

MANCIPIA

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THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER



An embodiment of peace and holy joy:
Brother Francis Maluf, M.I.C.M.,
(July 19, 1913 - September 05, 2009)

TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE:

THE JOYFUL HEART OF MARY



Br. André Marie, M.I.C.M., Prior

On the black habit our brothers wear, the cache is signed with a blazon of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, surrounded by a chain. It is the emblem of holy slavery, and it comes from the seal of our order. The Heart of Mary is easily recognized by the sword that transfixes it, the five white roses that surround it, and the

flame that surmounts it. When we are asked about the sword — as we often are — it is a wonderful opportunity to explain the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, and how her Heart was wounded on Calvary when Jesus' Heart was pierced by the lance of Longinus. Our Lord already having given up the ghost, He could not feel the pain. This was in fulfillment of holy Simeon's prophecy: "And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that, out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed" (Luke 2:35).

The Mother of God is truly the "Virgin most sorrowful." Her many sorrows culminated in the most bitter of them all, beholding the passion and death of her Son. Excepting only the Man of Sorrows Himself, never has anyone been plunged into

the torrent of sorrow as was the Holy Virgin. Strengthened by the virtue (and the gift) of fortitude, however, Mary was not morose or gloomy. She remained strong. Moreover, she is fittingly called in song and prose the "happy Virgin," the "joyful Virgin," and the "blessed Virgin" — "blessed," *beata* in Latin, means "happy,

prosperous, fortunate": concepts closely allied with joy.

Being immaculately conceived, and further possessed of a super-plenitude of spiritual gifts truly rendering her "All Holy" (*Panagia*, as our Eastern brethren call her), Mary has a more just claim on the emotion of joy than any other sheer creature.

What is joy? It is *an act of the will delighting in the possession of a loved good*. It is a rational version of the sensible appetite called "delight." Whereas diverse bodily goods and pleasures give us delight, just as they do for brute animals, joy is a delight unique to rational creatures. Its opposite is sorrow, a passion undergone in the presence of an evil we hate.

We sinners delight in all sorts of base things, even when we try to be good. Saint Thomas notes that our lower natures can take delight in things that our reason rejects. This is not deliberate, and is part of that war Saint Paul speaks of in such graphic terms: "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit: and the

spirit against the flesh; for these are contrary one to another: so that you do not the things that you would" (Gal. 5:17). But so many times, we take delight — and even *joy* — in foolish things, things that ought, rather, to make us weep. Mary's joys, by contrast, were all righteous. Having no concupiscence, Mary lacked the disorder we all experience. And if joy is "delighting in the possession of a loved good," consider for a moment what might occasion Our Lady's joy, even before her glorious Assumption: Sanctifying Grace in an eminent degree; the Gifts of the Holy Ghost operating at their apex; the infused and acquired virtues exercised in an heroic degree; the visible presence of the Incarnate Word, whom she conceived in her mind before conceiving in her womb (says Saint Augustine); the affection of her Virgin Spouse, Saint Joseph; and other manifold favors bestowed upon her by the Trinity — with each Person of whom she stood in special intimate relation, as Daughter, Mother, Spouse.

Truly could she tell Saint Elizabeth, "My spirit hath *rejoiced* in God my savior" (Luke 1:47)!

In this, as in so many things, Our Lady stands as our exemplar. We may not be cognizant of the fact, but what we are considering here actually entails a sacred obligation of our Faith, for Holy Scripture admonishes us in manifold ways to rejoice. Often this is stated as a direct command:

- "For the rest, brethren, rejoice, be perfect, take exhortation, be of one mind, have peace; and the God of peace and of love shall be with you" (2 Cor. 13:11).
- "As to the rest, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord" (Phil. 3:1).
- "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice" (Phil. 4:4).
- "Always rejoice" (1 Thess. 6:16).
- "But if you partake of the sufferings of Christ, rejoice that when his glory shall be revealed, you may also be glad with exceeding joy" (1 Pet. 4:13).
- "And these things we write to you, that you may rejoice, and your joy may be full" (1 John 1:4).

How perfectly Mary fulfilled these evangelical admonitions! According to Saint Thomas, joy is an act, not a virtue, so we are not talking about something that perdures constantly. Each joy of Mary, then, was a discreet event, a distinct act. How many joys did she have? "Originally, there were five joys of the Virgin. Later, that number increased to seven, nine, and even fifteen in medieval literature, although seven remained the commonest number, and others are rarely found in art. The five joys of Mary are mentioned in the 14th-century poem, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, as a source of Gawain's strength. The devotion was especially popular in pre-Reformation England" (*Wikipedia* article on the Joys of Mary).

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CONVENT CORNER



Sr. Marie Thérèse, M.I.C.M.,
Prioress

PURSUIT

Dear Reader,
“Seek after peace and pursue it.” These words of the Psalms were taken up like a war banner by Saint Benedict. Everybody seeks after peace, but not everyone seeks after it in the right places, and hardly anyone *pursues* peace. Have you ever played hide-and-go-seek with the variation that you have to run

after the person and tag them after you have found them? This could be an illustration of that quote from the Psalms. Peace is that elusive haven that every human heart craves. Saint Augustine says, “Our hearts are restless, O God, until they rest in Thee.” So it is this restlessness that makes us desire peace.

Most people try to distract themselves from this desire, this craving for peace, by filling their lives with noise and activity. In a way, this works very well — at least as well as the starving person is distracted from his hunger pains by whacking himself in the head with a coconut that he is not eating. But for a real solution to the gnawing desire for peace in our hearts, we will have to seek in silence and in solitude.

