WARS OF THE PAST, THE VOICE OF THE LIVING WHO SURVIVED THOSE WARS, BEARING IN THEIR HEARTS A CONDEMNATION OF ALL WHO PREPARE WARS.”

To speak for the living as well as for the dead. Only the great, we know, can presume to do that. Some men linger among the dead; they make despair into a cult, and turn upon the living the full force of their denial of life. And others, hardly better, cheapen the mystery of life with a false optimism; as though tragedy died out with the Greeks; as though Christians, Americans, the affluent,

were all men; as though most men in the 20th century were not enduring lives of quiet desperation.

But to stand among the living, to speak on behalf of the living, conscious of the price which has been paid by the dead; this requires an altogether special sense of time, of existence itself.

We are in debt to the dead — to those whose death was a great and

terrible gift to the living; to those who died in defense of faith or hope or love, for the sake of a future they were not granted to see.

And we are in debt to the living, who are our brothers, who work in the task common to all — peace, freedom, the binding of humanity and the wounds of humanity.



From all points

UNITED STATES

Doorway to Everywhere

When Father J. Bernard Moore, pastor of St. Agnes Church in Arlington, Virginia, was nine years old, he had a prospering paper route and reckoned himself well on the way to being ranked among the independently wealthy. His grandmother pointed out that no one is "independently" wealthy and suggested that, if he wanted his hoard to be at all blessed, he'd better get God in on it. So the crew-cut young tycoon forthwith began tithing to the Church from his fabulous riches.

That was how it all began. Now Father Moore, who came to Arlington as pastor with no established parish and nothing but hope in his pockets, has a new church on the way, the debt on which (his auditors calculate) will be all paid off within five years—this without any doorbell ringing or any special fundraising campaign. All done by an adaptation of tithing.

Brother Dennis is closely associated with Father Moore and the parishioners in this venture. Dennis—suggested by an Arlington advertising woman—is a rotund, apple-cheeked cartoon character with one curl of hair, shaggy eyebrows, and half-spectacles perched, grandma-style, at the end of his nose. He appears in all church bulletins and promotional material, and whatever speaking up (for or against) needs to be done, he does. To him, also, are addressed all gripes or glows from the parishioners, who are his "associates."

Recently, having the church well founded and forwarded, Brother Dennis (goaded a little bit by Father Moore) turned his thoughts to tithing for the missions from the offertory collection—and received episcopal permission to do so. Any parishioner may submit to Brother Dennis the name of a mission or a missionary. Each week a committee from the Legion of Mary selects a name, and the money from that week's collection goes there.

The new project began in early July of 1965, and since then about \$500 has gone each week to a different missionary—to a Maryknoller in Korea, to a Benedictine Father on an Indian mission in South Dakota, to a Franciscan Sister in Uganda, to another Sister at Holy Family Hospital in Qui Nhon, South Vietnam. Recently a weekly collection counted out at \$6,320—so \$632 went to missions.

The parishioners are quite happy about it. They know that they themselves

are doing this and they know exactly what they are doing in each case. Letters of request which detail particular needs in far-flung corners of the world are re-produced and circulated, so too are letters of thanks from the missionaries (which the school children read in class).

St. Agnes is no longer just a small slice of Virginia; it's a doorway to everywhere. Ten thousand miles away is getting to be next door, and each anonymous missionary is, increasingly, a face known and loved.

INDIA

In the Best Circles

Many "pillars of the Church," like the good pillars they are, perform their quiet work of support unheralded. Only God, Who prepares their reward, seems aware of the extent of their generous giving. Father Farrell, of the Patna mission, offers a salute to some of these hidden pillars of the mission Church—the "mission circles."

"Mission circles," Father writes, "are organized groups of home missionaries who carry on in little or big ways the sublime mission of Christ's Church. Any group meeting for religious or social purposes may become a mission circle by adding a prayer for the missions and undertaking some small mission project.

"In Cleveland, Ohio, the 'Mecca of Mission Circles,' Mrs. Micháel Olle started the first St. Teresa Mission Circle in 1935. By the time it celebrated its silver jubilee in 1960, there were more than 100 St. Teresa circles functioning in the area.

"Mrs. Olle wrote for our little mission paper, *The Patna Jesuit*: 'We are thinking, during our jubilee year, how we can further the Lord's mission work, especially how we can organize more mission circles for His work. We are trying to impress upon others what a great privilege it is to live and work in some organized way for the mission cause of Christ.' Who but the Lord can total all the good done for His missions during those 25 silver years. What graces and joy this 'Circling for Christ' has added to the lives of the home and foreign missionaries, especially in our Patna mission! We make a deep and heartfelt oriental salaam to our wonderful Mrs. Olle and all members of all the circles.

"Another great home missionary was Miss Clara Westropp, who went to her reward in June of this year. She was the sister of the renowned missionary, Fr.



NEW YORK

Five Blocks North

A few weeks ago Father Coleman A. Daily, long-time Business Editor of JM, took up a new assignment at the Jesuit Seminary and Mission Bureau of the New York Province. The Bureau is only five blocks north of our residence on 78th Street but Father Daily's going cannot be measured geographically. For twenty-two years he labored indefatigably on behalf of the missions, and thousands of Jesuits on the mission field and at home have reason to be profoundly grateful to him. Across that span of years he preached hundreds of times on behalf of the missionaries and no one can accurately estimate how many letters he wrote in the same cause. He was a tireless worker and the warmth of his personality won many friends for the missions. He will be greatly missed here at JM, but he will still be laboring on behalf of the Philippines, where he once served, and for his fellow Jesuits, and we know there is no other work more fitting for his talents and desires.

Henry Westropp, who is a legend of the Patna mission. She summed up her own life in an article for the press. 'To live well,' she wrote, 'each moment of living, not merely to exist. Each day to meet the challenge of life prayerfully, humbly and joyfully, that's the recipe that works.' She put that drive and initiative at the disposal of the director of the Propagation of the Faith in Cleveland to organize mission circles for the diocese. At the time of her death, more than 460 circles had been started. She aspired to establish circles in every State of the union.

"I append some adaptable Mission Circle rules for the generous who may be interested in this wonderful apostolate. Unless otherwise agreed upon, there should be no officers except a secretary—generally the person who organizes the circle. The secretary should hold office always, unless otherwise stipulated, and keeps the records and gathers the mission offerings. Meetings are held once or twice a month, as desired, generally at the home of a member. Each meeting opens and closes with a prayer. There may be an address, or readings about the missions of the Church in general or about some particular mission. Letters from missionaries aided by the group will be coming in and can aid in future projects as well as being an inspiration for all. Alms may be collected as agreed upon.

"Various works for the missions or for a particular mission follow, or social activities such as a bridge game—or any sort of play or pray that suits the group and is meaningful. Work for the mission will vary from circle to circle according to preference or talents. The spirit should be missionary, not mercenary. The circle should result in your own spiritual enlargement and sanctification, as well as extending help to Christ's Kingdom."

ROME

Jesuit General Speaks Out

During the recent discussion in the Vatican Council on the Missionary Activity of the Church Father Pedro Arrupe, the General of the Society of Jesus, sharply attacked what he called "deformed ideas" regarding mission work. In face of the sweeping social and other changes throughout the world he called for a thoughtful reappraisal of the entire mission approach. Too often, he claimed, the missionary teaching seemed to be geared to children and the uneducated, thus making no appeal to persons of a

certain cultural level. The West has manifested a superiority complex in dealing with peoples whose educational and scientific capabilities are shown today by the number of nuclear reactors in their countries. He pointed out that many Asians have been awarded Nobel prizes, and not only in literature. There has also been a short-sightedness in viewing the problems of the missions, a tendency to see the present needs and overlook the greater needs of the future.

He also stressed that greater caution must be taken in the selection of missionaries. Far more is needed than good health and mediocre talents, for the man in the field requires a deep spirituality and more talents than the man at home. Again, Father Arrupe criticized the amount of time a missionary must spend in collecting funds, a time that could be far better spent in spreading the Gospel.

In conclusion, he expressed the wish for the creation of an organ of information, a better appreciation of non-Christian cultures and a better bringing to light of the doctrinal foundations of the missionary obligation.

