

# MANCIPIA

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THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER



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A view of Saint Peter's Basilica from the Tiber.

# TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE:

## SAINT ANDRÉ OF MOUNT ROYAL, A TIMELY CANONIZATION



Br. André Marie, M.I.C.M., Prior

**A**round here, the news of December 19 was received with great joy. I refer to the publication of the decree, approved by His Holiness, Benedict XVI, clearing the way for the canonization of Blessed Brother André. Because this news is rather fresh, and because his feast day has recently

passed (January 6, which is also the Epiphany), I would like to invite our readers to share our happiness and consider with us the virtues of this little man.

That this popular Canadian *Beatus* happens to be my own patron has something to do with our joy, but this is only part of it. Given our longing for the conversion of America, the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary are always happy to invoke another American (albeit not a “United Statesian”) as a saint. But beyond these personal and “religio-patriotic” reasons for rejoicing, there is also a certain timeline to the canonization. In honor of the eight-day observance of the Epiphany, I will

offer a perfect octave of reasons for this claim.

**I: Miracles.** Like Saint Pio of Pietrelcina, Frère André is a modern miracle worker, who shows to a cynical and empiricist age that the true religion still manifests itself by the wondrous divine interventions we call miracles. Not that any wonder-working saint’s essential sanctity consists in the miraculous, but to read the life of “Saint Joseph’s little dog”

(as he styled himself) is to read a litany of miraculous deeds. As Moses showed that the God of Israel was the living God, Frère André showed that the God of the Catholics, and the religion of the Catholics, are uniquely true. And he did this with meekness, humility, and a great joy that lent a certain seal of authenticity to his prodigies.

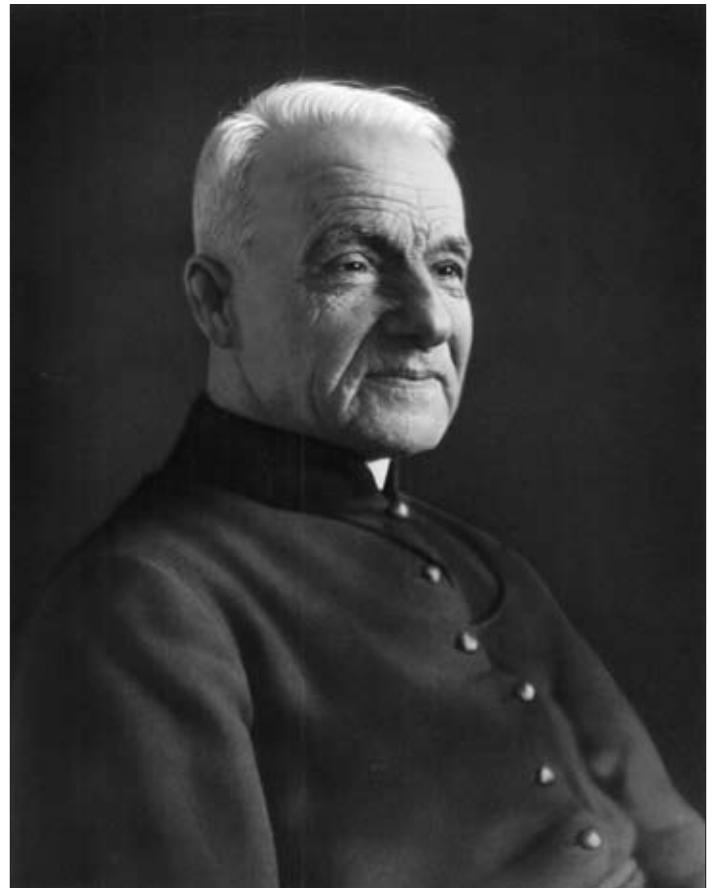
**II: Love of the Cross.** We live in an effeminate age. By this, I do not refer principally to the moral degeneracy of homosexuality and the turpitude of those who, while not practicing it, sanction this vice. No, I refer to the general softness and hedonism of the age; that is, to the implicit but nonetheless real conviction in our decrepit culture that pleasure is the only real good and pain is the only real evil. Human suffering makes

sense and becomes profitable only in the light of grace and under the shadow of the Cross. Frère André belonged to a religious institute dedicated to the saving Rood: the Congregation of the Holy Cross, founded by Blessed Basile Antoine Marie Moreau, whose own life was marked by superhuman sufferings borne with heroic patience. While it is generally known that Saint Joseph is the patron of this Congregation, relatively few are aware that their principal devotion is to the Passion of Our Lord. Their motto: *Crux Spes Unica* (the Cross, our only hope), indicates this. Our holy man exemplified the “crucified” spirituality of his great religious family: lifelong physical infirmities, inability to eat anything but a type of mush made from flour, frequent stomach infirmities, deprivation of sleep, scandalous false accusations, persecution from his own religious superior. These are just a few of the crosses he carried with admirable courage and forgetfulness of self.

**III: French Canada needs him.** An Anglophone American speaking of French Canada’s sad spiritual condition may not be well received in those parts, but it is nonetheless true that after the 1960’s “Quiet Revolution” (*Révolution tran-*

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Human suffering makes sense and becomes profitable only in the light of grace and under the shadow of the Cross.



