

# MANCIPIA

August/September 2008

THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER



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- Saint Philomena, unique among the saints and patron of our school. Page 3.
- A kind of sequel to his “Back to the Future” article, Russell LaPlume introduces us this time to his late, magnanimous father, whose reputation for charity in Lawrence, Massachusetts, earned him the title, “The Can Man.” Page 10.

# TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE:

## THE PRINCELY APOSTLE OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA FATHER DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN (1770 - 1840)



Br. André Marie, M.I.C.M., Prior

Talk about “incongruous”! The man known as the “Apostle of the Alleghenies,” and the founder of the town of Loretto, Pennsylvania, was a Russian prince reared in the Hague as the sophisticated, freethinking scion of a diplomatic noble family. Father Augustine Smith, as he was known

for years in this country, was born to Prince Dimitri Alexievitch Gallitzin and his German wife, Amalia von Schmettau in 1770. The Gallitzins were old Russian nobility — Orthodox in name only, as the elder Prince Dimitri and his bride had become children of the Enlightenment. In her own right, Amalia was a German countess, whose Prussian father was a favorite field marshal of Fredrick the Great.

The hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world of our future American apostle. Raised a Catholic until age nine, when

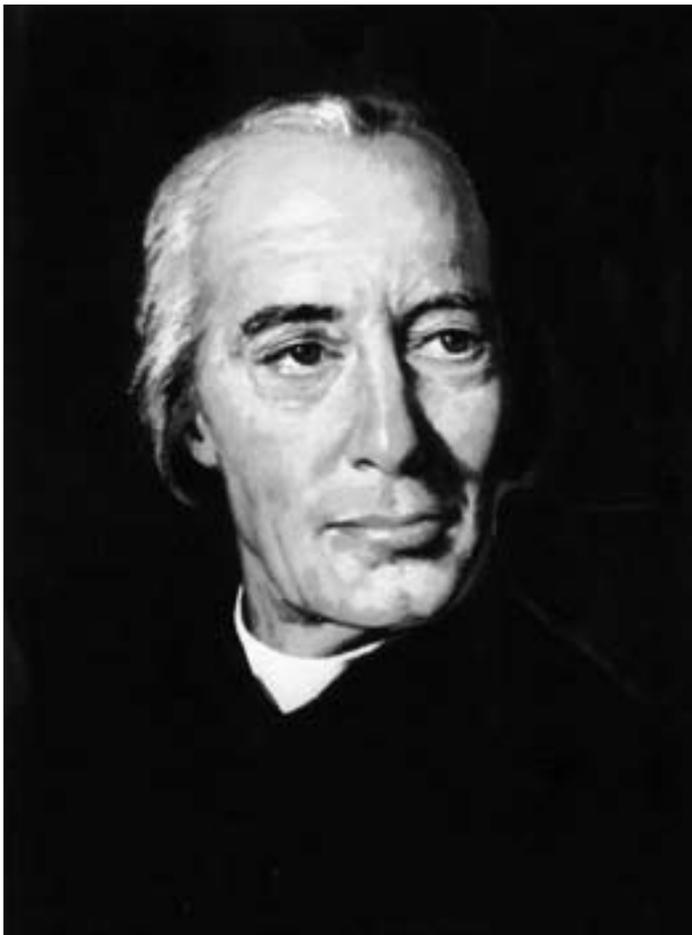
*On the cover: Brother Louis Marie, M.I.C.M., teaching a young man to serve the traditional Mass.*

a freethinking tutor soured her on religion, Amalia passed through a number of strange enthusiasms on her way back to the Faith of her baptism. From being a disciple of Diderot and Voltaire (the former of whom was a frequent household guest in the Gallitzin home), she began to follow an eccentric Dutch antiquarian named Hemsterhuis, after whose tutelage she came under the salutary influence of a formidable German educator in the person of the very Catholic Baron Franz von Fuerstenberg. The Baron, who did much to improve education in Westphalia after the suppression of the Jesuits, had in his circle of collaborators many priests who helped ensure the Catholicity of his energetic undertakings. After a providential illness, Amalia was brought back to the Faith. She would not be — could not be — mediocre in its practice. Princess Amalia wanted to be another Saint Monica, and her son, of course, was to be another Saint Augustine, even if she had to drag him to that pinnacle of greatness kicking and screaming. Lacking Monica’s demure nature, the princess was a strong personality, charming, brilliant, beautiful, and — how say it? — excessive in everything she did. One gets the impression that the princess brought to every venture, including child-rearing, the decisiveness of one squeezing the last bit of toothpaste out of the tube, though she looked good doing it. She was a bright light who often eclipsed all around her, including her son, whom she found disappointingly “empty” well into his teens and beyond.

At age twenty-one, “Mitri,” as he was known to the family, would do what all aristocratic young men did before embarking on a career. He would take his world tour to complete his formal education with the experimental knowledge one gained by travel. His was to be a two-year tour, but where to do it? It was decided that Mitri would tour not the Old World, but the New. He would travel with a priest named Father Brosius, an educator and brilliant mathematician who had his heart set on more than math: Father wanted to add to the Church’s numbers in America by responding to Bishop Carroll’s call for German-speaking priests. He would be a missionary. But he would also be the personal chaplain of Mitri on his two-year tour, or so the princess thought, for she had arranged it.

When the duet arrived on October 28, 1792, Bishop Carroll was not thrilled over the idea of a much-needed missionary acting as tour-guide chaplain for a Russian prince making his own in the world. He discreetly ignored Mitri’s accompanying letters of recommendation from the princess and a German bishop, suggesting that, temporarily at least, Mr. Augustine Smith (Mitri’s new name in America) would be a welcome

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Father Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin

## CONVENT CORNER

### SAINT PHILOMENA: A CHALLENGE TO MODERN MINDS



Sr. Marie Thérèse, M.I.C.M.,  
Prioress

In this issue, I have the opportunity to show a little gratitude to a great saint, who is the patroness of our school and of vocations to our sisterhood.