BRITISH GUIANA

The Green Light

Things have been parlous in British Guiana on South America's northeast shoulder for some time now. Communists—old hands, but especially the young—are organized, dedicated, committed to action not only in the political arena but also in every other. A few years back, the light that is Red was flaring high—and many Guianese, despairing of freedom, were fleeing the country.

In April of 1962, when the crisis seemed at its height, 218 young Catholics (English, Chinese, Negro, Indian—and all the mixtures the country's blending racial history has produced) met in a Catholic Young Leaders' Training Course at the Ursuline Convent in Georgetown. Spiritual darkness seemed everywhere around them and one young voice after another built resentment—until a spark flickered, lit, caught hold. "We will not give up and go away! We will organize, dedicate ourselves and fight back!"

G.L.O. The Green Light Organization.

Green was chosen as the color of action, growth, hope, life, fertility: radical social change. And it was set deliberately over against Red—which was seen as the color of destruction. (Strangely, green for Go as against red for Stop does not seem to have figured at all.)

As with all action groups, this one

has its classes: the honorary members (who sympathize, help as they can, but do not share), the third-class soldiers (who travel along but are inactive), the second-class soldiers (who do what is asked of them but do not initiate) and the first class—the elite, the committed, the doers-on-their-own. Training by study is called for (the Gospel Enquiry—Christ's Strategy: what would He do in our own time and place and problem?), and the stages in tackling a situation are the traditional SEE, JUDGE, ACT.

But they do ACT—whether for betterment of the lot of city kids who sell newspapers late into the night or for pitching in with a village that needs help in painting a schoolhouse, repairing latrines, mending cattle stockades. Or, they go into the hinterlands and talk other young people into joining their "revolution," not the other. Whatever way, there's a lot of piling into trucks and jouncing for hours over pathless roads involved. A lot of blisters.

The young are the Light in British Guiana. And it is green. If there is any earth left to inherit a few years from now, it is young people such as these who will have saved it—and who will deserve to inherit it.

A GLO group refurbishes its own village school—paint begged, scaffold borrowed.



WHEN I
BREAD BREAD
I SEE SOMETHING
ALMOST AS THOUGH GO
US TO DO ANYTHING ELSE
SOUND THE CRUST BREA
AND FALLS ALL OVER EVERY
WE EAT BREAD GE

SERIGRAPH BY SISTER MARY CORITA I.H.M.

THE FEAR
MAKING
USE; IT SEEMS
NEVER MEANT
SO BEAUTIFUL A
UP LIKE MANNA
ING, AND THEN
INSIDE HUMANS.

DANIEL
BERRIGAN

There are so many hungry men in the world, were God to appear in their midst, surely He would appear as bread. (Gandhi)
When we come together to break bread, let us break it to the hungry. To Christ Himself in His poor members.
Merry Christmas to all.
Your Editors and Staff, JM.



N. Otaño, S.J.

KRISTIANO BEMKEED

Krist-ia - no, be - keed; mei ra blil a charm.

Be - mo - nguli ra Nga - lak, el mie - chell er chel - chang.

1. Ngu - ngil kle - be - sei, Kngmal mel - le - me - sang.

1. A be - ches el sils, Nga - ra blil a charm.

CAROLS

AROUND THE WORLD

PALAUAN Caroline Islands

KRISTIANO BEMKEED

Kristiano bemkeed; Christians, come closer;
Mei ra blil a charm. Come to the stable.
Bemongull ra Ngalak, Come and adore the Child,
El mlechell er chelchang. Who was born today.

Ng ungil klebesei, 'Tis a glorious night,
Ng kngmal mellesmesang. 'Tis resplendent now.
A beches el sils, An unheard of Sun,
Ngara blil a charm. Is at the stable.

Kristiano, Christians,

A Ngalak el Dios, A Child who is God,
Bliull ra klechad, Our nature assumed,
A mle'l olbeteled; And came as a Savior;
Mei, e lako madakt. Come, and do not fear.

Kristiano, Christians,

Secherecheriaol, With radiance He smiles,
Ng meringelechad; O winsome He is;
A madal a kora His face is radiant like
Ptuch er a ngabard. The Star of the Sea.

Kristiano, Christians,

Ale sal klebokol If so resplendent
Se'l moes ra ikrel; That outwardly shines;
Ng wangara 'l klebokol How much more splendrous is
Se'l ngara chasel. That which is within.

Kristiano, Christians,

De kaitutechei, Let us exchange,
Hesus, a rengud; Jesus, Lord, our hearts;
A rengmam bol kloklam, Take possession of ours,
Bol kloklam a rengum. And let yours be ours.

Kristiano, Christians,

GREEK

Η ΓΕΝΝΗΣΙΣ ΣΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΕ Ο ΘΕΟΣ ΗΜΩΝ

Thy blessed birth, O Jesus Christ Our God,
Has raised up for the world the light of Thy wisdom,
For upon this day the Magi, who revered the stars,
By the true Star were enlightened:
To adore Thee, the flaming Sun of justice and of love,
And to know Thee as the Dawn from above.
Glory to Thee, O Lord!

FRENCH

Il est né, le divin enfant

Mary's Baby is born today!
Pipe all the flutes, set the oboes playing!
Mary's baby is born today!
Sing for His coming, be glad, be gay!
After four thousand years and more,
While the Prophets foretold His coming:
After four thousand years and more,
He has come and we now adore.

HUNGARIAN

KI EZA SZÉP SZÜZ?

Who is this lovely maid?
To her all the flowers open.
What burden does she bear?
Tell us, for we watch in wonder.
Joy be to all ye men,
Glad news for all the earth,
For I am soon to bear
Our Savior.

ag mseact dūinn go ruḡad Críos-

Haire banak, hoyre banak, haire banak, air avyo!
Telling us that Christ was born,
King of kings and lord of lords,
Son of dawning, son of clouds,
Son of planets, son of stars,
Son of waters, son of dew,
Son of firmament, son of sky!

ECUADORIAN

Pastorcitos, Vienen

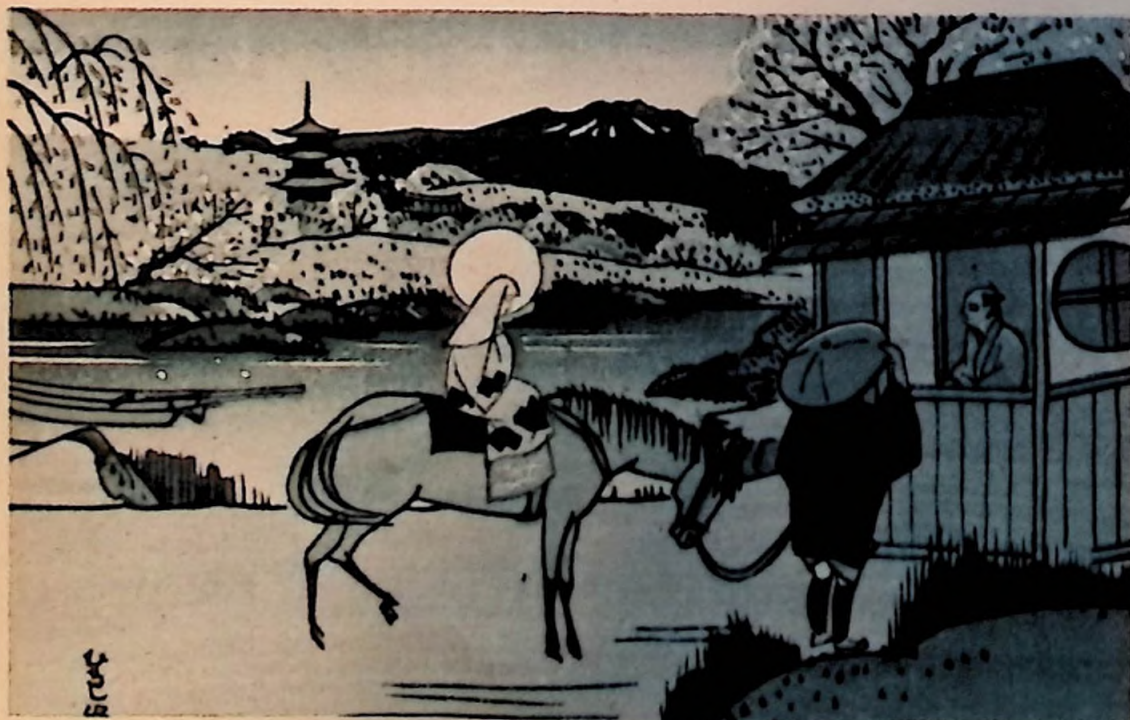
Little shepherds, come on, O hurry
To the stable door.
To Jesus Lord, the tiniest Baby,
Sing forevermore.

