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THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER



The speaker line-up for our fourteenth annual Saint Benedict Center Conference.

TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE:

THE ROMANCE OF WISDOM



Br. André Marie, M.I.C.M., Prior

That wisdom could be “romantic” would strike many as odd. This is because, generally speaking, neither romance nor wisdom is properly considered. The former is mistaken for lust, while the latter is lost in a sea of empty esotericism, or consigned to simple disregard. Since the theme of our recent conference was “The Romance of Wisdom,” I think it

right to explain how these two nouns, seemingly so distant, can possibly be conjoined.

Wisdom can be distinguished as four things: a virtue of the speculative intellect, a gift of the Holy Ghost, the study and discipline of sacred doctrine (theology), and, finally, wisdom is a Person. I will return to this distinction in “The Fourfold Wisdom” (also in this issue, page 5), so now I proceed to the other half of our odd couple.

“Romance” is commonly associated with erotic love and its pursuit. As a literary genre, it has been reduced to the smutty novel mass-consumed in cheap pulp editions by idle housewives. But that is not what a romance is at all. Coming from the Latin word for “the Romans,” romance, first of all, is a group

of languages whose common origin is a low Latin that was diversely Germanized, Celtified, Vandalized, Gothified, and otherwise Barbarized by the foreigners who divided the carcass of the Western Roman Empire among themselves. From low Latin emerged the antecedents of today’s “Romance Languages”: Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Romanian, etc. These languages developed their own songs, epic

ballads, and verse that related important events of history and passed on the culture of the emerging European nations. By the High Middle Ages, these forms had evolved into a rich and diverse literature that became more cultivated as European civilization moved from the chaotic feudalism of the “Dark Ages” to the more orderly era of organized kingdoms.

An important part of the developed literature of the day was the verse or prose narrative called “the romance.”*

Unlike their precursors, the early heroic songs called *chansons de geste*, romances were not just warrior songs, though, as in the case of *The Song of Roland*, warcraft often figures prominently in the genre. It is primarily to chivalry that we owe the romance, for these works extolled the virtues of the knight. They often mixed history with folklore and fantasy (magic swords, elves, etc.), giving us tales of struggle and quest where the successes and failures of the characters were meant to edify and instruct, as well as to entertain their readership.

And who constituted that readership? The knightly class themselves, for this was an aristocratic literature. True, “courtly love,” was integral to many of these romances — especially the later French ones — but this element is only a part of the larger whole.

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Courtly love was an important development in Western man’s conception of the relation between the sexes. It gave us the traditions of “courtesy” that men are still, to some extent, expected to show to ladies. Even the word “courtesy” comes from the “court” of love. Courtly love itself was a byproduct of

chivalry, being an integral part of the social life of the aristocrat. No doubt, it is this element, found mainly in French works like *The Romance of the Rose*, that makes moderns associate the word “romance” with erotic love. But even though

* Though they began in the Romance languages, romances eventually were written in German and English, too.

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Saint Paul’s House: now finished with new siding, windows, doors, roof, and entrances.

CONVENT CORNER



Sr. Marie Thérèse, M.I.C.M.,
Prioress

I DON'T HAVE TIME! PART II

I realize that my hard-hitting article on time and its use may have discouraged a few of you. Yes, you are truly busy and you don't see how you can cut out anything to be able to make time for the Rosary without jeopardizing your daily duties. I am hoping that the following anecdote about the sisters' daily Rosary will encourage you to make a leap

of faith, if necessary, to pray your Rosary daily. The value of the daily Rosary, as Our Lady requested it, is greater than you can imagine. The following could be the subtitle for this article: A little insight into how the "impossible Rosary" can make things possible.

Our convent manages the duties of twenty-five sisters. The only problem is that there are only eight sisters here, and one of us is a nonagenarian with special needs. Are we busy? No, there has to be a better word for it!

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Several years ago, we were at the crisis point of stress from our daily duties. We found ourselves crushed with active duties and losing our peace. Our very health screamed for reform in our religious life. Something had to give — something had to change! But what? How? We decided we needed to give

more time to our spiritual life. But, we could see nothing that we could drop in our schedule to make time for anything else. Our active duties were so essentially tied in to the needs of the sisters and the community at large that we were powerless to stop the impending ruin of our little congregation of religious Slaves of Mary. Truly, we were much like a motorist speeding down a steep, winding mountain road who knows he is going dangerously fast, but can't slow down because the brakes are out!

We had no solution, and so we desperately begged our Mother in heaven for help! Then, we recalled from St. Louis Marie's *Secret of the Rosary* that one of the benefits of the Rosary is that "convents will be reformed." Our community discussions on this subject always dead-ended with the opinion that there simply was no time to use for two more Rosaries in our day. However, taking a leap of faith, we resolved to pray the entire Rosary, come what may. We decided that Our Lady had to help us since we couldn't help ourselves.

We started by adding only five more decades daily. I must

tell you this was more than just difficult! I mentioned that there are eight sisters, but there were only six at that time. Every day it was a real struggle to get these extra five decades said. Soon, though it remained quite difficult, we began to see the fruits of this extra chaplet of the Rosary. We were a little bit less "stressed out," meaning that we were more recollected and at peace — more prayerful during our work. And, our work was done better, even naturally speaking. In fact, when we took time to consider it, we realized that we actually got more work done, and our energy and health weren't the worse for it. Yet, perseverance required a constant act of faith in Our Lady's promise to "aid us in our necessities."

Not too long after that, we discussed adding the remaining five decades. Mind you, we hadn't received any more sisters, and we were still overwhelmed with duties. Naturally speaking, we would not be helping our stress level if we added another set of community prayers! If adding the second five decades was an act of faith, adding the last five to total fifteen decades was an heroic act of faith! It definitely looked like we would be wasting necessary work-time by taking more time to pray the Rosary.

Sometimes we have to "live by faith" and go beyond what natural reason would dictate. We entered into ourselves. We prayed for good counsel.

And, finally, spurred on by our heavenly Mother's love for the Rosary, its causal relation to the Triumph of Her Immaculate Heart (more personally for us, victory for our Crusade) and, finally, her inestimable promises for praying it devoutly, we resolved to add the last five decades.

We were resolved in faith that our interior life — our union with God — must come first in our daily priorities. Also, we were convinced that there is no better way to attain that spiritual order than that which our heavenly Mother herself recommended — praying the fifteen mysteries daily. We took seriously Our Lady's statement that meditating on the mysteries is the very "soul" of the Rosary. Therefore, we added a tiny meditation before each mystery.

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more time to pray
the Rosary.