Blessed Frère André

# CONVENT CORNER



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

## FIRE!

Dear Friends,

As you can see from the picture, we are delighted to have our new wood stove at our convent. Besides the stove being donated, the beautiful hearth was built with some of the funds that you provided by your generous donations to the convent. A large portion of the wood was gathered by our brothers from the trees that had been damaged in the ice storm

of last year. The rest of the wood for our winter supply was donated by a generous family; so it is not costing us anything to run our wood stove. Finally, we have met the challenge of being able to heat our entire convent with the wood stove and the aid of a few fans. Our furnace room has cooled off and we are now saving many hundreds of dollars per month in heating bills. *Deo gratias!*

The wood stove has benefits beyond just heating our convent. As one of the brothers said after he finished stacking our woodpile, "You'll have many meditations with your new wood stove." He was right. You'll have to excuse me, Dear Reader, for sharing my Christmas meditations with you during this post-Christmas time, but I promise to lead you into Lent and Passiontide with them. The following is a poem in which I found an eloquent exposition of all the aspects of a hot fire, and it is what I have been using for my meditations in preparation for Christmas and for the twelve days of the feast. It was written by an English martyr, Saint Robert Southwell, S.J. (1560-1595).

### The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night  
Stood shivering in the snow,  
Surprised I was with sudden heat,  
Which made my heart to glow;  
And lifting up a fearful eye  
To view what fire was near,  
A pretty babe, all burning bright,  
Did in the air appear;  
Who, scorched with excessive heat,  
Such floods of tears did shed,  
As though His floods should quench His flames  
Which with His tears were bred:  
"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born,  
In fiery heats I fry,  
Yet none approach to warm their hearts  
Or feel My fire, but I!  
My faultless breast the furnace is,

The fuel wounding thorns;  
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,  
The ashes shame and scorn;  
The fuel Justice layeth on,  
And Mercy blows the coals,  
The metal in this furnace wrought  
Are men's defiled souls,  
For which, as now on fire I am,  
To work them to their good,  
So will I melt into a bath  
To wash them in My blood!"  
With this He vanished out of sight,  
And swiftly shrank away;  
And straight I called unto mind  
That it was Christmas-day.

Because the wood stove needs frequent attention, I find

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Sister Marie Thérèse with the new wood stove and hearth.



# FOUNDERS' COLUMN



Catherine Goddard Clarke\*

## EPILOGUE: FROM *GATE OF HEAVEN*

[Note: These words were written in 1951]

**I**t gives me happiness to write, for those who have wanted to know, of what has become of us since October 28, 1949, the date at which our story ends in *The Loyolas and the Cabots*. I am happy to tell you this further story, even though

briefly, because it is a recounting of the bounty and the protection of us by the Blessed Mother of God.

We who took part in the so-called Boston Heresy Case are, thanks to Our Lady, still together and intact. "Heresy," by the way, was an accusation made *by* us, not *of* us. Our accusation was substantiated by Father William Kelleher's reply in the newspapers to the charge of the four professors.

We have lost of our number only six. Two dropped out, and four were dismissed, because, though we are not strict without reason, we do have our rules and decorum, which must be lived up to.

At this point a reader may ask, "But are you a religious group?" The answer to that question reveals our secret. Yes, we are a religious community. We are indeed a religious order – perhaps more technically a religious congregation. Each of

us has, by vow, dedicated his life to the preservation of the truths of his Holy Faith under the title of Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

We took our vows and became Slaves of Our Lady's Immaculate Heart on the first of January, 1949, three months before we were disciplined by our Archbishop for continuing to profess

the defined doctrines of the Church on salvation. It was while Father Feeney was in correspondence with Father Vincent A. McCormick, S.J., the American Assistant to the General of the Jesuits, and while Father was pleading for a doctrinal hearing before his superiors. It was while three of the professors were under severe pressure by Boston College to give up both the Church's doctrine on salvation and their support of Father Feeney in upholding it.

We were beginning to realize the character of the battle

\* Later known as Sister Catherine, Mrs. Clarke was the foundress of Saint Benedict Center, which began as a lay apostolate in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

before us, not only for the preservation of the sacred dogmas of our Church, but actually for their restoration. It was to prepare ourselves by prayer and discipline, and to secure graces enough to enable us to face such a battle, that we became a religious order.

It will be asked of us, "Who are you that you should take responsibility for the Church's doctrine?" Our answer to that, I hope I have brought out in this book. The answer is, as I wrote in the second chapter, that the sacred doctrine of our Holy Church is the responsibility of each Catholic, be he powerful or lowly, learned or unlearned, clergy or laity, rich or poor. Each of us is the Catholic Church. God's Truth belongs to each of us, and we are each responsible for it.

We live a community life, as Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, with hours of prayer, hours of study, and hours of work. Father Feeney and the young men who someday hope to be ordained priests live in one of the houses known to us as Sacred Heart Hall. Our girls, who have dedicated their lives in singleness to Our Lord and Our Lady, live in a house which we call, among ourselves, Immaculate Heart Hall. Our families live in houses just below Sacred Heart Hall.