Lying there within the manger,
Cradled in the straw, He's shiv'ring
Like a trembling dewy droplet
Clinging to the morning flower.

CHINESE
Ma T'sao Ch'ien

馬槽前

Cold wind blowing, dark night lonely,
Outside Bethlehem, in a cave,
A miraculous light shines.
Heavens echo with a celestial symphony.
The believing quickly hasten—
The Savior is here.
Pure holy Child, so delicate, so small.
Cold and hungry; no one cares.
Dear holy Child, don't cry.
I offer my deepest love
To console your heart.



DAYEGON SA PASKO

CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS

Ning Belen gidayeg,
Hari sa yuta ug langit;
Sa tanang mga Angeles,
Ug sa tanang mga Pastores.

In Bethlehem was praised,
The King of heaven and earth;
By all the holy angels,
And by the watchful shepherds.

Oh, Ninio nga malahalón,
Si Jesus nga mapa-ubsanon;
Natawo ning kagabhion,
Inyo kaming lingion.

Oh, child, most loved,
Jesus, meek and humble;
Born this cold cold night,
Won't you hearken to our song?

Husto na gayud ug igo,
Kon duna siya mga kasuko;
Ug tungod lamang kanato,
Nag ula sa iyang dugo.

Right and just,
If He did feel any misgivings;
Because of our sins,
He gladly shed His blood.

Ug tungod sa pag panimawa,
Kanatong makasasala;
Mag paulipon sa yawa,
Busa kanato mitungha.

And because of our weakness,
Our sins and our blindness;
We were Satan's prey,
So, to us, came He.

Busa karon sisingbahon ta na,
Kining matahum nga mesea,
Ay' intawon ay' kalooy da,
Alaut kay gitognaw na.

So now let us adore Him,
This beautiful and wondrous Messiah;
For what sympathy, what sadness felt
Poor Child, cold and blue tonight.

Gigutum na siya ug gi-uhaw,
Sulngon ta ang naga duaw;
Awitan ta aron malingaw,
Sa awit nga maningaw.

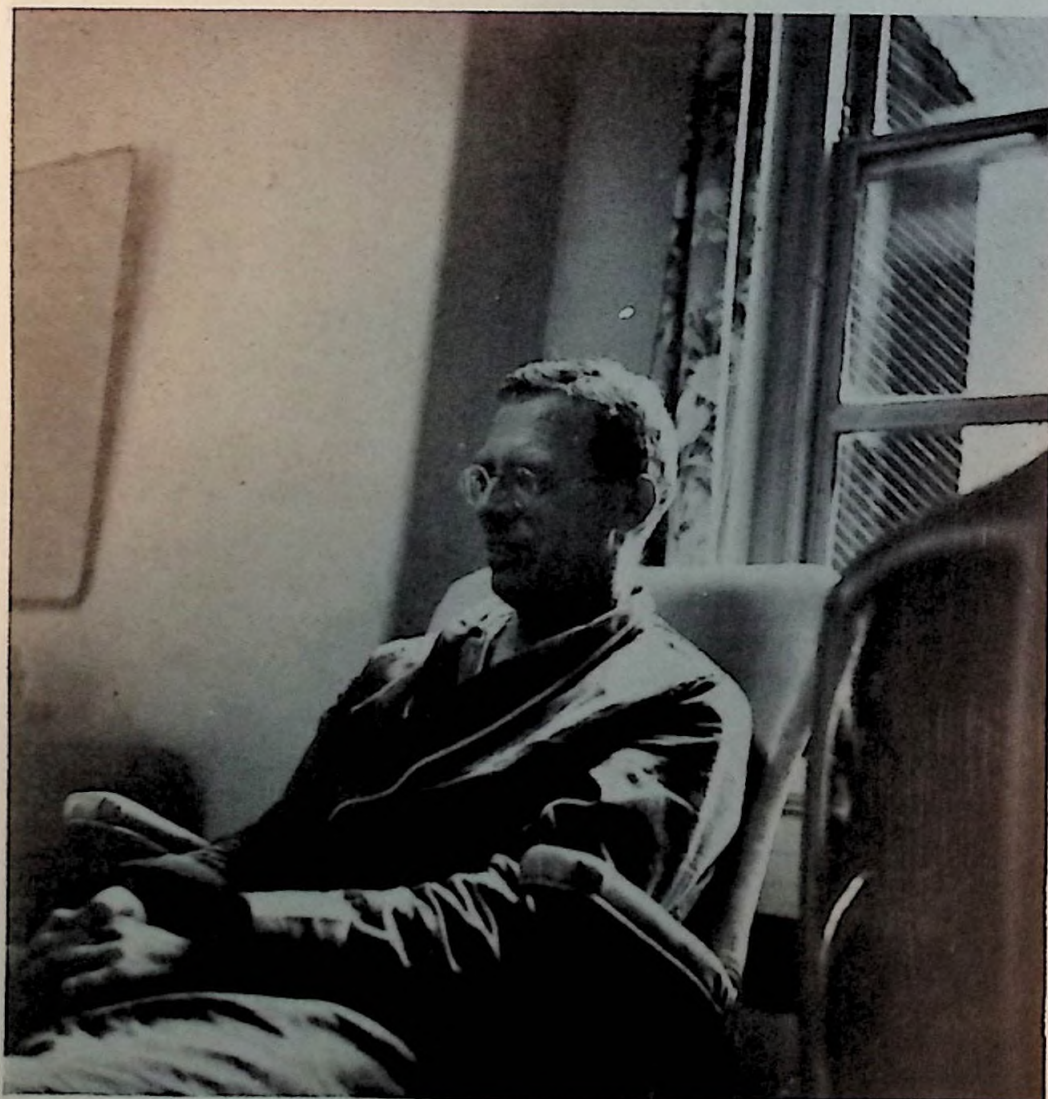
For He is hungry and thirsty,
Come let us adore Him;
Songs we shall sing to entertain,
Songs of sweet and soft refrain.

Kay aron mahikatulog,
Walay timik sa pag hinanok;
Dangatón ta ang pang hinaut,
Sa langit mo Amen Jesus.

So that falling asleep,
No sound to stir Him awake;
We give our love and hope,
To your kingdom come, Jesus. Amen.

Ning Be - len gi - - da - yeg,
Ha - ri sa yu - ta ug la - ngit;
Sa ta - nang ma - nga An - ge - les,
Ug sa ta - nang ma - nga Pas - to - res.

VILLAGE BY VILLAGE



One of India's great missionaries came to New York at the end of September for cancer treatments at St. Vincent's Hospital. His name is Father Edward Burke, known to many JM readers over the years, since they have helped him build up his mission parish at Buxar in north-central India.

One of our JM editors visited him at St. Vincent's recently just after he had read Father Ladany's "Meditation on the Church in Asia" in our October issue. In that article Father Ladany made this remark: "The picture of the missionary . . . (as) . . . a legendary figure who lived in a jungle among a primitive people with a primitive culture . . . a holy adventurer . . . is not so today and has seldom been so in the last few decades."

Father Ed was more than a bit shocked. He felt that this "legendary figure" and "holy" adventurer was still the typical missionary in India and that perhaps Father Ladany was a bit hasty in dismissing him and others like him so completely. At this point our editor began asking him a series of questions about his own work and his answers give a rather interesting picture of the "bush" missionary, his problems and hopes, in the vast country of India where Catholics are only one percent of the population.

Father Burke's people are Chamars—one of the many castes in India. They are leather workers and agricultural workers and exist on the lowest social level. Much of the conversion work in India is with similar low-caste or outcaste groups. Contact with the higher castes is primarily through private schools, most of whose students are Hindus. There is no attempt at conversion of these students; in fact, there is a policy against such activity. The purpose of the schools is to help educate India and, over a period of time, to familiarize the great Hindu culture with Christianity.

