Catholicism is the only religion that gets everything right, including the whole truth about man, his final end, and how to achieve that end. The term of man’s earthly wayfaring — death — is among the many realities that Catholics get right, and everyone else gets wrong.

The ancient Greek pagans got death wrong by worshiping it as the god Thanatos. (Modern “Goths” seem inclined to imitate them.) Atheists get death wrong because they believe there is nothing after it. Christian Scientists get death wrong because they don’t believe it exists. Hindus get death wrong because they believe one experiences it numerous times. Jews get death wrong because they do not believe in the Resurrection or eternal life. Muslims and Mormons get death wrong because of their perverse view of the Resurrection and eternal life. Protestants get death wrong because they (1) are presumptuous, (2) formally reject Purgatory, and (3) think death severs our relationship with our brothers in Christ; hence, no prayer to the saints or for the holy souls. Even the so-called “Orthodox” schismatics get death wrong because they (1) reject Purgatory and (2) have historically held that the soul either “died” or “slept” awaiting the general judgment, when it will be “resurrected” with the body. In short, they denied the particular judgment. Liberal Catholics get death wrong in a host of sophistical ways, from theologians who have made death the “sacrament” that will save the unbaptized, to philosophers who have accepted Martin Heidegger’s horrible definition of man as “a being towards death.”

In order to augment our faith, hope, and charity through salutary supernatural considerations, I present here some truths that we can meditate on during November, the month in which we commemorate our beloved dead: on All Saints Day (Nov. 1) and All Souls Day (Nov. 2).

Although death is natural to man, it entered this world with the fall, when we lost the gift of immortality: “But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat. For in what day soever thou shalt eat of it, thou shalt die the death” (Gen 2:17). “Wherefore as by one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death; and so death passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned” (Rom. 5:12). “For the wages of sin is death. But the grace of God, life everlasting, in Christ Jesus our Lord” (Rom. 6:23).

Death was originally a curse in punishment for sin. Since the Resurrection and Ascension of Jesus, it has been turned into a blessing for the faithful. “Behold, I tell you a mystery. We shall all indeed rise again: but we shall not all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise again incorruptible: and we shall be changed” (1 Cor. 15:51-52). “But we are confident, and have a good will to be absent rather from the body, and to be present with the Lord” (2 Cor. 5:8).

With death, all opportunity for conversion and merit ceases. “And as it is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment” (Heb 9:27). “If the tree fall to the south, or to the north, in what place soever it shall fall, there shall it be” (Eccles. 11:3). St. Augustine said, “It is in this life that all merit or demerit is acquired…. No one, then, need hope that he shall obtain after death that which he has neglected to secure here.”

There are two “deaths” we speak of by analogy to bodily death. All three “deaths” share one common source: alienation from God by sin. There is the “death” of sin, which is simply an absence of sanctifying grace (mortal = “deadly”). Then there is the “second death” of hell, which follows for those who face the particular judgment without sanctifying grace. “But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, they shall have their portion in the pool burning with fire and brimstone, which is the second death” (Apoc. 21:8).

Like a New England Autumn, which pleases the eyes by the splendor of dying leaves, a good death is a beautiful thing. Like a New England Autumn, which pleases the eyes by the splendor of dying leaves, a good death is a beautiful thing. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.” (Ps. 115:15).

We pray for such a precious death in each Hail Mary. In assisting us to die well, our Lady helps us Catholics get everything right.
Founder’s Column

The Brown Derby

Father Feeney was only twenty-eight years old when he wrote this letter of consolation to Governor Al Smith of New York who had just lost his bid for the presidency as the Democratic candidate in 1928. Before he died in 1944, Alfred Emmanuel Smith bequeathed his brown derby to Father Feeney. No article ever published by the Jesuit’s America magazine received more requests for reprints than this one. — The Editor

Dear Al:

You are still, officially, the Governor of the State of New York, and I should not address you with so much informality. I have a dread of being indecorous, and I generally speak of you as “Governor Smith” even to members of my own family. But I am sure you will allow me the privilege of calling you “Dear Al” even though your term in the mansion at Albany has not yet expired, when I tell you that I come from Massachusetts.