When a soul has been forced, so to speak, to seek peace in silence and solitude (think of people who plan trips to the mountains, or solitary hiking trips, or fishing excursions on a quiet lake), he gets a little delightful hint of what it means to possess that peace; but he does not possess it. A person who possesses peace brings it back with him even into the noisy turbulence of a large city. And so, the person who merely seeks peace, but does not pursue it, ends up with less peace rather than more as he heightens his appetite for peace yet does not fulfill it. Why would a hungry person merely want to see a banquet or smell its delightful aroma and then die without eating it and being satisfied?

Why? Because that famished person may see that there are many serious difficulties to overcome and much effort to be expended in order to put that first bite of satisfaction into his mouth and to remain blissfully feasting at this banquet. And so it is that very few people — in fact, only the saints — not only seek after peace but pursue it, because very few are willing to pay the price they have to pay in order to get it. Pursuing peace means that after we have glimpsed it by God’s grace, we strive with all our hearts to take the means to embrace it — to tackle it — to not let it go. And so now, if you are reading this article not merely in the silence and solitude of a room but in the silence and solitude of your heart, you will sense this desire for peace — you will have begun to seek it.

And to pique your appetite, to focus your view on what you are seeking, let’s take a second to think of what peace is. “Peace

is the tranquility of order.” Looking at this definition is like hearing the ingredients for the recipes used in that sumptuous banquet you are desiring. Peace! This order is partially inside of ourselves and partially between ourselves and God. Imagine that you are walking along with your very best friend in a most delightful conversation and knowing that there doesn’t have to be any end to this, and that every worry and unpleasant experience is nonexistent. No, this isn’t a description of heaven. This is actually a description of how Adam “walked with God in the Garden” before the Fall. Without speaking of heaven itself, we can lay hold on the Essence of heaven, even in this life, who is God. “Our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee, O God.” Repose in God is the end of the spiritual life.

But what is the “restlessness” of which Saint Augustine speaks and where does it come from? When our first parents rebelled against God in the Garden of Eden, the order was lost in our soul, and this disorder is known to us as “concupiscence.” And so, in the little kingdom of our soul, our intellect and will are supposed to have charge over the passions, directing them to good ends. But we often experience instead that our passions lead us, and as our intellect and will follow, we end up acting like irrational animals. What follows upon this disorder is the unhappiness of sin. Can you imagine waking up in the morning and having your passions (also called emotions or appetites) effortlessly assisting you to do things all day long which are for your health and happiness instead of having to fight against them? You know, wouldn’t it be nice to have an aversion for that chocolate fudge sundae rather than an insatiable desire for it when you know that you need to lose one hundred pounds to be healthy?

So now, Dear Reader, do you want to take a new view on “prayer,” “daily duty,” “penance,” “the practice of virtue,” and “the sacraments”? These commonplace and sometimes unpleasant things are the means to pursue the peace that you desire.

When you finish reading this article may I suggest that you do one thing before you do anything else? Stop everything, realize that God is watching and listening to you, make the sign of the cross carefully, and pray a Hail Mary as a conversation with your heavenly Mother, asking her to help you pursue and obtain this peace. “Seek after peace and pursue it.” *Pursue* it, Dear Reader. ■

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PREFECT'S COLUMN

A STORY OF CONVERSION



Tertiary* Brother John
Marie Vianney

A little Catholic girl, whom we will call Ann for the time being, loved her Catholic Faith. It is what kept her going throughout her life. Ann's parents were of a mixed marriage with the father being Catholic and the mother a Presbyterian. They were married in the rectory (Church of the Assumption in Peekskill, NY), the custom at the time for such marriages. Her

mom promised to bring up the children as Catholics and she was faithful to the promise. It was Ann's Presbyterian mother who went over the catechism with her. It was her mother who quizzed her on the catechism questions. It was her non-Catholic mother who taught her the one true Faith. Even before the marriage, Ann's mother was receiving instruction from a friend she worked with but, sadly, she did not convert.

From an early age Ann attended Mass on Sundays, most of the time all alone. Her father would often be called unexpectedly before leaving for Mass to cover telephone line problems. Ann would take off on her own, walk up to the end of the road, over a wall, through what was called "forty acres," through a wooded path, and take a shortcut by an apartment house that would bring her into the parking lot of Saint Christopher's Church in Buchanan, NY. There she eagerly ran up the steps to attend Mass. If she was fortunate when her father was called out, she might be able to go with her grandparents to Peekskill to the Church of the Assumption where she had been baptized. Ann still has the only picture of herself in her First Holy Communion dress taken that unforgettable day. The Mass was still prayed in Latin in those days and she loved the beauty and solemnity of the Latin liturgy.

In later years, Ann's father would drop her off for Mass at Saint George's Church in Mohegan Lake, NY, again alone, and sometimes with her younger sister. Many times he would forget to pick her up after Mass and she would walk several miles home. At that time, Monsignor Nugent was the pastor at Saint George's. Once, in

* 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.

confession, the monsignor asked her if she thought she might have a religious vocation. She said she had considered it, but she thought she wanted to get married and have children.

Praying for the conversion of her mother was always Ann's first and principal prayer request. Since Ann's maternal grandmother was Presbyterian too, Ann's mom did not wish to offend her parents with a conversion. At the time the girl knew nothing of the dogma, *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*, outside the Church there is no salvation. What she did know was that she wanted her mother to be Catholic.

Ann grew up, became a nurse, married, and raised a family. All these years she continued to offer her prayers for her mother, whom she loved dearly, to become a Catholic. At various times Ann brought up the idea of conversion to her mother.

Decades went by and, like Saint Monica, she prayed without ceasing for the woman who gave birth to her and helped to teach her the Catholic catechism when she was a child. Her dear sweet mother, because of her good will, should be a

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Will and Eleonore Villarrubia celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary November 20, 2010, at the Center.

Catholic! Saint Monica had prayed, and shed copious tears for over twenty years before the heart of her son, Saint Augustine, responded to grace.