Q. *So you don't agree with Father Ladany that the "holy adventurer" is a vanished breed?*

A. No, it's too soon to say that. If all of the "holy adventurers" disappeared, there wouldn't be any mission any more.

Q. *So you would say that Father Ladany has put the emphasis in the wrong place?*

A. Not at all! He understands what missions mean and his idea for intellectual contact is very good. But I think that he is a bit too discouraged by the slow growth of the Church. Certainly, in India, the growth is slow but there is growth and I think that we should persist in our efforts and not be overwhelmed by the fact that a billion people have not yet accepted Christ.

Q. *In your opinion can the number of Christians in India increase as fast as the population?*

A. Well, I only know my own area well. I have in my territory 770 villages. We have evangelized 50 of them, so there are 720 still to go. When I came to Buxar there were 1,300 Catholics in the parish and today there are 2,600.

Q. *What people do you work with?*

A. In all of my villages the Catholics are Chamars. They are low-caste Hindus who serve as leather workers and agricultural workers. They happen to be the only ones asking about religion, the only ones interested.

Q. *Why are the Chamars interested in religion?*

A. They are receiving a great grace from God. Sometimes my people ask me: why has God chosen us? I have to answer, "I don't know." And I don't know. There are other people just as poor or poorer than my Chamars, but they never take an interest in education for their children or in entering the Church.

Q. *What does education for the children have to do with entering the Church?*

A. Well, generally, the people being converted in India are very poor, very helpless, very anxious to seize on anything that will give them a way out of their situation. They know that a missionary can provide them with educational assistance. They also know that he will talk about the Church and try to convert them. He does not hide anything.

Q. *The education is sort of a "bribe?"*

A. Not at all! For instance, I never offer them any material help. In fact, I avoid mentioning it. I will sometimes offer them education. I think that is a legitimate offer. That's something that the government offers them. Of course, they know that we take better care of them than the government can right now. My people are just attracted by the Faith, primarily. Faith is a gift. A gift you have to be willing to accept. They are willing and others are not.

Q. *But the Chamars are a pretty small percentage of the population, aren't they? Couldn't you spend your time better working with other Hindus?*

A. I don't think so. The Chamars are not an insignificant part of India's population. In the United Provinces they make up about 50% of the population. In Bihar, our state, they might total 30% of the population. We have enough Chamars to keep us busy for a long time. All India is covered with villages and in almost every village you will find a hundred or so of these people. Moreover, when you preach to these people and convert them, you are also preaching the Faith to others. It is impossible to go into a village and not have everyone in the village know what you are saying and doing. When our Catholic boys and girls get through high school and return to the villages, they also have an impact on their non-Christian neighbors.

Q. *Just exactly how do you get started in a new village? Do you just go there and start preaching?*

A. There are different ways of getting started in a new village. The easiest way, of course, is if someone comes from the village and invites you to go there.

Q. *Why should they invite you?*

A. Why? Because they have seen what we have done for others in other places. Relatives are often our entree to a village. Or a person from another village happens to be in one of our villages when I offer Mass there and will ask me to come to his place. Why? Again, they see what we are doing. Or it could be because of the personality of the missionary. That plays a big part. Sometimes it's just a question

of sending a catechist—our right-hand men—out to a prospective village and seeing what he can do. He can meet with the head men and talk to them and try to persuade them to accept the preaching. I have always found that it works best to have them come to you. But for that to happen you have to be known. You have to travel around and be seen by the people to get invitations like that.

Q. *You mentioned the "personality" of the missionary a moment ago. Speaking of missionaries, is the chief obstacle to expansion a shortage of men?*

A. Not exactly. They have to be men of the right type. That right type is what we are short of. They have to have sound health and the right attitude for village mission work. Not every man can do it. There's loneliness, threats to health, discouragement. Then there are all the other problems that a priest might have anywhere. You can't just pick any man and put him in such a place and make a missionary out of him. He has to do so many things: be administrator, bookkeeper, beggar. Besides that he has to have the zeal to go out and work among these poor people. He has to be able to talk to them. It's not easy to sit down with a group of poor farmers four or five times a year and listen to their problems. After ten years the adventure is all gone; it becomes just a plodding task. Yet you have to do it. You have to bring yourself down to their level and their interests: the water, the crops, the weather, the children.

Q. *What about loneliness?*

A. Every village missionary suffers from it. You live in a small world with, literally, no one from your larger world to talk to. You become discouraged over the obstinacy of the people or your own frequent failures. You are continually thrown back on your own resources. You pray. You keep busy. You try to cultivate reading or some hobby which will relax and distract you from your isolation.

Q. *What about married priests? Would being married help combat the loneliness?*

A. Married priests? To help overcome loneli-

ness and the pressure of poverty? The Belgian missionaries have a saying: either a cigar or a wife! I think for us in India the cigar is the better idea. First of all, we priests are highly regarded in India for our chastity. Chasteness in the service of God is something the Indians understand and cherish. Secondly, I think that it would be very difficult for any one of us to do all we do (and it is far from enough, even now) if we had to devote some attention to a wife and family. Moreover, we could not expect an American woman and children to live the life that we do—the life of the poor people insofar as we can. I am not saying that the idea would not be practical in other parts of the world. In India, no.

Q. *What about married deacons to take care of some of the many villages you try to visit?*

A. I suppose that I would be willing to have a married deacon take care of a village—if he were a very good man and educated to the task.

Q. *You mentioned poverty a moment ago. At what level do you live and how much does it cost to run your parish in an average year?*

A. We (myself, my assistant, and the Sisters) live at just about subsistence level. No one is getting anything fancy. We do live a bit better than many of the people—especially this year when there is a famine in our area.

Q. *... and the cost of the whole setup in one year?*

A. You have to remember that I am responsible for 10 mission stations, one convent with a boarding school attached for 100 girls, seven Sisters, two priests, some few servants, a farmer and ten catechists, transportation, a medical dispensary, and probably many things I have forgotten. The annual cost of all this is about \$5,000. About one-half of the \$5,000 is earmarked for the convent and the school; the catechists (all 10 of them!) divide about \$1,000 and I only wish I had more to give them; everything else—including the support of the priests—costs about \$1,500. We don't waste money and while \$5,000 may not seem to be much to you, it is a lot when you don't have it.

Q. *Where does the money come from?*

A. I beg all of it. From friends in the States, from JM, from anywhere I can. It takes a lot of time, but if I want to operate my mission, there is no other way than to take the time to beg. I guess that this is part of being a missionary. We also built a new church, just recently finished. That cost about \$20,000 and almost all of that was begged.

