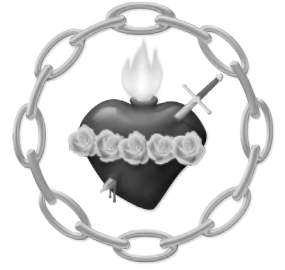


MANCIPIA

THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER



July/August 2024



By Leopold Kupelwieser

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Br. André Marie,
M.I.C.M., Prior

PRIOR'S COLUMN

ARE YOU A 'ROMAN CATHOLIC' OR JUST A 'CATHOLIC'?

The question is a legitimate one and not an irksome word game. The different uses of the adjective, *Roman* — whether in reference to a City, an Empire, a Rite, an ecclesiastical Province, or to the fifth note of the Christian Church — make the answer to

the question perhaps less self-evident than one might think.

An anecdote will help to begin our considerations. A good twenty-five years ago or so, I met a very friendly Jordanian gentleman in my travels doing our apostolic work, who excitedly informed me that he, too, was a Christian. Naturally, I was interested in discovering whether he was a Catholic; but, sad to say, our conversation was limited by his not-so-great English and my completely absent Arabic. I asked him if he were a Melkite Catholic, a term he seemed not to recognize at all. Eventually, after I fumbled around with different formulations of my question, he got an idea of what I was asking. "*Rûm Orthodox*," he answered, which left me quite confused. The first word sounded more like our English word, *room* than it did *Rome*, but I reasoned that, whatever the precise meaning, it must have had reference to Christian Rome. Still, the term made little sense to me. In my ignorance, I assumed that the combination of the words *Rome* and *Orthodox* must have implied an Orthodox Christian under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, i.e., a Catholic, though probably one belonging to an eastern rite. Upon returning home, I could, thankfully, ask a native Arabic speaker, in the person of Brother Francis, what this meant. Brother explained that the word *Rûm* here did not refer to the *City*, but to the *Empire* — specifically, the eastern part thereof, seated historically in the "New Rome" called Constantinople — so that the nearest English translation of "*Rûm Orthodox*" for modern Americans would be "Greek Orthodox." (This does not imply that the "*Rûm Orthodox*" are ethnic Greeks.)

This anecdote came to mind, along with the larger question of the meaning and fittingness of the term "Roman Catholic," when I was reading Dr. Alan Fimister's excellent book, *The Iron Scepter of the Son of Man*, especially chapter two of the book, entitled, "Which Rome?"

The first of three meanings Dr. Fimister gives to the term "Roman Catholic," the one he says is "most appropriate," is, believe it or not, the one I have just recounted, if only indirectly. You see, it would help to know that the correlative Arabic term to *Rûm Orthodox* is *Rûm Kâthûlik* (Roman Catholic), which is what the Melkites call themselves in Arabic. As for the word, *Melkite*, it comes from the Syriac word *melkâ*, meaning *king* or, by extension, *emperor*. The orthodox faithful who accepted the Christological definitions of the Council of Chalcedon (A.D.

451) used this label to distinguish themselves from the Monophysites who rejected that council's doctrine. In doing so, they were identifying themselves with the orthodoxy of Emperor (*Melkâ*) Marcian. As Dr. Fimister goes on to explain,

After 1729, when Patriarch Cyril VI of Antioch restored communion with Pope Benedict XIII, the term Melkite or Roman Catholic [*Rûm Kâthûlik*] became the name for those Chalcedonian Christians using the liturgy of Constantinople and in communion with the bishop of Rome. The celebrated [English] orientalist and liturgical scholar Adrian Fortesque (who sought unsuccessfully to be transferred to the Melkite jurisdiction) observed that Melkite ought to be the term for all Catholics who observe the liturgy of Constantinople. (p. 29)

Again, it has to be emphasized in this particular context that *Rome* is identified with Constantinople, the New Rome, and the Roman Empire of which it was the capital. During the oddly named "Crimean War" (which was fought on other fronts besides in Crimea!), the political agenda of French and English diplomats, who found themselves allied with the Ottoman Turks against the Russian Empire in that conflict, led them to christen the ancient eastern part of the Roman Empire with the misleading neologism, "Byzantine Empire," which Dr. Fimister explains is problematic on historical grounds because,

The "Byzantine Empire" never existed. It is an idea that no one would have recognized at the time, invented by hostile (or at least contemptuous) Western historians long after the Empire [centered] in Constantinople came to an end in 1453. **The Byzantine empire is the Roman empire. That is what its people called it; that it was it was.** (pp. 32-33; **emphasis mine**)

The nomenclature was further confused when Empress Maria Theresa invented the term "Greek Catholic" to describe Catholics in her Empire who belonged to the Eastern Rite, distinguishing them from (Latin Rite) "Roman Catholics." The

"The Mystical Body of Christ and
the Roman Catholic Church
are one and the same thing"

big problem here is that — if we take certain magisterial texts seriously — the term *Roman* is a proper designation of *all* Catholics because it is a note of the entire Church. (This is the crux of the issue; the subtitle of Dr. Fimister's book is *Romanitas as a Note of the Church*.) The magisterial texts I say we should "take seriously" are the Creed of Pope Paul IV, issued at the end of the Council of Trent; the Florentine decree, *Cantate*

Domino, and the first Dogmatic Constitution of Vatican I, *Dei Filius*; the last of which especially applies the adjective *Roman* to the entire Church.