We are, during this interval, under fire, waiting for the time when we can present our order to the Holy See, as all other orders must eventually be presented. We know that many of the orders in the Church whose work was most lasting and fruitful began under circumstances similar to ours. We know that many men and women who were later placed upon the rolls of the saints were at some time in their lives under the ban of interdict, and even excommunication. St. Joan of Arc died excommunicated; St. Ignatius of Constantinople died under threat of excommunication. [Editor's Note: Blessed Mary McKillop (soon to be canonized as Australia's first saint) was also excommunicated by her bishop.] We are not saints – though we pray we may be – and we are *not* excommunicated. We have offered our lives to God, and have consented to die, if need be, for our Holy Faith, in the saddest way (to our minds) that it is possible to die – under the ban even of excommunication.

We are waiting then, to present our order to the Holy See, to secure the blessing of our Holy Father, and to ask the Holy Father to foundation us as a permanent and abiding battalion in the army of our Holy Faith.

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## LOCAL NEWS



Mr. William Wrobleski

### THE PATH OF GRACE

Coming to Saint Benedict Center has been, for Chris and me, a long-term stop on a difficult journey. Hopefully, in the end we will see a situation in which any Catholic in America will be able to go to any parish and find the Traditional Latin Mass along with solid teachings on every aspect of the Faith. My selfish prayer

is that my wonderful wife and I will live to see and participate in this restoration. In the meantime, Saint Benedict Center is a good place for us to be.

We are both fifty-nine years old and are cradle Catholics, born twelve years before Vatican II. I went to Catholic school K through 12 and Chris went to Catholic school until third grade. Even with the faults of the Baltimore Catechism, we were fairly well formed in the Faith.

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The liberalism that hit the Church in the wake of Vatican II came at a bad time for people our age. Imagine being in your mid-teens and all of a sudden being told that much of what you were taught about faith and morality was not important. It caused me pretty much to leave the Church around 1972 or so. I mean, why bother practicing when you're told by your "teachers" in a Catholic school, and by priests, that going to Mass is not necessary to save your soul? I would go to Mass on occasion, but I didn't care much.

I was married in 1972 and ended up divorced in 1982. My former wife cared less about the Faith than I did. Our two children, David and Amy, were being brought up nominally Catholic, but I failed as a parent when it came to teaching my children the Faith.

My divorce was not particularly contentious, but it was difficult for me, as I did intend to stay married permanently. In this situation, however, I had no choice; I just had to make the best of it. I was away from the Church at that time, so I wasn't thinking of Catholic teaching regarding dating or anything. (I

now know that I should have waited for the Church's annulment before dating.) In any event, I used to go to a nightclub where an early-thirties crowd went to dance and drink. I didn't drink, so I went to dance and, hopefully, meet the woman of my dreams.

On March 17, 1984, I was at this nightclub on a Saturday night and I looked up and saw a stunning redhead whom I had never seen there before. Little did I know Our Lord had just blessed me greatly. I asked her to dance, and the rest is history.

We were married on September 8, 1985, in a Congregational Church. At the time I wasn't sure if I even believed in God, but I liked the idea of there being a God. Chris did believe in God, but she didn't try to force it on me. Looking back it appears that she was just waiting for me to wake up to reality some day.

In 1986, we bought an old farmhouse with a barn and twelve acres in Chester, Massachusetts. This was a dream come true for me. We could now grow our own food and we had access to good areas for hunting and fishing. At first, poor Chris came along kicking and screaming but, in time, she ended up loving her new lifestyle. At the time I was not at-

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William and Christine Wrobleski



Mr. Brian Kelly

## KEEP OUR FIRES BURNING, O LORD

After Christmas, with the days getting longer in the Northern Hemisphere, one would expect that the temperatures would start rising. Instead, the days actually grow colder in January and February than they do in December. One reason for this is because of water. Three quarters of the earth is water. That percentage is somewhat less in the Northern Hemisphere (60%) and greater in the Southern (80%). It takes water a longer time to cool and freeze than the ground. So, you'll notice that, usually, ponds and lakes do not freeze until after the winter solstice. And they retain their frozenness into the winter months even as the days lengthen. Just as it takes water longer to freeze than land, so is it slower to warm. It is the water temperature that affects weather more than the length of the day. Another reason is that, for the Northern Hemisphere countries, the continental landmass has to have time to bottle up cold air from lack of sunlight and increased snow cover. This bottling up begins to occur in October and reaches its full level of fridity in December. At this point temperatures plummet and the cold air moves south. My meteorologist nephew informed me about this "bottling up" effect, explaining, too, that even the Arctic air in Siberia can reach the U.S.

Still, naturally speaking, the longer days do nothing to warm the spirit since the weather is so cold and there's nothing outside but snow and ice and run-down cars to deal with.

All these things we do deal with so that we can go to work, feed the family, feed the oil and gas tanks, pay a ton of bills, pay taxes, and pay mechanics so they can feed their families. Wouldn't it be nice if it could be otherwise?