Saint Philomena, virgin and martyr, is a challenge to modern minds. Martyred during the third century, she was completely unknown until her intact tomb was discovered

in 1802 during an excavation of the Roman Catacombs. All that could be determined from this exciting discovery was her name, that she was of noble birth, and that she was about thirteen years of age when she was martyred. A guess was made at the details of her martyrdom from the symbols on the tomb slabs. Her bones, a vial of her blood, and some ashes were studied, then placed in a sealed reliquary and “filed” in Rome.

But Christ wanted His dear spouse to be publicly honored and of assistance to His Mystical Body after seventeen hundred

years of obscurity. Her relics were brought to Mugnano in Italy in 1805. Immediately, cures, conversions, and miracles of all kinds began to take place at her shrine. But it was the miraculous and very public cure of Ven. Pauline Jaricot of France, in about 1835, that brought universal veneration of the “dear little saint.” Pope Gregory XVI was a personal witness of this miracle and is responsible for putting her feast on the calendar.

Around 1845, the Curé of Ars was being showered with heavenly favors and miracles through the veneration of Saint Philomena’s relics and a continual recommendation of devotion to her. But more: wherever her relics were venerated or devotion to her established, miracles became commonplace! It was soon said that nothing was too great or too small for Saint Philomena. She was declared a *thaumaturga* (wonder worker) and many popes praised her and received personal favors from her.

But, after many thousands of miracles, her identity was still shrouded in historical darkness. Who was she? At the pleading of her grateful clients, she sent three identical revelations to three completely unrelated devotees. These revelations were documented and, along with her relics and miracles, are the

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Immaculate Heart of Mary School teachers and students for the 2007-2008 school year.

# PREFECT'S COLUMN

## WHAT NEXT?



Tertiary\* Br. John  
Marie Vianney

**D**ue to the publication deadline, I write this before the conference has taken place. I pray that all will have gone well as I am the chairman of the conference committee! I know some of you who wished to come could not due to financial constraints. We pray that you can come next year. (In fact, if you put a little money aside each week, then

you might just be able to do that.) We do have tapes and CDs of the conferences available now. Just call our bookstore toll free, 877-773-1773.

The conference is our big annual event. These days rejuvenate us and ready us to do battle in the world. A practical way to maintain this heightened state of zeal is to start, or join, a circle of studies. Brother Francis refers to the circles as the “engine of the Crusade of Saint Benedict Center.” For those who do not know what the circles are, I point you to our syllabus; it is available online at [www.catholicism.org/downloads/syllabus.pdf](http://www.catholicism.org/downloads/syllabus.pdf), or from our bookstore.

We believe there is no easier way for an adult to study the Faith than through the simple method drawn up in 1942 by Brother Francis. The program has weathered the test of time. The secret of its success is its simplicity. In fact, Brother’s method of education might be called organic. It is more circular than linear, which is the Semitic way of teaching. First, a structure of general Catholic knowledge is established, utilizing the inner sense of the memory, that fascinating power with which God has equipped our minds. That’s the nucleus. Then, that foundation is built upon as the student grows in knowledge by relating other information, orbit-like, to that already garnered. In this way one can establish a wholeness and unity of knowledge, rather than merely extending data in a horizontal line and hoping to remember some fact or scriptural verse when occasion calls.

According to Brother Francis’ method, Catholic erudition needs cultivation, just as a garden does. It is a slow process of maturation. But without a structure, a frame, so to speak, there will not be any facts planted firmly in the mind upon which to hang more information that is related to what is already known. The memory expands by establishing such relations. Take history, for example. Brother has his beginning students memorize the most important dates of history: biblical, classical, and ecclesiastical. Then, he requires the reading

\* Third Orders, whose members are called “tertiaries,” are associations of the faithful established by religious orders. Most M.I.C.M. tertiaries are lay folk.

of the best books of history, but not before familiarizing the student with the general scenario surrounding the most important events and epochs, without neglecting their all-important causes and effects. For, as he never tires of saying: “History is the laboratory of wisdom.”

I would need many pages to tell you more about the program of studies, which are utilized in the Center’s school for children, as well as the lecture series for adults. Let me conclude by saying that, until I sat and listened to Brother Francis, I did not know the meaning of the continuity of our holy religion.

*Email Brother John Marie Vianney at  
[toprefect@catholicism.org](mailto:toprefect@catholicism.org).*

A request for all active Circles:

Please check in with Brother John Marie Vianney, M.I.C.M., Tert., as soon as possible with updates on members and program of studies.

## Saint Benedict Center 2008 Conference Set

The CD and audio tape sets of the conference talks will be available for shipping shortly after our July 17-20 event. The sets (either tape or CD) normally cost \$69.95 plus shipping; but until August 15, if you order our Conference Special, you can get them for only \$50, and that includes shipping.

Please call our toll-free number (877) 773-1773, or fill out and return the reply form (on page 15) to place your order.

# FOUNDERS' COLUMN



Father Leonard Feeney

## MAXIMS OF FATHER FEENEY

COLLECTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. ANN'S HOUSE

*The following maxims were not things Father "composed" as much as they were lessons that he intended to impress upon his spiritual children. Our gratitude goes to the sisters of St. Ann's for allowing us to share with our readers just a sampling from their much larger collection. The Editor*

**T**he fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and the lack of that fear is causing this United States of America to explode into all kinds of phobias. The whole world is bristling with fears: fear of old age, of lack of security. If we had a wholesome fear of God, and we were working out our salvation "with fear and trembling," we would be free of phobias, which are false fears.

• "You are our life, our sweetness, and our hope; you will pray for us now and at the hour of our death. Amen." When I say that to Our Lady, she's listening, and she's praying. Imagine

the Blessed Virgin Mary praying for us! Aren't you, O Mother of God? That's the "communion of saints." That's the beautiful Catholic Faith. How anybody could be interested in anything else before the Faith, I don't understand.

• We look around and see what a beautiful world God has made, the wonder and

majesty of it. And yet, we weren't made for this world; we were made for the world to come. We should be getting ready at all times for heaven; that's the only purpose for which we are living — getting ready and ready and ready for eternity.

• Our first interest of the day is not what the newspapers have to say; our first interest of the day is what God has to say, and what we have to say to God by way of prayers.

• It's wonderful how mysteriously we're made, isn't it? I don't know where I came from; I've never seen the inside of my head; I don't know how I lift my hand; do you? . . . We're a mystery to ourselves. "We're wonderfully and fearfully made." What a wonderful thing God has made in making us.