It goes without saying, Al, that we Catholics were a tremendous liability to you in your recent campaign. Politically, it hurt you to be one of us. It ruined you. If you could only have disowned us somehow, if you had only soft-pedaled the fact that you go to Mass on Sundays, if you had only snubbed a few Catholic priests in public, or if you had come out with some disfavour against nuns and Religious Orders, or something of that sort, nice and compromising, you could have had the White House, garage and all, for the asking.

We are sorry that you have been so humiliated on our account. We are wholly to blame, Al, and we know it. But, if you remember, we told you it would be that way. We told you what it would cost to be a Catholic: the insults, the ingratitude, and the misunderstanding. We didn’t stand by you in the campaign. There wasn’t a word in your favor uttered in our pulpits. You stood by us. You wouldn’t desert or disown us no matter how much it cost you. You learned long ago in Sunday school the meaning of a little emblem we always carry close to our hearts. It is a crucifix, and on it is transfixed another Happy Warrior who was welcomed by the crowds in Galilee and Judea in His day. He had His Palm Sunday, too. But when they balloted to see whether He should live or die, all the votes were against Him.

We are not bitter, Al, over your defeat. If we were a bitter lot, you would have left us long ago, for you are yourself incapable of any bitterness. “It’s all right,” you said, “don’t mind me,” when they told you that the game was up and the solid South had been broken.

There are a number of incidents in connection with your defeat which I could enumerate in order to console you, if I thought you needed to be consoled. Maybe you didn’t hear about the band of little boys on our street who had saved all their fireworks from the Fourth of July, to celebrate your victory; and they had to throw them into the river because you weren’t elected President. Maybe you didn’t hear, either, about the man who tends our railroad crossing, who was found weeping in his shack the night you went down to defeat. I could tell you also about the convent of cloistered nuns who made a novena, not that you would be elected (for it doesn’t make much difference to them who is President, as long as he lets them say their prayers), but in order that you wouldn’t be assassinated. They were afraid someone would hurt you, Al, and even to their innocent and unworldly hearts you were utterly precious. I might mention, too, the old lady who stayed up till three o’clock, the morning after the election, saying her rosary and begging the Blessed Mother of God “not to let Al get broken-hearted.” The night of November sixth was a night of sixteen million tragedies, and it may cheer you, Al, to know that when you went to bed that night, you did not lie awake alone.

For all that we hurt you, Al; for all that we kept you out of the White House — and we did — there was one thing we gave you which we alone could give. We gave you the Brown Derby. That is our triumph, and that is our joy. The Brown Derby is ours, and if you were not a Catholic, you would never have thought of it in your hours of success. It was something more than a political slogan. It was an emblem of a heart touched by the light of Faith, of one who, in the sight of the God above him, refused to take himself too seriously. Because you are a Catholic, Al, you can fathom the Divine humor of the universe, and man’s rightful and puny place therein. Because you are a Catholic, you can see the ultimate purpose of things, the trivialities of time; and you were able to realize that life at its wildest and most exciting moment is nothing more than a bauble and a toy in relation to the eternal destiny for which we are intended. And when they made all but a god of you (and no man in the memory of man was ever heralded with such enthusiasm and wild acclaim as you were), you did not assume the seriousness of a Napoleon and swagger and lord it over the human masses cheering at your feet; you did not put on the heroic attitude of a Caesar and cry out “Bring me my crown; I feel immortal longings in me!”; in the simplicity of your heart you waved the Brown Derby in the face of the world. It was a Catholic’s appraisal of the greatness of this life, and his humble gesture to eternity.