Q. *Don't your own people give anything?*

A. They give what they can; but they can't give much when they themselves live on the brink of starvation.

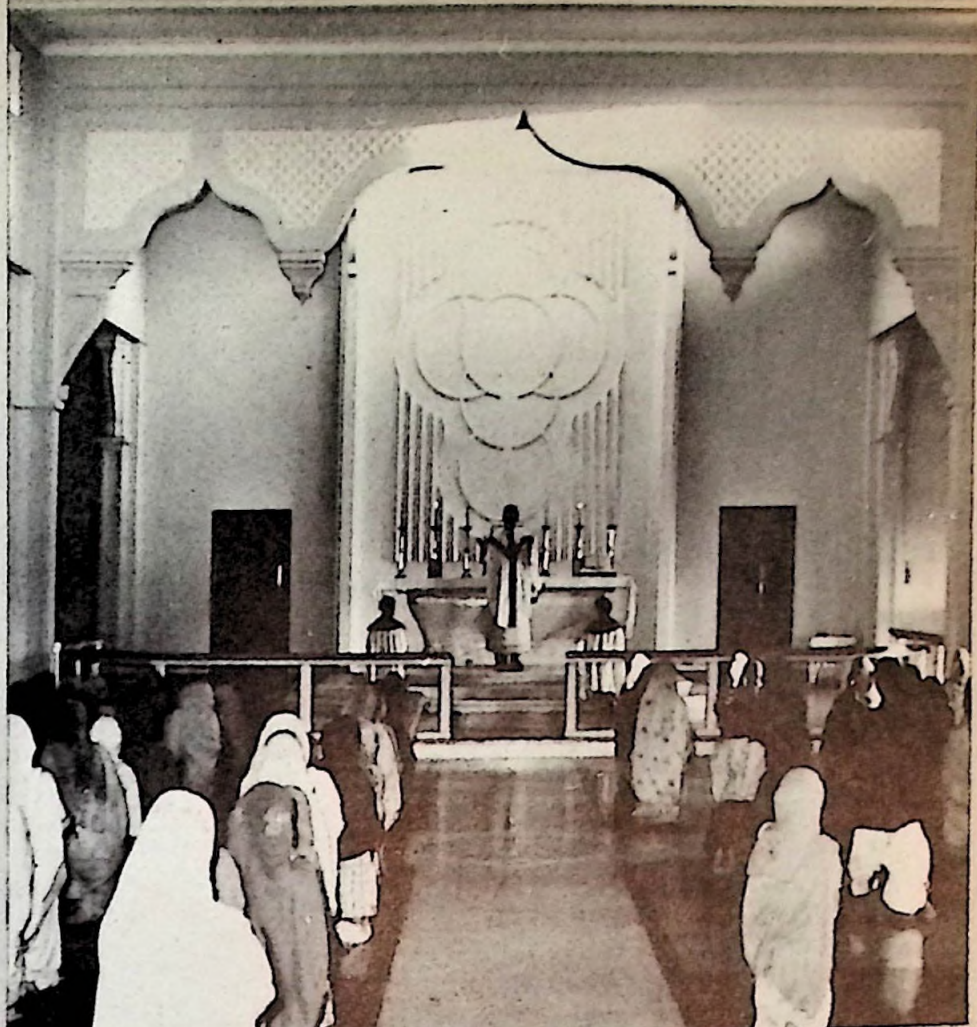
Q. *What would you do if you had more priests suited for the work—and more money?*

A. I would divide my parish and begin to open up more villages and bring more people into the Church.

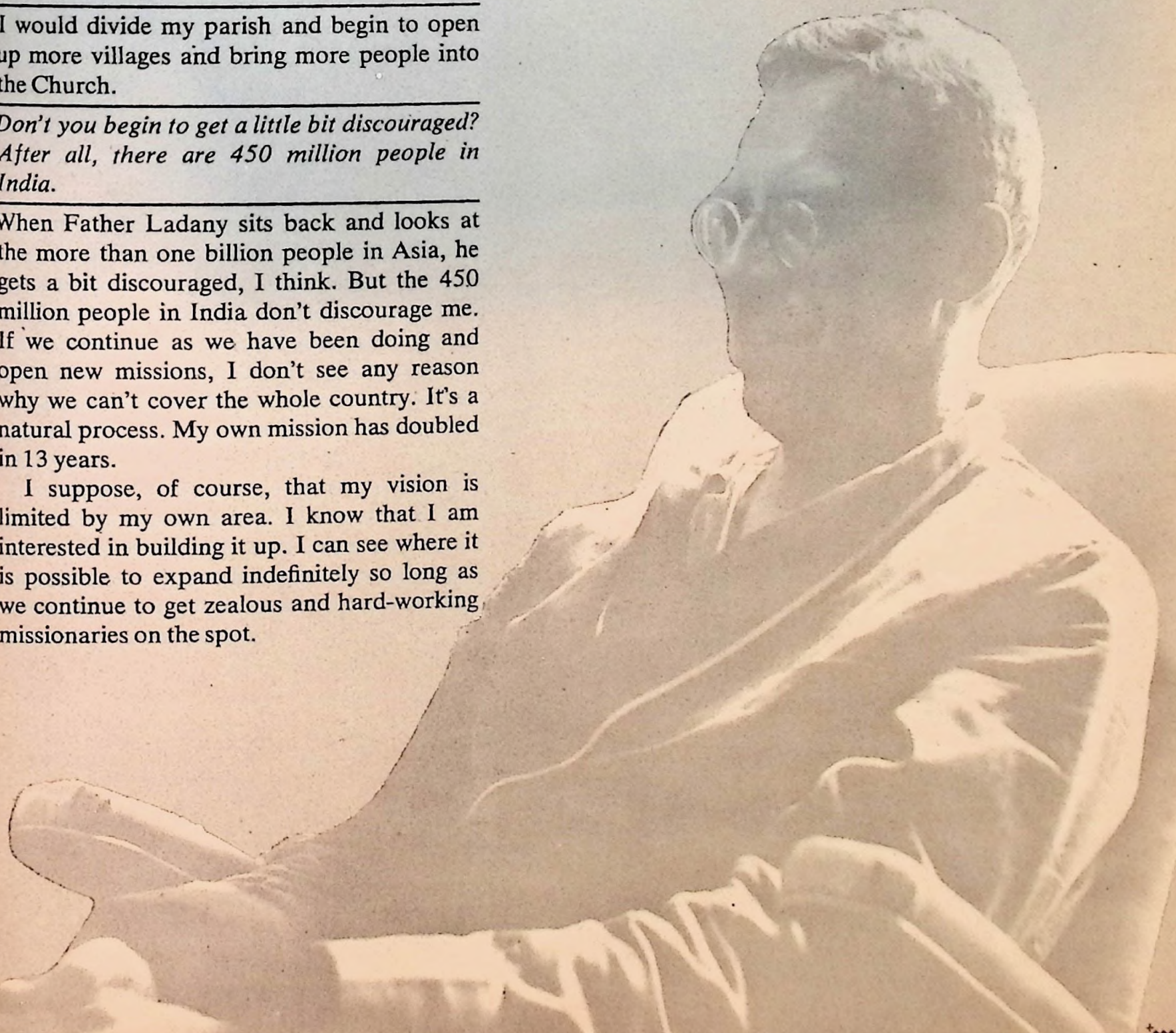
Q. *Don't you begin to get a little bit discouraged? After all, there are 450 million people in India.*

A. When Father Ladany sits back and looks at the more than one billion people in Asia, he gets a bit discouraged, I think. But the 450 million people in India don't discourage me. If we continue as we have been doing and open new missions, I don't see any reason why we can't cover the whole country. It's a natural process. My own mission has doubled in 13 years.

I suppose, of course, that my vision is limited by my own area. I know that I am interested in building it up. I can see where it is possible to expand indefinitely so long as we continue to get zealous and hard-working missionaries on the spot.



In a glow of ivory light Fr. Burke offers Mass in his Indian-style church.



ONE MAN'S CHRISTMAS



Admiring a rather hopeless "watchdog" is Father Carl Dincher and a group of his parishioners. Admiring Father Dincher is a large group of his fellow Jesuits in the Jamshedpur Vice Province of northeast India. As pastor of Chaibasa (the name will mean little to you—but the reality is staggering) Father Carl is in charge of a vast parish that measures 4,825 square miles with about 3,000 scattered Christians. This scattering—in mining districts and villages—is what leads to schedules like the Christmas safari reprinted here for your amazement and edification. At present there are 35 centers where Mass is offered each month. The task of reaching his Christians means four exhausting tours to the four points of the compass—a total distance of 2,500 miles a month! If you find a mile or two of Christmas shopping tiring, or struggling up for Midnight Mass an exhausting venture, we offer you Father Dincher's Christmas schedule as a sovereign antidote for apathy.