The best place my car takes me is to Mass. There, I can be pampered with a liturgy that brings warmth to the mystical hearth as "the Orient on high" visits us at Christmas; opens His arms

to us at His Epiphany; is baptized for us; walks among us teaching and working miracles during the weeks of Lent; suffers and dies for us on Good Friday; and rises from the dead for us on Easter Sunday. By this time, liturgically, it is April or May on the monthly calendar and the weather begins to warm

and nature begins to blossom back to life. How much colder winter would be without the liturgy of the daily sacrifice of the altar! Indeed, as Saint Padre Pio said, "It would be easier for the world to exist without the sun than without the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

How much colder, too, would winter be without Our Lady! She it was whose *fiat* opened the heavens so the clouds could rain down the Just One and the earth bud forth a Savior. Mary, the New Eve, would bring forth a Savior, whereas the Old Eve brought forth death.

This is our Introit for the last Sunday of Advent: "Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just: let the earth be opened, and bud forth a saviour" (Isaiah 45:8).

In Our Lord's extended life in His Mystical Body, the Church, it seems that we, His members, may be living in the winter years. Of all the things that Jesus said in His answer to His Apostles' questions about the latter times, the following revelation is most disturbing to me. Why? Because it seems that it is coming to pass before our eyes and may be even knocking at the door of our soul. "And many false prophets shall rise, and shall seduce many. And because iniquity hath abounded, the charity of many shall grow cold" (Matt 24: 11,12).

For those of us who are entering into the winter years of our life, who have kept the traditional Catholic Faith and tried, however weakly, to live it, for those of us who may be going through whatever degrees of *acedia* that go with our own personal "battle fatigue," there may be a temptation to pull in the oars and just coast along.

Coast along? How can we be so ungrateful to entertain the thought? The everlasting "coast" may be over the horizon, or just beyond the thick mist that has enveloped our spirits. When it was suggested to Saint Francis Xavier, after his hair turned gray and he passed his fiftieth birthday, to slow down and let younger missionaries do the field work, he replied: "Does the captain of the ship pull in his oars when, after a long voyage, he sees the coast in view? No, rather, with renewed energy, he

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Come, Holy Ghost, warm the coldness of my soul. Do not let my charity die in this dark and icy winter, which threatens to dehydrate my spirit.



rows with more gusto, so great is his yearning to reach the shore.”

Such ought to be our spirit. But it cannot be our spirit until we open ourselves with abandon to the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit. Through His transforming grace let us allow His spouse, the Blessed Mother, to form Christ more fully in our souls. In so doing we can be more effective servants and slaves of her Immaculate Heart.

*Veni Sancte Spiritus, fove quod est frigidum:* Come, Holy Ghost, warm the coldness of my soul. Do not let my charity die in this dark and icy winter, which threatens to dehydrate my spirit. *Riga quod est aridum:* Refresh what is barren.

In his book, *True Devotion to Mary*, Saint Louis Marie de Montfort writes of a more blessed day, a day that will see all coldness disappear from our hearts. I will conclude my column with his inspiring words:

“‘When will that happy day come,’ asks a saintly man of our own day whose life was completely wrapped up in Mary, ‘when God’s Mother is enthroned in men’s hearts as Queen, subjecting them to the dominion of her great and princely Son? When will souls breathe Mary as the body breathes

air?’ When that time comes wonderful things will happen on earth. The Holy Spirit, finding his dear Spouse present again in souls, will come down into them with great power. He will fill them with his gifts, especially wisdom, by which they will produce wonders of grace. My dear friend, when will that happy time come, that age of Mary, when many souls, chosen by Mary and given her by the most High God, will hide themselves completely in the depths of her soul, becoming living copies of her, loving and glorifying Jesus? That day will dawn only when the devotion I teach is understood and put into practice. *Ut adveniat regnum tuum, adveniat regnum Mariae:* ‘Lord, that your kingdom may come, may the reign of Mary come!’ ”

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Our Lady of the Snows

## TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE:

### SAINT ANDRÉ OF MOUNT ROYAL, A TIMELY CANONIZATION

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*quille*), Quebec and its environs jettisoned their former Catholicity with a precipitous recklessness. Nobody knows this sad truth better than faithful Catholics from these regions. The sainting of a very public figure — whose miracles were, after all, performed among the grandparents of our contemporaries — might kindle the still-glowing embers of French Canada's Faith to a brighter flame. (For more on French Canada's former Catholicity, I recommend Gary Potter's "Québec and French America: What Might Have Been," found on our website.)

**IV: Love of the Gospel.** Brother André died in the year 1937, long before *Dei Verbum* supposedly revived Catholic devotion to Holy Scripture. Yet, he memorized the Sermon on the Mount (every Holy Cross novice had to), and, later, the account of the Passion recorded in each of the four Gospels. These were no mere memory exercises; he meditated on the Scriptures. Now, while it is a terrible injustice to say that the Church in those days did not appreciate the Bible, it is also true that spiritual reading for religious in those days was primarily from devotional books that offered a highly mechanized approach to the spiritual life. The ancient and medieval forms of religious life, on the other hand, laid great emphasis on reading the Holy Scripture, especially in the form of *lectio divina*. Our saint, soon-to-be, belonged to a teaching congregation founded in the nineteenth century, but one showing a clear continuity with traditional spirituality, as can be seen in his going to the primary sources of the spiritual life: the Gos-

pels. (Our own Founder, Father Leonard Feeney, had a great predilection for the holy Gospels as the first and last word in spiritual reading, teaching his disciples to love and cherish them and all the Scriptures.)