This properly universal application of the note *Roman* to the whole Church and to all Catholics rules out using the term to distinguish Catholics of the Roman Rite (i.e., the rite of the original City of Rome, the one on the Italian peninsula) from Catholics of any other rite, eastern or western. This is why a learned Eastern-Rite friend of mine insists on being called an “Eastern Roman of the Kievan Church,” rather than a “Ukrainian Catholic.” In spite of the unwieldiness and obscurity of his preferred identifier (no Madison Avenue marketing consultant would approve, I’m sure!), my friend’s construction is theologically and historically accurate — far more so than the term, “Ukrainian Catholic,” or the still more confusing, “Ukrainian Greek Catholic.”

It is an aside, but not an inconsequential one: I assume that longtime readers know that *Cantate Domino* teaches us infallibly that “The sacrosanct **Roman** Church...”

...firmly believes, professes, and proclaims that those not living within the Catholic Church, not only pagans, but also Jews and heretics and schismatics cannot become participants in eternal life, but will depart “into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels” [Matt. 25:41], unless before the end of life the same have been added to the flock; and that the unity of the ecclesiastical body is so strong that only to those remaining in it are the sacraments of the Church of benefit for salvation, and do fastings, almsgiving, and other functions of piety and exercises of Christian service produce eternal reward, and that no one, whatever almsgiving he has practiced, even if he has shed blood for the name of Christ, can be saved, unless he has remained in the bosom and unity of the Catholic Church.

Similarly, the Creed of Paul IV, which begins,

I, N., with a firm faith believe and profess each and everything which is contained in the Creed which the Holy **Roman** Church maketh use of. To wit...,

...concludes with this:

This true Catholic faith, **outside of which no one can be saved**, which I now freely profess and to which I truly adhere, I do so profess and swear to maintain inviolate and with firm constancy with the help of God until the last breath of life. And I shall strive, as far as possible, that this same faith shall be held, taught, and professed by all those over whom I have charge. I N. do so pledge, promise, and swear, so help me God and these Holy Gospels of God.

Lastly, and to bring us closer to the main line of Dr. Fimister’s book, before Vatican I’s *Dei Filius* was approved in April of 1870, there was a concern expressed by the English Bishops about the wording of the following section (particularly, what I have **emphasized**):

The Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church believes and acknowledges that there is one true and living God, creator and lord of heaven and earth, almighty, eternal, immeasurable, incomprehensible, infinite in will, understanding, and every perfection.

The issue that the English Bishops had with the original wording was that reference was made to the “Roman Catholic church.” To accommodate this concern, the word *Roman* was deliberately moved from before the word *Catholic* to where it is now forever fixed, thus avoiding a problem to which Albion’s episcopacy were particularly sensitive (see below, for the “least acceptable” use of the term, *Roman Catholic*). In the archived discussions of the Council Fathers, it is made clear that the note *Roman* here is used to describe not simply the Church of the City of Rome as head of all the local churches, but to the Catholic Church as a whole; that is to say, the note *Roman* is proper to Christ’s whole Mystical Body.

This, by the way, is exactly how Pope Pius XII used the term “Roman Catholic” in two definitive encyclicals of his pontificate: *Mystici Corporis* and *Humani Generis*. The 1943 encyclical, *Mystici Corporis*, both quoting and footnoting Vatican I’s *Dei Verbum*, says this:

13. If we would define and describe this true Church of Jesus Christ — which is the One, **Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Roman Church** ¹² — we shall find nothing more noble, more sublime, or more divine than the expression “the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ” — an expression which springs from and is, as it were, the fair flowering of the repeated teaching of the Sacred Scriptures and the holy Fathers.

What I have emboldened in this passage are the four “notes” of the Church as given by Vatican I’s *Dei Filius*. The Holy Father preceded them with the note, *One*, thus listing five notes of the Church: One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. Footnote 12 is a direct reference to that document, so Pope Pius XII is here confirming the sense in which the Fathers of that Council used the term *Roman*, namely, that they applied it to the *One* Church of Christ.

In his 1950 encyclical, *Humani Generis*, Pope Pius XII refers back to *Mystici Corporis*, affirming that its doctrine is binding on the faithful, and using the term “Roman Catholic” as a name for the Universal Church:

27. Some say they are not bound by the doctrine, explained in Our Encyclical Letter of a few years ago, and based on the sources of revelation, **which teaches that the Mystical Body of Christ and the Roman Catholic Church are one and the same thing** [*quae quidem docet corpus Christi mysticum et Ecclesiam Catholicam Romanam unum idemque esse*]. Some reduce to a meaningless formula the necessity of belonging to the true Church in order to gain eternal salvation. ...

It could not be more clear; for a pope as sensitive as was Pope Pius XII to the churches of the East that enjoy communion with the Holy See, there was no question of confusing his using the word *Roman* here to refer to the Roman Rite or to the Holy See itself, as if the particular Church of the City of Rome were somehow the full extent of the Mystical Body of Christ. No, he is applying the note *Roman* to the whole Mystical Body, i.e., to the Universal Church.