The Catholic woman, Ann, of our story, prayed for many more years for her mother than Saint Monica. It had happened while in her twenties that her mother had contracted rheumatoid arthritis, and now, as an old woman, it was much worse; she became very emaciated and frail. Now Ann's husband (let's call him "Joseph" for the moment), joined Ann in her prayers. Many Masses and Holy Communion were offered for the conversion of Ann's mom.

Traveling from New England to upstate New York on Thanksgiving eve, 2005, Ann and her husband visited the very ill mother. Bringing in the luggage, Joseph poked his nose into mom's bedroom to say "hello." He saw a woman, formerly 5'9" tall, a beautiful woman, now a mere ninety pounds or so, crippled up, feeble and fragile, lying in a large hospital-type bed. It was obvious to Joseph that Ann's mother was not long for this vale of tears. He quickly went to Ann and informed her, "You better get in there; she doesn't look very well at all." The two came to the bedroom, believing Ann's mother would die at any moment.

Ann began, "Mom, do you want to be baptized as a Catholic?" This frail, graceful lady almost bolted up in the bed and said, in a loud clear voice, "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes!" Both Ann and Joseph were happily surprised at the response. Ann's father was out shopping at the time. The two waited until he returned and reported the news to him. Before the trip to New York, Ann consulted with a good religious and, based on the near-death situation, he advised that the mother should make an act of faith. The three sat around the bed and Ann and Joseph led her in the Apostle's Creed. At the end of each clause, they waited for Mom to repeat the words. At the end of each clause they would ask her, "Do you understand what that means and do you agree with it?" She would say, "Yes." When they reached the words, "and from *thence* he shall come to judge the living and the dead," Mom stopped and said, "What?" They all knew she was *compos mentis*, i.e., of sound mind. She did not understand the word "thence." That was ex-

plained to her and she immediately agreed. Ann took out the bottle she always carried with her, holy water from Lourdes, and proceeded to baptize her conditionally saying the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost."

There was much joy and jubilation. A toast of wine was made and all were happy about a prayer answered, after fifty years. Within the next two weeks, Mom continued to deteriorate. Father Sipperly of Saint Peters in Troy, New York (a friend of Ann and Joseph), was contacted and came to the home to supply any necessary ceremonies and to hear Mom's first confession, give her First Communion, and Extreme Unction. During the night of February 20, 2006, she told Ann's father what a good husband he had been. She shooed him upstairs to bed and, in the early hours of the 21st quietly gave her soul up to Our Lord.

After her Mom's conversion, Ann had sent her a bouquet of flowers in honor of the great event. Every day now she sends her "flowers" by way of more prayers. Fifty years of praying paid off. *Deo gratias! Requiscat in pace!*

Ann is Peggy Ann Carbone, aka Sr. Elizabeth Maria, M.I.C.M., a tertiary in the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Her husband is "yours truly," Robert Joseph Carbone, aka Brother John Marie Vianney, M.I.C.M., Tert. Peggy's mother's name is Elizabeth Waddell (Miller) Sackel. ■

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Ann, on the day of her First Holy Communion

FOUNDERS' COLUMN



Father Leonard Feeney

HOW YOU LOST YOUR FAITH

For the past dozen years I have been noticing that every now and then, with sometimes a six months', never less than a twelve months' regularity, in one of the in-between magazines in this country — and by an “in-between” magazine I mean that sort in which you sense here and there a certain amount of stale Christian sentiment, but never an iota of Christian dogma (the names are too obvious to mention) — there appears an intimate confession-story from the pen of some lapsed Catholic telling how he lost his Faith.

These revealing *apologiae* originate usually from one of two sources: a) from the writer of a recent lubricious novel which has shocked his co-religionists and won him a certain amount of temporary kudos with the devourers of scandal (always finding in the moral defection of a Catholic, who once believed in something as sublime as the Virgin Mary, a little more spice, let us say, than in the loss of faith by a Holy Roller who never believed in considerably more than exercise); and b) an unconscionable no one, whom no one has ever heard of before, or ever wants to hear from again, but who serves “the cause” for the moment by making a display in public of the way in which his religious convictions went to the dogs because of the unreasonableness or cruelty of some item of Catholic teaching...

Now in the type of article I am describing you will find... that the outstanding grievance against the Catholic Church is persistently, monotonously, always, the doctrine of hell. There may be other, minor, resentments, but these can be waived. The sore spot, the inevitable and inescapable sore spot, is our teaching on eternal punishment. And there is probably nothing in the world so pitiable as the spectacle of a cashed-in Catholic endeavoring to explain, to a public that never believed in anything supernatural, the supposed terror aroused in his mind as a child when he had to face the fact of damnation and devils so propounded — the example chosen is always grotesque — by some nun who told the boys in her class that if they threw stones at a church they would incur God's eternal displeasure; or of some missionary priest who related in a sermon how a young boy, given to practices of impurity, saw the devil appear at his bedside the night before he died to tell him that forevermore he would be writhing in pitch and blackness, and salted eternally with flame.

Now I am greatly skeptical of statements attributing one's religious and psychological collapse to a mental

trauma occasioned by hearing in one's youth of the horrors of eternal punishment. I cannot believe that these authors were constituted so vastly different from myself and my best boyhood friends, to say that the hell-stories they heard drove them out of the Faith, and the hell-stories we heard kept us in. And did they keep us in?... [T]he horror stories we heard about hell, when they were such, were on the whole eminently salutary. And I will tell you why.

A boy's problem... is not the fear of retribution for sin. A boy has a terrible sense of justice. His problem is a fear that there will be retribution at all. Retribution against whom? Against those living nightmares of everyone's childhood: the bullies.