Tour Program for the Keonjhar District

- Dec. 9 1:30 p.m. Leave Chaibasa by Jeep for Barbil. Supper and overnight at Feegrades bungalow.
- Dec. 10 6:00 a.m. Leave Barbil by Jeep for Joda.
 7:00 a.m. Confessions, followed by Mass at 8:00
 1:00 p.m. Back to Barbil for lunch.
 3:30 p.m. Visit Kasia, Seromda, then to Badrasai.
 5:30 p.m. Confessions at Badrasai, followed by Mass at 6:30
 Supper, and return to Barbil for the night.
- Dec. 11 6:15 a.m. Confessions at Barbil
 8:00 a.m. Mass, breakfast, marriage cases, visits, lunch.
 3:00 p.m. To Gua by Jeep. Jeep returns to Chaibasa.
- Dec. 12 6:00 a.m. Masses at Gua, all meals at Gua. Visit homes, instructions at shadi school.
- Dec. 13 6:00 a.m. Mass at lower Gua. Leave some time when free for Hilltop Camp at Gua.
 6:00 p.m. Mass at Hilltop. Supper over, take bus back to Gua.
- Dec. 14 6:00 a.m. Confessions, followed by Mass at 7:00.
 Train or bus to Noamundi, check schedules, supper.
- Dec. 15 6:00 a.m. Mass at Noamundi, lunch. P.M. train or bus to Gua.
- Dec. 16 6:00 a.m. Mass at Gua. To Bichaikir for lunch. No priest for many years. Census, marriage cases.
- Dec. 17 6:00 p.m. Mass at Pechari. Visits, lunch back at Bichaikir.
- Dec. 18 6:30 a.m. Mass at Bichaikir, breakfast, then back to Gua.
- Dec. 19 6:00 a.m. Mass at Gua, visits, census, instructions.
- Dec. 20 6:00 a.m. Mass at Gua. P.M. to Thakurani.
 6:00 p.m. Mass at Thakurani, supper. To Barbil for the night.
- Dec. 21 5:00 a.m. Leave for Kiriburu Township for 6:00 a.m. Mass.
 8:00 a.m. Mass for Kiriburu Camp, breakfast. Then to Bolani.
 Lunch at Bolani (if time permits, stop at Biriburu-Pechari near base of hill on way to Bolani).
 6:00 p.m. Confessions and Mass at Bolani. Visit as many as possible in the afternoon. Supper at Bolani. To Barbil for night.
- Dec. 22 5:00 a.m. Leave Barbil for Siljora.
 7:30 a.m. Mass at Siljora, breakfast.
 1:00 p.m. Lunch at Barbil. Leave for Kundrapani at about 4:00 p.m. or earlier. Visit Roida on way— two or three families.
 6:00 p.m. Mass at Kundrapani. Return to Barbil for supper and night.
- Dec. 23 6:00 a.m. Leave Barbil for Kulijhar.
 7:00 a.m. Confessions, Mass at 8:00 a.m., breakfast. Return to Barbil.
- Dec. 24 8:00 a.m. Mass, breakfast, visits, confessions.
 12:00 p.m. Midnight Mass, arrange evening confessions before.
 Have people sing at the High Mass; carols at the Low Mass that follows.
- Dec. 25 8:00 a.m. Mass at Noamundi. Jeep from Chaibasa will make pickup. Christmas dinner for all Fathers at Chaibasa.



COLOMBIA CHURCH IN CRISIS

Gustavo N. Roa

Catholic Latin America is a phrase often heard, said, read. We realize that the Church has problems there, but "still, those countries are Catholic, aren't they?" Probably the only honest answer is "No"—but, admittedly, even that must be qualified. I know one country well, Colombia, which is my country, and I would like to examine its Catholicism for you.

I may sound quite critical. And I am. However, I think that telling the truth as I see it can help you North Americans understand our problems. Attempting to tell the truth can even help *us* understand our problems.

Colombia's reputation for being a Catholic country, along with many other characteristics, was inherited from Spain, the mother country, which not only sent soldiers to conquer its lands and collect gold for the crown, but also missionaries to spread the Queen's religion and win for heaven its people.

Wherever the *conquistadores* found an Indians' town or established one themselves, among the first things they did was to mark a place for the church and build it. By 1625 there were 400 churches, 500 native towns had been catechized and more than 80,000 Indians baptized.

With the missionaries came also a new culture, for they were the first ones to open schools, seminaries, and universities. In 1582 Archbishop Zapata de Cardenas created the first seminary, then in 1604 the Jesuits opened the first high school and a few years later the first university. All this while both education and Catholics were scarce items in North America.

It was not long before the conquistadores, their descendants and all the natives as well professed to be practicing Catholics. As a result, when the Colombian constitution was written in 1886, it reasonably declared in one

of its articles that — "The Roman Catholic Church is the religion of the nation and the public powers will protect it and see that it is respected as an essential element of social order." According to the latest census taken in 1964 and officially confirmed by Church authorities, 96% of the Colombian population declared themselves to be Catholic.

There are numerous external signs testifying to the presumed Catholicity of the country. For example, Holy Week is nationally observed with impressive processions, and TV, theaters and radio present only religious plays and music during that week. On religious feasts nobody works. Majestic monuments to the Sacred Heart and the Virgin are found in every city, town, and on top of many hills. Churches are also seen everywhere, some rich and elaborate, some small and simple. Moreover, in comparison to other Latin American countries, Colombia has always been rich in religious vocations. At the present time there are 3,886 priests for approximately 17,500,000 people.

With all of these symbols and statistics to "prove" her Christian life, it is sad to observe that this nation is suffering today an acute moral, spiritual, and economic crisis. The crisis stems basically from an almost total failure to integrate Christian social and economic principles into the national life.

How can that be possible in a thoroughly Catholic country?

In the opinion of many observers, foreign and Colombian, the answer lies in the failure of the Church to provide the leadership and the spiritual and moral strength that its dominant position required of it. Further, it is said (and seems to be true) that both the Church's failure and the nation's sad plight is due in great part to the Church's identification with,

and attachment to, the wealthy.

To understand how such a situation could arise, one must understand the almost feudal economic and social structure of Colombia. Social classes are as rigidly divided as the nation itself is by her towering mountains. Each class lives in its own ghetto, with almost no contact with any other class. It should be noted, however, that for all practical purposes there are only two classes: the rich and the poor; the middle class is still pitifully small. While the upper class enjoys all the privileges of education, culture, and wealth, with the facilities to obtain and increase them, the lower classes lack all these and are looked down on as inferior and (in many cases) as incapable of being better.

It is with this wealthy class that the Church is identified. She is criticized for favoring them, losing her interest in the poor while cultivating the rich. It is certainly true that many official decisions seem directed to preserving a two-class society and the status of the rich.

How could such an identification have come about? Since the Church was the first one to open schools in Colombia, the whole burden of education was practically left to her until the beginning of this century. Education became and continues to be a privilege of the upper class. Even today, attendance in Church-operated schools (1,685 high schools and two universities) is regarded as a status symbol. Such is the case with Javeriana University in Bogota, which prides itself on producing the majority of the men in the country's key positions. There is no doubt but that one of the reasons for the exclusiveness is the need for tuition in this day and age if private schools are to continue to operate. Be that as it may, it is tragic that the Church has to be forced to educate only those who can afford it. Perhaps she is caught in the trap because she wants to continue to maintain her schools. But the continuing of the schools under the present system will probably only lead to further alienation of the poor.

Another factor in alienation can be read in statistics. Colombia has 17,500,000 inhabitants; 85% of them belong to the poorest class; 61% of the arable land belongs to 3.6% of the land-owners; 4.6% of the popu-

lation receives 40.6% of the national income. The Church's wealth, while not enormous, is reflected in the palaces where the Cardinal and some of the bishops live, as well as in other real estate. This the people see; they see it and feel such wealth to be a contradiction of Christian social doctrines. Contradiction or not, it is the Church's wealth and her increasing identification with wealth that has created the barrier, whether real or imagined, between the Church and the poor.

"Nobody cares what happens to us" say the poor, "not even the priests." When they complain to a priest about being hungry and not having a place to live, it is not uncommon if they are told to be good, to pray and to leave all problems in God's hands.

In fact, when some priests were asked why they did not do anything more positive about solving those problems, they replied that Christ had not sent the apostles as builders or to feed the hungry, but to teach His words to all those who were willing to hear. Besides, they said, the Cardinal and the 20 Colombian bishops had already complied with their obligations in this case by making widely public a document stating the social doctrine of the Church.

The Church is also closely identified with the State. Each depends on the other for support; the Church for economic assistance and the State for political help. Although Luis Cardinal Concha and the Bishops have repeatedly declared that they and their clergy are apolitical and do not interfere in political matters, it is well known that without the Church's implicit support no political group has so far managed to stay in power. It is believed that dictator Rojas Pinilla fell in 1956 only when the Church withdrew her support.

The Colombian people have been disappointed with every government the country has had in the last two decades. They feel that these have been governments of and for the "oligarcas" (oligarchy), in which they have not had any representation to defend their interests. On the other hand, they are well aware that the Church supported these governments that seemed to be opposed to the best interests of the majority, the poor.

“The crisis stems basically from an almost total failure to integrate Christian economic and social principles into the national life.”