Blessed be God! The sisters have found that we actually have more time to use for God's service now that we pray the entire Rosary, and we are more at peace. How can this happen? Well, for one thing, when you make time for the things that God wants you to do, there isn't time to do things that He doesn't want you to do. For

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FOUNDERS' COLUMN



Father Leonard Feeny

THE ANONYMOUS HOLY SHEPHERDS OF BETHLEHEM

[Editor's note: There is no tradition passing on the names of these holy men so favored by God. Whatever their names were (hopefully we shall one day meet them), these men were the first "apostles"; they announced to the city of Bethlehem what had been announced to them by angels, and what they had seen with their eyes and heard with their ears — the Savior has been born.]

The shepherds in Holy Scripture were field-watchers. They lived with their sheep on the hill. We know that there is no custodian of anything in the order of nature — no farmer to his field, no bird-lover to his doves, no cow-puncher to his cattle — so warm and intimate and close, so dependable and loving, as a shepherd to his sheep. In the order of affection, sheep are the closest linked animal to man.

Not even a master is as close to his dog as a shepherd is to his sheep. A shepherd lives with his sheep, watches them pasture, thinks according to their rhythms, shares their weather. He contemplates them. Sheep are man's nourishment and warmth, his food and his wool, his dinner and his clothing. A sheep goes to slaughter not opening his mouth. He is eager to be sacrificed.

A shepherd lives with his sheep, watches them pasture, thinks according to their rhythms, shares their weather.

And so, as occupations go, I do not think there is any man who could with more reason say it was impossible to leave his work and go over to Bethlehem than a shepherd. A businessman could lock his door. An innkeeper could put his clerk in charge. But a shepherd is afraid to put another shepherd in his place, because sheep follow the leads of a shepherd. One

flock, you will notice, is not like another flock. Nervous shepherds have nervous flocks. Lazy shepherds have lazy flocks.

I could see a more pointed, but no more decisive, sacrifice than a shepherd leaving his sheep on the mountain top and going over to see a little baby, in a cave which housed also an ox and an ass, two kinds of animals in which a shepherd is not interested!

But the shepherds went. They left flocks of angels in the sky, and flocks of sheep on the hill; and they went over to Bethlehem to see a Baby — a little Infant dressed in swaddling clothes — with His Mother beside Him.

As far as I can make out from the Scriptural story, the shepherds did not immediately go back to their sheep. Instead, they went to tell everyone in the town about what they had seen.

Luke 2:18: And all that heard, wondered; and at those things that were told them by the shepherds.

Luke 2:20: And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God, for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

They went from field to field, to all the neighboring pastures, and before a day was over, they did not know which shepherd belonged to which sheep.

What did the angels say to the shepherds when they appeared to them, on the hills around Bethlehem? They said, "Glory to God in the highest... ." That means, the highest awareness of God, allied to the highest praise of Him, is now going to occur on earth, for men to relish and to realize in angelic simplicity.

The angels also said, "Peace on earth to men of good will." Inasmuch as it was to the shepherds that this encouragement was given, it is easy to imply — in fact, it is necessary to see — that these shepherds were men of good will. They were holy men. They were men pleasing to God. They were just men — men in the state of justification.

What new news were the angels coming to give to these believing and holy shepherds, who were in the state of justification? The angels were giving the shepherds the new news of salvation! "For, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; For: This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord... . You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger" (Luke 2:10-12).

If this message to these simple shepherds meant anything, it had to mean that salvation was not theirs until this day — however just, however holy, however trustful and believing they might be. The shepherds were told, "This day is born to you a Saviour," which meant, salvation does not begin until He is born.

"And you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger," means that salvation is a visible thing, as visible as a freshly-born, freshly-wrapped child, now drinking milk at its mother's breast.

Taken from the first chapter of *Bread of Life*.

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SPECIAL FEATURE

THE FOURFOLD WISDOM — BY BROTHER ANDRÉ MARIE, M.I.C.M.

Brother Francis began his eight-part philosophy course with words to this effect: “We are starting a course on wisdom. And when it comes to wisdom, only a fool can think himself a worthy teacher.” He stated this with his characteristic humor and self-effacement, but also to impart a deeper lesson, which is that the true philosophers called themselves “lovers of wisdom” (which is what *philosopher* means), rather than “wise men.” These latter, the *sophists*, have given their name to the various forms of intellectual charlatanism we call “sophistry.”

This important lesson that comes to us from the Greeks is something we can happily supernaturalize by saying that divine wisdom is (or ought to be) the lifelong pursuit of a Christian, one that we should pursue without ever thinking we have it completely. Only in beatitude, when we see Wisdom Himself in the Face, will we reach its plenitude. I will herein explain this pursuit in terms of the fourfold division of wisdom I mentioned elsewhere in this issue, a schema I derived from St. Thomas’ teachings in the *Summa Theologiae*.

As (1) **sacred doctrine**, wisdom is a systematized objective deposit, that is, a science whose principles are truths that are infallibly known, since they come from supernatural revelation, but which are methodically ordered and explained according to human reason. This is why we call philosophy the *ancilla theologiae*, the handmaid of theology.

As (2) **a virtue of the intellect**, wisdom is the habit by which one judges rightly of things according to their highest causes. It is “subjective,” in the sense that this virtue, like all virtues, inheres in a “subject” (like you or me); while the sacred science of theology is “objective,” being fundamentally a deposit of truths that exist independently of our minds.

As (3) **a gift of the Holy Ghost**, wisdom is the divinely-infused good habit of soul by which we judge rightly of things pertaining to the divine law, and, secondarily, of *all things* inasmuch as they relate to the divine law.

Unlike the virtue of wisdom, which works in a human mode, the gift of wisdom is super-human and it operates by uniting our mind to the eternal Mind of the Law-Giver Himself.

Lastly, Wisdom with a capital *W* is (4) **a Person**. He is none other than Our Lord Jesus Christ, the eternally uttered Word of God, whom St. Paul calls “the power of God, and the wisdom of God” (1 Cor. 1:24).

Sacred Doctrine. In the *Summa Theologiae*, St. Thomas refers to theology as “sacred doctrine,” and asks whether this doctrine is the same as wisdom. This he answers in the affirmative, and with very compelling reasons:

“This doctrine is wisdom above all human wisdom; not merely in any one order, but absolutely. For since it is the part of a wise man to arrange and to judge, and since lesser matters should be judged in the light of some higher principle, he is said to be wise in any one order who considers the highest principle in that order: thus in the order of building, he who plans the form of the house is called wise and architect, in opposition to the inferior laborers who trim the wood and make ready the stones: ‘As a wise architect, I have laid the foundation’ (1 Corinthians 3:10). Again, in the order of all human life, the prudent man is called wise, inasmuch as he directs his acts to a fitting end: ‘Wisdom is prudence to a man’ (Proverbs 10:23). *Therefore he who considers absolutely the highest cause of the whole universe, namely*

Divine wisdom is (or ought to be) the lifelong pursuit of a Christian, one that we should pursue without ever thinking we have it completely.