I have seen a bully take hold of the hair of a little girl, twist it, and torture her until she nearly fainted. I have seen a bully on a skating pond hurl a rock with a hockey-stick against the leg of a little girl skater, cut her stocking and draw blood. I have seen a young boy who tried to protect his sister from the foul language of a neighborhood gang, jumped on by a group of them and knocked unconscious in the street. I have myself been chased into an alley and unmercifully beaten for nearly half an hour by five bullies for having done no more than appear in a tough neighborhood with a violin under my arm...

The outstanding grievance against the Catholic Church is persistently, monotonously, always, the doctrine of hell.



Saint Joseph's Hall with new siding, windows, and doors

This is not one tenth of the horrors I have seen. . . .

And what was my only comfort, my rampart, my safeguard when, on the nights following such scenes, I lay in bed, tried to put the world's injustice out of my head and get to sleep? Hell! That was my comfort. Hell — and the fact that all bullies, if they went on being bullies, would some day at God's hand pay for the cruelties they had inflicted on the innocent children I loved.

Nor would it have done me any good in those days to have had hell depicted to me merely as a place where one incurred "the loss of the Beatific Vision." A boy's theology must be imaginative, just as all his stories about any event. Jack must be the giant killer if he is to receive any attention at all. So, hell must be a place in which you suffer in terms of something you know is suffering. And fire was a splendid instrument for that.

I am not in favor of grotesque descriptions of hell that outstrip sound theology in their extravagance. And I am all too conscious of the danger of injuring the imagination of a child with details of too much horror. But hell is a place of horror, and was described so in no unmistakable terms by Our Lord, whose great fondness was for little children. And I was always taught that I could expect with completest confidence that one so merciful and forgiving as He would assuredly save me from hell if I did not desert Him by joining the ranks of the bullies.

Another thing I discovered as a child, all by myself. If you were to suppose that our religious teachers were allowing us to be committed to hell for minor and pardonable faults, all out of proportion with the enormity of the punishment to be received (let us say, such as "throwing stones at the Church window," or "giving way to desires against holy purity"), was it not strange that the very ones who did throw stones at the Church window, and who did show by their language and the writings they inflicted on the walls of latrines that their desires were reekingly impure, were the very ones who were also the bullies, trying to

tear the hair off the heads of poor little girls?

I must confess that in later years I have wanted to tone down somewhat a few of the descriptions of hell that I heard or read as a child. Having been on many occasions perilously near being committed there forever, naturally I have wanted to furniture the place with as many comforts as the statements of revelation might permit. It has always become more important to me of late to view my eternal damnation in terms of the loss of the Beatific Vision, which is hell's essential sanction.

But in childhood it was not quite so. And the reason I did not lose my faith during childhood is because no one ever does. One loses it later on in life, by willfulness and sin. Whereupon the temptation is to become retroactive. Never, of course, to ascribe anything to one's own fault; but rather to the conditions of one's childhood. One can be induced to recall, with the aid of a psychiatrist, how one was once frightened by a rat, which accounts for one's emotional instability; and then, of course, the horrible story of Dives and Lazarus related by gruesome little Sister Genevieve, which was the root cause of one's religious collapse.

Then there is left only to doctor up a story about one's spiritual awakening to the absurdities of the Catholic Faith, and sell it to one of the in-between magazines. They will take one about once a year. ■

Taken and abridged from The Leonard Feeney Omnibus

And the reason I did not lose my faith during childhood is because no one ever does. One loses it later on in life, by willfulness and sin.



Saint Francis de Sales, to the left of Saint Paul's House, is newly sided.



The new exteriors of all three Center buildings are now complete.



Mr. Brian Kelly

WHEN MARYKNOLL WAS MARY'S KNOLL

The Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America (Maryknoll), the first foreign missionary order founded in the United States, was the inspiration of two diocesan priests, one of whom was the son of Protestant converts. Father Thomas Frederick Price, born in Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1860, was

raised by a very pious mother, Clarissa, who had converted to the Catholic Faith at the age of eighteen. This act so enraged her parents that they evicted her from the family house and disinherited her. After wandering about homeless, the young convert was adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Gallagher, a Catholic couple who lived in a nearby town. After Clarissa had paid so high a “price” for her faith, the good God reimbursed her with another “Price,” an Episcopalian newspaper editor named Alfred, whom she married and later converted by her good example – but not until after they had raised ten children. Thomas was the eighth of the ten.

Upon graduating from Saint Charles Seminary in Baltimore, Thomas Price was ordained in his home parish in Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1886. He was the first native “Tar Heel” to be ordained to the priesthood. Father Price also launched a periodical called *Truth* for the purpose of “converting every Tar Heel to the Catholic Faith.” To realize his zealous agenda, the young priest founded a seminary, Queen of Apostles, near Nazareth House. Here levites from other seminaries would come to be trained for the mission field of rural America. When its doors opened in 1902, twenty-five seminarians checked in. The young men loved the challenge of this rural apostolate and, upon taking their training into the American woodlands, they converted both wayward Catholics and many Protestants who had been completely ignorant of Catholic truth. For three years, Father Price’s Queen of Apostles trained scores of seminarians for the rural mission field; however, when the seminary was destroyed by a fire in 1905, the founder had no means to rebuild it and so he began dreaming of a much larger apostolate.

At the dawn of the twentieth century, our nation was only one hundred and twenty-four years old. Up to that time the Church in America had contributed very few men and not much money to missionary apostolates in foreign lands. In fact, the United States itself was still listed in Rome as a “mission” territory by the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith – that is, until the year 1908, when Pope Saint Pius X updated the *Propaganda Fidei*’s list of mission lands. Father Price was determined to establish a seminary

that would specialize in training American missionaries to bring the Catholic Faith not only to ignorant Christians here, but to unbelievers across the globe. Meanwhile, he continued publishing *Truth*, and he recorded his magnanimous ideas therein.