**V: He was "just a lay brother."** Many practicing Catholics just don't get religious life. And for them, the most useless appendage in the anatomy of religion is the lay brother. (Many

years ago, a lay brother penned a humorous article called, "So, You're a Brother, Father?" seeking to explain to the perplexed just what men like us are.) The idea of living the counsels of evangelical perfection by vow, without the admittedly "useful" addition of Holy Orders, seems to some the waste of a life. The priesthood and the religious life are radically distinct vocations, even though they can coexist in the same man. Saint Benedict was not a priest. Neither were the vast majority of his early disciples, nor the desert fathers, nor the Irish monks, nor the male religious of Saint Francis (who himself was in

Holy Orders, but went no further than the diaconate, having been compelled to do so). To canonize a man popularly known as "Frère" or "Brother" will add a much-needed luster to our vocation.

**VI: Defender of the Social Order.** The humble little porter opposed the various anti-Christian "isms" that made the twentieth century the most sanguinary in man's history. Good Catholic common sense made him despise communism, which seriously menaced Canada in his day. He made his feelings known in the most innocent of ways. When his arm suffered from paralysis, he told friends, "My arm is acting like a communist." On his deathbed, he prayed for Catholic Spain, then in the convulsions of war, as General Franco strove to defeat both communists and anarchists. Let us not forget that in French America, just as in Mediterranean Europe and Latin America, liberalism, socialism, and Freemasonry show themselves in much more explicitly anti-Catholic dress than in the Anglo world. "The old fool on the mountain" (as they called him), with his miracles and his calls to conversion and prayer, was a standing rebuke to their snide ideologies. While the little

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A statue of Saint Joseph at Mission San Diego Alcalá, California.



porter does not rank among the well-known defenders of the social reign of Our Lord, his whole long life was a very public affirmation of the primacy of God's rights. Christ the King is most honored by such little ones.

**VII: Strongly Roman, Papal.** When he was on his deathbed, Frère André was encouraged to ask St. Joseph to spare

In these days when family life is so terribly assailed on so many fronts, devotion to the mystery and the persons of the Holy Family is of great value.

him because he was "needed." To this, he responded, "There is one who is far more necessary than Brother André in this world: that is the Pope. If the Holy Father passed away, it would be a disaster; he still has much to accomplish." Brother André did not survive this illness, but Pope Pius XI, who lay sick and dying at the same time, recovered. It is known that the porter prayed for Pius, and we may believe the Pope's two more years

of life were an answer to those prayers. That such a simple, provincial man should concern himself with the well-being of the ailing Italian — Ambrogio Damiano Achille Ratti, who lived 4,000 miles away in Rome — is an eloquent testimony to the universality of the Church, and the doctrine that the Roman Pontiff "is father and teacher of all Christians," possessing "full power to rule, feed, and govern the universal Church" (Vatican I, *Pastor Aeternus*, III). In these days, when a neo-conciliarist notion of collegiality has well established itself in theological circles, trickling down to the masses as frank disregard for the Supreme Pontiff, such an edifying example of intense devotion to the Holy Father is much needed. Included, by the way, among the deeds accomplished by Pius XI in the time "purchased" for him by Frère André were some that seem especially apt. For one, on March 19, 1937 — the Feast of Saint Joseph — Pius published *Divini Redemptoris*, an encyclical letter condemning communism. As if in gratitude for his own recovery and with great confidence in Mary's spouse, towards the end of the encyclical Pius wrote, "We place the vast campaign of the Church against world communism under the standard of Saint Joseph, her mighty Protector."

**VIII: Devotion to the Holy Family.** Brother André's Congregation was part of a larger religious family founded by Canon Moreau, consisting of three parts, each one of which corresponded to a member of the Holy Family. The Holy Cross Fathers, whose members were conformed to Christ's priesthood by virtue of Holy Orders, corresponded to the Holy Infant. Mary was represented by the sisters, called the Marianites of Holy Cross. The Holy Cross Brothers stood in

the place of St. Joseph in this family. They were, in fact, originally a congregation of lay brothers founded by Father Jacques François Dujarie and called "The Brothers of St. Joseph." Father Dujarie entrusted his foundation to Canon Moreau, who merged them into his already existing religious family. All the members of all these three congregations were imbued with devotion to the Holy Family. In these days when family life is so terribly assailed on so many fronts, devotion to the mystery and the persons of the Holy Family is of great value. And the fact that Brother André acquired his solid piety in childhood is an incentive to Catholic parents to imitate the Bessette's own "holy family."

As a closing point, I note that people have been using the comments boxes in our online article on Frère André for posting their prayer intentions. Please feel free to post your own intentions there, too. You may also report there any favors you have received through the prayers of our American saint.

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



Pope Benedict XVI at the Wednesday audience the brothers attended. [See article, page 10.]

# PROMISING SIGNS IN ROME

BY BROTHER ANDRÉ MARIE, M.I.C.M.

Thanks to the largesse of some benefactors who funded our plane fare, Brother Maximilian Maria and I recently spent two weeks in Rome. The trip, like my last year's solo pilgrimage, was part "business," and part "pleasure." For that reason, I referred to it as a "working pilgrimage."