God, is most of all called wise. Hence wisdom is said to be the knowledge of divine things, as Augustine says (*De Trin.* xii, 14). *But sacred doctrine essentially treats of God viewed as the highest cause* — not only so far as He can be known through creatures just as philosophers knew Him — “That which is known of God is manifest in them” (Romans 1:19) — but also as far as He is known to Himself alone and revealed to others. *Hence sacred doctrine is especially called wisdom.*” [Emphasis mine.]

St. Thomas makes it clear that theological science is not the same as holiness or moral rectitude. A man may have, through study, the knowledge of what is right or wrong behavior. Hence, he can judge about those things, since one of the tasks of wisdom is precisely *to judge*. However, the holy man — who is possessed of wisdom that is the gift of the Holy Ghost — judges rightly concerning virtue *by his inclination towards moral goodness*. According to St. Thomas, it is the gift of wisdom by which “the spiritual man judgeth all things” (1 Corinthians 2:15). Ideally, the student of sacred doctrine will be a holy man, too. Thus, a doctor of the Church is one possessed of great learning *and* great sanctity.

Intellectual Virtue. We commonly speak about the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity. We also frequently consider the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance,

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“Therefore he who considers absolutely the highest cause of the whole universe, namely God, is most of all called wise.”

PREFECT'S COLUMN

SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA DOMINICAN TERTIARY (1347-1380)



Tertiary* Brother John
Marie Vianney

There are many saints who were members of third orders. The Dominican third order, of which Saint Catherine of Siena was a member, counts over a dozen canonized tertiaries. The most famous, after Catherine, is Saint Rose of Lima, who was the first person canonized from the New World.

If I could find a researcher to check into it, I would love to see a list of third order saints, who were not members of other first or second orders. So there you have it! Why would a layman or woman join a third order? To make it easier to become a saint. "For this is the will of God, your sanctification" (1 Thess. 4:3).

We all need friends, certainly here on earth, but even more importantly, we need friends in heaven. I think it is a good idea for us lay folk to choose a saint for a friend whom we can identify with somewhat, a saint who was married and raised a family, or perhaps a celibate saint who lived with his family and didn't enter a religious order. There are many saints who fit in the second category. However, the only ones I know of are women. In this column I would like to write some words about such a consecrated saint with whom a number of you reading this have something in common. I speak of Saint Catherine of Siena. And what would any of us have in common with one of the greatest saints who ever lived? We share our membership in a third order.

Catherine had been given special graces in childhood and at the age of six she had an exceptional mysterious

experience: a vision of Christ in bishop's attire, wearing a mitre and holding a crozier; no message was given, but the apparition deeply impressed her and moved her, at the age of seven, to make a vow never to marry and to belong totally to God.

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

She had a very hard time protecting her vow years later when her parents insisted that she marry a certain suitor to whom they had promised the hand of their daughter. Her refusal to marry infuriated her family but her father finally relented and gave her his support.

After her death, Saint Catherine's confessor testified that she had never committed a mortal sin. She only lived thirty-three years (the same age as her "Sweet Jesus"), but she was so elevated in sanctity that she "transcended the influences of her body, having gradually weaned herself off of food... By age twenty-five she could no longer tolerate eating anything... living on Holy Communion alone for the last eight years of her life." (*The Life of St. Catherine* by Raymond of Capua)

Saint Catherine was a victim soul, a stigmatist (she received the pain of the Christ's wounds, but begged God to erase the visible marks), a mystic, a miracle worker, an arbitrator between warring cities and republics, an ambassador to and from kings and queens and popes, and a spiritual writer. She was never taught how to write; she just took up a pen and did it. Her *Dialogues* were composed a few weeks before she died, by dictation, to a team of secretary priests who often accompanied her on her missions. When she was denied life in a convent on account of her health, Catherine was accepted as a lay tertiary of the Order of Preachers, and joined a sodality of holy women known as the *Mantellati*, the "Veiled Ones," who were devoted to the care of the sick and poor. She wore the Dominican habit, but lived in a cell, a tiny room, in her family's home. When it came to the poor, Papa Benincasa gave Catherine the run of the house. He gave the order to his wife and children: Whatever Catherine wants, Catherine gets.

Blessed Raymond of Capua, her confessor and biographer, wrote: "No sinner who came to her could resist converting and going to confession. When she traveled, it was necessary to have five to seven priests to accompany her, just to hear the confessions of those who were won to Christ by her. She could smell a person's sin and possessed the ability to know the state of everyone's soul who came into her company. Plus,

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Our Lord and Our Lady regularly visited her and conversed with her!”

We live in the Age of the Moral Black Death. Catherine lived in the Age of the Physical Black Death. Europe’s population was reduced “by two-thirds during Catherine’s infancy: the Hundred Years’ War was tearing apart France; factional warfare raged through the Italian city-states; and the papacy had decamped from Rome to Avignon, discrediting and demoralizing the Church. Nonetheless, starting in her late teens, Catherine began a lifetime of traveling around Italy nursing the sick and plague stricken; mediating family and political disputes; attracting a ragtag entourage of male and female followers (including an English monk); and through a series of impassioned letters (among more than three hundred that survive), succeed in persuading Pope Gregory IX to bring the papacy back to Rome.” (Raymond of Capua’s *The Life of St. Catherine*)

Saint Catherine’s most important public mission outside of her cell was to convince Pope Gregory XI to return to Rome after the papacy had set up and maintained court for seventy years in Avignon. Finally, after many letters and a personal visit to Avignon, Gregory returned in 1377 to the Eternal City.

TO FRIENDS OF THE CRUSADE: THE ROMANCE OF WISDOM

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courtly love had its own ironic decadence, as a perusal of the lyrics of troubadour songs will prove, it did idealize discipline,

Our Lord Jesus Christ the King, the eternal and incarnate Wisdom, is the terminus of all the noble aspirations that constitute *true* romance.

manners, and self-control. Besides, if we understand nothing of courtly love, St. Francis of Assisi’s burning devotion to “Lady Poverty” will be lost on us, as will St. Ignatius of Loyola’s all-night vigil before the statue of Our Lady of Montserrat, to whom he gave his sword and armor as a votive offering.

Romances, then, were tales of combat, quest, adventure, virtue, manliness, bravery, and yes, of love, that exemplified the Code of Chivalry. As they thrilled readers, they also encour-

aged imitation and therefore upheld the high ideals of the times. It is this *ennobling allure, this attraction combined*

Unfortunately, and to Catherine’s utter disgust, he didn’t remain long and went back to France where he died. His successor, Urban VI, did return the papacy to Rome for good. He summoned Catherine to Rome in 1378, where she was often called upon by him for support and advice. Saint Catherine, who had received the invisible stigmata in 1375, spent her last two years suffering excruciating pain, physically and spiritually, for the sins of the Church. She died on April 28, 1380. Pope Pius II canonized her in 1461.

“The only cause of my death,” said the saint, “is my zeal for the Church of God, which devours and consumes me. Accept, O Lord, the sacrifices of my life for the Mystical Body of thy holy Church.”