There is something else, Al, for which we Catholics may take credit. You have probably forgotten the incident altogether, but the newspaper reporter at your elbow put it down in black and white. They say you do not read many books and are not overfamiliar with the works of great literature. Nevertheless, Al, you

continued on page 7
On the morning of the feast of the Assumption, and then again within the octave, on August 21, events took place at Immaculate Heart of Mary Chapel that affected time and eternity. Three young ladies stepped forward and asked to be considered as candidates for espousal to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Time appears to stand still when a person approaches the altar and declares an intention, before God and His creatures, to pursue the path of the “better part” and to turn away from the world. While Catholics are never required to reject God’s creation and the natural order, they must reject the spirit of the world, which is living for pleasure, for immediate gratification, and allowing the attractions which surround us to fill our hearts and draw us away from God and His designs. Those entering the religious life go further than this necessary separation. They voluntarily turn from many of the good things of this world as well. Imagine the graces and heavenly approbation as the ceremony took place.

The ritual, called The Solemn Reception of Postulants, began after the Last Gospel, when the superior and the novice mistress entered the sanctuary and faced the aspirant, who knelt before them.

All hearts were full and some overflowing as each courageous and trusting soul received a new name and new attire. After a fervent thanksgiving, a reception was held at St. Joseph’s Hall. On both occasions, the professed sisters served a simple breakfast to all. There were tears and hugs and many smiles. Brother Francis was in attendance and received congratulations with his characteristic graciousness. Sister Maria Rosaria, with whom many had become acquainted during her year’s attendance at the Center’s school, required her young friends to say a Hail Mary each time they called her by her “old” name. Sister Maria Immaculata and Sister Marie Jeanne had a precious meal with their parents, a sister and a grandmother. Family contact doesn’t completely end with entrance into the Order, but goodbyes are especially poignant at such a time. Relatives can’t always be in attendance as the vocations have come from all across the country, but God accepts and blesses the extra sacrifices they must make.

These grace-filled days for those associated with St. Benedict Center fittingly occurred in the month of our Lady’s Immaculate Heart. She will have the final triumph over the powers of darkness. The new postulants give themselves to our Lady and are gifts to us from her. Their reception is a prelude to that great victory, when the Mother of God will crush the serpent’s head.

Since this article was originally written, two more have joined the order as postulants. On October 11, the brothers received an aspirant, Brother Anthony Mary. The ceremony was essentially the same, and, as this young man was well-known to the surrounding lay community, the response was particularly warm. The sisters were joined by Sister Marie Gabrielle on the feast of the Holy Rosary, October 7. This day was also a First Saturday, which is marked each month at the center with all-day Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction after the community evening rosary. The sisters keep each First Saturday as a day of recollection, so the celebration marking the reception of the new postulant was held on Saturday evening, October 7th, and was attended by a large crowd of well-wishers.
Lady, as if this were some kind of implicit faith. After all, this by the “prophet’s” immediate disciples. Mohammed himself had familiarized him with the texts of Holy Scripture. 

In the wake of Pope Benedict’s speech on that glorious feast day at the University of Regensburg, Moslems the world over are still simmering. I’m sure Mancipia readers have read all about it. The Holy Father began his talk — the theme of which was the mutual support of reason and faith — with an anecdotable quote from a letter written by a fourteenth century Byzantine Emperor, Manuel II, to a Moslem intellectual from Persia. The ruler stated that all that Mohammed brought into the world was “evil and inhuman, such as his command to spread by the sword the faith he preached.”

To criticize “the Prophet” is considered a blasphemy among Moslems. Therefore, to quote someone who has done this, even six hundred years later, without disapproval, is to be guilty of the same crime. The penalty for blasphemy, according to the Koran, is death. And, for anyone who carries out the sentence, Jannat (sensual paradise) is guaranteed in the name of jihad (holy war).

[Note: This demonic teaching may well have been on the mind of the young Turkish Moslem who, in Germany, on the day before the pope’s speech, thrust a knife into the chest and stomach of a seventy-year-old Salesian priest while yelling: “You are the incarnation of evil.” No doubt this incident was weighing heavily on the heart of the Holy Father as he spoke. Perhaps, too, was the memory of another Turk, Mehmet Ali Agca.]

The Koran is a hodgepodge of contradictory “instructions,” ranging from ridiculous to impious to deranged. Its 114 chapters (Suras) were probably strung together in the seventh century by the “prophet’s” immediate disciples. Mohammed himself was strongly influenced by Arian and Nestorian heretics who had familiarized him with the texts of Holy Scripture.