The other co-founding priest, Sulpician-trained Father James Anthony Walsh, was the head of the Propagation of the Faith for the Boston Archdiocese and the editor of their magazine, *The Field Afar*. He, too, was dismayed over how few priests from America served Christ in the foreign missions. In the providence of God, he and Father Price met in Montreal, in 1910, at the first Eucharistic Congress held in the western world. That meeting was the “conception day” of Maryknoll. In June of 1911, the two priests were summoned to Rome, where, on the 29th, the feast of Saint Peter, their society received permission from Saint Pius X to open a seminary in New York State. The site for the seminary was in the town of Ossining, on the top of Sunset Hill overlooking the mighty Hudson River. That hillock, which rose above all others that elevated the rugged terrain around it, was renamed *Mary’s Knoll* by the fathers.

Before leaving Rome on that momentous visitation, the Society’s two founders had a private audience with the Supreme Pontiff and received his apostolic blessing. From Rome Father Walsh went on to France to visit the brother of the recently martyred missionary to Indochina (Vietnam), Blessed Théophane Venard. Father Price went to Lourdes where he spent some days with the brother of Saint Bernadette. Then, he went to her convent at Nevers where he received the unusual permission to spend an entire night alone before the incorrupt body of the young saint to whom our Lady entrusted her title of the Immaculate Conception. Although Father Price would never reveal what happened to him that night, Father Walsh believed that his fellow co-founder had a mystical experience, perhaps even a vision, of both our Lady and the holy Sister of Charity, Marie Bernadette of the Immaculate Conception. (For more information, see *The Meaning of Maryknoll*, by Albert J. Nevins and *The Tar Heel Priest*, by John C. Murrett, M.M.)

In the spirit of Saint Francis Xavier, the patron of all Catholic missionaries, Fathers Thomas F. Price and James A. Walsh truly believed that the one true Faith and the baptism of Christ were necessary for salvation. The thought that millions of souls, created in the image of God, were being lost forever because of Christian indifference to their plight was the principal motivation that drove these holy and courageous priests to establish the Foreign Missionary Society. Yes, it is hard to believe that the Maryknoll missionary order – principal promoter of Marxist liberation theology and religious syncretism that it was from the sixties until today – was founded on that fundamental doctrinal truth which undergirds

all authentic Christian evangelization: *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*. That the salvation of non-believers depends upon the gospel-preaching of Catholic missionaries is a truth evident not only in the teachings of the Society's founders, but also clearly echoed in the once-lauded *Departure Hymn* that used to be sung at the outdoor ceremony held at the Ossining headquarters for early Maryknollers leaving base for their assigned field. The following powerful verses from the hymn speak for themselves:

*Dear brothers, hasten then to save the heathen,
Engulfed deep in death's cold, dark abyss.
Without true God, without a hope to soothe him,
Shall he forever be a child of wrath?
Brave soldiers, rise, destroy the throne of Satan,
Deliver from his grasp the groaning slave;
Bring souls the freedom which by Christ was given,
And plant the cross in every land.*

Maryknoll would be the first order created specifically to train American foreign missionaries. In the early twentieth century, European missionaries dominated the foreign field, as they always had. And it was no secret that the missionary veterans from the Old World considered priests from the United States to be far too soft for the rugged life of a missionary. That misconception would change when they came to know the "special operation" troops that came out of our Lady's knoll in New York in the golden days of the American Foreign Missionary Society.

Father Price made an around-the-country tour of America to raise funds for the seminary and for the society's first mission, somewhere in the Far East. By 1918, three young priests, Fathers Francis Xavier Ford, Bernard F. Meyer, and James Edward Walsh, were ready for the foreign missions in China. On September 7, Price went with them as superior to the new mission, Yeungkong Province, on the south China coast.

These first Maryknoll missionaries arrived in Hong Kong in October 1918. Father Price was now fifty-eight years old and, not only did he have great difficulty learning the Chinese language, his health was failing fast in the new climate. About

a year later, a severe case of appendicitis put him in a Hong Kong hospital where he died on September 12, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. While in the hospital it was discovered that under a hair shirt he wore a chain around his torso for additional penance. The chain had embedded itself into his flesh. Finally, in his will, Father Price had left a very ambitious request. He asked that his heart should be sent to the Sisters of Charity of Nevers and placed near Saint Bernadette's body. And so it happened! The heart of Father Thomas Frederick Price, who had ambitioned to convert every "Tar Heel" to the true Faith, lies in the sisters' mother-house in a reliquary in a niche of the chapel wall near the visionary saint to whom he was so devoted. The rest of his remains, along with those of co-founder, Bishop James A. Walsh, lie in a crypt beneath the Ossining seminary chapel.

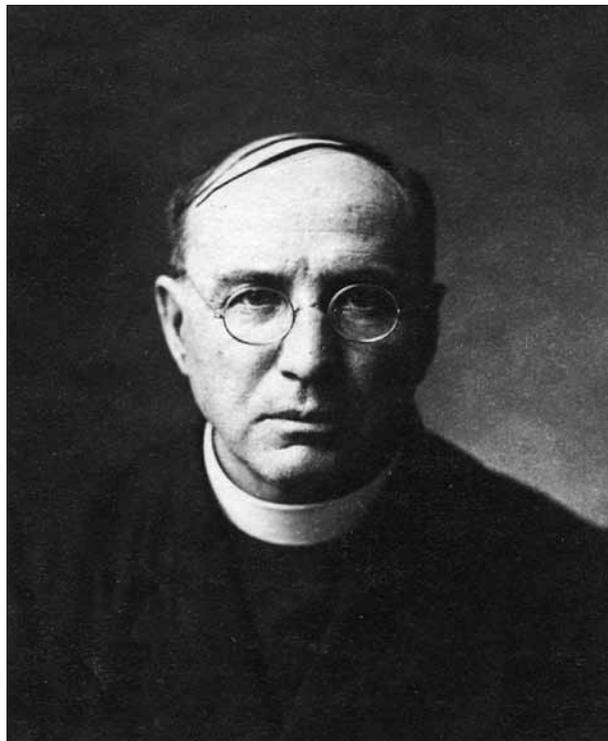
Father James Anthony Walsh kept the Mission Society alive and growing for many years back at headquarters in New York. He died in 1936, only three years after being consecrated a bishop by Pope Pius XI. In his tribute to the co-founder, the Society's second superior-general, Bishop James Edward Walsh, wrote that he was "a business man, a literary man, an executive officer, a household manager, a family father, a spiritual shaper and leader, and something of a peerer into the future... he was the initiator, promoter, organizer and administrator... and he was all these things at a time when help was scarce, helpers few."