• Don't be surprised if you have suffering; if you don't have suffering, you won't get to the kingdom of heaven. Jesus had suffering. If you have a cross to endure, extend your hands and be part of His love. If He suffered for you, why shouldn't

you suffer for Him? God suffered for man. Saint Augustine said to God: "Send any cross that will help me."

• As we've said so often, we can talk to the saints all the time. We don't need a telephone. You don't have the Catholic Faith if you don't love the saints. The saints love the earth because that's where they achieved their salvation.

• Pray hard for our Faith. We'll stick to it, and we won't give up the beautiful, simple liturgy of the Church for anything. We'll love the saints, all the devotions, and all the things that the Apostles taught us. We want to be a little order completely dedicated to the tradition of the Church — the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. We're in a crusade to keep the Catholic Faith — the only one true Faith, outside of which there is no salvation.



One of the three-legged races at the end of school Field Day.



A tug of war at IHM School's Field Day.



Mr. Brian Kelly

### PADRE PIO: HIS WONDERS NEVER CEASE

There are countless Padre Pio miracle stories. One of my favorites is that of the U.S. Army pilot whose plane was shot down somewhere in northern Italy during a dogfight with the Germans in World War II. He had managed to eject his seat after the hit, but the parachute got ripped and he was left falling to certain death — that is, until a robed man grabbed him in

mid-air and carried him safely to the ground. The pilot found his way to the American camp, and much to his chagrin, his story drew nothing but compassionate smiles and blank stares. Nevertheless, that story, and one other, involving a flying friar who waved off a WWII bomber pilot from dropping his load on the wrong target, made it into the U.S. military's official records. When the first pilot returned home, his mother, whom he had told by letter about the miraculous rescue, showed him a prayer card that she had of Padre Pio. "That's the man!" he exclaimed, "that's the man who saved my life."

My mother had her own story — not quite so dramatic, but a miracle nonetheless. It happened fifty-six years ago. She had just given birth to me at the time. (So, now you know how old I really am.) In addition to me she had also been carrying a large stone in her gall bladder. The doctors tried every means they knew of to dissolve it, but to no avail. She dropped to ninety pounds. Shortly before this she found a little book about Padre Pio that "someone" left on a table in our home. My mother never found out who left that book, but ever since receiving it she nourished a strong devotion to the stigmatist. So, there she was, withering away, near death in a hospital bed. She told me the story many times, underscoring the part about the physicians' conferring about her case right outside of her room. "Would you let your wife go through that procedure?" she remembered hearing her doctor ask one of his more daring consultants. All this time, of course, she continued to pray to Padre Pio. On the night before the dangerous operation she saw the saint's face appear on the screen of one of those new inventions that people were calling a "television." Well, it wouldn't have been too hard to dismiss that as an hallucination; after all, she had been staring at his prayer card for hours on end. That wouldn't be too hard, except for something else that happened. A nurse came into the room and began pestering my mother for information about the perfume she was wearing. "It's just heavenly," she said, "please tell me what it is?" The perfume was not emanating from my mother (who, needless to say, was not wearing any), but perhaps from a certain "someone" who placed a little book on a table for a young Catholic family in West Orange, New Jersey, so many years ago. (For those who

do not know, in answer to the prayers of countless petitioners, Saint Pio was known to leave a favorable sign in the form of exquisite and unearthly aromas.) The operation, which in the 1950s was anything but routine, was completely successful.

Saint Padre Pio is even more powerful now, in heaven, than while he was on earth. Don't forget that. To help you remember this truth, here's another great story. It occurred thirty years after the saint's death — and it is ongoing.

It begins in Romania. A seventy-one-year-old woman is dying of a cancerous tumor on her lung. She has two sons: one named Victor, who is a schismatic orthodox priest; and another, a painter, named Mariano. Her name is Lucretia Tudor.

Her doctors in Romania have told her that surgery would be too risky and that she had about five months to live. Mariano has a physician friend who, hearing of Lucretia's plight, invites the painter to bring his mother to Rome, where he has a practice. After examining her very thoroughly, he, too, has to cross off surgery as a possibility. All that he could do was give the poor woman medications for her pain.

Meanwhile Mariano decides to keep his mother with him in Rome, bringing her to his friend for check-ups, while he works on a mosaic in a church. Lucretia goes to the church with her son and walks around curiously admiring the paintings and



Padre Pio's incorrupt body, exhumed after forty years.

statues. When she sees one particular statue, she is fixated. "Who is this?" she asks her son. "It is Padre Pio," replies Mariano, who knows enough about the friar and his stigmata to give her the basic facts.

Every day, Mariano would take his mother with him to this church. While he worked, she would sit and talk for hours to the statue of Padre Pio. Lucretia never said whether or not the saint spoke to her, only that she had asked him for a cure. His answer came when she went for her next check-up. The tumor had disappeared.

Enter Victor. Her son, the priest, is so astonished and grateful for his mother's cure that he begins to read everything he can find about Padre Pio. So do his parishioners. "In my parish, they began to know and love Padre Pio," he said. "We read everything we found about him. His holiness won us over. Meanwhile, in my parish other sick people also received extraordinary graces from Padre Pio. Among my people, there

spread a great enthusiasm, and, little by little, we decided to become Catholics, in order to be closer to Padre Pio."

It took time to iron out the ecclesiastical difficulties, but soon enough Father Victor's parishioners all entered the one true Church. And that's not all. They also started a collection to raise funds in order to build their own church, which they wished to dedicate to Padre Pio. When some Germans, who were also devoted to the saint, heard about Lucretia's story, they, too, joined in with generous donations: Germans helping Romanians to build a church in honor of an Italian, catholicity at its best.

This wonderful story was related to Zenit News Agency by Italian journalist, Renzo Allegri. The latest news that he had was that the first stone has been set and that the Catholic Metropolitan for Romania, Archbishop of Faragas and Alba Julia, was there to bless the occasion and the site.

*Email Brian Kelly at [bdk@catholicism.org](mailto:bdk@catholicism.org).*

## CONVENT CORNER

### SAINT PHILOMENA: A CHALLENGE TO MODERN MINDS

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sole evidence of her sanctity and basis for her canonization. In this, Saint Philomena is unique in all history and confounds the rationalists.