This aside brings us at last to the final use of the term “Roman Catholic,” the least acceptable of them all. This is the term as it was employed — and, indeed, when it entered into the English religious lexicon — by English Protestants of the Elizabethan era, “when they were trying not to be too aggressive in their references to the Faithful but were nevertheless unwilling to concede the unqualified use of the term Catholic to them” (p. 30). Certain Anglicans of the nineteenth century included the term as part of their “Branch Theory,” which posited that there are three distinct branches of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church mentioned in the Nicene Creed: (1) the *Roman*, meaning all those under the Pope; (2) the *Anglican* or *Anglo-Catholic*, being that body of Christians centered in the schismatic see of Canterbury; and (3) the *Greek*, under the schismatic Patriarch of Constantinople and the various national “Orthodox” churches more-or-less in communion with Constantinople. This heterodox theory was something of a “Big Tent” ecclesiology that allowed many Anglicans to delude themselves into thinking that they were part of the historical Catholic Church founded by Our Lord, and could, therefore, call themselves “Catholic” just as rightly as any Papist could.

Dr. Fimister cites Herbert Thurston’s relevant 1912 *Catholic Encyclopedia* article, which says that the term *Roman Catholic* is,

A qualification of the name Catholic commonly used in English-speaking countries by those unwilling to recognize the claims of the One True Church.

Because of its origin in heterodoxy, many English Catholics did not want to use the term *Roman Catholic*. They were simply Catholic, as in members of the Church Universal, and the other “branches” included in the heterodox theory were simply cut off, with all the dire implications built into Our Lord’s beautiful Allegory of the Vine and the Branches (cf. John 15:6).

But something changed in 1901, when the English Catholic hierarchy were informed that they could not address King Edward VII on his accession to the throne unless they were willing to accept the contested label. Cardinal Vaughan agreed to it but insisted that he would clarify the meaning of the term as he used

it. This he did in a speech at Newcastle upon Tyne in September of that year, saying,

I would now say to you all, use the term “Roman Catholic.” Claim it: defend it: be proud of it; but in the true and Catholic sense. As the African Fathers wrote some fourteen centuries ago, “To be Roman is to be Catholic and to be Catholic is to be Roman.” But I would also say, like your English forefathers and your brethren on the Continent, call yourselves habitually and especially when the word “Roman” is misunderstood simply Catholics, members of the Catholic Church.” (p. 31)

Incidentally, Newcastle upon Tyne, besides being Alan Fimister’s birthplace and where he was baptized, was at the northernmost frontier of the Empire in Roman Britain, some two thousand fragments of Hadrian’s wall being still visible there. It was, therefore, an appropriate locale for the Cardinal’s address about the *Romanitas* of the Church.

While I can certainly appreciate the delicate situation Cardinal Vaughan was in, I am not in it myself, and will not resort to his clever expedient — its excellence as a specimen of rhetoric notwithstanding. While I am certainly a Roman and a Catholic, I do not call myself a “Roman Catholic” because I wish to avoid the various errors that are implied by the use of the term. First, I am not a Melkite (though Brother Francis, my dear mentor, was), nor do I share the name *Catholic* with schismatics, nor do I deny the glorious label, *Roman*, to my Eastern-Rite brothers and sisters because, “To be Roman is to be Catholic and to be Catholic is to be Roman.”

“But what,” you may ask, “is so important about being Roman?” The answer to that question is the burden of Alan Fimister’s whole book, but I can provide a quick summary from the blurb on the back cover, which will hopefully whet your appetite:

Three days before His Passion, Our Lord warned the High Priests: “the Kingdom of God is taken from you and given to a nation that will bear the fruit thereof.” What is this nation? Who are the people of the Messiah? What is the Kingdom inherited by the saints of the Most High, and why does the Messiah rule the nations “with an iron sceptre”? The Church Fathers, East and West, are clear in their answer: the people of the Messiah are the Romans. Although in its pagan form it is Babylon and the Beast, the Roman Empire is translated by the power of the Cross from the temporal to the spiritual order and becomes what the Apostle calls “the restrainer” [ὁ κατέχων, “the one holding”; 2 Thess. 2:7]: the power that holds back the coming of the Antichrist. The removal of this restrainer signals the commencement of the final persecution of the Church and the end of all mortal things.

If you would like to learn about *Romanitas* as the fifth note of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, there is a lot to learn from Dr. Alan Fimister’s wonderful and meticulously researched book. ■

Email Brother André Marie at bam@catholicism.org.



Sr. Mary Joseph, M.I.C.M.

CONVENT CORNER

FEEDING THE FIRE

When was the last time you tried to build a fire? There is a lot that goes into the success of such a project. Whatever is used for kindling must be flammable, dry, and the right size. You need a protected space in which to build the fire, that will allow it to catch and then grow. Oxygen is necessary, but the quantity has to be proportionate. In order for a baby fire to become a strong blaze, capable of producing heat and light, it needs to be carefully attended until it is well established. If you are trying to build your fire on a damp, misty day, you will discover that flames are sensitive to the quality of the surrounding air. That was what I found out last year.