It took two holy men with different talents, and, no doubt, different temperaments, to launch and nourish Maryknoll. I was recently told by an archivist of the missionary society that they are planning to enter both causes in Rome for their canonization.

I wrote a short slice of the early history of Maryknoll for Dr. Paul Lavin's biography of his Maryknoller uncle, Father Joseph Lavin, titled *The Iron Man of China*. You

can order this exciting and informative book from our website bookstore. You will also appreciate Brother André Marie's article on Father Price, posted on our website, "Maryknoll before Marx: The Sainly Father Thomas Fredrick Price." ■

Email Brian Kelly at bdk@catholicism.org.



Father Thomas Fredrick Price

LOCAL NEWS

WHAT TO DO? — BY WILLIAM BUDESHEIM

Where to go? What to believe? What to do? There we were at the most important crossroads of our lives. The 1970s were tumultuous times in our country, politically, economically, socially, and most definitely religiously. Having attended a Latin Mass each Sunday since 1973 we kind of guessed that we had it all figured out. We had the ancient Mass, we had everything; nothing more was needed. But was there?

Sometime in 1976, in the parking lot of our chapel, a friend and fellow parishioner handed me a magazine I had never heard of before. He told me to read it and to let him know what I thought about it. Starting with the main article on Pope Saint Pius X, I couldn't put it down until the entire issue was devoured. Never before had I read a magazine so clear, so simple, so Catholic, as I read in *From the Housetops*. I was hooked.

"Could you give me another issue?" I asked my friend. "There are no more, but another issue is due soon," he assured me.

From the magazine my family and a few friends progressed to the books. From the books we made a personal visit to Saint Benedict Center. From there some of us became Third Order members. I had the honor of spending many hours discussing the Faith with Brother Francis during my initial visit to Still River. He spoke, I listened. He taught, I learned. He shared, I loved it. The Faith took on life as never before. What a blessing!

More than ten years ago a few of us, some Third Order Slaves of Mary, others not yet, opened a store front in a local community in northern New Jersey as a means of spreading the Faith. We envisioned it being a Catholic reading room, a miniature version of the original Saint Benedict Center on Bow and Arrow Streets. We called

it "Saint Louis IX, Catholic Education Center." The goal was to make the knowledge of the Faith available to anyone interested.

The front window contained an all-encompassing sign proclaiming that there is no salvation outside of the Catholic Church. We were hardly open when we were visited by a priest from the local parish. He was less than happy with our presence and threatened a boycott. For a few months their church bulletin warned the parishioners that we were intolerant bigots and to stay away from us.

A few months later we had the second largest newspaper in New Jersey do a front page feature on us, which led to a network news story coming out of New York City. All of a sudden the message of salvation was being published by the devil's own minions; the print media and network television. This created interest in our apostolate. Not to be outdone by our secular enemies, the local bishop issued a statement to be read at all of the Masses throughout the diocese warning the faithful that our bookstore did not have his approval.

We carried a few more forays into the enemy camp by way of billboards. The first one was displayed on a most heavily traveled, county-owned road. Its message was simple, an invitation, with a challenge in charity: There is no salvation outside of the Catholic Church. Sometime later we did another round of five billboards around the state. Both instances resulted in mass media attention. Just about all the local newspapers covered the story, most with photos of the billboard on the front page.

The most striking thing I noticed when I first visited Saint Benedict Center was holy joy.



Saint Louis the King Catholic Education Center, Pompton Lakes, NJ



One of the several billboards displayed in New Jersey

The Center produces many excellent books and periodicals, but there is a cost to high quality. Our group of store front lay apostles all agreed that it would be very effective to produce inexpensive handouts in order to arouse interest in the curious. So, we had tri-fold brochures printed, about 250 total, each highlighting a particular truth or mystery of the Faith. These consisted primarily of excerpts from doctrinal, apologetical, and polemical books that carried imprimaturs, thereby insulating us from being accused of promoting teachings that were contrary to the teaching of the Church. Soon we had a few hundred thousand of these tracts printed, with requests coming from as far away as Australia for additional copies.

Unfortunately, the New Jersey Center has been largely inactive the past five years due to certain staff problems. Those of us who are loyal to Saint Benedict Center have kept the store front in existence, meeting people there by appointment. The signs are still in the windows keeping the message of salvation before the eyes of the passersby.

The most striking thing I noticed when I first visited Saint Benedict Center was holy joy. Having been involved in Latin Mass groups in one way or another, there is a tendency among them to be always looking at how bad things are, a heavy gloom-and-doom mentality. We traditionalists, it seemed, were always lamenting about all the moral ills, the deplorable condition of Catholic schools, the latest irreverent, liturgical innovation, the heretical sermons we had heard, or a plethora of other Church scandals. But what a difference among the religious Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary! Here were Catholics who lived and loved the beauty of the true Faith, as well as vigorously studying it.