Pope Saint Pius X, the great anti-modernist pope of the century, said, "To discredit the present decisions and declarations concerning Saint Philomena as not being permanent, stable, valid and effective, necessary for obedience, and in full-effect for all eternity, proceeds from an element that is null and void and without merit or authority."

The popes are not alone. The Curé of Ars praises her thus: "Her virginity and generosity in embracing heroic martyrdom has rendered her so agreeable to God that He will never refuse anything that she asks for us."

Ven. Pauline Jaricot, the foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Living Rosary, adds her voice to the chorus of praise: "Have full confidence in this great Saint; she will obtain for you all that you ask." (Saint Philomena is the patroness of both the Living Rosary and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.)

Not only by her friends, but also by her enemies may we know her. In Saint Philomena's case, hell itself let us know the hatred it feels for her. During an exorcism, some demons made it known that, "Our accursed enemy is this great virgin and martyr, Saint Philomena. Devotion to her is a new and terrible warfare to hell."

To the ill-willed attempt at discrediting our saint, started early in the 1900s (culminating in the removal of her name from the Church calendar), Father Paul O'Sullivan correctly points out, "It is incomprehensible that any Catholic dare contradict so flagrantly the Holy Father himself and repudi-

ate contemptuously the decisions of the Roman Congregations [which declared her a saint]. How can bishops expect respect, obedience and submission if it be denied Christ's Vicar? It cannot be urged that the decisions and decrees in question were made 'in far-off centuries' when Roman procedure was less rigorous, nor can any doubt be raised as to the authenticity of the documents or the accuracy of their interpretation. The decisions are modern and made with the utmost caution, for which Rome is so justly famous, so as to ensure unerring accuracy."

Here at Saint Benedict Center, where we fight for Catholic orthodoxy, the sisters run Immaculate Heart of Mary School. Saint Philomena is, after Our Lady, the patroness of our school. We ask her to protect our children, to keep them faithful and innocent. May Saint Philomena's benevolence extend far beyond our little school and bring succor to the whole Mystical Body of Christ, suffering as it is today. Through her intercession, may the minds of liberal Catholic rationalists, who now disdain her, be enlightened by the heavenly light of true Catholicism.

*Email Sister Marie Thérèse at [convent@catholicism.org](mailto:convent@catholicism.org).*

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## PRIOR'S REPORT

### FATHER DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN

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guest at the one-year-old Saint Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. Whether or not the bishop planned it, Mitri's stay at the seminary awakened in the phlegmatic prince a keen desire to be a priest, an American missionary priest.

Carroll was skeptical. A Russian aristocrat was not exactly fitted for the hardscrabble life of a frontier missionary. He took the young man with him on some of his rounds of the diocese, which, in its entirety, was all of the U.S.A. Mitri liked what he saw. He went to the seminary and excelled in his studies. Having the best education Baron von Fuerstenberg and his mother could offer helped. He was ordained priest on March 18, 1795, becoming the first priest to receive all his orders (minor and major) in the new Republic.

During his first assignments, the young priest acclimated himself to his ministry with difficulty. He was not practical, not very good with people, and no good with money. He also seemed to have some of his mother's restlessness because he asked for new assignments when the old ones were not yet old. Bishop Carroll was discouraged at times. But deep humility and true apostolic zeal were there, and upon that foundation much could be — and was — built.

Early in his missionary career, in 1796, a fateful sick-call to a dying Protestant woman in the Alleghenies would give Mitri a glimpse of his future apostolate, indeed, of his life work. The woman, a Mrs. Burgoon, lived on what was known as McGuire's Settlement, named after an officer in the Revolutionary army, Captain Michael McGuire. The entrepreneurial captain began what amounted to a small Catholic colony in what is now Cambria County, Pennsylvania. The settlement started on a 1,200-acre parcel McGuire purchased near the summit of the Alleghenies in 1788.

Mrs. Burgoon died a Catholic.

Eventually, Mitri would have Bishop Carroll's blessing to begin an apostolate

among the dozen Catholics of that settlement. It would be his home base for missionary excursions to the Catholics scattered about the region, many of whom had rarely seen a priest before. (Some baptisms, for instance, were of twelve-year-olds from Catholic families, so rare was a priest in those parts.) Father Gallitzin was ideal for this undertaking, as he would be able to apply his own personal monies to building a church,

and other necessities for the new mission. But he did more than that. He wanted to build a flourishing town in the woods. He funded construction of saw-mills, grist-mills, and tanneries. He began a general store and established other industries, all for the benefit of his flock, which grew astronomically. From a dozen Catholics at the beginning of his ministry, McGuire's settlement blossomed into the town of Loretto — Gallitzin's name of choice — wherein dwelt ten thousand Christian souls at the death of its priestly patriarch.

As with any good work, Father Gallitzin's project in the backwoods of Pennsylvania was blessed with the sign of the Cross. Lay trusteeism, elsewhere rampant in the Church in this country, was not a problem. After all, he owned the small church he had built for the people. His were other problems: The uncouth folk among whom he worked could be ungrateful at times. Some accused him of great mischief when he tried to turn pious young ladies into schoolteachers for his Catholic school. True, Mitri was not yet the soul of discretion and prudence (lessons he would have to learn the very hard way), but the accusations of impurity leveled at him were worthy only of contempt.

When that episode blew over, another one took its place. Under the influence of a provocative Irish wanderer, who enjoyed the sport of setting factions against each other, many of his people turned on Mitri with vitriol. The controversy turned around politics: Mitri was an apolitical Federalist, but his people were mostly Republicans, and the Jefferson administration served to politicize the heretofore politically inactive and still politically ignorant common man. One thing led to another, and, along with a whole host of other crimes, Mitri was accused of harboring monarchist and anti-American leanings. In this case, the provocateur himself eventually confessed his guilt openly in the church of Loretto.