In my enthusiasm to provide our small girl's camp with meals cooked over a firepit, I didn't put a lot of thought into a contingency plan, in the event of rainy weather. And, sure enough, we had rainy weather — actually, it was only drizzly and wet, no full-blown rain drops, for the most part. It was just tolerable enough for me to pursue my goal of campfire cooking, which, thankfully, didn't end up being impossible — only really challenging.

Thursday I spent most of the day trying to get the baby flame to eat its food so that it could grow to be big and strong. The little flicker was not eager to cooperate. It wanted the kindling to be chopped up into very small pieces before trying to eat it (with zero concern for my lack of an ax). Even then, the heavy moisture in the air that day was such a problem that I practically had to build a shelter over the small flame before it could concentrate on consuming fuel. Hours were spent on this kindling project, but eventually, with patience and perseverance (and after a couple of close shaves with asphyxiation from smoke), the fire began to burn in earnest, and I was able to cook dinner over it. That was Thursday.

On Friday morning, the weather did not look too much better. But, before rolling up my sleeves to tackle the breakfast fire, we took the girls to Mass for the feast of the Sacred Heart. As I was preparing myself for the Holy Sacrifice, reading through the antiphons of First Vespers, I was surprised by these words at the Magnificat: "I am come to cast fire upon earth, and what will I, but that it be kindled?" Our Lord seemed to be speaking directly to me. Naturally, after the ordeal with kindling a fire the day before, I was perfectly primed to take this message to heart. Two questions presented themselves, front and center: What was the fire that Our Lord was referring to? And how does one go about kindling it?

Regarding the first question, the use of the above mentioned antiphon for the feast of the Sacred Heart suggested to me that Our Lord was talking about the fire of His love.

When the theological virtue of charity is infused at Baptism, it elevates the heart of man to a whole new order of love, making him capable of loving God (and then his neighbor for God's sake) with God's own love. And it makes perfect sense for Our Lord to call this love fire: "I am come to cast fire upon earth." His sanctifying love gives light and heat, consumes all things, and spreads as fire does. He wants the fire of His love to burn in us. It is not something merely to be studied objectively or acknowledged logically; we are meant to feel it and be moved by it. Dom Guéranger puts it this way: "The heart of a Christian is not made to be cold or indifferent; it must be affectionate and devoted; otherwise it can never attain the perfection for which God, who is love, has graciously created it." (The Liturgical Year, vol. IX, pg. 356)

The second question was actually a whole series of questions relating back to the previous day's firepit adventure. How does Dear Jesus want me to kindle the fire of His love? What things will feed this precious fire of charity? What does it need to be sheltered from and sheltered by? Is there any "dampness" present, working against the growth of this flame?

The rest of Friday was spent meditating on these things as I went about kindling the material fire in front of me. There were thoughts on how knowledge fuels love, and how in order to love God more, we must get to know Him better (at which point I distinctly heard Deborah Kerr's voice in my head singing, *Getting to know you, getting to know all about you. . .*). Certainly, I had many ideas on how to learn more about God, how to dispose myself to His gift of faith: reading the lives of saints, studying in the school of nature, watching Him in the Gospels and mysteries of the rosary, to name only a few. Then, too, I saw how a love of temporal things can draw our hearts away from eternal things. Worldly treasures, honors, comforts, and conveniences can be so many mists, threatening to extinguish the fires of charity. And yet it is not the world that is the problem, but the love of the world, when that love is out of right order. Our affections and delights can and must be directed. It is not enough for us to deprive ourselves of worldly



pleasures as we look after them with longing. We must strive to enkindle a desire for the infinitely greater goods of eternity with energy and determination.

At the same time, it's essential to remember that it is God alone Who actually has the wisdom and power to inflame our hearts. *Enkindle in us the fire of Thy love!* He invites us to participate in this work, in the same way a mother might allow a toddler to "help" her make dinner.

All these were merely *my* considerations. But there is so much more to be gained from your own meditation on the subject. Particular lights that God wants to give *you*, specifically. I highly recommend taking a little time to build a fire, if the local burning regulations allow it. Ask Our Lord to come and join you as you consider His words: *I am come to*

cast a fire upon earth, and what will I, but that it be kindled?

You can have the meditation be as structured or spontaneous as you like. Some might find it helpful to use all of the who, what, where, when, why and how questions to jumpstart the conversation with Our Lord; others may not. The real point is to ask Dear Jesus to grant you a deeper appreciation and understanding of His holy love, to show you the connections between feeding natural flames and fostering supernatural charity. What better way to delight and repair the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so wounded by coldness? What better way to dispose ourselves to receive the rich treasures of His tender Heart, which He so dearly wants to give us?