I highly recommend that all third order Slaves of Mary read the life of Saint Catherine of Siena. Our bookstore here at the monastery carries two biographies: one by her confessor, Blessed Raymond of Capua; the other by a third order Dominican, the fascinating convert and exquisitely gifted writer, Sigrid Undset. The latter work is largely dependent on Blessed Raymond’s biography.

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with edification that allows us to speak of “The Romance of Wisdom.”

The idealizing of a life of virtue — the *romanticizing* of moral perfection — is of great value for the would-be saint. Boys, for instance, need to be challenged with lofty goals, rights of passage, standards applied to them by their masters into whose company they hope to graduate. If it may be said, they need to be *passionate* about something, as in directing to a high ideal all the energy of their spiritual faculties, the affections of their souls, and even the muscles, bones, and sinews of their bodies. Failing that, they will languish in spiritual mediocrity or moral torpor. Give a boy a cause, impress upon his mind its ideals, direct him to fight for the good, and a *man* will be formed.

What better cause to give a young man than that of God, of His Mother, and of His Church? No better liege-Lord can be found, no better Lady whose honor to uphold, and no better city to defend than these.

Our Lord Jesus Christ the King, the eternal and incarnate Wisdom, is the terminus of all the noble aspirations that constitute *true* romance.

Email Brother André Marie at bam@catholicism.org.

SPECIAL FEATURE

THE FOURFOLD WISDOM

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and fortitude, and the host of other moral virtues that are held up by these “hinge” virtues (*cardo* means hinge). Some of these moral virtues would be humility, patience, chastity, and meekness. St. Thomas categorizes other types of virtues as well, including the intellectual virtues. They are good habits of the intellect, and have nothing to do with the will, which is where the moral virtues reside. The three intellectual virtues

are knowledge (also called science), understanding, and wisdom. Knowledge pertains to conclusions, or what we might call “facts.” Understanding pertains to *principles*, so it is deeper than mere knowledge. Wisdom is deeper yet, as it pertains to *causes*.

To say that causality is a very important concept in St. Thomas’ teaching would be a supreme understatement. We’ve already seen him say, considering theology, that “he who considers absolutely the *highest cause of the whole universe, namely God*,

is most of all called wise.” So it is no surprise to read that the Angelic Doctor tells us that the intellectual virtue of wisdom “rightly judges all things and sets them in order, because

there can be no perfect and universal judgment that is not based on the first causes.”

Brother Francis insisted that wisdom is the deepest knowledge, and here St. Thomas agrees. Principles are deeper than conclusions (thus understanding is superior to knowledge), but causes are deeper still than principles, which is why wisdom is superior to understanding. In fact, St. Thomas says that wisdom judges all science because of the lofty vantage point of causality over principles and conclusions.

Gift of the Holy Ghost. The seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost are not virtues. They belong to another category of operative habit: *dispositions*. By the gifts, the activities of the various theological and moral virtues are perfected. Because of their docility to the promptings of the Holy Ghost, we see in the great saints a much more palpable operation of the gifts, but all the baptized that are in the state of grace are possessed of the

gifts, because they have the great Gift Himself, the Third Person of the Trinity, dwelling in their souls.

St. Thomas says: “He who knows the cause that is simply the highest, which is God, is said to be wise simply, because he is able to judge and set in order all things according to Divine rules. ... Now man obtains this judgment through the Holy Ghost, according to 1 Cor. 2:15: ‘The spiritual man judgeth all things,’ because as stated in the same chapter (1 Cor. 2:10), ‘the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God.’ Wherefore it is evident that wisdom is a gift of the Holy Ghost.” This gift differs from the intellectual virtue, which is attained by human effort. The gift is infused, or “descending from above” (James 3:15). Another way it differs from the intellectual virtue of wisdom is that the gift judges rightly concerning divine things “by a kind of connaturality,” meaning that our souls are united more intimately to God by the gift, and not merely possessed of a certain mental refinement. The principle of this connaturality is charity, which St. Thomas says is the cause of the gift of wisdom. One who does not have charity — one in mortal sin — may have the intellectual virtue of wisdom by his mental cultivation, but he does not have the “connaturality” with divine things that comes from wisdom because he is not united to God by charity. Thus, the book of Wisdom (1:4) says, “Wisdom will not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sins.”

One interesting question St. Thomas asks is whether wisdom is both speculative and practical, or only speculative. Another way we might ask this is whether wisdom is contemplative and active, or only contemplative. He answers that it is

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We recently had a tribute for Father Jarecki, honoring his decades of priestly service at SBC.

both active and contemplative, practical as well as speculative. This is due to the very excellence of wisdom, by which we are given to judge of divine things in themselves, and of all things in light of the divine law. Wisdom contemplates the divine law and directs human actions accordingly. This would explain the fact that many saints not possessed of great learning or experience in practical affairs became much sought after for counsel by important men of affairs. A concrete example here

But if any of you want wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men abundantly, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him (James 1:5).

is St. Catherine of Siena, an illiterate, whose lofty supernatural wisdom made her counselor to high-ranking statesmen and churchmen.

One last thing about the gift of wisdom: It corresponds to the seventh beatitude, “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God.” Aquinas quotes St. Augustine saying that “wisdom is becoming to peacemakers, in whom there is no movement of rebellion, but only

obedience to reason.” The further explanation St. Thomas gives is both subtle and enlightening, as he touches upon the “merit” (peacemaking) and the “reward” (divine sonship) of this beatitude:

“The seventh beatitude is fittingly ascribed to the gift of wisdom, both as to the merit and as to the reward. The merit is denoted in the words, ‘Blessed are the peacemakers.’ Now a peacemaker is one who makes peace, either in himself, or in others: and in both cases this is the result of setting in due order those things in which peace is established, for ‘peace is the tranquillity of order,’ according to Augustine (*De Civ. Dei* xix, 13). Now it belongs to wisdom to set things in order, as the Philosopher declares (*Metaph.* i, 2), wherefore peaceableness is fittingly ascribed to wisdom. The reward is expressed in the words, ‘they shall be called the children of God.’ Now men are called the children of God in so far as they participate in the likeness of the only-begotten and natural Son of God, according to Romans 8:29, ‘Whom He foreknew... to be made conformable to the image of His Son,’ who is Wisdom Begotten. Hence by participating in the gift of wisdom, man attains to the sonship of God.”

Eternal and Incarnate Wisdom. St. Thomas’ explanation that we achieve divine sonship by being conformed to the image of God’s natural Son, “Wisdom Begotten,” leads us to our final consideration. Jesus Christ is the eternal and incarnate Wisdom. He is the eternally-uttered Word spoken of by St. John the Evangelist. He proceeds from the Father

as His Thought, His Idea, His Divine Self-Knowledge — His Wisdom.