More harrowing perhaps, because of much longer duration, was his debt situation. Being Prince Gallitzin, he was entitled to a princely fortune when his father died. And his generous mother sent him money from time to time. On the strength of this credit, he borrowed large sums to fund the charitable enterprises of his mission. The sums were enormous for an American backwoods entrepreneur, but trifling for a man of the wealth he was to have — or so he thought. As a Catholic, and especially as a cleric, he found himself cut off from his inheritance by Russian law. For many long years he worked under the delusion that his sister, Mimi, would send him his portion of the family fortune once she took possession of its entirety. Her marriage to an aristocratic gambling addict rang the death knell of that hope. When the pauper-prince was most hard-pressed, financial help came from Europe, especially in the person of one of his childhood playmates, now William I, King of the Netherlands and Duke of Luxembourg. King William's largesse was far from sufficient, however, and poor

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Father Gallitzin had to go around begging. He tried to get money from wealthy Catholics in America — a rare breed, to put it mildly. What little he got from them had to be offset by widow's mites, lots of them. He got what he needed, every penny, from poor Irish laborers who were shoveling and picking through the Alleghenies. (Pennsylvania was then trying to compete with New York in connecting the Eastern Seaboard to western trade routes.) The Irish, who had given him problems before, came through — literally, in spades.

In the midst of traveling great expanses on horseback to confess, communicate, and anoint his faithful, in addition to the charitable work of building a viable town for his flock in the wilds of Pennsylvania, and aside from fighting off debt, calumny, and waging war against the vices of backwoodsmen (heavy drinkers), Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin found time to become the first Catholic controversialist in the new Republic. On a day dedicated by President Madison to “prayer and humiliation” for the country in 1814 (the occasion was Washington’s being burned down by the Brits), a Presbyterian by the name of Reverend Mr. Johnson took the opportunity to lambaste “popery.” (Being, like Mitri, a Federalist, the minister could not be too enthused over Madison’s piety, so he had to preach about something both he and his Republican congregation could get behind.) The sermon was so good, he thought, that he had it published. Russian fireworks went off when Fa-

ther Gallitzin saw it. He authored and published his response: *A Defence of Catholic Principles*. A masterpiece of simple apologetics, it stunned the ersatz popeslayer. The Reverend Mr. Johnson did not respond for two years, and at that point could do no more than resort to invective and *ad hominem* attacks. Gallitzin’s first work in apologetics was followed by two others: *A Letter on the Holy Scriptures* and *An Appeal to the Protestant Public*. These works produced conversions and won Mitri acclaim as a defender of the Faith.

For those dedicated to defending the cause of “no salvation outside the Church,” this first American work of apologetics has some treats. Among several such are these excerpts:

“For God’s sake, dear sir, if you value the glory of God, and the salvation of your soul, give up protesting against the Catholic Church; in it alone you will find salvation. As sure as God lives,

it is the true church of Christ. May the day of judgment be for me the day of God’s eternal vengeance, if the Roman Catholic Church is not the only one true and immaculate spouse of Christ. May my soul be doomed to suffer for you to all eternity, all those torments, which you would deserve by following all the pretended superstitions of the church of Rome.”

“The question then before us is concerning theological toleration, viz., whether Almighty God can approve of so many different religious systems, which we find established upon earth; whether all these different religious systems can be considered as so many different ways to heaven. If so, we ought to be in favour of universal toleration.

“The Catholic Church teaches, that Jesus Christ established but one church for the salvation of man, and that out of that one church salvation is not to be had.”

Not only did this doctrinaire booklet put to silence the foolish man who attacked the Church, it also won over some converts for the first Catholic controversialist in our nation. Even Protestants who did not convert learned to respect the Church of Rome.

His few excursions into public polemics were not the only occasions of celebrity for Loretto’s pastor. Earlier in his missionary career there was the strange episode of the “Wizard Clip,” a series of extraordinary preternatural phenomena apparently involving a soul from Purgatory “haunting” the house of a Lutheran family. The family, the Livingstons, eventually converted, as did other Protestants in the area (see *Father Gallitzin and the Cliptown Exorcism* on our website).

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“The Catholic Church teaches that Jesus Christ established but one church for the salvation of man, and that out of that one church salvation is not to be had.”  
— Father Gallitzin

## FROM THE HOUSTOPS MAGAZINE SPECIAL OFFER



For a limited time only you can receive a set of 25 different *Housetops* magazines for the low price of \$55.00. (Offer includes shipping and handling.) These well-written articles run the gamut from Church

history and militant apologetics to hagiography and sound Catholic doctrine. In this summer season of social gatherings, they would make excellent gifts for weddings, reunions, and even barbecues where a present of these timeless gems will help in spreading the Catholic Faith with interested neighbors. So order now, while supplies last, to receive a set of classics that could easily become a family heirloom. This offer will last until July 31, 2008.

To order, call Bob Cohen at our toll-free number, (877) 773-1773, or fill out the reply form on page 15.

## SPECIAL FEATURE:

### THE CAN MAN BY RUSSELL LAPLUME

**G**abriel Noel LaPlume. His name rings of those Canadian “voyageurs” from which he was descended; in fact, his ancestry was recently traced by one of his in-laws running up the tree to Jacques Cartier and onwards to one of his favorite saints, Joan of Arc. Like them, he was militantly Catholic and in his own indomitable style won the hearts of all those with whom he came in contact. My mother called him “Bill” — I call him my human guardian angel.

Soon after his birth, in 1910, in the province of Quebec, his family emigrated to a mill town in northern Massachusetts. Of his early childhood, I am sad to say, I know nothing except for one family story told by my mother, Regina Eva (don’t those two names blend so nicely together? — Regina Eva and Gabriel Noel — a Canadian ballad wanting to be sung).

The story goes that in grade school, Bill, who was thin and frail, was usually the target of bullies. My mother, two years younger and more like the “voyageurs” than Pop was, had decided that this was the man she wanted to marry and in order to protect her investment, thrashed the ruffians herself. In later years, after getting disciplined myself by that four-foot,

nine-inch giant of a woman, I had little problem believing the story. From here his history gets clearer, for it is certain that he dropped out of school in the fifth grade and took a job to help support his family. Sometime later, in his teens, he thought he had a religious vocation, and to that end he traveled to St. Joseph’s Oratory in Montreal, where he stayed for how long I know not; but what is certain is that, during the course of his discernment, he confided in Blessed André Bessette who was still in this valley of tears, and was told that his vocation was not to the religious but to the married state. I think my mother had something to do with this. At any rate, he returned to America and, shortly after, married the girl who would be the mother of his thirteen children and his protector for the rest of their sixty-five years of married life.