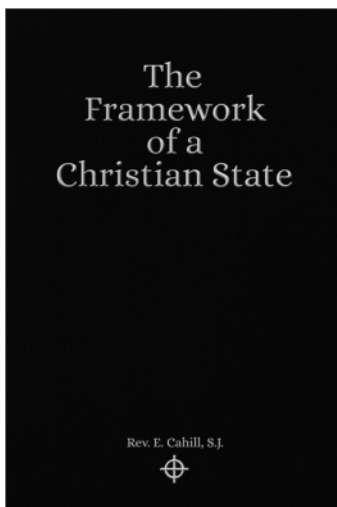
Heart of Jesus, glowing furnace of charity, have mercy on us! ■

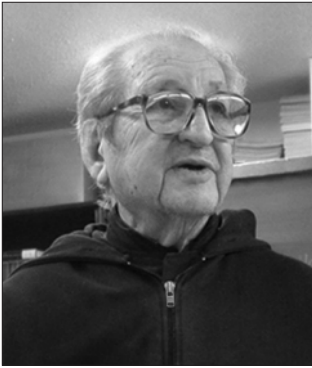
FRAMEWORK OF A CHRISTIAN STATE

BY FR. EDWARD CAHILL S.J.

The history of the modern world, since the French-Masonic Revolution, consists in the war to defend or to destroy the very ideals of Christian civilization. God's plan for men is that all of their societal structures, especially the government of their nation-states should be imbued with Catholic principles, and that Christ would be officially recognized by the state as king and ruler of the nation, that all of the laws of each state, would not only protect the freedom of His Church to operate freely among men for their salvation, but that further, each state would pattern its laws and government according to the social principles laid out by the Church for the happiness and freedom of mankind. But in the modern age, men have uncrowned Him as their King. This uncivilized age has cried out, like the Sanhedrin of old, "We will NOT have this Man rule over us." Thus, we are now quickly regressing into a new and very dark age of barbarism (with modern technology and weapons!) such as the world has never seen before.

Fr. Edward Cahill was an Irish Jesuit who founded "an Rioghacht," a group of Catholics focused upon bringing the principles espoused in the papal encyclical Quas Primas (on the Kingship of Christ), to the modern world. This book is his masterpiece.





Brother Francis, M.I.C.M.

FOUNDER'S COLUMN

SENTIMENTAL THEOLOGY

"Sentimental Theology" is the famous article by Brother Francis, M.I.C.M. which threw us into the limelight in the late 1940's. It is as relevant today as it was then, for "Sentimental thinking about religious matters is [still] very much with us today."

Sentiment is a human thing, and nothing human is either scorned or despised by a Christian. In Christianity there is a place for the exercise of every impulse that God put in human nature. A Christian is not a Stoic who shuns his emotions, nor a Quaker who lets them simmer under the surface of a placid face. He does not pretend to deny the reality of human sufferings like a Christian Scientist, nor does he glut in them like a Jansenist. A Christian finds time for weeping and time for laughter, for gaiety as well as solemnity, for emotion as well as sentiment. Our Lord was not ashamed to show emotion when He wept as He heard of the death of His friend, nor did He hesitate to explode with anger when He saw the wicked and the avaricious desecrate the house of God. He manifested sublime sentiment when He inspired and guided the discovery of the real Cross and made it an object of veneration in His Church. And so, what I am about to condemn in this article is not sentiment, but sentimentality.

Sentimentality is not only a sentiment out of place, it is a sentiment without object. It is like falling in love with love, hoping for hope, or making a sincere effort at being sincere. It is good sentiment to guard the gifts of those you love; it is sentimentality to crowd the house with all kinds of things you throw away. Sentimentality is not even an act; it is just a state of the mind. It is an atmosphere which softens the character, suffocates the mind, and inflicts the will with paralysis. A sentimental mother would let her child die rather than allow a surgical operation to wound his body. In the same way, a sentimental Christian would let his friend miss the opportunity of salvation and go to hell rather than hurt his feelings. Sentimentality is inimical both to charity and to truth. Am I intelligent as a Christian if I allow those who are dear and close to me to incur the slightest danger of losing the friendship of God for all eternity by giving them in return my friendship in this short life? And would I not be endangering my own soul were I to drive this bargain?

I know I am not wasting punches at a straw man. Sentimental thinking about religious matters is very much with us today. A great deal of what is being said by Catholics today sounds in very sharp contrast with the accent of the authentic voice of the Church, teaching, warning, and defining. The sharp weapons of Christ are being blunted, and

the strong, virile doctrines of the Church are being put aside in a conspiracy of silence.

While talking to a Catholic group recently, I was shocked to a realization of what is happening to the Faith under the rising wave of liberalism. I happened to mention casually the Catholic dogma, "There is no salvation outside the Church." Some acted as if I were uttering an innovation they had never heard of before, and others had the doctrine so completely covered with reservations and vicious distinctions as to ruin its meaning and destroy the effect of its challenge. In a few minutes, the room was swarming with the slogans of liberalism and sentimentalism, utterances which are beginning to have the force of defined dogma. Taken in their totality and in the manner in which they were used and understood by their utterers, these slogans constituted an outlook incompatible with the Catholic Faith and with the traditions of the Church. "Salvation by sincerity." "Membership in the soul of the Church." "Don't judge." "Don't disturb the good faith of unbelievers." "It is not charitable to talk about hell or to suggest that anybody may go there." "Isn't faith a gift?" And "How about the baptism of desire?" And so on and so forth. I am not concerned with these phrases as they might occur in a theological treatise with sufficient explanations and with only proportionate emphasis. I am rather concerned with a practical attitude of mind which seeks and selects precisely these phrases and builds them into a closed system of thought, ready to justify every act of cowardice, disloyalty to the Church, or encouragement to infidels and heretics who have set themselves up as teachers of religion.