The Son’s generation from the Father is of an entirely spiritual nature. He proceeds from the Father as His thought, His understanding, His *adequate* and *necessary* self-knowledge. Because He proceeds by way of intellection, He is called by St. John the “Word” (*Logos, Verbum*). Now a word is produced by an intellect or a mind. This is true even of human words, which, before they are ever spoken or written, are mental concepts or ideas in the mind. We use the word “conception” in relation both to ideas in the mind and to human persons. Thus, I *conceive* the idea of a tree in my mind, and a mother *conceives* a child in her womb. The conception of the Second Person of the Trinity unites these two notions of the word. *The Catechism of the Council of Trent* explains that “as our mind, in some sort understanding itself, forms an image of itself, which theologians express by the term word, so God, as far as we may compare human things to divine, understanding Himself, begets the eternal Word.”

St. Thomas posits that “Word” is the Son’s *proper* name in that it identifies His unique manner of procession. He draws a strict identity of meaning between the two names, “Son” and “Word”: “For it [Word] signifies an emanation of the intellect: and the person who proceeds in God, by way of emanation of the intellect, is called the Son; and this procession is called generation.”

There are two other names given to the Son which connote a generation of intellection or thought. The first of these is “Wisdom.” In the Old Testament wisdom literature, the word is used as a personification of God’s Wisdom (see Wis. 8; Prov. 8; Eccles. 24). In the New Testament, it is applied to Our Lord, e.g., in 1 Cor. 1:24, where St. Paul calls Christ, “the wisdom of God.” (The other name implying intellectual generation is “Image.”)

In time, Eternal Wisdom became man, Incarnate Wisdom, and thus made it possible for us to become by grace what He is by nature, sons of God. Said another way, *Wisdom came down from Heaven to make us truly wise.*

I will conclude with the recommendation to our readers to read *Love of Eternal Wisdom*, a sublime work by Saint Louis Marie de Montfort. This work is more fundamental than *True Devotion to Mary*.

But if any of you want wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men abundantly, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him (James 1:5).

Email Brother André Marie at bam@catholicism.org.

Wisdom came down from Heaven to make us truly wise.



Mr. Brian Kelly

IN PRAISE OF ANGELS OF A DIFFERENT BATTLEFIELD

I don't need to mention where I went to grammar school. I was taught by the Sisters of Charity, who went from wearing a torturous-looking wimple, which literally carved itself like a frame into and around their face from chin to forehead, to a regular veil that allowed peripheral vision (but still covered the eyes in the back of their head),

to no veil and no habit, all in less than ten years. My aunt, Sister Mary Susan, now eighty-two years old, is a member of this same order, living today in the same convent, and wearing the same slightly modified habit that the sisters adopted around 1963 when I was in fourth grade.

The few memories I have of my early years in grammar school were pleasant enough, and the sisters of the lower grades were all angels. And, actually, so were the laywomen teachers. Even though I had an aunt that was a Sister of Charity, whom I didn't see all that much, I really did think these black-robed figures with the scary-looking wimple were — well, not angels — but angelic. You see, they all had this heavenly fragrance about them. I would take in the wafting scent with wonder every time one of them would swoosh past my desk with her rosary rattling against the desk's metal legs. What

a disappointing revelation it was when someone told me years later, upon my reminiscing aloud about the "odor of sanctity" thing, that it was just fabric softener.

Sister Barbara played baseball with the little boys in the school playground at recess. I can remember her showing those who couldn't figure it out, or had no baseball dads, how to hold and swing a bat. And, no, these angelic sisters did not force lefties to write or bat righty. Sister Barbara, no exaggeration,

could belt a hard sponge ball with her fist further than any of the boys even in the older grades.

There are so many memories. Sister Regina Marie was my very pious and sweet sixth grade teacher. She was very much into physical education; and she was German. Of course we had no physical education classes in Catholic grammar schools back then, so she'd improvise. She'd have us stand at attention by the side of our desks and rotate our shoulder cups over and

over again. Liebe Schwester Mueller did not like slouching in any form: "Stand up straight!" she'd say, "Hold those shoulders back!" Her favorite exercise was "plunging" and she would lead the way with gusto. This was an easy one for her, and that's why she would always push it on us after we did our stretching. Only God knows how many times a pious sister would genuflect during the day, and "plunging" was sort of like genuflecting, only with a forward thrust. I'll never forget her drills, nor her voice, "Now Pluuuunnge," she'd say, and we'd all fall into the rhythm.

Whenever I get together with old friends from town, every one who had these Sisters of Charity agrees on who their favorite sister was — Sister Regina Marie, hands down.

Still, there was Sister Leonora, our fourth grade teacher. I could go on writing about all the sisters, but Sister Leonora is the reason why I decided to share these memory morsels with you.

She was tough, very tough, but also beautiful. I think, like many other sisters who taught in our grammar school, that she must have hailed from *Bahston*, Massachusetts. (Our school janitor would always tease the sisters from *Bahston* with his hearty greeting "Good maaahnin, Sister!") If indeed Bostonian, that means she was probably Irish. Good Sister Leonora gave me the back of her hand once because she thought I was giving my homework to copy to the boy sitting next to me in class. That's another story. At the start of the school year Sister inaugurated a new seating strategy called "coupling." Naturally I got "coupled" with the class terror, Steve, a likable guy (once you got to know him), who had been kept back twice and already needed to shave (well, maybe I'm exaggerating just a bit). That "strategy" of desk coupling would be repeated by our eighth grade teacher, too. And, once again, I got partnered with the school's other hoodlum, Frankie. There were only two of these characters in my class, both prime candidates for the Cosa Nostra, and I got to spend two years of my primary school education shackled to each of them for seven hours a day.

By the way, going back to fourth grade and Sister Leonora, it just so happened that I was innocent of that particular crime of giving out my homework. All I had given my friend Steve was a piece of blank paper, which is what he had asked me for. But, I sure knew how to look guilty. Sister certainly thought so, and therefore, whaaack, I got it across the kisser, not so much for helping the incubative hood to cheat, but for denying that I was helping him to cheat. Other things (really mean

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things) that I was guilty of, and got away with, deserved a lot more punishment than a slap. And, as anyone my generation can testify, even if on a rare occasion you were innocent, boys did not go home and tell their parents that they got whacked in school. That would not have been wise.

I don't want you to get the wrong impression of this good sister. She was really a lovely sister with a heart of gold. But she was not averse to some occasional heavy-handed medicine, if soft words proved futile. Oh, yes, that's another thing about Sister Leonora: she was strong, but thin and wiry, with the worst kind of hands for dispensing corporal punishment. One must remember that these sisters were dealing with all sorts of little munchkins in a class of about thirty: some were good, some naughty; some were respectful, some defiant; some were thoughtful of others, some spoiled; some well-groomed, clean, and hygienic, others, well, let's just say, unhygienic.