There is no question but that many of the poor farmers (*campesinos*) do crowd the churches of the countryside on festival days, etc. . . . If one were to ask them if they were Catholics, they would reply “Yes.” But their identification of themselves as Catholics implies very little about their faith and practice. As a matter of fact, to respond “No” to the question would be the equivalent of saying in the U.S. that one was a Communist. Practically speaking, their lives are almost totally divorced from the Church. Those who are becoming aware of their social and economic plight do not look to the Church for aid and leadership.

When the *campesinos* move into the cities, as they are doing in increasing numbers, they even lose the social contacts with the Church that meant at least some minimal identification with her in the countryside.

The result of all this is that you end up with a Church of three classes: the practicing members who are primarily the rich; the *campesinos* who maintain a social relationship with her that is only surface deep; the growing city poor who are Catholics in name only.

In the meantime, without the Church's leadership, the country has gone from one social, political and economic crisis to another. Today it is teetering on the edge of bankruptcy. Social disorder is growing. Communism is prospering in the chaotic vacuum that only Church and lay leadership can fill.

The picture is not totally black. While it is true to say that within 15 or 20 years one may never again be able to call Colombia a Catholic country, there are nevertheless some hopeful signs of rebirth of the Church's social consciousness. A few Colombian Catholics, especially young priests and university students (but not exclusively the young), are becoming more aware of the situation and are trying desperately to do something before the entire country falls into the hands of the Communists, who meanwhile have been gaining more power and influence.

Despite the fact that they must frequently work without ecclesiastical approval (the hierarchy is hesitant to change its traditional attitude), this group of priests and laymen have undertaken in word and deed the task

of making all Colombians conscious of the need for change.

Their actions have been felt in practically all fields, social, political, and religious. As a result an institute for social investigation was founded by a priest sociologist, Father Gustavo Perez. It studies the causes and magnitude of the problems in order to propose practical solutions.

Archbishops Alberto Urdaneta of Cali and Tulio Salazar of Medellin have sponsored the creation of social projects. In Bogota, Father Rafael Garcia Herreros has constructed a new 400-unit housing development for the poor which is to serve as a model for similar undertakings. Father Ramon Gonzales in San Gil has helped to improve the living conditions of his parishioners by founding credit unions. The recent activities of Father Camilo Torres (much publicized in the North American press) have helped to illuminate the need for a change in the political structures of the country.

In education, the 1,500 radio schools of Monsignor Joaquin Salcedo provide basic instruction for nearly 200,000 *campesinos* who are not able to attend schools. A graduate of the Jesuits' Javeriana University has founded the “Bujia” (Light) movement; it is an organization through which university students volunteer to teach the poor.

The examples I cite are but a few of the many splendid programs for the poor now being carried on. The purpose of their sponsors is not only social or economic; it is also religious. While they work to bring dignity to the poor, they hope that they are also tearing down the wall of suspicion that presently exists between the poor and the Church.

My country, Colombia, is not unique in Latin America. She is, perhaps, a bit more conservative than most. The Church there is more dominant than in most. Beyond that, she shares with the others the tragedy of being called Catholic when in her heart she is not. Perhaps she will never be. But, whatever happens, it would seem that in my beloved land the Church may one day cease being a Church of the rich and of festivals and become—as she is meant to be—a Church for all and for all days.

SHE KNEADS FOR THE NEEDY

Laetitia von Hissenhoven is a small, vibrant Colombian woman of about 40. She is the daughter of a university professor and a graduate of the Sorbonne in Paris. Like thousands of others, Laetitia has come to America to find money. Unlike the others she needs it to support an entire community, the *Foyer de Charité* (Home of Charity), upon which depends the welfare of 300 poor Colombian families.

Laetitia did not find the money she came to find. It wasn't much. Only \$200 a month, \$2,400 a year to support 18 people. But she did not find it. And in the meantime the 18 members of her community had to live somehow, and so she looked for a job.

Since last July, Laetitia von Hissenhoven, graduate of the Sorbonne, has been working in Stouffer's Restaurant in New York City. Her job? Making pies and salads. Her working day begins at 6 a.m., and she goes until 2:30 or 3:30. She works hard and earns \$45 a week. Laetitia keeps none of it. Eighteen people in Boyacà, Colombia, are trying to live on her salary.

Laetitia established this community, the first in Colombia, in 1958 as a result of an experience she had in France where she was educated. After her graduation from the Sorbonne, she decided to remain in Paris, working for the education department of UNESCO. While there she first heard of the *Foyer de Charité*, a movement founded in 1936 by Marthe Robin, a French peasant girl. It is a lay organization whose members try to live according to the early Christian ideals of brotherhood and charity. They live in a community sharing everything, owning nothing, according to the spirit of the Gospels. If any of the members earns a salary or if any group project earns a profit, it is spent on the com-

munity's charitable programs.

Laetitia became so interested in this movement that in 1955 she went to *Chateauneuf de Galaure*, its headquarters, and spent five days of her vacation studying at first hand the community life of the Foyer. Those five days changed her life. Laetitia had always been active in the Legion of Mary and in Catholic Action on a part-time basis. But now she had found a life's work, something that demanded complete dedication. She quit her job and returned to Colombia. There she told her friends of what she had seen in France and asked them to help her begin a *Foyer de Charité* in Colombia.

After two years, she had recruited 18 Colombian volunteers. They were nurses, teachers, technicians, married couples; people of all ages, fired with enthusiasm to help the poor of their country.

Each *Foyer de Charité* chooses its work according to the needs of the community in which it is situated. For instance, in France the Foyers run hospitals or homes for the aged where they are needed, visit the sick at home and organize classes for women in home economics and dietetics.

Laetitia's 18 volunteers gave up their jobs and homes and went to Paipa in Boyacà where they built a house for their community and drew up plans to help the 300 workers' families in the neighborhood. Their hope was and is to create a Christian community that will remain attached to the land. To accomplish this they engage in a bewildering number of programs.

□ Although the men of many of their 300 families work in a nearby ironworks, each family has a very small plot of land. So, better farming methods are taught.

□ Farmers are taught to plant new crops suit-



Linda Lee Davis

able to the region; means of controlling or killing insects and parasites are demonstrated.

□ The *campesinos* learn how to irrigate their fields and how to stop erosion.

□ They are encouraged to raise livestock, and a small dairy trade has been started.

□ Vegetable and fruit gardens are encouraged, one for each house.

□ Cooperatives for both producers and consumers have been formed.

□ Better sanitation is gradually becoming a reality through the building of latrines and the digging of wells to ensure clear water for drinking and bathing.

□ They are taught better ways of cooking and cleaning both through home visits and through the short courses given at the Activities Center of the Foyer de Charité.

□ Mothers are taught to plant flower gardens and beautify their homes.

□ Courses are also given in midwifery, sewing and weaving, the raising of children, and personal formation, in which the importance of good relations within the family and within the community are stressed.

□ Courses for teenagers are given which help prepare them for matrimony and for their duties as parents.

□ The peasant families are encouraged to become self-supporting through home industries, such as weaving and mattress-making.

□ The Foyer hopes to set up a medical center with provision for emergency maternity care.

□ Musical groups have been organized at the Activities Center and local singing and dancing groups are encouraged.

□ At the Center a library has been set up.

□ Over seven years the Foyer has run Retreats and Cursillos for 10,000 exercitants, all being formed to become themselves Christian leaders in their own areas.

□ Most important of all, a school has been built, since there was no public school in the neighborhood. Now 120 children are taught there and adult classes in reading have attracted students as old as 80!

In all of their instructions and efforts the members of the Foyer work to create a community of interests, aspirations and work. From this they hope a community of worship will come. In their own lives they try to illustrate such a community. They meet every morning to pray together according to the rules laid down for them by Marthe Robin and her advisor, Père Georges Finet. Then each goes to his job until it is time to meet to pray together again in the evenings. They share all they have and own nothing. Today, however poor, they are gay and enthusiastic, for they have been eagerly adopted by their poor peasants and their efforts have begun to bear fruit.

With success thus beginning, it is easy to understand the shock received last year when the Colombian government ceased paying the salaries of the five teachers in the school, \$200 per month. That was the total income for the support of the whole group.

That tragedy was what led Laetitia to New York with the dream of finding support here for her work. After all, she was the foundress and director; if anyone should provide the money for support, she should.