For example, the statement: "Faith is a gift" is only half a truth. Faith is also a response. It is very evident, from the way Our Lord sought this response and blamed and reprimanded those who failed to give it, that faith is also a response. Our Lord did not say: "I feel sorry for the poor Pharisees because, although they see the evidence of My divinity, yet they are not given the gift of faith." And yet this is what we are asked to say of our modern Pharisees who, by their own testimony, cannot be ignorant of the divine authority of the Catholic church, but would not submit. To take another example, Franz Werfel is supposed to have had the baptism of desire during a long period of time when the sacrament of baptism with water was clearly available.

Are we saved by mere sincerity? If this were the good news Jesus brought into the world, this would be the way to proclaim it: "You shall be sincere and sincerity will bring you to heaven; your own devices may be your way to the Father." Or at least, "There are two ways to God: I am one and your personal integrity is another." But, on the contrary, this is

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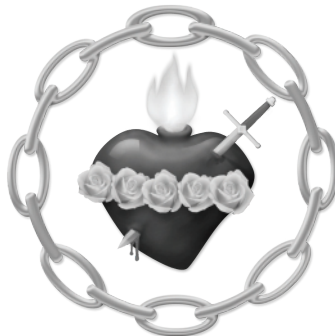
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the way Our Lord speaks: “You shall know the truth, and the truth will make you free”; “I am the way, the truth, and the life”; “He that believeth not shall be condemned.” And when He proclaimed, saying: “Amen, amen, I say unto you: except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you,” He did not stop to apologize or to explain or to add so many reservations which can mean nothing to an unbeliever, and which can only add to the weakness and hesitancy of those who believe.

Some Catholic liberals and sentimentalists, who think that it is not very nice to talk about hell, give you the impression, by what they say and do, that humanity divides into two neat classes: those who belong to the body of the Church, and those who belong to its soul. You almost wonder at times whether it isn't nobler and more magnanimous, and perhaps even safer, to belong only to the latter. As a matter of fact, when you seek a responsible theologian on this doctrine, and after he has finished explaining and interpreting and adding reservations, you wonder whether the doctrine was worth announcing to the public at all, and whether it has any real practical application for us. You certainly begin not to wonder at the fact that Our Lord has left these minor and secondary truths to be discovered by the theologians and restricted Himself exclusively to the proclamation of the Christian challenge in unhesitating terms.

Let us consult *An Explanation of the Baltimore Catechism of Christian Doctrine*, by Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead, on the subject of salvation outside the Church:

“Q. Are all bound to belong to the Church?”

“A. All Are bound to belong to the Church, and he who knows the Church to be the true Church and remains out of it, cannot be saved.

“Anyone who knows the Catholic religion to be the true religion and will not embrace it cannot enter into heaven. If one not a Catholic doubts whether the church to which he belongs is the true Church, he must settle his doubt, seek the true Church, and enter it; for if he continues to live in doubt, he becomes like the one who knows the true Church and is deterred by worldly considerations from entering it.

“In like manner one who, doubting, fears to examine the religion he professes lest he should discover its falsity and be convinced of the truth of the Catholic Faith, cannot be saved.

“Suppose, however, that there is a non-Catholic who firmly believes that the church to which he belongs is the true Church, and who has never — even in the past — had the slightest doubt of that fact, — what will become of him?”

“If he was validly baptized and never committed a mortal sin, he will be saved; because, believing himself a member of the true Church, he was doing all he could to

serve God according to his knowledge and the dictates of his conscience ... that person would be saved; because, being baptized, he is a member of the Church, and being free from mortal sin he is a friend of God and could not in justice be condemned to hell. Such a person belongs to what we call the soul of the Church. He would belong to the body of the Church — that is, he would attend Mass and receive the sacraments — if he knew the Catholic Church to be the only true Church.

“I am giving you an example, however, that is rarely found, except in the case of infants or very small children baptized in Protestant sects.”

Suppose you went to a doctor and inquired whether a man with double pneumonia should be placed on the danger list, and suppose the doctor's reply was: “Well, a man with double pneumonia is not necessarily in danger of death, for if this man had a thorough immunity against all diseases, and if he had never been in serious illness before, and if all his organs are in absolutely perfect condition, and if no further complications arise, and perfect medical attention is given to him, this man might pull through.” Wouldn't the doctor be of greater practical service to you if he had said, “Yes, a man with double pneumonia is in grave danger”? The same is true of men in any way severed from the unity of the Church and without the divinely established and infallible guidance of the Holy Father; they are in a grave and permanent state of danger as far as their eternal salvation is concerned. If some of them are saved, it would not be because of their heresy, but rather in spite of it, and on account of the sufferings of Christ, Who continues to suffer for the salvation of the world in His Mystical Body, the Catholic Church.