One of my fellow fourth graders was the poster child for a spoiled brat. It was during a French lesson, which the class was tuned in to for a half hour a day by way of a Canadian television station, that "Johnnie" finally got what all of his classmates thought he needed. The program one November 22, 1963, was interrupted with a report that the president, John Kennedy, was shot in Dallas. We were all stunned, even at ten years old, and the sister from Boston was having a hard time keeping her emotions in check. Maybe it was the tension that got to Johnnie; whatever it was, he started laughing. I remember watching Sister Leonora march down the aisle and wipe the grin off this poor boy's face. I guess when people asked him in adult life where he was when Kennedy got shot, he got a little nervous.

That same year, on a different mission, I remember Sister Leonora running down the far aisle of our classroom. It was to grab a little girl and take her in her arms and hold her while she cried and cried. She held the child's head against her breast and stroked her blond hair over and over, saying, "I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry! He's with Jesus now," or, words to that effect. The girl's name was Rose and she had an identical twin sister in the other fourth grade class. You see, Sister Leonora had a woman's heart, a mother's heart, in addition to a heart of gold. Every day — I never could forget this — she would greet the class and then ask Rose how her older brother was doing. She cared for each and every child in her class, but had some special interest in Rose. We all just figured that Rose's brother was sick. Well, every day Sister would ask about him, and Rose would answer, "He's OK, Sister." When Sister asked on this particular day, I remember looking at Rose when she didn't respond right away. The rule was when a sister addressed you, you stood up when you answered. Rose was standing and her knees were shaking. She began stuttering, "He's dead," then she said it again more clearly, "He's dead." Sister Leonora ran and caught her as she was about to drop.

The next day, Rose being home with the family, Sister Leonora spoke to us just as if we were adults. She asked us to pray for Rose, for her twin, whom we all knew, for their family, and for Rose's brother. She told us that Rose's brother had been in a coma for a number of weeks as a result of a drug overdose. It was the sixties and many of the young were experimenting with very dangerous drugs. We were only ten years old when Sister Leonora warned us about drugs. I always wondered what happened to her. My aunt told me that she ended up working with the poor somewhere.

Good Sister Leonora gave me the back of her hand once because she thought I was giving my homework to copy to the boy sitting next to me in class.

I had to go down to my home state for my niece's wedding last month and, before returning to New Hampshire, I stopped in to see a friend of mine whom I always visit when I am in town. We went to grammar school together; played basketball together; did a lot of crazy things together; and stayed close all through the years. He asked me how my writing was doing, so I told him to check out *Catholicism.org* where he could read my postings and articles. He immediately took out his laptop and I directed him to this article. I knew he would appreciate it. He didn't remember the story of Rose, but he remembered everything else I wrote about, especially Sister Regina. I could see a tear in his eye after he was finished. I had forgotten that my friend's older brother overdosed on drugs when we were teenagers. I told him that I was sorry; I wasn't thinking that he would painfully identify with Rose. He told me that my article should be posted in the town paper. Then he asked me to pray for his sister who had died just a couple of weeks before. Poor Billy! His parents and only siblings have all died. But Billy has a wonderful Catholic wife who had four children from her late first husband and then had four more with Billy. Their youngest daughter has Down Syndrome. "She has taught me what life is all about," Billy said as he gazed at her so proudly. It's wonderful to have good friends, isn't it?

[Note: This is an abbreviated version of what I posted on our website on May 18, 2010.]

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Correction: In my article in the last Mancipia on the "Walsh Quartet" I wrote that both Catholic authors, Dr. James Walsh and William Thomas Walsh, were New Yorkers. The latter writer lived in New York but he was born in Waterbury CT. My thanks to Francis Corden for the correction.

THE CANADIAN MACCABEES, CHARLES' OTHER SONS

BY RUSSELL LAPLUME

Many reasons are given for the lack of masculinity so evident in the modern male. The most common is that of “equality of the sexes” — a catchword cleverly employed to insinuate that such an inequality ever existed. Many claim that the spiritual, political, and economic spheres were dominated by men; very true, but this does not imply that

When we emasculate men and de-feminize women in the name of equality, then we have only succeeded in neutering society.

women were regarded as the inferior gender. On the contrary, in many cultures women were elevated to a dignity that few women possess today. When we emasculate men and de-feminize women in the name of equality, then we have only succeeded in neutering society, particularly the family unit. Charles le Moyne and all of his sons were bold, daring, and, when the need arose, very aggressive — these were men of action whose military and exploratory feats stand prominent in history. Few could match

their bravery, yet these manly traits were to be found in most of the common men of by-gone years. It was the le Moynes' peculiar capacity for leadership that was their distinguishing trait. As good leaders, the le Moynes were paternally solicitous for the welfare of the less fortunate in their colony, especially for the widows who lost their husbands in battles — in short, they used the might of arms in one hand, and the right of alms in the other. It was quite natural, indeed divinely ordained, that their talents should also be employed in the duty of almsgiving and defending the weak.

Now we come to the fourth son in line, Paul, the sensitive le Moyne, who was quite different from his brothers.

Paul le Moyne

Born in 1663, Paul did not possess the ruggedness of body like his brothers and, consequently, he was chosen to be the ambassador of the family in their dealings with the Indians. He was sensitive to nature and had an instinctive understanding of the red men who trusted him and grew quite fond of him. They named him *Taouistaouisse*, which means “little bird always in motion.” (Some readers will remember from another article, that my parents, of Indian/Canadian descent, had nicknamed me, *l'oiseau a la branche*, which roughly translated means “bird nervously flitting from branch to branch” [and, yes, I realize that the nicknames are the only things Paul and I have in common.]) Remarkably, it seems he also mediated between Indians in their family councils. Paul, who roamed those vast woods extensively and who also served a time in the French Marines (another trait we have in common — I, be-

ing a Frenchman in the United States Marines) was considered frail by his brothers. This frail young man performed physical feats that likely would have killed most modern men in the first week. Paul died in 1704 due to overexertion in an expedition against the Iroquois!

Francois, Joseph, and Louis

The fifth son was Francois, born in 1666, who had the fighting abilities of the great Pierre. He was always in the thick of things when danger arose and, inevitably, died young, in 1691, while fighting the Oneidas.

The sixth son, Joseph, born in 1668, joined the French navy, eventually becoming governor of a French naval base where he served with distinction. He died peacefully in 1687, leaving children whose direct descendants can still be found in France.

Louis, the seventh son, born in 1676, could be considered the Galahad of the family. He adored his great brother Pierre, fighting alongside him in his campaigns. He died charging an English fort in broad daylight and was killed by a musket shot — age eighteen. His early passing was a heavy cross for the whole clan who had assumed that with all of his leadership skills and military prowess his destiny would eclipse that of his brother Pierre.