Some Catholic writers are fond of noting that, unlike the Jewish Talmud, the Koran speaks reverently of our Lord and our Lady, as if this were some kind of implicit faith. After all, this book does refer to Jesus as the Messiah, the Anointed One, a great prophet, born of the Virgin Mary, who ascended bodily into heaven with angelic escort. But it also denies that Jesus is the Son of God and that He died on the cross for the sins of mankind. According to this book, which the Moslems consider Allah’s “uncreated word,” God substituted someone else, or something else (it is unclear from the text), whom the chief priests mistook for Jesus, and it was this entity that was crucified (Sura 5). Why? Because Allah is “too great” to have allowed his prophet to undergo such an indignity.

The repercussions of Pope Benedict’s use of the Greek emperor’s quote were immediate and alarming. An Italian nun was shot and killed in Somalia, a country 99% Moslem. More than likely this murder was a direct consequence of a manifesto issued by that country’s religious leader, Abubukar Hassan Malin, which stated that the pope should be “hunted down” and killed “on the spot.” Protests erupted in many countries of the Mid-East and in England — all of this before there were any translations of the speech available. In other words, the mobs were whooped into a frenzy by what their imams told them the pope had said. Moslem ministers of state and whole legislatures called for an “apology” from the Vicar of Christ. One Turkish diplomat said that the pope “has a dark mentality that comes from the darkness of the Middle Ages.”

Prior to all this, the Holy Father had accepted the invitation of the Greek Orthodox Patriarch to visit Turkey this November — an invitation that irritated the secular government on account of the patriarch’s slight to proper protocol. Taking advantage of the seething cauldron of animosity that is brewing there for anything western, a combative journalist quickly published a fictional book to exploit the situation. The book flew off bookstore shelves. Its title says it all: Attack against the Pope: Who Will Kill Benedict XVI in Istanbul?

Ironically, in view of the outburst that followed, the pope’s talk had everything to do with the irrationality of using violence to achieve a religious end. “Violence is unreasonable;” he said, “not acting reasonably is contrary to God’s nature.”

After returning from Germany, at his Sunday Angelus address, the Holy Father expressed “deep regret” over the angry reactions to his words at Regensburg. Although he did not apologize, he did disassociate his intent from the emperor’s by stating that the reference did not “in any way express my personal thought…. I hope that this serves to appease hearts and to clarify the true meaning of my address, which in its totality was and is an invitation to frank and sincere dialogue, with great mutual respect.” Hoping to soothe tensions further, the Pope invited about twenty Moslem diplomats to his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo on September 25th so that he might address continued on page 5
It is hoped that this happy news will be received with joy, gratitude, and edification by our readers. Perhaps a daily prayer could be offered for priests, clerics, and religious, and for an increase in religious vocations. The brothers and sisters are always receptive to communication with young people who are generous enough to test the highest calling first.

**Reception of Postulants**

from page 3

These representatives personally and, through them, extend his good will to Moslems everywhere.

In his encyclical, Deus Caritas Est, the Holy Father traced the source of all charity to God who is Charity, a concept unfamiliar to Moslem doctrine. Recently, Pope Benedict has focused just as intently on God as Logos, which is to say, Wisdom, or reason, in the sense of intellection. Jesus is called “the Logos” (the Word) three times in the first sentence of St. John’s Gospel. He is the expression Himself of the Wisdom of God. Based on the Greek root dialogos, the word “dialogue” can be defined as a “sharing of the word.”

How does one dialogue about religion with a non-Christian without giving testimony to the Person of the Logos? But what sort of Moslem, except one who is already in doubt of his religion, would be open to discourse about the Son of God Incarnate? And what is the pope going to say to the fervent Mohammedan when he affirms his preference for the “Prophet” over Christ? As one Moslem ambassador told the press when he came out from the meeting at Castel Gandolfo: “We can’t start from a position where Christianity is viewed as superior to Islam.” Honest enough. And speaking of “enough,” let us pray that our supreme Pontiff puts an end to all of this useless interfaith dialogue, and the religious indifferentism that it engenders. To all the muftis and imams, and to all the rabbis, he ought to deliver the saving message, without equivocation, with the confident authority of Him whom he represents: “[Jesus is] the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh to the Father but by [Him]” (John 14:6).