I can speak at least for myself with absolute certainty. The qualifications given by Father Kinkead for belonging to the soul of the Church never applied to me as a heretic after I had reached the age of reason. Not only one of these qualifications failed, which would have been enough, but every single one of them. And yet I met in my life hundreds of Catholics who kept me in the hell of unbelief precisely because they pretended to think that I was sincere and therefore secure. These Catholics did not act with respect to me with supernatural Catholic charity, but with sentimental sociable charitableness. Regarding all my non-Catholic acquaintances, there is not a single person to whom Father Kinkead's qualifications apply with any show of probability. On the contrary, the evidence is very much on the opposite side.

I know that the next slogan to be shouted by the liberals and the sentimentalists is: “You are judging people, and Our Lord said ‘Don't judge.’” To take the transcendent utterances of Our Lord and to apply them in such a ridiculous fashion is really the limit in misinterpretation. Is it possible that Our Lord could have intended to de-humanize us so thoroughly as to prohibit us from using our highest power, the power of judgment, in any way or manner?... read the whole article here: catholicism.org/sentimental-theology.html ■



Bother John Marie Vianney,
M.I.C.M., Tert., Prefect

PREFECT’S COLUMN

A STORY OF CONVERSION

My dear friend, who was the editor of the *Mancipia*, the late Mr. Brian Kelly, gave me but one advice on writing articles. “Bob, you do your best articles when you write of events in your life.” And so, I will reveal to you thoughts on recent, and past events, of our lives.

My beloved wife, Peggy Ann, has been ill for several years. As of this writing, she is in a rehab center recovering from severe dehydration and other medical issues. I thank God that she is making some progress. She was a talented writer (once unjustly accused of plagiarism for a wonderful short story she wrote) and, although my name appeared as the author of that *Mancipia* article, *A Story of Conversion*, it was really, in large part, dictated to me. I must say the strong urge on my part to “edit” anything in the article was rejected by my wife, the real author. I read it to her and she repeated the exact wording that she had dictated! And so, as a tribute to Peggy, and a reminder of the power of prayer, I offer something for you, from Peggy, and hope you will find hope in what she wrote . . . as she quietly persisted in prayer for someone very dear to her.

A Story of Conversion

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 a 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 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 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 Communions 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 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 explained 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 shoed 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! Requiescat in pace!*

And now let me show you the secret of this mystery. 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., Prefect. Peggy’s mother’s name is Elizabeth Waddell (Miller) Sackel. ■

Email Brother John Marie Vianney at toprefect@catholicism.org.



The 2024 Graduation at IHM School



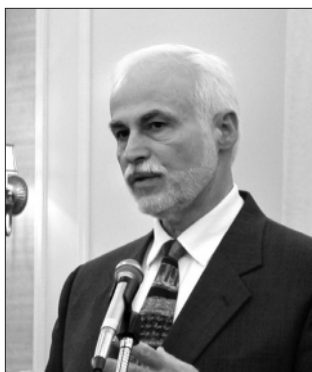
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Sister Mary Peter, M.I.C.M., our Mother Prioress, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her profession of vows on August 22. Please keep her in your prayers on her silver jubilee!





Brother Lawrence, M.I.C.M., Tert.

THE POSSUM AND THE BANANA PEEL

When my wife and I lived in Central Wisconsin, we had a compost pile for the garden. Even in the dead of winter, we would place kitchen scraps into a large coffee can which we had sitting on the back deck until such time as we took it out and added it to

the pile. One very cold night, I heard noise on the deck and opened the patio door shade. Next to the glass, pawing through the scraps was an opossum. Though it was no more than a foot away, it didn't look up at me, even when I hollered through the glass for it to leave, so I opened the back door and stood next to it. It had just snatched a rather black, frozen banana peel out of the can, before it looked up at me. Suddenly, as if noticing me for the first time, it clung tightly to the peel, backed away from me, and hid behind one of the many flower pots my wife stored on the deck for the winter. Though its face was partly hidden, the possum's large backside stuck out on one side of the pot, while it peered around the other with one eye, banana peel clutched desperately in its paws.

I felt sorry for the little creature and talked to it softly, while I stooped down to get closer. Now aware of me and not wanting to give up its prize, the possum backed up slowly, while its eyes never left me. When it came to the edge of the deck, it suddenly disappeared into the snow bank below. My last view of the thing was as it slogged through the snow toward the woods, still clinging to the banana peel. My wife and I thought it needed more to eat, so we added more tasty treats to the compost pile, in the hope that the little possum would find them in the future, before they were taken by the other animals that frequented our backyard.

The story became a metaphor for me and my wife, which we referred to whenever we or anyone we knew clung too tightly to a physical thing or a false idea. In that way we are no more than pathetic little possums clinging to a banana peel in the middle of a cold night. But in this article, I want to look more philosophically at this little possum according to the method taught us by Brother Francis.

First, the possum existed. Without existence, nothing else mattered and all of the accidents (things which depended on its existence such as size, weight, color, etc.) could not have existed either. If it had not existed, I could never have had my encounter with it, and never have had the opportunity to think about it philosophically.