Jean Baptiste de Bienville, Founder of New Orleans

The eighth son was the great Jean Baptiste de Bienville, second only to Pierre in accomplishments. His personality was quite like Paul's, for he was quiet and withdrawn, but proficient in organization and management. He had accompanied Pierre on his expedition to the mouth of the Mississippi and, after Pierre departed for new adventures, he was left in charge of the fledgling colony, situated first at Biloxi, then at Mobile. Due to lack of interest from the French Crown, the little colony suffered greatly, trying to survive that malarial territory in which it languished. Jean Baptiste grew sallow from disease and inactivity and being constantly under attack from the Bayougoulas and Quinupissas tribes (which were considered as fierce as the Iroquois — probably the only thing that reminded him of home). He gave up hope of any expansion in Louisiana. A miracle was needed to revive the community, and that miracle arrived with the sudden interest of the Duc d'Orleans, who was regent of France after the death of Louis XIV. He contrived a get-rich scheme in Louisiana and, dangling this incentive in front of investors, he created a company promising rich rewards in return for their investments. This

Charles le Moyne and all of his sons were bold, daring, and, when the need arose, very aggressive.

venture took off spectacularly and, in time, would be known as the Mississippi Bubble.

Once apprised of the intent of the government to build up the area and, being notified that settlers were about to embark, Jean, now governor, launched himself into true le Moyne action. Remembering that bend in the river where Pierre had prophetically pointed just twelve years before while saying to his brother, “There is where we will build our capital,” Jean removed the inhabitants from Mobile and put them to work immediately in building a new town for the enterprise. He did this so proficiently, and so quickly, that the settlers arriving had no clue that the city, just weeks before, had been a wilderness.

A greater miracle was about to happen. In France the great financial bubble burst; all stockholders lost their money (sounds eerily familiar); and the new metropolis was left, as before, to fend for itself, only this time with a much greater population. Jean rose to the occasion and, by great efforts, guided the colonists in developing the rich resources of the Delta lands. Using the techniques he learned in Canada, Jean sent explorers out into the wilds to mingle with the native Indians for trade, developing associations that would eventually lead to a self-sustaining colony called New Orleans. Jean never returned to Canada, never married, and was an old man when he was “allowed” to retire. He returned to France hop-

ing to stop Louis XV from handing Louisiana over to Spain, claiming that the French population would wither and die under alien rule (sound familiar again). He died in France, at the age of eighty-seven — they say of a broken heart.

The ninth son, Gabriel, was born in 1681 and also took part in the Mississippi adventure, dying of yellow fever in San Domingo in 1701.

The last of the clan, Antoine, was born in 1683. He became Governor of French Guiana and outlived the rest of his brothers.

Thus we come to the end of this fabulous family’s story. They were bold, daring, adventurous, chivalrous, generous, and, above all, manly. I can think of no better tribute than that shared by my daughter who, upon reading of these remarkable men, asked me, “Dad, why can’t I find a man like this nowadays? I want to marry a le Moyne.” Then, when I reminded her that the women who married the le Moynes were early widows, she said: “Well, since there were so many le Moyne men her widowhood wouldn’t last too long.”

[Editor’s Note. In the spirit of Charles le Moyne, our bookstore carries an excellent book on educating young men (and older men) to be great and valiant fathers. It is titled *The Three Marks of Manhood: How to be Priest, Prophet, and King of Your Family*. Written by G.C. Dilsaver, it sells for \$18.00]

Email Russell LaPlume at rlp@catholicism.org.

CONVENT CORNER

I DON’T HAVE TIME! PART II

continued from page 3

another, God has shown continuously throughout history that He is the master of time. He knows the future and has often revealed to holy souls that it can be changed and He can show His mercy; He stopped the sun (therefore prolonging the day) so Joshua could continue to fight for Him; while He walked on earth, He caused Saint Peter’s boat to be “presently” on the opposite shore of the Sea of Galilee; he caused Saint Germaine’s guardian angel to care for the sheep so she had time to go to Mass; he had Saint Zita’s guardian angel take care of the kitchen work so that she could attend Mass. The prodigious numbers of institutions, houses, and writings that the saints have produced in their lifetimes point to God making time sufficient for these impossible accomplishments.

As St. Teresa of Avila simply put it: the saints do God’s will, and therefore He does theirs. They fill their *time* with His will, and He gives them more *time*. After all, time is only a creature, a co-creation to be exact, an accident that is the measure of change in material beings in relation to some other material constant.

Please don’t misunderstand me! It is probably not God’s will that you pray all fifteen decades every day as it is for

us. However, when our heavenly Mother asks you to pray five decades a day and meditate on the mysteries, can you possibly doubt that God wants you to pray those five?

Here is a quote from a wonderful book that Saint Pius X treasured as his bedside reading: “Since I invariably have more things to do than time in which to do them, and as this prospect preoccupies me, and gets me all worked up, I will cease to think about all that I have to do, and only consider the time I have at my disposal. I will make use of that time, without losing a moment of it, beginning with the most important duties; and as regards those which may or may not get done, I shall not worry about them” Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans (quoted in *Soul of the Apostolate* by Dom Chautard).

By the way, you surely noticed that our sisters’ numbers grew by thirty-three percent after we started praying all fifteen decades. I am sure that you, too, will be able to count your blessings when you cooperate more fully with Our Lady in your work and in your sanctification. So now, don’t you want to make that “leap of faith” and pray at least five decades every day while meditating on the mysteries?

Email Sister Marie Thérèse at convent@catholicism.org

LOCAL NEWS

FATHER DE SMET LEGACY TOLD IN SOUTH DAKOTA — JULY 2010

By Tim Velder— Belle Fourche, SD

Spearfish, SD — Brother André Marie of St. Benedict Center retraced a bit of the journey made by the “Apostle of the Rocky Mountains” during a July visit to South Dakota.

Brother André delivered a Saturday, July 24, speech on the life and times of Jesuit missionary Father Pierre de Smet, who converted tens of thousands of souls to the Catholic Faith in the mid-1800s.

St. Benedict Center, Richmond, NH, is dedicated to the restoration of true faith in Christ and the infallible teachings of the Church.

Brother André told a group of about fifty listeners in the Spearfish, SD, city park, that this is the very same ideal that Father de Smet carried across the untamed American West a century-and-a-half ago.

Spearfish is only a few miles from what is believed to be Father de Smet’s biggest earthly discovery — a gold nugget the size of a man’s fist. De Smet kept the discovery secret and never revealed it to anyone until many years later. The Black Hills of South Dakota were later overrun by prospectors and gold mining companies in the late 1870s.

The missions were filled with dangers and threats of death on a regular basis. They were faced with hostile Indians, bears, wolves, mountain lions, and the harsh climate of extreme heat and bone-chilling cold.

“Why he didn’t tell anybody is a sign of his great heroism and virtue,” Brother André said.

De Smet (1801-1873) was called to convert American Indians to Catholicism by the Indians themselves. Tribes in the upper Rocky Mountain region, now part of western Montana and northern Idaho, learned from a traveling Catholic missionary that their only salvation and way to avoid hell was to become Catholic.