There was no idleness in this man. Soon after his marriage, he started a printing company called “The Two Feathers.” (In French, the old quill pen with the feather on top was called *la plume*). Pop knew nothing about printing but somehow worked that business, making it into a successful company. In later years it supported not only his family, but his sons’ families as



“The Can Man” Gabriel Noel LaPlume with his family. The author is third from the left, bottom.

well. When the first child was born, he changed the name to “The Three Feathers,” then “The Four Feathers.” Somewhere along this number game he decided that it was getting too expensive having new signs made so he simply changed it to “LaPlume Press.” This printing trade was soon to become his amazing apostolate.

Having experienced the Depression during his early manhood, he was amazingly thrifty — absolutely nothing went to waste. All the extra paper from printing jobs, all the useless cut-offs from trimmings went to a designated area set aside for his charity work. He would stay after hours and most Saturdays printing up raffle tickets for his precious missions. The tickets printed, he would hit the streets, and, if it had two legs, it was approached with quiet determination and a sale usually made. No one was safe from his onslaught. On returning home, he would gather the money from his pockets and then deposit it into jars and cans each marked out for a different charity — but always the missions. I remember to this day the horror I experienced at seeing the pictures of starving children he had pasted to the cans. The more his mission support grew, the more cans he needed and this turned into his next great apostolate — the one that earned him the name of the Can Man.

Back in the days when you purchased any bottle of tonic (where I come from soda pop is called “tonic”), you paid two cents extra, which was redeemable when returned. Pop (not the soda) got the idea that along with his raffle tickets he would approach people and ask them to give him all their redeemables for the missions.

By the way, the raffle ticket venture was quite illegal without a license. Pop was warned by officials to cease this activity. So, to remedy the situation, he went to City Hall with his tickets and proceeded to sell them on the ground floor; then he worked his way up to the mayor’s office. The mayor winked, bought some tickets, and wished my father a good day. Catholicism in action.

The Can Man legend was born. It grew so fast that our front yard was littered with cans and bottles left by charitable people who usually asked him for his prayers. Not content with other people doing the work, he would arise for morning Mass (which he attended every day for fifty years), then hit all the bars in town. Not like I would hit them, mind you. No, he would drag himself into the dumpsters sorting out the redeemables from the rest of the trash, and drag himself out laden with boxes of bottles and cans, then bring them on home for distribution to his beloved missions. He did this six days a week. In later years when his health declined with a mysterious illness, the doctors suggested that it was this activity that probably was the cause. His ministry was subject to several articles not only in local and regional newspapers, but also in national publications that were of Catholic persuasion. One of his special missionary projects was that of Mother Teresa, and so much money did he send to her apostolate, that he received a letter from her requesting his presence in some mid-western city for a meeting

while she was touring America. My father politely declined this opportunity for he was not a traveling man — the letter was enough to satisfy what little ego he had (in hindsight, I think if I had commented that the dumpster spoils were huge in that city, he would have gone in a heartbeat).

I remember being brought on several of these excursions. I was always embarrassed, I am ashamed to say, at watching my father lowering himself (so I thought) in doing this work. He sometimes would be ridiculed, threatened, and bullied (if Mom had only been there), and I thought him un-cool. So much unnecessary work — so little fun. As I like to paraphrase the old adage — The problem with wisdom is that it is wasted on the old. He had his faults; the main one was spending all this time on God’s work while the world changed around him, and his children strayed from the Faith. To be sure, he attended to our Catholic education,

Pop (not the soda) got the idea that, along with his raffle tickets, he would approach people and ask them to give him all their redeemables for the missions. The Can Man legend was born.

we said our Rosary, and attended Sunday Mass, but without that constant supervision that was needed. In that tumultuous period spanning the 50’s and 60’s, we slipped through the net and drifted away. It was to be his great cross, this apostasy of the majority of his children, for the remainder of his life.

He slowly declined in health sometime in his eighties, and when the community heard of it, they all joined forces, collected the cans themselves, redeemed them and brought him the money. He was greatly overjoyed by this but could not wait to begin again once his health improved. Sadly, it didn’t, and soon, he was confined to a hospital bed where he was to die in his eighty-sixth year. He was in the hospital for over a month, and his special prayer was that all his children would be there at his death. We all doubted this as likely, for we were all scattered around New England. But happen it did. His prayers were heard, and by a minor miracle all thirteen of us were by his bedside. He was unconscious and slipping away, and, though most of us present had been away from the sacraments for years, someone mentioned saying the Rosary for his soul. After we had finished, he passed to his eternal reward. I gazed at my mother, who said, “My Bill is going away — I am losing my man.”

I mentioned earlier that he was my human guardian angel, but perhaps that should be for another story. Gabriel means strength of God. It is only now that I realize that Bill was my hidden strength.

*Email Russell LaPlume at [rlp@catholicism.org](mailto:rlp@catholicism.org).*

## LOCAL NEWS:

### THE SARGENTS

**M**y name is Jon Sargent and I am married to Lilla Kiraly. We have been married twelve years, and God has chosen to bless our sacrament three times so far: with Henry (age ten-and-a-half), Mary (three), and Clement (nine months). We would like to share with the readers some of our background in the Church and the things that have brought us closer to God.

First, from Lilla:

I was born and raised in a small farming village in Hungary, about sixty kilometers east of Budapest. Roughly the size of Indiana, it is considered a Catholic country, in the heart of central Europe. In the year 1001, the then Duke *Istvan* (St. Stephen) received the crown from Pope Sylvester II and became king of what was then a much larger territory. From that date on, uninterrupted, Hungary has remained Catholic under the protection of Our Lady.

During the 1970's, communism in Hungary was still the state system, although a much milder version than that still afflicting the poor people of Russia. This easing of policy allowed for the practice of the Faith in homes and village

churches, with the tacit understanding that the Church would not openly oppose the communist regime. However, because my mother worked in the village office, she was told not to place her children in religious education. This instruction she ignored, and we attended religion classes in the public school, after-hours, led by our parish priest.