Laetitia cannot work forever in Stouffer's. Someday soon she will have to return to Colombia. As matters stand, she may well have to go back without the money she came here to find. Yet the determination and love and sacrifice she lives out in a restaurant kitchen on New York's 42nd Street suggest that she will somehow find a way to carry on her wonderful work.

WANTED for Jesuit Missions

1. APOSTLE, GO HOME!

Laetitia van Hissenhoven (see page 34) is a zealous lady-apostle. She has dedicated her life to helping the Church and the poor in Colombia. Today she is actually supporting an entire mission by making pies in a New York restaurant. The value of her group's work with the poor, Christ's forgotten people in Colombia, cannot be over-estimated. A gift of a few dollars would get Laetitia out of the kitchen and back to her beloved *campesinos* in the Colombian highlands.

2. SHOVEL HIM OUT

Father Barney McMeel is snowed under. This is literally true since winter has come to his mission, Holy Cross, in central Alaska. It is also financially true. He just does not have the money to support the Sisters, the lay volunteers, and the mission. Winter in Alaska is cold and lonely. \$5.00 or \$10.00 could bring light and warmth and basic necessities to one of the kindest and most zealous of Alaska's great missionaries.

3. A CHRISTMAS FOR WAIFS

Christmas is for all—but especially for children. In the mountains of far northern India, Father Dick MacDonald has a heartbreaking problem—and a joy—this Christmas, 1965. He is Father to many, many orphans but cannot give them the gifts that make Christmas for the children who receive—from the fathers and mothers who give. He begs for foster parents for some of his orphans. A few dollars from several hundred people

could help to bring joy to Father Dick's abandoned waifs.

4. FOR NOW AND ETERNITY

In one way we like schools. We know what they can do for a country and for the Church. In another way we don't like them. Each time we open one, we know we've begun another program of begging, tying-together-with-string, and endless prayers just to keep the doors open. We have just started on another! A trade school in Belize, British Honduras. It will train poor young boys in basic trade skills—to help them earn a living, develop their country. The education they receive can change their lives for the better now—and perhaps for all eternity. For Father Leo Weber, its founder, we beg your help to buy the tools that will be used to fashion a better life for some of the western hemisphere's poorest people.

5. BE A CORNERSTONE

Father James Loeffler became the missionary-parish priest at May Pen in the mountains of south central Jamaica last year. He was then 64 years old. At that age he faced a situation where "unemployment and poverty are appalling...most scratch a meager living from the rocky soil, the forests or the sea." There Father Jim cares for 5 mission stations, traveling 350 miles a week. To get the altar out of the back porch of a farmhouse, he built a church. It cost \$1,100. The people raised \$150, by great sacrifice. Neither he nor they have much more to give. Please be as generous as you can to help these deserving people and a zealous but aging missionary.

JESUIT MISSIONS—211 East 87th Street, New York, N. Y. 10028

DEAR FATHER,

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

DECEMBER 1965



In Peru there is an old rhyme for country dwellers who travel to Lima for a two day Christmas celebration.

Arre borriquito,
Vamos a Belèn
Que mañana es fiesta
Pasado también

Get up little donkey
We are going to Bethlehem
For tomorrow is a festival
And the day after.

The travelers feast on Lima's favorite dish, Empanadas, sold at roadside stands along the way. These little meat pies are also a feature of almost every Christmas dinner in Peru.

EMPANADAS

4 cups flour	2 lbs. chopped beef or chicken, raw or cooked
3 eggs, lightly beaten	¼ cup chopped sweet red pepper
2 cups finely chopped suet	32 small stuffed olives
1 cup water	½ cup raisins
1 Tbsp salt	2 hard-boiled eggs, coarsely chopped
2 cups chopped onion	

Combine the flour, eggs and 1 cup suet. Stir in salted water until dough assumes a mass capable of being rolled into very thin sheets. Mix together the onions, meat, red pepper and second cup of suet in a skillet. Stir and fry until the onions are tender.

Roll out the dough into very thin sheets and cut into 5-inch squares for individual empanadas. Place a heaping tablespoon of onion and meat mixture, olives, a few raisins, and chopped cooked egg on each square. Fold dough over meat and press edges together. Place on a baking pan and bake in a slow oven (325°) about 30 min. Makes 16 empanadas.

In Iraq, a family works up an appetite on Christmas Eve by jumping over a bonfire! They assemble in the courtyard each holding a lighted candle while a child reads the Nativity story from an Arabic Bible. Then the bonfire is lit while the family chants a Psalm. It must be made of dried thorns and if it burns completely, good fortune is assured for the coming year. Each member of the family jumps three times over the ashes and makes a wish. They are probably wishing for:

MIDDLE EASTERN TURKEY

Prepare a turkey for stuffing, then brush inside and out with melted butter, and stuff with the following:

1 cup rice cooked about 10 minutes	½ cup minced onion
3 Tbsp butter	2 tsp salt
4 Tbsp pine nuts (pignoli)	Pepper
½ cup ground lamb	¼ tsp allspice
½ cup minced celery with leaves	¼ tsp cloves
	½ tsp cinnamon

Brown pine nuts in 3 Tbsp. butter. Pour butter and nuts into rice and lamb mixture and add spices, onion, and celery. Mix well and stuff turkey. Truss and roast as usual.

This Greek holiday bread bears a cross of white icing on its crust and is baked with a silver coin hidden deep inside. At dinner, the father of the household ceremoniously breaks the bread and sets out portions for the patron saint, the house, the animals, the furnishings, and then the members of the family. The one who finds the silver coin is assured of a year filled with grace and good fortune.

AYI VASILOPITTA (St. Vassil's loaf)

½ cup warm milk	1 tsp salt
1 large cake yeast	3 eggs
1 tsp sugar	½ tsp nutmeg
2 cups milk	½ tsp cinnamon
¾ cup shortening	5 to 6 cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar	chopped almonds

Dissolve yeast with 1 tsp. sugar in the warm milk. Let stand. Bring 2 cups milk and the shortening to a boil. Stir in sugar and salt, and pour into large mixing bowl to cool until lukewarm. Add nutmeg and cinnamon. Stir unbeaten eggs into yeast mixture. Work in flour, beating with hand. Dough should be thick, and not too dry. Cover and let rise for 1 hour. Knead down for 2 minutes and place in a greased round cake pan. Insert washed silver coin in dough. Brush top with melted butter. Let the dough rise until doubled in mass. Paint surface with an egg yolk beaten with 1 tablespoon water. Sprinkle with chopped almonds. Bake at 350° for 45 minutes. When cooled, paint on a white cross of icing.

Dining with the World

In Bethlehem, Christian homes are painted with a white cross, a square cross for those of the Orthodox faith and a Latin cross for the Catholics. Relatives from neighboring villages gather together to feast on pastries, homemade wine and —

CINNAMON TEA

Put two or three sticks of cinnamon in a kettle of water. Pour boiling water over tea leaves. Float almonds and walnuts in each cup.

Here is an edible Christmas tree from Equatorial Africa, where our traditional Christmas dishes are unknown. But this Shrimp Tree and the fancy Banana Boats express the same festive spirit and are greeted with equal enthusiasm.

SHRIMP TREE

(A fresh pineapple covered with pink shrimp, so that only the pineapple leaves show)

Clean and devein 4 lbs. of shrimp. Boil in a gallon of water with salt, pepper, bay leaves and onion, and lemon. Spear cooked shrimp with toothpicks and fasten to the pineapple in rows until the fruit is completely covered. Place a damp towel around it and refrigerate until ready to serve. Serve with Pilli-pill sauce.

PILLI-PILLI SAUCE

3 cups tomato sauce
½ cup finely chopped tomato
½ cup lemon juice
¼ cup onion, finely chopped
¼ cup grated horseradish
2 tsp garlic powder
1 Tbsp crushed red pepper (Pilli-pill)

BANANA BOATS

Make 8 little boats out of 6x8 pieces of aluminum foil. Place on a cookie sheet. Cut 8 bananas into quarters and coat the pieces with a mixture of ¼ cup sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Put 4 pieces in each boat and pour over a sauce made of 1 cup orange juice mixed with 3 Tbsp. Curaçao. Bake at 350° for 20 minutes and top with shredded coconut and whipped cream.

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