I would like to give one little snapshot among hundreds of mental photographs from our fortnight in the Eternal City. It is a picture of the encouragement we felt in the presence of young clerics and a few seminarians.

But it would be precipitous to portray this image without first supplying a background.

Part of our routine was daily Mass in Saint Peter's Basilica, at 7:00 AM, when the Basilica opens to the relatively small groups of people waiting outside (among whom are many religious sisters). Just before that hour, when the security guards and other Basilica staff allow pilgrims to enter the Church, there is another line forming — a much more competitive one — in a certain wing of Saint Peter's. Here, clerical Vatican employees — who, with their Vatican credentials, can pass the Swiss Guards and other security beyond them — are lining up for the mad dash into the sacristy. The little crowd is composed of priests, bishops, and a few others, who enter with them under the rubric of servers. There must be some thirty of them waiting for the 6:55 or so opening of the sacristy doors. Everyone rushes in to vest, grab an acolyte and Mass provisions, and race for an altar while altars are still available. One monsignor described it to me as a "rat race." More than once, Brother Maximilian and I were part of that "rat race," as we entered the sacristy entrance to serve the Mass of a priest friend of ours, who works for the Holy See. For two weeks, almost every day, we assisted at his Mass at the Altar of the Transfiguration. One day, when that altar wasn't available (it's first-come-first-served), Father offered Mass at the Altar of Our Lady of Succor, which is underneath a twelfth century icon of the Mother of God, and atop the relics of Saint Gregory of Nazianzen. This particular Mass was a Requiem, offered for a deceased third order member under his tertiary name, Brother Malachi Mary.

Of course, the Masses were in the traditional rite. And here's the thing: Now, post-*Summorum Pontificum*, a full half or more of the morning Masses in St. Peter's are in the classical Roman rite! When our curial priest-friend was out of town for a couple of days, we "tried our luck" one morning and went from one altar to another in search of the traditional rite. Soon, we were at the Mass of a young Czech priest who works for the Secretariat of State's Office. He had no server, so, not being shy, I jumped in and served. And it was an honor to serve Mass being offered

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The Altar of the Transfiguration, Saint Peter's Basilica.

over the body of Pope Saint Leo the Great at a magnificent altar, where one may observe in the altarpiece Pope Leo giving the business to Attila the Hun, with the help of the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul.

Every day, in close proximity to "our" altar, we could see a few other traditional-rite Masses.

After Mass every morning, we went for a light breakfast in a nearby coffee bar, which is filled with a few small crowds of clerics who, like us, have just come from Mass at St. Peter's, and are about to begin their day in the office or in the classroom. On a couple of these days, we found ourselves with some seminarians, who talked of their desire to offer the traditional rite Mass, and how their convictions in this area were shared overtly or covertly by many fellow seminarians. In these conversations, the spirit of false ecumenism was seriously scorned, and adherence to all things traditional was made evident. These future priests speak the "language of Jerusalem," and not "of Egypt."

To quote from a song I truly hate, but whose title aptly captures the thing I want to say: "the times they are a-changin'!"

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

## LOCAL NEWS:

### THE PATH OF GRACE

*continued from page 5*

tending any church; Chris, however, would sometimes go to the Novus Ordo at the local parish.

The summer of 1987 was to become extremely important to us. I started praying to God that if He was really there to somehow show me. Shortly into the summer, I became very sick. At first we thought it was the flu, but after three, then four weeks we became concerned.

During the next couple of months the doctors ran many tests but found nothing wrong. I worried that I was dying, maybe of AIDS or something, but I wasn't in any risk group for AIDS. I was getting worried, so I started praying, mostly to Our Lady and St. Jude. Then I started reading about miraculous healings at Lourdes and, with my appreciation of science, I was impressed by the documented evidence. One night, while reading more of these documented miracles from Lourdes, it dawned on me that the Faith I was born into was real.

In late August, 1987, I learned that, back in May, I had picked up a parasite while shoveling manure for our garden. I finally recovered about two months later and started attending the Novus Ordo with my wife. In early 1988 we "made Cursillo" and I got involved with the Medjugorje movement. We had been away from the Church for so long we just

wanted to "do Catholic stuff." Little did we know at the time how dangerous to the Faith both of these movements are.

In 1992, I received an annulment of my first marriage. Due to certain circumstances I probably would have been granted one even in more Catholic times. That same year Chris and I were married in the Catholic Church.

After learning what had happened to our beloved Church since Vatican II, we slowly started moving toward tradition. Our first exposure was the 1993 Easter Triduum at Saint Benedict Center in Still River, Massachusetts. We started going there as regularly as possible, even though it was a two-hour ride from home. Brother Thomas Augustine and especially Brother Joseph (God rest his soul) were a great help to us.

By 1997, Massachusetts was becoming more and more hostile to hunters, gun owners, and anyone who wanted to live reasonably free. We decided it was time to move to New Hampshire, the last state in the Northeast that seemed to respect the rights of its citizens.