While Saturday afternoons were set aside for the Sacrament of Penance, on Sunday there were three Masses, all vernacular *Novus Ordo*. We received further instruction from the pulpit, where Father Arpad was free to explain the Gospel and teachings of the Church, frequently admonishing those who might be tempted otherwise that the Faith must be practiced in its entirety.

The hymns we sang, intact from the 17th and 18th centuries, preserved Catholic tradition in our hearts. We received communion on the tongue, kneeling at the altar rail, and could not imagine extraordinary ministers, altar girls, folk music, or the like. Tradition, in spite of the Second Vatican Council and the new Mass, was alive in Hungary.

From Jon:

I went to post-Communist Hungary in the spring of 1994. My goal was to help develop a certain large organic farm. By the providence of God, it happened to be in the same village where a devout Catholic girl named Lilla Kiraly lived. Although I was baptized and raised Protestant, I had subsequently fallen away from all that. And, during the time I had spent in Holland, Christianity was hardly visible, and, what there was of it, made no impact on me. It was different in Hungary. There, I was immediately struck by the pervasive presence of religion in all aspects of their society.

Outside my window in the village, every morning I would see the widows, all in black, clutching their missals and dangling rosaries on their walk to daily Mass. I saw ornate crucifixes along the roads, adorned with fresh flowers; crosses built into the rooftops of peasant homes; even the everyday greetings between people referred to God. I went to work on a Tuesday and was surprised to find the farmyard quiet with no activity. The farmer was celebrating his "name-day" (not his birthday), the feast day of the saint whose name was given to him at baptism. (Interesting, too, is that in Christian, non-Communist Hungary, holy days of obligation are national holidays as well.)

Having met Lilla at the annual village festival, which opens and closes with Mass and prayers, I began out of curiosity to attend the Sunday Mass at Szent Miklos (Saint Nicholas) Church. Standing in the back with the latecomers, I was able to survey all these modest, faithful people at worship, so devout and reverent. That really impressed me. Only later would I learn that Christ was also really present there under the sacramental veils of bread and wine. In this unpretentious church, God had planted a seed in my heart. Years later, when



Left to right, Mary, Henry, John, Clement, and Lilla Sargent.

I learned the meaning of the adage, *Lex orandi est lex credendi*, I thought of these reverent worshipers praying with the Mass in this little village.

Together:

We were married in that same old stone church in the winter of 1996. The following spring, we came to America, arriving on Good Friday, and set out to establish our domestic church. When Henry arrived, and when Jon, now a Catholic, received his First Communion, we began to sense the utter urgency of our vocation.

At the start of our new life, we found ourselves going from parish to parish, only to find the typical trappings that go with the new liturgy in the United States: the seeming parity of the laity and the ordained in the liturgy, lack of reverence and modesty even in the sanctuary, and a “Resurrexifix.” But what made our lot even more challenging was that, during the rest of the week, in our parish communities the practice of the Faith was non-existent. We began to debate the merits of living in this secularized environment: Would it spiritually harm or benefit our family? Would it help or hinder us in our primary responsibility to populate heaven? On the other hand, if we remained in our parish, would we not be more effective in promoting the cause of sacred tradition by word and deed? Or, would we be better off in an environment that tries to promote

and foster those virtues and values, which we know to be necessary for our salvation?

We soon decided to search for a traditional Latin Mass. That is how we discovered Saint Benedict Center, which was only an hour away from our home. We moved to Richmond in the summer of 2007, finding a place to live only five minutes from the monastery. And, another blessing, we were surrounded by like-minded families. Here was a truly a Catholic community, with the Traditional Mass, the sacraments, the Rosary at its center — and, too, a Catholic school, run by the sisters! That would have been reason enough to move. Henry was immediately enrolled. In short, our spiritual life, as it is nourished here in our newly found oasis of Catholic culture, turns every day into “the Lord’s Day.”

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## PRIOR’S REPORT

### FATHER DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN

*continued from page 9*

Amalia’s reluctant Augustine grew old and wise among his people. He had matured into a prudent, even shrewd, man, whose quirks only endeared him to his flock. He was small of frame, toothless (thanks to an inept dentist), and eccentric in many ways. Among the crude denizens of the mountain frontier — he once had to put up a “do not spit on the floor” sign in his chapel — he yet remained the soul of refinement. And he loved these provincial folk beyond their apparent lovability, much as the original Augustine loved the rough inhabitants of Hippo. Preaching to them with a firmness to the point of rigor, he would also entertain them with his clarinet as they lumbered home from their hard day’s labors. But he had learned the hard way not to be too close to any one of them, so his few private moments were spent friendless. On winter evenings he would play his violin by a fire in the basement, his black mastiff being the only companion to share the music.

For forty-one years did Father Gallitzin work from his rustic mission base in Loretto, building a Catholic community, educating his people, and bringing sacraments to far-off places. Most of those years he was unassisted by other priests. In his old age he was given priestly help. He needed it. A few years before his death, he fell off his horse and suffered the

double hernia which, strangulated, would eventually take him. In his old age, his main mode of travel, year-round, was a sled drawn by two horses, the mastiff usually trailing behind.

A doctor had given him precise directives on how to care for himself in this condition. Mitri followed not one of these directives. He preferred an honor next to that of martyrdom, in his own words: “that of going on with his labors until he should collapse like an old worn-out cart-horse.” Father Gallitzin collapsed in death on May 6, 1840, after wearing out his old cart-horse of a body during Holy Week and Easter.

A notable curiosity of Gallitzin’s legacy — particularly for us — is the fact that one of his earliest biographers was Sarah Brownson, the daughter of America’s greatest apologist, Orestes Brownson, that lion of a man who looked forward to the day when Russia and America would be the great Catholic nations, respectively, of the East and West.

Prince Demetrius Gallitzin’s cause for canonization has been introduced to the Holy See. On June 6, 2005, he was made a “Servant of God.” His cause is promoted by the Diocese of Altoona-Johnstown. There is also a website specially dedicated to his cause: [www.demetriusgallitzin.org](http://www.demetriusgallitzin.org).

*Email Brother André Marie at [bam@catholicism.org](mailto:bam@catholicism.org).*

# SANTA FILOMENA

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp —

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.



High school students visit Brother Francis.



End of the year demonstration: catechism.



The brothers duplicating talks at a past annual conference.