We have so very much to be grateful for. That one Sunday morning, in the parking lot of our chapel, a fellow Catholic loved Our Lord and His Blessed Mother enough to share their positive stories of salvation in a way I never had heard it proclaimed before. That encounter changed my life and the lives of the members of my family forever. Deo gratias. ■



One of our four May Crownings of Our Lady, 2011

TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE:

THE JOYFUL HEART OF MARY

continued from page 2

But our attempt at numbering Mary's joys are for our benefit; only God Himself could give these joys a number.

Here are the Seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin, as honored in the Franciscan Crown (or "Seraphic Rosary"):

1. Annunciation
2. Visitation
3. Nativity
4. Adoration of the Magi
5. Finding Jesus in the Temple
6. Resurrection
7. Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin

What is the source of Mary's joy? I said above that it is not a virtue or habit, but an act. But if this is so, what is the virtue of which joy is an act? According to Saint Thomas, joy is an act of charity:

"Now it is evident from what we have said about the passions (I-II, 25, 2,4) that love is the first affection of the appetitive power, and that desire and joy follow from it. Hence the same virtuous habit inclines us to love and desire the beloved good, and to rejoice in it. But in as much as love is the first of these acts, that virtue takes its name, not from joy, nor from desire, but from love, and is called charity. Hence joy is not a virtue distinct from charity, but an act, or effect, of charity: for which reason it is numbered among the Fruits [of the Holy Ghost] (Galatians 5:22)." (Summa Theologica, IIa IIae Q. 28 A. 4)

It is the burning charity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary that fructifies in the act of joy. But in this vale of tears, joy is not a perpetual state, as I have said. Saint Thomas notes that only in heavenly beatitude is our joy full; here, it is unavoidably interrupted by sorrow, for evils both physical and moral befall us and our loved ones in the world. The sublime thing about Mary's sorrows is that they, too, come from her charity. Again, Saint Thomas:

"As stated above (I-II, 25, 1,2,3), when we were treating of the passions, joy and sorrow proceed from love, but in contrary ways. For joy is caused by love, either through the

presence of the thing loved, or because the proper good of the thing loved exists and endures in it; and the latter is the case chiefly in the love of benevolence, whereby a man rejoices in the well-being of his friend, though he be absent. On the other hand sorrow arises from love, either through the absence of the thing loved, or because the loved object to which we wish well, is deprived of its good or afflicted with some evil." (IIa IIae Q. 28 A. 1)

Acts of joy and sorrow both proceed from love. Mary's joys and sorrows were perfect, because they came from the unalloyed supernatural charity of the Immaculate Heart. And this brings us back to the blazon on our habit. I focused on the

sword of sorrow that wounds the Heart, only mentioning the other emblems. The five white roses are Our Lady's joys, and the flame atop is her burning charity — that holy love that fructifies both in joy and in sorrow.

At the foot of the Cross, the charity of the Co-Redemptrix brought forth many acts of sorrow from the Immaculate Heart. But charity "rejoiceth with the truth" (I Cor. 13:6); therefore, knowing that the salvation of the world was being accomplished, the holy Virgin rejoiced there as well — yes, *even there*. Her joy, like her love and her sorrow, was not *sentimental*; it was grounded in truth and virtue. So she could say, *far more than Saint Paul*, "[I] rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ, in my flesh, for his body, which is the church" (Col. 1:24).

"And of his fulness we all have received, and grace for grace," said Saint John (1:16). The sacred

humanity of Christ is the abundant fountainhead from which the waters of grace flow down to us, His mystical members. In an applied sense, we can say these words of the Virgin, too, for she is the Mediatrix of that deluge of grace. And how sweet it is to drink of the torrent of her joys. For this reason, She is rightly called by Holy Mother Church, *Causa Nostrae Laetitiae*, the "Cause of All Our Joys."

O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia! ■

Email Brother André Marie at bam@catholicism.org.



O Mary, Cause of Our Joy, pray for us.

Fifteenth Annual Saint Benedict Center Conference

“Right and Freedom: Catholic Considerations on Misused Concepts”

Join us for an unforgettable conference in beautiful Richmond, New Hampshire

Speakers include: Mr. Gary Potter, Dr. Robert Hickson, Mr. Charles Coulombe, Dr. G. C. Dilsaver, Mr. Brian Kelly, Mr. C. Joseph Doyle, Brother André Marie, M.I.C.M. (M.I.C.M. Sister TBA)

Time: Friday and Saturday, October 7 and 8, 2011.
Both will be full days:

Registration, both days:

\$150 per person with meals.

\$90 per person without meals.

Registration, single days:

\$65 per person with meals.

\$45 per person without meals.

Conference location: Saint Benedict Center
95 Fay Martin Road — Richmond, New Hampshire, 03470

There is a limited number of Saint Benedict Center community members who are willing to host conference attendees on a first-come, first-served basis; call the number below for details. Alternatively, there are hotels in the Keene vicinity, but reservations should be made as soon as possible because of tourism during the foliage season.

Some include:

Best Western Hotel & Suites, (603) 357-3038;

Holiday Inn Express Keene, (603) 352-7616;

Days Inn, (603) 352-9780;

Super 8 Keene, (603) 352-9780.

There are also bed and breakfast inns; call for details.

Further, there is a campground three miles from the Center:

Shir-Roy Campground (603) 239-4768.



Register now — Call Russell or Brian at **(603) 239-6485**.
For more information visit **cat.catholicism.org** for additional details.