We visited Saint Benedict Center in Richmond in January, 1998, and had a long chat with Brother Francis and the other religious. Soon afterwards we started attending Mass there and night classes. We moved to Richmond in August, 1999 and joined one of the study circles. It's been ten years now and, yes, they sure have gone by in a flash. Most of our friends are connected with SBC and they, along with the religious, have helped us to grow in and keep the Faith. We try to help out at the monastery whenever we can as it is a very active place, very hospitable, and the brothers and sisters can always use helping hands. SBC has become a home for us — more than that, a family. Hopefully, we can become less unworthy of such a gift from God.

We moved to Richmond in August 1999, and joined one of the study circles. It's been ten years now and, yes, they sure have gone by in a flash.

#### Catholic America Tour 2010

We are looking for sponsors to host these events in 2010. See the back cover for details. The photo is from the last talk given in NJ.





## SPECIAL FEATURE



Christine Bryan

### OUR CATHOLIC DUTY OF FEASTING WELL

**A**s I write this, it is still the Christmas season. I find it a perfect time to pause, between bites of chocolate torte and sips of sparkling wine, to consider if we have learned to feast appropriately. The observations that follow relate to the entirety of the Church's year, so it's okay if you happen to pick this up during Lent.

The whole matter is less of a financial issue than one of leisure and union with the liturgical year. And it also involves a serious look at how we *receive* this day our daily bread and embrace the times of fasting. It is only by the contrasts of these three that we can know if we are connected with hundreds of years of Catholic practice. Our society is rapidly blurring lines of distinction. We see this not only in perpetual gastronomic celebrations but also in attire: as a nation we seem to have forgotten about Sunday clothes and evening dress. I remember (way back in my youth) changing out of play clothes to "go to town." There's a crisis in other areas as well: manners (why wouldn't I text my friends while

sitting at your dinner table?) and correspondence (what's a thank-you letter or a pen pal?). But this is not to be a lamentation: rather an encouragement to take a look around the kitchen and decide to feast well, by understanding what it means to eat simply on a regular basis.

Our meals should nourish us body and soul by being wholesome and satisfying. Our bodies are made of what we eat. As one brief example (given while wiping away a chocolate smear), every cell in our bodies regularly recycles — drawing from available nutrients to rebuild. If each cell membrane isn't healthy, the cell itself is limited in its ability to function. Therefore, it seems reasonable that our normal fare should be composed of simple, wholesome foods that promote health, produce satiety and comfort, and are affordable. Research into options needn't be tedious. There's an abundance

Our meals should nourish us body and soul by being wholesome and satisfying. Our bodies are what we eat.

### Join the Team! Become a Member of the Queen's Tribute

Every household has to budget its monthly income in order to pay the bills, and the monastery of the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary is no exception.

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1. It's a commitment; although voluntary, it is still more likely to be met than not.
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3. It can be less stressful because, for most hard-working people, giving less, more often, is easier than giving more once a year.
4. It helps the religious economize more prudently and, at the same time, more magnanimously.

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

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**Call Russell LaPlume at (603) 239-6485, or email him at [rlp@catholicism.org](mailto:rlp@catholicism.org) to join or for more information.**

of good reading about dietary traditions, such as the wealth of information in the second volume of *Fatima in Lucia's Own Words*. With wise and faithful management, the Portuguese family ate quite well, albeit simply, in the days before the apparitions changed their lives forever. The Weston A. Price Foundation ([www.westonaprice.org](http://www.westonaprice.org)) is a reliable source regarding traditional diets. And countless times, in reading Catholic biographies, I have come across references to the Sunday dinner being a miniature feast in contrast to the weekly fare.

Therefore, it seems reasonable that our normal fare should be composed of simple, wholesome foods that promote health, produce satiety and comfort, and are affordable.

I feel a warning here is necessary. In our time, there is a mistaken perception that choosing to purchase cheap food is virtuous. Modern, inexpensive, processed products, available in abundance,

create a situation where, for the last one hundred years, many people aren't eating quality, or even real, foods. A look at the American populace indicates that we are paying a heavy (ha!) price because of it. We are not a nation of healthy people. It takes concentrated focus to find or make quality food on a tight budget — but I believe it's a vital aspect of the vocation to parenthood.

To fast well means to pare down the regular diet to one that is less comforting but still nutritious. It is the keenest way to wake up a sluggish spirituality. The liturgical year is full of opportunities to experiment in this area. It may take consulting an older missal or calendar and looking at something a bit stricter than the current regulations of only two fast days during the entire liturgical year. A season of fasting can take great courage, but is essential to appreciate a period of feasting.

And feasting (pardon me, while I pour another glassful) is really a simple concept because it is merely an expansion of how we eat regularly. This

may include desserts or seasonal treats, dinners with multiple courses, special beverages, and even eating between meals. The art of it all, however, involves not only slowing down our fast-paced lives to enjoy the celebration, but ending the feasting appropriately and not prolonging it indefinitely. Again, the Church year is an excellent guide. Some feasts are celebrated for a season (*fifty* days of Easter!), some for an octave, and some for only one day. A family might have its own feast day and children (well, most adults, too) enjoy a dinner in their honor — with candlelight and a special dessert.