Second, it was a complete substance, composed of matter and form. Since it was alive, I knew that the form was a soul, which determined the matter, which could have been anything else, to be the little creature in front of me. It possessed life, which is immanent (beginning and ending within itself) self-perfecting action.

Third, it was an animal, a sentient being, meaning it not only had the powers of ingestion, growth and reproduction like a plant, it also could have knowledge. It could see, hear, smell, taste and touch. It also had inner senses, imagination, memory, a synthesizing sense and instinct, and that it had the power of locomotion. It also possessed all the passions, the six concupiscibles, love and detestation, desire and aversion, joy and sadness, and the five irascibles, daring and fear, hope and despair, and anger. In all, the little possum possessed the twenty-four amazing powers of a living, sentient being. It could feel cold or heat, be

“...the purpose which we all share
as creatures: the greater honor
and glory of God”

hungry, or satiated, be afraid, angry, and hope for its next meal, or seek out a mate and make more little possums.

Fourth, it was a complete substance, whose purpose was to seek its own perfection. And in seeking this perfection, it was working at the little task assigned to it through its first ancestor, the possum that was directly created in the beginning by God.

Fifth, though the possum did not have the use of reason, it did have instinct, its highest power, which could be remarkably complex. And that instinct, while it was not reason itself, reflected the intention and cleverness, even genius, given to it by its intelligent Creator. And despite not having free will, it had its own little purpose, and was



Opossum is carrying nine young on her back.

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able to make choices within the limits of that instinct, sometime even resembling reason, but only reflecting the reason of its Creator.

Sixth, while the little thing had a nature, the nature of a possum, it also played its role in the whole of Nature. It was part of the order of creatures established by God, part of the Cosmos as an *ens mobile*, a being in change. Though it would remain the same complete substance from the time of its birth to its death, the possum would always be changing accidentally, meaning it would grow, make new cells, lose old cells, grow new fur in the winter and lose old fur in the summer, etc. It would learn things, remember things, and forget things, all of them quite material, all of them phantasms, physical impressions or changes in its brain, but it would never have a single abstract idea nor the ability to reflect on such things.

For the living possum, substantial change would be its death. Before it existed, the matter that made up the possum, was many different things — carrots, leftover food from the compost pile, leaves, old apples, lettuce, and the list could go on indefinitely — even a banana peel. But at the instant the soul separated from the body, the matter left behind would immediately begin turning into other substances — food for bacteria, fungi or even scavengers — and it would eventually be returned to the earth in one way or another.

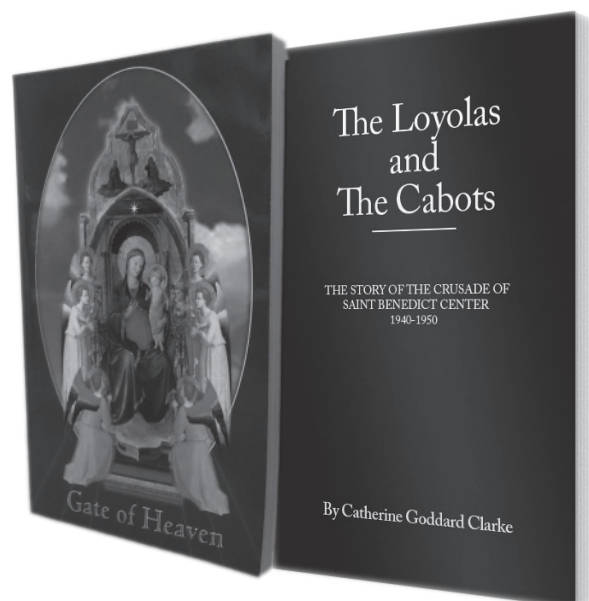
While there are many things that could be said about it, the little possum, like all God's creatures, in its own humble, non rational, clumsy way, fulfilled its purpose — the one given to it by its Creator — the purpose which we all share as creatures: the greater honor and glory of God.▪

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BY SR. CATHERINE GODDARD CLARK, M.I.C.M.

The author exudes both her own joy in living the sacramental life within the Catholic Church, the one ark of salvation, and her holy indignation over the fact that liberal Catholic clergymen in the United States were teaching that one's personal sincerity of conscience was an acceptable substitute for the one and only means of salvation given in, through, with and by Christ. Strong in her defense of Father Leonard Feeney, who championed the Catholic doctrine of "no salvation outside the Church." Anyone who truly loves the Faith and has Catholic zeal for souls would do well to give serious attention to this timely work, alarming as it is devotional.

Gate of Heaven and *The Loyolas and the Cabots* are books that should be a staple for anyone wanting to know and appreciate our history and purpose.



A PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF AMERICA

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).

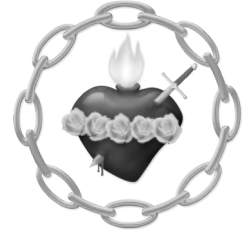
EXTRA ECCLESIAM NULLA SALUS

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).

NOTES:

- Join us in the Novena to the Immaculate Heart on August 14.
Go to catholicism.org/novena-ihm.html

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