The Flathead and Nez Perces tribes dispatched teams of messengers to the “gateway to the West” in St. Louis — a long and danger-

ous journey — to plea for Jesuit missionaries, called Black Robes.

The Iroquois tribes in the Great Lakes area had already been exposed to the way of the Black Robes* and over time the Jesuit reputation spread to the Flatheads.

* See full article on the Eight North American Martyrs here: <http://catholicism.org/eight-na-martyrs.html>

“The fame of the Black Robe preceded Father de Smet,” Brother André said. “It seems uncanny the Indians were so ready to receive Father de Smet.”

In reality, the Flatheads were different from many of the other American Indian tribes in the upper Great Plains, Brother André said. “The Flatheads were naturally virtuous”; they were one of the few wilderness tribes to respect the family unit and live chastely, thus providing more ready hearts for acceptance of the Catholic Faith.

When Father de Smet began his first major journey to the Rockies in 1840, he wrote, “The salvation of a whole nation is at stake.”

Brother André said de Smet was in a sort race against time. European and American influences were working their way westward from the eastern United States. Most of these influences were, and proved to be, harmful to the Indians. Brother André said de Smet

recognized the urgency to bring Christianity to the native people before the lawlessness and heavy-handedness of irreligious whites exacerbated the common vices of more vulnerable tribes.

Brother André said that this is why de Smet kept his discovery of gold a secret. He feared the gold-seekers would push the Indians off their lands and subject them to many indignities, and thus ignite the fires of revenge.

Seven miles from Spearfish is the town of Deadwood. It fulfilled all of de Smet’s predictions and more, as early settlers illegally entered the Black Hills in 1875, and a rush of lawlessness ensued in the cities that sprang up around Deadwood Gulch.

Father de Smet’s first Mass was in 1840 in his new territory and it drew two thousand people, a blend of Europeans, Americans, Indians, and assorted fur traders. “This gathering was truly Catholic,” Brother André said, “all praising God in their own language, in their own music at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.”

Part of the Jesuit mission was to teach the Indians new ways of living, with long-range goals beyond the day-to-day, nomadic existence that characterized many of the Indians of that time. This meant teaching and sharing knowledge of natu-

De Smet, at the age of sixty-eight, and armed only with a white flag depicting the Blessed Virgin Mary on one side and Jesus on the other, approached the Sioux warriors. The images on the flag brought immediate peace to the conflict.

ral wisdom. There were technical sciences that the missionaries taught, such as husbandry, agriculture, and irrigation; there

When Father de Smet began his first major journey to the Rockies in 1840, he wrote, "The salvation of a whole nation is at stake."

were social sciences that went with sharing a community life in justice; and there were the more ordinary skills that had to do with health and manners. Brother André said some of these communities might have resembled un-American ideals such as a strong governing center at the local church. But the structure provided stability and general harmony among the people.

The missions were filled with dangers and threats of death on a regular basis.

They were faced with hostile Indians, bears, wolves, mountain lions, and the harsh climate of extreme heat and bone-chilling cold. Most of the Jesuits who worked with de Smet were Belgians. Brother André said the Belgians were generally considered the strongest and most hardy of the European priests. "They needed tough men for these missions," Brother André said. He told stories of de Smet pulling a foundering horse from a swollen river, and another of the Black Robe's surviving an attack from a skilled Indian warrior. De Smet gained the upper hand over his attacker and avoided death. "You can't save souls if you're dead," Brother André said of de Smet's will to live.

This physical and spiritual strength carried de Smet in and out of the territory dozens of times, earning the trust and admiration of the Indian people.

The Americans viewed de Smet's work as a political asset. The reputation of the priest further west could prove useful in treaty negotiations between the Americans and the Indians. The Indians couldn't trust the whites because most of the treaties were broken by

them or renegotiated by the American government.

One of the only persons they trusted was Father de Smet. He advised the Indians to reject the bad influences of American alcohol, firearms, and greed. But the Indians chose a path of resistance to any American influences, even to the force of war.

It was a battle the Indians couldn't win, and de Smet's race against time was nearing the finish line.

United States military leaders sought de Smet's help in brokering a cease-fire with the Sioux, who were led by Sitting Bull.

De Smet, at the age of sixty-eight, and armed only with a white flag depicting the Blessed Virgin Mary on one side and Jesus on the other, approached the Sioux warriors. The images on the flag brought immediate peace to the conflict.

Brother André had actual photos showing Sitting Bull wearing Father de Smet's crucifix.

De Smet died in 1873 at the age of seventy-two. His death signaled the symbolic end to the Indians' relatively respectful treatment by United States envoys. In 1874, Lt. Col. George A. Custer re-discovered gold in the Black Hills. In 1875, prospectors began working the creeks and hillsides of the Indians' Paha Sapa (Black Hills). In 1876, Custer and more than two hundred of his seventh Cavalry soldiers were killed northwest of the Black Hills. The battle turned the American will firmly against the Indians. Regrettably, they were forcibly moved to reservations where they reside today.



Every year, we have an All Saints Day party. The children dress up as saints and try to stump a panel of religious.

EXTRA ECCLESIAM NULLA SALUS

Ex Cathedra: “There is but one universal Church of the faithful, outside which no one at all is saved.” (Pope Innocent III, Fourth Lateran Council, 1215.)

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.)

Ex Cathedra: “The most Holy Roman Church firmly believes, professes, and preaches that none of those existing outside the Catholic Church, not only pagans, but also Jews and heretics and schismatics, can have a share in life eternal; but that they will go into the eternal fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels, unless before death they are joined with Her; and that so important is the unity of this ecclesiastical body that only those remaining within this unity can profit by the sacraments of the Church unto salvation, and they alone can receive an eternal recompense for their fasts, their almsgivings, their other works of Christian piety and the duties of a Christian soldier. No one, let his almsgiving be as great as it may, no one, even if he pour out his blood for the Name of Christ, can be saved, unless he remain within the bosom and the unity of the Catholic Church.” (Pope Eugene IV, the Bull *Cantate Domino*, 1441.)

Referrals are a great way to be apostolic. Please help us reach more people by sending us names of friends, relatives, clergy, or religious who you think would be interested in reading our newsletter, *Mancipia*. Email names to our bookstore manager Russell LaPlume at rlp@catholicism.org, call him at (603) 239-6485, or snail mail him at the address to the right. Thank You!

OUR CRUSADE:

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

For more information:

Our congregation website:
www.catholicism.org

Our bookstore website:
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And our conference website:
www.SbcConference.com

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Very Good News: A New Priest for SBC



All friends and supporters of Saint Benedict Center are hereby informed that Father David Phillipson has been appointed to serve at Saint Benedict Center, Richmond. Father has been granted faculties by the Bishop of Manchester to offer Mass and hear confessions at the Center’s Immaculate Heart of Mary Chapel. Please join the Brothers and Sisters, Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in our gratitude to Bishop McCormack for approving our chapel as a place of Catholic worship and for allowing Father Phillipson to serve here.