Because food affects us so deeply, feasting well becomes a duty in a vibrant Catholic life. It involves thought and discipline (and some attention to personal digestion). The shift into celebration expands our hearts (potentially our waistlines) and helps us live the Church year with a deeper connection. *À votre santé!*

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A skit for the 2010 M.I.C.M. Anniversary Program featured the twelve days of Christmas as a feast.

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## CONVENT CORNER

### FIRE!

*continued from page 3*

myself drawn to it in my thoughts and then in my steps. It needs to be checked and fueled, and sometimes the heat generated is so great that it needs help to be dissipated throughout the house. I can't help but think that there are two fire boxes in our house, not counting the obsolete oil furnace. One warms our bodies and the other warms our hearts. Of course, that other "fire box" is the tabernacle. So I have told the sisters that if they get up in the night they should put another piece or two of wood on the fire and also make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

As one of the brothers said after he finished stacking our woodpile, "You'll have many meditations with your new wood stove."

It is unlikely, Dear Reader, that you have a tabernacle and a wood stove in your home, but the burning "fire box" that you should definitely have can be found right in your own heart. Yes, it needs attention and fuel. Many of the saints felt that fire physically in their breasts. Saint Philip Neri, for example, would wear his cassock unbuttoned at the top to try to cool himself, and once, overcome by the excessive heat, he jumped into an icy pond which immediately began to boil.

Lent is coming, if it isn't already here when you read this. This is an excellent time to clean out the furnace in your heart and, with Our Lady's help, light a fire using the flames in Her own Immaculate Heart. Feed it by the acts of love and sacrifices you will make during Lent. As Our Lord said, "I have come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?" A blessed Lent to you, Dear Reader. Thank you for helping to make these special meditations possible by your generous donations.

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



Brother Maximilian at Saint Paul Outside the Walls in Rome.



A view of Castel Sant'Angelo at night from across the Tiber.



The altar at which Saint Maximilian Kolbe said his first Mass.

## 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)

## CONTRIBUTE TO THE BROTHER FRANCIS FUND

The religious at Saint Benedict Center have established a fund for the purpose of publishing Brother Francis' works. The first book in line is *Logic*, from Brother's philosophy series. We plan on publishing the entire course as funds allow. In addition to donations, we will use the revenue [after expenses] from all of Brother's works to publish future volumes.

If you would like to donate to this fund, please note "Br. Francis Fund" when you make your contribution by mail, phone, or online ([catholicism.org/donations](http://catholicism.org/donations)).

**Call Russell LaPlume for more information or to donate (603) 239-6485.**

## OUR CRUSADE:

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

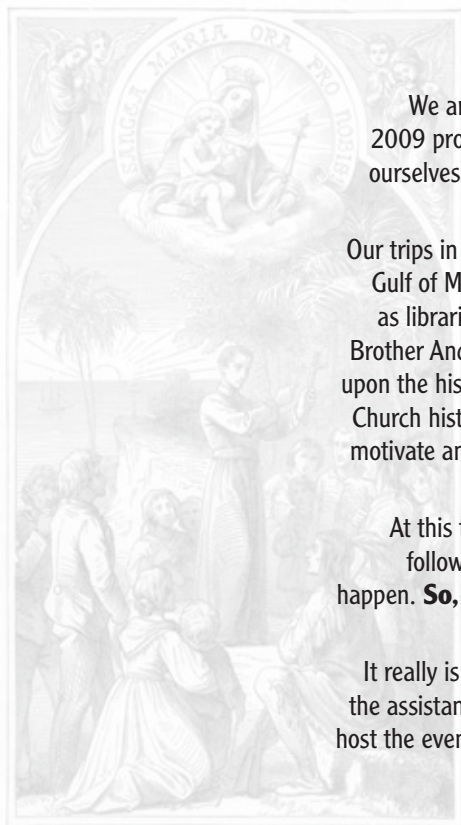
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## Catholic American Tour 2010

We are currently looking for sponsors to host tours for the 2010 season. Our inaugural season in 2009 proved to be a huge success, benefiting not only our audiences, but ourselves, especially. Why ourselves? Because we were so humbled and grateful on seeing so much support from our extended family — which, you, our sponsors, surely are.

Our trips in 2009 took us across America, coast to coast. We also traveled from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. The talks were given in private homes, church halls, and even in public venues, such as libraries. Indeed, almost any site can accommodate a presentation. The main event is the talk by Brother André, which he customizes for the specific locale. For example, in California, Brother touched upon the history of the missions and Blessed Junipero Serra. These talks, however, are not meant to be Church history lessons. They aim to provide information on Catholic doctrine and apologetics, so as to motivate and equip the listeners in order that they might become better laborers in our common effort to convert America to the one, true Faith.

At this time we have no specific tour planned. Our target date for the first talk would be mid-April, followed by two or three more during the year. It all depends upon you, our friends, to make this happen. **So, if you are interested in organizing a CAT in your area, call Russell LaPlume at 603-239-6485, or e-mail him at [rlp@catholicism.org](mailto:rlp@catholicism.org).**

It really is quite easy to organize a reception for a presentation. Saint Benedict Center will provide all the assistance that you require; whether it be ads, addresses, or other materials needed to successfully host the event and draw as many interested Catholics as possible. We also encourage everyone to invite a trusted friend who may be searching for the truth.

Hoping to hear from you.