RENÉ ROBERT CAVELIER DE LASALLE —

EXPLORER, VISIONARY, AND INDOMITABLE ADVENTURER

BY RUSSELL LAPLUME

Born on November 21, 1643, in Rouen, France, this giant of the Canadian saga can fill the pages of a much larger volume than this article can present, so I will concentrate more on his peculiarities than his achievements, and this alone would fill half that volume. His physical description is remarkable, for he had an elongated head with a nose too large to complement it and bushy eyebrows that slanted downwards at their outer edges, with eyes that seemed on fire, consumed with uncontrollable energy. He made enemies as easily as politicians make promises, but this was not due to a concentrated effort for he was obsessed with that great purpose in his life, his consuming desire which became his lodestone, that of traveling the Mississippi River to its mouth. The only true friend he seems to have had was an Italian prince, Henri de Tonty, called “The Man with the Iron Hand,” an exile just as eccentric as LaSalle, whose physical description rivals our hero. Tonty is described as a tall man, with a long, gaunt face sporting a long upturned nose and a waxed mustache that curved upwards. (It did not require much in my imagination to see that if Tonty could detach his head, and place it upside down on his neck, then he would look much like LaSalle).

In the course of history, LaSalle has been described as many things, but most of his contemporaries thought him mad. At fifteen, he entered the Jesuit novitiate and at seventeen, he took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. One may well wonder how this was allowed for, from the beginning of his spiritual formation, his superiors described him as individualistic, opinionated, and unable to follow established rules (*mea culpa*). He made demands to be sent on foreign missions, and his demands were met with dismissal from the Society. Free now at twenty-four, he was left pen-

niless because, according to the custom of the times, on entering the Jesuits he had renounced all his property rights, which amounted to a small fortune. It did not take much for this restless spirit to hear the call of the wild in the Canadian wilderness.

He arrived at Montreal in 1666, and through the connections of his older brother Jean, a Sulpician priest, he obtained a large tract of land, which he developed into a profitable fur trading post. Naturally, Indians visited this post and told great tales of the West, particularly the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, providing the impetus for his unceasing energy to vent. He sold all he owned to outfit an expedition to the Ohio River and, though his party split up, he continued on with a few companions. He was gone for two years, traveling 2500 miles in exploration. But his appetite was not sated, for immediately he set out to raise funds for his all-consuming desire to explore the Father of Waters. We know of his ultimate success in discovering the mouth of the Mississippi, but few know of the many, many failures he endured along the way. It seems all his undertakings were plagued with misfortune — whether it be rival

fur companies, creditors, betrayals, or just bad luck — but he weathered them all in the end.

This eccentric visionary was seen many times walking the lanes of Montreal muttering to himself, gesturing frantically, all the while ignoring the greetings of passersby. He had a boat, which he named *The Griffin*, built on the Niagara River in order to ferry his supplies to the Great Lakes. Then, upon hearing that his creditors were sacking his warehouse back in Quebec, he undertook a phenomenal journey in the dead of winter, alone, to halt their activities, only to learn it was just a rumor. What did he do? He promptly walked back to the Niagara, a round trip of 1300 miles. To build



René Robert Cavelier de LaSalle

Then, upon hearing that his creditors were sacking his warehouse back in Quebec, he undertook a phenomenal journey in the dead of winter, alone, to halt their activities, only to learn it was just a rumor.

The Griffin, he hauled iron from Quebec, a forge, and hired a blacksmith (aptly named LaForge) along with supplies needed for a two-year expedition. This boat he then sent to his forward base along with six men, but they never arrived, and no trace was ever found until recently when, on an island in Lake Michigan, six skeletons were found in a cave. Further investigation of the lake produced the remains of *The Griffin* offshore. Such a loss would have been enough to end the dream of the most determined adventurer, but not Robert de LaSalle.

There was another failure LaSalle experienced in his lifetime, an epic one, and this time there was no escape. King Louis XIV commissioned him to colonize Louisiana and to this end gave him four ships with three hundred colonists. This venture was plagued by pirates, hostile Indians, and poor

navigation. Pirates took one ship, a second sank in the Gulf of Mexico, and a third ran aground. The survivors built a fort in Texas and tried unsuccessfully to re-find the mouth of the Mississippi going eastward on foot. It was on this last trip that his men, starved and disgruntled, murdered the intrepid forty-three year old adventurer.

Like the great Bienville, who followed LaSalle and successfully found the mouth of that great river from the oceanside, his body lies in an unmarked grave. Unlike Bienville, he lacked the qualities of good leadership and, other than Tonty, he had no capacity for picking good subordinates. Both men possessed fire in their belly, indefatigable energy, and a willingness to go on no matter what the obstacle. Bienville enjoyed nothing but success, but LaSalle, other than his one great achievement of finding the mouth of the Mississippi on a canoe trip from Canada, endured nothing but failure. ■

In the course of history, LaSalle has been described as many things, but most of his contemporaries thought him mad.

Email Russell LaPlume at rlp@catholicism.org.



The first outdoor Corpus Christi procession in over ten years at Saint Benedict Center was attended by more than seventy people.

PRAYERS FOR THE HOLY FATHER

V. Let us pray for our Pontiff, Pope Benedict.

R. The Lord preserve him, and give him life, and make him to be blessed upon the earth, and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies. (Roman Breviary)

Our Father. Hail Mary.

V. Let us pray.

R. Almighty and everlasting God, have mercy upon Thy servant, Benedict, our Supreme Pontiff, and direct him, according to Thy loving kindness, in the way of eternal salvation; that, of thy gift, he may ever desire that which is pleasing unto Thee and may accomplish it with all his might. Through Christ our Lord. Amen. (Roman Ritual)

EXTRA ECCLESIAM NULLA SALUS

Ex Cathedra: “We declare, say, define, and pronounce that it is absolutely necessary for the salvation of every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff.” (Pope Boniface VIII, the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, 1302.)

CALENDAR NOTES:

- The 16th annual Pilgrimage for Restoration is now planned for Friday through Sunday, September 23 to 25, 2011. See pilgrimage.stblogs.com for details.
- The 2011 Saint Benedict Center Conference will be Friday and Saturday, October 7 and 8. Mark your calendars and plan on coming to this event.

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:
catholicism.org

Our bookstore website:
store.catholicism.org

And our conference website:
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Slaves of the
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