If our hierarchy’s mission is no longer to convert the one billion Mohammedans, but just to “dialogue,” then God will not bless the Church with peace. In the meantime, one thing that we can do is to plead with our Lady in our Rosaries to touch the hearts of these infidels. She will do so if we pray her Rosary. She is our only hope.
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uttered the most poignantly tragic line I have ever read since the day I closed my Homer and left old Priam standing over the dead body of Hector, in the final tragedy of the Iliad. The newspaper says you were sitting at the radio and listening to the last reports of the balloting on election night. One by one, over the air, the returns kept coming in, and finally dawned on you and all your friends about you that the Republican cyclone had burst and had dashed all your hopes to the ground. “I guess it’s all over, Governor,” said one mournful voice at your side. “Yes,” you said, “it’s all over as far as politics is concerned. But remember, this is Katie’s birthday. Let’s all go upstairs and cut the cake.” Al, that line is a masterpiece. It is tremendous, unforgettable, freighted with the poetry of Catholic life. “This is Katie’s birthday. Let’s all go upstairs and cut the cake.” For that one line at such a moment, when Napoleon might have gone mad, or Caesar taken his own life with a spear, Shakespeare would have taken you to his heart forever. For that one line we Catholics are proudest, and God Himself is most grateful. It is your title to greatness forever.

From now, Al, I hope you will be left alone. You have given your fellow countrymen enough free happiness; let them now find out how to be happy for themselves. From now on Dr. Cannon, Mrs. Willebrandt, the erudite Mr. Marshall, Senator Moses, the Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Saloon League, the Fellowship Forum, Mr. Will Rogers and his Volsteadian humor (one-half of one per cent!), the Honorable Heflin, and everyone else who was so anxious to protect America from you will let you live your life with your family in peace and contentment. There will be no more prying into the secrets of your household, no more scrutinizing of your literary, cultural, racial, social, political, and religious deficiencies. From now on there will be calm and comfort and peace. You can sing “The Sidewalks of New York”2 at your own fireside with your own little family about you. If you choose to smoke cigars and spit into a cuspidor, that is your business. You can even wear suspenders if your comfort so dictates and “ain’t” and “don’t” will be forgiven among your friends. Nobody will hold the Fulton Fish Market against you; nobody will break into a guffaw at the mention of Oliver Street. You can dance and sing to your heart’s content, and next year on November sixth, there will be another cake for “Katie’s birthday.”

If sometimes you ever grow wistful, and there crowd back on you the memories of what might have been if you hadn’t been one of us; if there ever creeps into your heart the feeling of remorse and regret, put on the Brown Derby we gave you, Al, and go out and look up at the stars.

1 Andrew John Volstead was a ten-term U.S. representative from Minnesota. He was the originator of the Volstead Act, officially the National Prohibition Act of 1919.
2 This was Al Smith’s campaign theme song.
EXTRA ECCLESIAE NULLA SALUS

Ex Ca thedra: “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 Ca thedra: “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 Ca thedra: “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.)

CALENDAR NOTES:

• Novena to Saint Joseph for Crusade expansion project, November 13 to 21.
• Saint Benedict Center Conference, August 17 to 19th, 2007. Please mark your calendars!
• Auriesville Pilgrimage, September 26th to 29th, 2007. Call 603.239.6485 for more details.

Of interest:

Brother André’s “Death and Dogma.” The truth about death frees us to face it in union with the Crucified. Prepare now. This will be our last opportunity to imitate Christ who was obedient unto death for us. Please see page 1 for the article.

The Brown Derby. What a gem! Vintage Father Feeney. This “Open Letter” is part of the history of our country. See page 2.

New vocations. A sign of vitality. A cause for enthusiasm. An occasion for your continued support and your prayers. Page 3 has the story.

THE REPORT OF THE CRUSADE OF SAINT BENEDICT CENTER

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