# PADRE PIO, FATHER FEENEY, AND DOCTOR PAUL DUDLEY WHITE

When, in 1956, Saint Padre Pio dedicated the fifteen-hundred-bed hospital, *Home for the Relief of Suffering*, at its opening in San Giovanni Rotundo, present with him was the world-renowned heart specialist, Dr. Paul Dudley White. It was mainly through the efforts of the holy friar's spiritual children in America that enough funds were raised to open the hospital.

Dr. White revolutionized the approach to heart disease in the 1930s, opening up the field to tremendously important advances in the science of cardiovascular treatment, including the development of the electrocardiogram, and the importance of preventative heart care through regular exercise, walking, and biking. Having served as president on two international boards of heart research, he also founded the *American Heart Association*. When he had finished his speech at the opening of Padre Pio's hospital, so in awe was he (even though a Protestant) of being in the presence of the saint that he ended up not only congratulating Padre Pio for his great work of charity, but he also blurted out another congratulatory note – no doubt nervously trying to say the right thing – “and congratulations, too” he said, “on your wounds.” Such childlike innocence did not go unrewarded. In praying for everyone connected with the hospital and its founding “and their loved ones,” the stigmatist friar certainly had Dr. White on his mind.

Sometime later, after the good doctor had retired, the prov-

idence of God arranged it that he should live a mile away from Saint Benedict Center in Still River, Massachusetts. Part of Father Feeney's routine in his elderly years was to have one of the brothers drive him up to the famous physician's home and toot the horn. An even older Dr. Paul Dudley White, who must have enjoyed the visit, would always appear and shuffle down to the car where he would pretend that he was taking Father's pulse. Perhaps, he was. But, while he was going through that motion, he would also be reciting a “Hail Mary” with his patient. Then, off Father would go. In time grace did its work, and Dr. White asked Father to receive him into the Catholic Church.

## Building Lots for Sale

Two wooded building lots on a quiet lane off Route 119 in Richmond. About 1.5 miles from SBC. Contact Jim or Betty Buzzell (603) 239-7004



Detach and return in enclosed reply envelope or mail to Saint Benedict Center, PO Box 627, Richmond, NH 03470

## Reply Form

(please check appropriate lines)

I wish to join:

IHM Patron \$ \_\_\_\_\_ per month

Queen's Tribute \$ \_\_\_\_\_ per month

I wish to donate:

General donation \$ \_\_\_\_\_

I wish to purchase:

From *The Housetops Special*

Qty. of sets \_\_\_\_\_

Conference Special

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Questions? Call Russell at (877) 773-1773

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Check enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Make checks payable to “Saint Benedict Center.”

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Charge my credit card monthly for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Visa  MasterCard  Discover

Card Number \_\_\_\_\_

Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

O Mary, Mother of mercy and Refuge of sinners, we beseech thee, be pleased to look with pitiful eyes upon poor heretics and schismatics. Thou who art the Seat of Wisdom, enlighten the minds that are miserably enfolded in the darkness of ignorance and sin, that they may clearly know that the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church is the one true Church of Jesus Christ, outside of which neither holiness nor salvation can be found. Finish the work of their conversion by obtaining for them the grace to accept all the truths of our Holy Faith, and to submit themselves to the supreme Roman Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth; that so, being united with us in the sweet chains of divine charity, there may soon be only one fold under the same one shepherd; and may we all, O glorious Virgin, sing forever with exultation: Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, thou only hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world. Amen.

Hail Mary, three times. (Pius IX, Raccolta No. 579)

## CALENDAR NOTES:

- Join the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on pilgrimage! The St. Joseph's Brigade (boys and men) and Immaculate Heart of Mary Brigade (girls and single ladies) invite you to accompany us in New York state, on an arduous and prayerful journey from Lake George to Auriesville, in honor of the North American Martyrs. The dates for the 2008 pilgrimage are September 24 to 27. For more details, go to [www.national-coalition.org](http://www.national-coalition.org); or call (603) 239-6485 (St. Joseph's Brigade); or (603) 239-6495 (IHM Brigade).

## OUR CRUSADE:

The propagation and defense of Catholic dogma — especially *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* — and the conversion of America to the one, true Church.

For more information:

Our congregation website:  
[www.catholicism.org](http://www.catholicism.org)

Our bookstore website:  
[www.store.catholicism.org](http://www.store.catholicism.org)

And our conference website:  
[www.SbcConference.com](http://www.SbcConference.com)

Slaves of the  
Immaculate Heart of Mary  
Saint Benedict Center  
Post Office Box 627  
Richmond, NH 03470

[info@catholicism.org](mailto:info@catholicism.org)  
(603) 239-6485

## Immaculate Heart of Mary School needs your help!

Support traditional Catholic education! Immaculate Heart of Mary School needs your help to provide an affordable education that will enable our students to reach their full potential: mentally, physically, and spiritually.

With a few lay teachers and our dedicated sisters, our expenses are kept to a minimum, but there are still costs that aren't covered by tuition.

We are looking for *Patrons of IHM*: individuals, families, or businesses that would help with contributions (which could be given monthly or in a few larger installments).

Will you help us? All *Patrons* receive: 1) a framed, autographed picture of the students and faculty of Immaculate Heart of Mary School; 2) an annual subscription to the school newspaper, *The Queen's Quarterly*; 3) a remembrance in certain special daily prayers; and 4) our eternal gratitude!

Fill out the reply form on page 15 or call Sister Maria Philomena at (603) 239-6495 to sign up or for more information.

## Join the Team, Be a Queen's Tributer

Just as a family has to budget its monthly income in order to pay the bills, so do the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

The advantages of giving monthly are many:

1. It is a commitment; although voluntary, it is still more likely to be met.
2. It helps the religious economize more prudently and, at the same time, more magnanimously.
3. It can be less stressful on most benefactors because giving less, more often, is easier than giving more once a year.
4. It helps young benefactors just beginning to practice their obligation to support the Church, to budget accordingly.

*Queen's Tribute* donors receive all our mailings. More importantly, every month the traditional Latin Mass is offered for all our benefactors.

Fill out the reply form on page 15 or call our bookkeeper, Russell LaPlume, at (877) 773-1773 (toll-free), to join or for more information.